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Old England:

A PICTORIAL MUSEUM

OF

Regal, Ecclesiastical, Municipal, Baronial, and Popular

ANTIQUITIES.

EDITED

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

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Old English

A HISTORY OF THE

Language, Literature, and History

OF THE

ANGLO-SAXONS

BY

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

ILLUMINATED ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLAND.

*. Some of these Engravings are described at the pages to which they are respectively assigned in the following list. Others are not so described, although they are placed with reference to the general subject to which they belong. Where such description is not found in the text, we here subjoin a more particular notice of the Engraving.

1. WOLSEY'S HALL, HAMPTON COURT PAGE 14

THE passage to Wolsey's Hall is by a flight of stone steps, above which is a richly-groined ceiling, with the carving still quite sharp, though three hundred years have passed away since it was executed. The entrance to the hall is at the west end, beneath the minstrels' gallery, which, projecting under the west window, casts a comparative gloom over the approach, and, when the hall is first seen, produces an effect of light and splendour almost startling. The hall is one hundred and six feet long, forty feet wide, and sixty feet high. The roof is supported by a carved timber framework, which stretches across the wide and lofty room in a series of magnificent arches, each central arch springing from two pendants, suspended from the points of two arches which spring on each side from brackets between the windows. Carved timber resembling the framework of Gothic windows with their tracery, fills up the space between the arches and the ceiling. The carving is exceedingly rich, and the whole is painted and finished off in burnished gold. The hall is lighted by six Gothic windows high above the floor on each side, a great window at the west end, another at the east end, seen over the top of the screen which separates the hall from the withdrawing-room, and a beautiful oriel window on the south side, which, reaching almost from the floor to the roof, pours its abundant light on the dais, or raised portion of the pavement at the upper end appropriated to the most distinguished persons. The canopy of the oriel window, consisting of pendants of carved stone, is of singular beauty. The east and west windows and the oriel are decorated with stained glass executed by Mr. Willement. The walls on each side of the hall are hung with arras tapestry, consisting of eight pictures, each of which represents one of the principal events of the life of the patriarch Abraham. The whole series includes ten pieces; the other two are in the public dining-room at Hampton Court Palace. The tapestry belonged to Henry VIII., and has descended to the present times as a portion of the royal wardrobes. It is not known by whom the designs were made, but they have been ascribed, with some degree of probability, to Bernard von Orlay, of Brussels, who went to Rome when he was young, and became a pupil of Raphael. He afterwards returned to Brussels, and is known to have made other designs for tapestry. The tapestry beneath the minstrels' gallery is of still earlier workmanship. There are various other appropriate decorations in Wolsey's Hall, which for brilliancy and gorgeousness of effect is probably unrivalled in Europe or in the world.

2. MONUMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS 73

THE monument of Mary, Queen of Scots, is in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey. It consists of a table-tomb, on which is a recumbent marble effigy of Mary, well sculptured, by Stone, and apparently an excellent likeness. The tomb is enclosed by marble pillars, which support a lofty ornamented entablature, forming a vaulted canopy over the effigy. The material of which the whole is constructed is white and black marble, and the architecture in the classic style which had gradually been coming into fashion, and which had then almost entirely superseded the Gothic.

Mary's monument is a structure resembling that of Queen Elizabeth, which is in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel; both were erected by Mary's son, James I.: Stone was the sculptor of both, and though we cannot admire the style of architectural decoration, it must be admitted that both are sumptuous and stately monuments. The table-tomb, with a recumbent effigy on the top and kneeling effigies round the sides, immediately in front in our engraving, is that of Lady Margaret Douglas, afterwards Countess of Lennox, who was the mother of Lord Darnley, Mary's husband, and grandmother of James I. She was the great-granddaughter of Edward IV., granddaughter of Henry VII., sister of James V. of Scotland, and nearly related to many other royal personages.

3. MONUMENT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH 74

THE architectural embellishments of tombs in England, in every successive period, have had a close connexion and correspondence with the prevailing forms of architecture in edifices. In the reign of James I., by whose direction the monument of Queen Elizabeth was erected in Westminster Abbey, Gothic architecture had been entirely superseded by the Grecian, Roman, and Italian, the forms of which, we venture to say, were less beautiful, certainly less appropriate to the embellishment of English tombs. The monument of Queen Elizabeth is constructed of white and black marble, and

consists of a table-tomb enclosed by two sets of six columns with Corinthian capitals, each set supporting an entablature, from the interior of which springs a semicircular arch, forming a vaulted roof, which is surmounted by an attic, ornamented with the royal arms and other decorations. The recumbent effigy of the queen is of white marble: the features seem to be exceedingly well represented by the sculptor, Nicholas Stone. The tomb stands in the north aisle of Henry VII's Chapel, above the remains not only of Elizabeth, who died in 1602, but those also of her sister, Queen Mary, who died in 1558. Mary has no effigy.

4. PAINTED SCREEN IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

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On the south side of the south aisle of the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, adjoining the south transept, is a small chantry chapel, formerly called Oliver King's Chapel, but now the Aldworth Chapel, in consequence of the several members of the Aldworth family, paternal ancestors of Lord Braybrooke, having been buried in it. Oliver King, who built the chapel, was Bishop of Bath and Wells, and appears to have been buried in Bath Cathedral, pursuant to his will. He was registrar of the order of the Garter, and secretary to the four royal personages whose likenesses he caused to be painted on the oak panel of which our coloured wood-engraving is a representation. The panel is opposite to the chantry chapel, on the north side of the south aisle of the choir. The figures represent Henry VI., his son Prince Edward, who was murdered after the battle of Tewkesbury, Edward IV., and Henry VII. Each person is painted as standing on a pedestal, on the front of which are his armorial bearings, supporters, and devices. The inscription beneath the figure is in Latin, and solicits our reader to pray for the soul of Oliver King, professor of law, &c., and chief secretary to the above princes; and beneath the panel is a marble tablet inscribed to the memory of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

The remains of Edward IV. are deposited at the east end of the north aisle of the choir. Over a large stone slab, on which is inscribed "King Edward III., and his queen Elizabeth Wyldville," is an open screen of iron gilt in the form of a pair of gates between two towers, the whole curiously and beautifully wrought in Gothic tabernacle-work. The body of Henry VI. was first buried in the abbey of Chertsey, in Surrey, but was afterwards removed to St. George's Chapel, and deposited in the south aisle of the choir.

5. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WINDSOR

98

The magnificent banquetting-room in Windsor Castle, called St. George's Hall, is two hundred feet long, thirty-four feet wide, and thirty-two feet high. The length of the original hall has been much increased, by throwing into it a second apartment, formerly used as a chapel, and divided from the hall by a gallery. Verrio, employed by Charles II., painted the walls and ceiling, on which he represented English kings and statesmen, partly in Roman costume celebrating a Roman triumph, partly as allegorical and mythological characters; and when he had completed his absurd work, with no less absurdity and still greater presumption inscribed over the tribune at the top of the hall:—"Antonius Verrio, Neapolitanus, non ignobili stirpe natus, ad honorem Dei, augustissimi Regis Caroli Secundi, et Sancti Georgii, molem hanc felicissima manu decoravit" (Antonio Verrio, born of a race not ignoble, to the honour of God, the most august king Charles II., and St. George, decorated this structure with a most felicitous hand). St. George's Hall, however, has since been entirely purified from these productions of false taste and vanity. It is lighted by a range of tall pointed-arch windows in the south wall, while corresponding Gothic recesses in the north wall contain portraits of the sovereigns of England from James I. to the present time; the walls are wrought in Gothic pannels of dark-coloured oak; the ceiling is adorned with the armorial bearings of all the Knights of the Garter, from the institution of the Order to the present time; and heraldic insignia, borne in shields, of some of the more early Knights, are placed on the walls between the windows and the recesses. St. George's Hall, as it appears at present, not only from its vast length, but for the simplicity, propriety, and richness of its decorations, ranks as one of the most splendid apartments in Europe.

6. HALL IN OCKWELLS MANOR-HOUSE

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The old manor-house of Ockwells is situated about one mile westward from Bray, in Berkshire. It is one of those mansions built chiefly of timber framework, of which many yet remain in England, some of them almost as large as palaces and little less magnificent, picturesque without, with their bay windows and ornamental gables, and rich in timber-roofs, oak panneling, and carved furniture, within. Sixty or seventy years ago a large part of Ockwells manor-house was burnt down. Of the part which remains, now converted into a farm-house, the gables are striking and richly carved. The panneling of the hall and the fine oriel window divided by mullions into six lights yet remain, but the timber roof has been covered up and formed into a flat ceiling. The upper windows are still filled with the original painted glass. The mansion was built by John Norreys, lord of the manor of Ockholt in the parish of Bray, who in 1465 left a considerable sum by will for the completion of the building. The paintings in the windows consist of coats of arms of the Norreys family, and of those of Henry VI., Margaret of Anjou, the abbot of Westminster, Beaufort duke of Somerset, Edmund last earl of March, Henry duke of Warwick, De la Pole duke of Suffolk, and other noble and distinguished persons.

7. WHITEHALL CHAPEL

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The interior of the Banqueting House, Whitehall, has been used as a place of worship, under the name of Whitehall Chapel, ever since the reign of George I. The Banqueting House, which was begun by Inigo Jones in 1619, and completed in about two years, was almost the only part of Whitehall Palace which escaped destruction by the fire which occurred in 1698. The loftiness of the exterior, the boldly projecting cornices and window-mouldings, the half-columns, pilasters, and wreaths of fruit and foliage, altogether produce an effect in the highest degree rich and picturesque, and render it one of the most beautiful of the public buildings of London. The interior (the gallery built for the use of the Household Troops having been removed a few years ago) now appears worthy of the exterior—the room, of vast size and

noble proportions, being seen in all its original magnificence. A handsome gallery runs along the two sides; the organ-gallery and organ are over the door. The great attraction of Whitehall Chapel is the ceiling, painted in oil by Rubens, in 1630, for Charles I. It is divided into nine compartments; the largest, of an oval form, in the centre, representing the apotheosis of James I., and two others, of a square form, exhibiting James I. as protector of peace, and as seated on his throne, appointing Charles I. as his successor. In the side compartments are genii, who are loading carriages with corn and fruits; the carriages are drawn by lions and other animals. All the figures are of colossal dimensions. Like most large paintings on ceilings, they are somewhat heavy in effect and oppressive to examine; but the colouring is very brilliant, harmonious, and rich.

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8. KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

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The Chapel of King's College, Cambridge, is one of the finest specimens in the kingdom of the later or perpendicular English architecture. The exterior is noble, but the interior presents a combination of magnificence and beauty almost without a parallel. The foundation-stone was laid in September, 1447, in the reign of Henry VI., but the building was not completed till July, 1515, in the reign of Henry VIII. The agreement for the painted windows was not made till 1526, and the screen and part of the stalls were not erected till 1534. The name of the architect was Cloos, or Close, whose son Nicholas Cloos became a Fellow of King's College in 1443, and Bishop of Lichfield in 1452. The entire length of the Chapel inside is 291 feet, the breadth 45½ feet, and the height 78 feet. The roof is a vast canopy of stone wrought into the most exquisitely delicate tracery, the key-stones forming large and beautiful pendants in the centre, from which the ribs of the arches, with their accompanying tracery, radiate in all directions. The chapel is lighted from the sides by twenty-four Gothic windows, each of which is nearly fifty feet high, and is filled with the most brilliant painted glass, representing Scripture subjects, the designs of which are so excellent that they have been ascribed to Julio Romano, who was living at the time when they were executed. The great east window is also filled with painted glass; the great west window alone is plain. The glass of the whole of these beautiful windows is now (1845) undergoing a complete cleaning and burnishing, each window being taken out in succession for the purpose. The altar-piece is a beautiful painting of the Taking down from the Cross, purchased as the production of Ricciarelli (Daniele di Volterra), but which has been ascribed to Raphael. A screen of curiously-carved Gothic tabernacle-work, surmounted by the organ and organ-loft, about the middle of the chapel, separates the ante-chapel from the choir. The carved stonework of the ante-chapel is exquisitely rich, but the paneling of the stalls and the tabernacle-work of the choir are not in equally good taste, and do not harmonize well with the style of the rest of the chapel.

9. CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

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The chapel is one of the original structures of St. John's College, the foundation-charter of which is dated April 9, 1511; it forms a part of the east court, or first court, which was completed in 1516, and which then constituted the college. The entire length of the chapel is 120 feet, the breadth 27 feet; and it is divided into a chapel and ante-chapel by the organ-gallery, in which an excellent new organ has been set up. The chapel only is shown in our coloured wood-engraving. A new roof has been recently constructed, the timber framework of which is plain, but appropriate and handsome. The stalls are of Gothic tabernacle-work elaborately carved; a new brass eagle-desk is greatly admired; and indeed the fitting up of the chapel is altogether in the best taste. The east window is of elegant design, and the painted glass with which it is filled produces great richness of effect. The altar-piece, painted by Sir Robert Ker Porter, represents John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness; the commanding figure of the preacher and the deep attention of the hearers are very impressively exhibited. In the ante-chapel are some ancient tombs: that of Archdeacon Ashton, an early benefactor, is much mutilated; he is represented in his robes, with a skeleton beneath him; and the tomb exhibits also the quaint emblem of his name—an ash upon a tun. Choral service is performed on the evenings of Saturday and Sunday, and on the mornings of those Sundays when the sacrament is administered.

10. THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD

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11. HALL OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD

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12. MONUMENT OF JOHN STOW (see p. 243)

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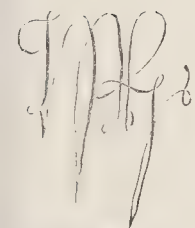
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1301.—Henry VII. (From the Tomb in his Chapel at Westminster.)



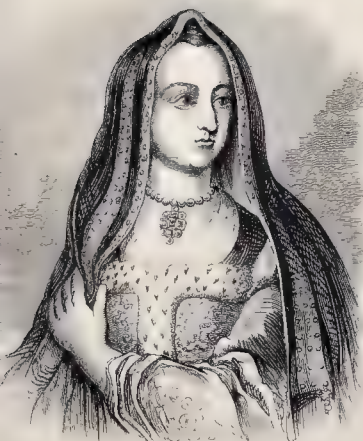
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1312.—Henry VII. O. H. G.
C. 1312. L. 6.



1395.—Great Seal of Henry VII.



1393.—Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII. From the Tomb in his Chapel at Westminster.



1396.—Henry VII. delivering to John Ishp, Abbot of Westminster, the Book of Indenture, or Agreement, specifying the number of horses, geldings, &c. to be sold for the relief of Thomas, Duke of Clarence, &c. (from an illumination in the Harleian MS. 149, the original book so preserved.)

Old England.

BOOK V.

THE PERIOD

FROM THE

ACCESSION OF HENRY VII. TO THE END OF THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

A.D. 1485—1603.

CHAPTER I.—ANTIQUITIES OF THE CROWN AND THE STATE.



MEMORABLE period of English history is the one to which we have now arrived, for it "was that of the birth of modern policy, and that in which the foundations were laid of the still-enduring system of the European states. Nothing that was then established has been greatly shaken since: all the changes that have since taken place have been little more than the growth and development of the arrangements that were then made, and the principles that were then called into action. This reign, therefore, may be considered as the beginning of the modern history of England." ('Penny Cyclopædia.') If, therefore, that "policy" and that "system" have failed in some respects to secure what we now begin to perceive is the true end of government—the happiness of the governed, we have only to look back at the originator of both—Henry VII.—to be thankful that matters are not worse; for assuredly few men ever lived, who combined in themselves at once so much external and internal power, arising from their position and their intellect, with so little desire for the improvement or exaltation of the people, or even for their well-being in the state in which he found them, as the founder of the Tudor dynasty. Look but at his objects as we find them developed in the actions of his reign! They were first, and naturally enough, to secure himself upon the throne, which successive insurrections endangered: secondly, to erect his sovereignty into as absolute a despotism as all existing laws and customs which he respected in the letter would admit of, by all kinds of violation of their spirit: thirdly, by extracting from his subjects the last sixpence that could be wrung from them by oppressive though still legal exactions, and there ended his objects—no, we forget, there was one more. Henry, having achieved all these, set lastly to work to save his very precious soul, not by undoing all that was evil, or selfish, or unjust in his previous life, as though conscious that they were the things that put it in peril, but by provision for the due lodgment of his soul's mortal tenement in a sumptuous resting-place (Fig. 1396), and by the establishment of masses, to be said or sung daily *for ever*. Having succeeded in circumventing all men with whom he had had to deal in his lifetime, one could almost fancy he had practically arrived at the idea that he could circumvent God when he was about to die, and so reach heaven by his own way. And now that he has been dead for above three centuries, and that the masses have been discontinued in consequence of his own son's religious policy, for nearly as long, Henry still seems as it were to be guarding against all surprise from the powers of evil,—to be lying defended by entrenchment within entrenchment. First, there are the walls of that sacred edifice,

Westminster Abbey, to be passed; then the most sacred part of that sacred edifice, the altar, interposes, beyond which Henry lies buried in his chapel; and even when that chapel is reached, there is the tomb itself (Fig. 1397), surrounded by high brazen walls, and guarded at every corner and side by saints and angels. With Henry rests his wife, Elizabeth of York, daughter of Elizabeth Woodville; and though their perishable parts have been long reduced to dust and bones, they are most worthily represented in their habits as they lived in the admirable effigies above (Figs. 1391, 1393), which with the monument forms a work of the most sumptuous and masterly character. The sculptor was Torregiano.

It would be impossible to give any sufficient idea of the power and subtlety of the mind of this extraordinary man, for, like himself, it was seldom visible, whether in life or death, but *from behind a screen*. Looking at his own idea of government as simply that of self-aggrandizement, it was complete, equal to all things. When Richard had to be struck down, no man of pure action could have done the thing better—more straightforwardly—more energetically: he knew well, *that* was no time for bribing, flattering, menacing, persuading; the adventurer for a throne that is preoccupied must strike suddenly would he strike successfully, and while men's minds are fermenting with the ideas his claim has instilled: when that subsides—routine—the every-day business and placidity of life, above all the prestige of actual sovereignty, become immovable forces standing in his path. Bosworth was won heroically, at the imminent hazard of the adventurer's life; but once a king, never again do we find Henry repeating the same line of conduct under what he esteemed essentially different circumstances. He is always where he is wanted, knowing, guiding everything; but not where he is not wanted, in the van of the battle, risking in his person his crown and dynasty. It is a strange fact, and one calculated powerfully to show the influence of the times in which men live in moulding even the most powerful characters, that the three pines who stand out above all others as the actual impersonations of state-cunning, *lived at the same time*; they were Ferdinand of Spain, Louis XI. (whom Scott has made so familiar to us in his 'Quentin Durward'), and Henry VII.

With these prefatory remarks we now proceed to notice that event in Henry's reign which was the most personally important to him; which engaged his attention for several years, and must have cost him much secret anxiety and mortification; which, in a word, left him uncertain that his sovereignty might not, as during the wars of the Roses, be changed to banishment or death, within the next year, month, or week. We allude to the insurrections or invasions that had for their object the placing Perkin Warbeck on the throne, as the real son of Edward,—he who was supposed to have been murdered with his elder brother by Gloucester in the Tower,—and which followed a very similar outbreak, founded upon the

claims of the nephew of Edward, the Earl of Warwick, who had been and was confined in the great state-prison at the time that a baker's son, Lambert Simnel, undertook to personate him, and so far succeeded as to induce many to support him. His pretensions, however, were put an end to by the battle of Stoke in 1487.

In the year 1494, Lord Bacon tells us in his admirable 'History of Henry VII.,' "the news came blazing and thundering over into England that the Duke of York was sure alive," the youngest of the two sons of Edward IV., supposed to have been murdered by Richard III. in the Bloody Tower. The story ran, that the eldest of the boys, Edward V., had indeed died as was reported, but that the other had been spared by the murderers, and secretly conveyed over sea; that the party who had him in charge suddenly forsook him, and that he had long wandered in divers countries before he came to the true knowledge of his royal birth, and the wrongs he had sustained. A number of the gentry and nobility of England, who considered they had great reason to be discontented with the character and government of Henry, sent over to Flanders, where Perkin was, Sir Robert Clifford, knight, "as one that had seen and known the true Richard," to inform himself and them "whether he was indeed as he seemed." Sir Robert, after seeing and conversing with the young man, asserted most positively "that this was indeed Richard Plantagenet, the true Duke of York, and that he well knew him for such." On this report, an extensive conspiracy was formed to recover the English crown for its supposed heir. But that task was not easy with a man of such consummate craft and experience as Henry VII. He undecieves his good people. He tells them who the Duke of York really is, for he too has sent out emissaries to inquire. The aspirant's name is Peterkin or Perkin Warbeck. He is a merchant's son, and a converted Jew. He was born in the Flemish city of Tournay; lived much with English merchants in Flanders; and had been recently travelling about Europe as servant to Lady Brompton, wife of an English exile. In case this version of the story fail to set all to rest, the coasts are strongly guarded, to impede the landing of enemies, or the escape of fugitives. Men's minds are greatly puzzled with these contradictory statements, and what puzzles them still more is the princely state in which the hero of this mysterious romance has been living for two years past, in Ireland, in France, and in Flanders. The king has hardly enjoyed his throne during that time, what with fears about the stranger, and anxious labours to overthrow his plans. Henry has watched his slightest movements, openly or by spies. Let us glance over the events of those two years.

It was in the beginning of May, 1492, that the so-called Duke of York first made, as it were, his public appearance, landing in the Cove of Cork from Lisbon. The place was well chosen, for Ireland had been attached with all the vehemence of her ardent nature to the House of York, since the father of Edward IV. had governed it. The citizens of Cork and their mayor warmly declared for the grandson of the well-remembered and honoured duke. The name of Richard of York rang through the greater part of Ireland. Many Irish nobles were ready to draw the sword for him; and, says the historian Speed, "he so enchanted that rude people with the charms of false hopes and mists of seemings, as he was sure of partakers in great plenty." Charles VIII. of France, hearing, and probably believing, that the Duke of York lived, gave him a royal invitation, received him in a royal manner, and caused him to be royally treated by the whole French court. "Duke Richard" had a French guard of honour to attend his person, and a princely maintenance. But such rapid ascents in the scale of fortune are not unfrequently attended by as rapid falls. Charles of France, though but twenty-three years old, and of a romantic mind and dissipated character, had not neglected the lesson his father, Louis XI., taught him so carefully in his childhood:—"The prince who could not dissemble was utterly unfit to reign over a civilized people." (Varillas.) Charles *could* dissemble, and was almost equal already to that brightest specimen of king-craft then on the earth—Henry VII.—with whom he, like nearly every other sovereign in Europe, was at enmity. Charles threatened to let the adventurer loose in England, backed by a French army; a threat to which he was chiefly indebted for the peace of Estaples, the conclusion of which terminated Perkin's expectations for the time in France. When Henry asked, however, the surrender to him of his enemy, Charles answered, that it would be inconsistent with his honour, as we know it was with his policy. Another treaty might be wanted some day. There was plenty of hope for Perkin, notwithstanding this disappointment. Sir George Nevil, and Sir John Taylor, and about a hundred English exiles, had bound themselves to him in Paris, and his

fame in France must have induced many others to join his standard. And now whither should Richard of York go for protection and help, but to Margaret of York, his aunt, widow of Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy, who lived in sovereign state on the lands left her by her husband for her dower in the Netherlands?

After a studied and imposing scrutiny of his claims, she embraced him as her dear nephew, the living image of her loving brother, Edward IV., exhibiting excessive joy for his miraculous preservation, and hailing him by the title by which he was known among his followers from that hour—The White Rose of England. The Flemish nobility paid him suitable honours, and he was appointed a guard of thirty halberdiers. Such is a hasty summary of the fortunes of this extraordinary personage, before the news came, as Bacon says, blazing and thundering, that he was in truth the Duke of York, lineal king of England.

And now, "the king, looking circumspectly to his matters, purposed to pacify the storms and blasts that he perceived to be growing, rather by policy and counsel than by dubious war."—(Bacon.) His dark unsocial character broke forth into momentary light and splendour. Twenty-three Knights of the Bath were created, and a gorgeous entertainment given on the occasion. On Hallow-mass, or All-Saints-day, to please the people of London, Henry and his queen walked in a grand procession, wearing their crowns, and "Our Lord Harry" (the infant Henry VIII.) was shown to the admiring gaze in the arms of Lord Shrewsbury. "Our Lord Harry" is made useful in other ways; it is attempted by his means to restore his father's lost popularity. The people hope in him, who hope no more from the king. So the prince, at four years old, is made Lieutenant of Ireland, with a deputy; and this, and some other popular acts, turn the variable hearts of the Irish from the man whom they had so enthusiastically supported. The White Rose bloomed no more in Erin.

The conspiracy in England was put down by baser—we had almost said by murderous—measures: Henry set to work without favour or remorse. The false Clifford and an associate, seduced by the king's money and promises, betrayed the whole party, who relied on Clifford as their chief. The proceedings were conducted with extraordinary secrecy and prudence. The impending ruin was only felt in the fall. Many persons of note were arrested, on one day (1494), and brought to London before Henry. The startling news drove many others to sanctuary. Then the axe began its deadly work, and Henry contrived it so, that of those to whom his gracious clemency was extended, "*few lived long after.*" There was one sharer in this tragedy, whose death left a peculiarly deep and ineffaceable stain on Henry's career. It was well known that to Lord Stanley, his mother's husband, he chiefly owed his crown—that to Sir William Stanley he owed his life, when Richard III. charged him so furiously at Bosworth. Yet no gratitude for these, or other important services, could prevent him from sending Sir William Stanley to the block. Stanley had nobly disdained to deny or excuse his fault, when, by the most elaborate and hypocritical contrivances, Henry had caused him to be accused by the treacherous Clifford. It was on his *own confession* the Lord Chamberlain suffered. But what was his crime after all? The worst accounts stated, he had sent Perkin money, and undertaken to establish him in England, others that he had merely said, "if he were sure Perkin was the son of Edward IV., he would never bear arms against him." We have another clue to this odious state-murder—Stanley happened unfortunately to be "the richest subject for value in the kingdom." The party of the White Rose were now, as Bacon graphically describes, "like sand without lime, ill bound together, especially as many as were English, who were at a gaze, looking strange upon another, not knowing who was faithful to their side, but thinking that the king, what with his baits, and what with his nets, would draw them all unto him that were anything worth." To add to the adventurer's difficulties, the Flemings, suffering from an interdiction of commerce between England and Flanders, by which Henry tried to compel Philip of Burgundy to use his authority for expelling the White Rose from the dominions of his grandmother, the Duchess Dowager, began to murmur, and threaten the cause of their distress, who, thus harassed on every side, rashly resolved to stake all on one bold cast, and invade England. But Henry had prepared for such desperate attempts. A few hundred foreigners and English exiles landed near Deal, in 1495, and tried to raise the country for the invader, who waited the result at sea, with sails bent. A remnant only of these daring adherents were driven back to the sea-shore, after a sharp fight, and returned with their leader, under press of sail, to Flanders. One hundred and sixty-nine prisoners taken in the struggle were driven to London, tied together like a great team of cattle, and every man put to a miserable death,



1393.—Henry VII.'s Trial of Weights and Measures. (From Harl. Coll.)



1397.—The Great Brass Screen enclosing the Altar Tomb of Henry VII. and his Queen in his Chapel at Westminster.



1401.—Sovereign of Henry VII.



1401.—Rose-Rial of Henry VII.



1402.—Groat of Henry VII.



1399.—Perkin Warbeck's Great.

A silver coin supposed to have been struck by the Duchess of Burgundy for distribution among Warbeck's followers. (Drawn from the original in the British Museum.)



1148.—Half-Groat of Henry II.



1404.—Penny of Henry VII.



1406.—Henry VIII. (From a Picture by Holbein in Trinity College Cambridge.)



1407.—Henry VIII.

Henry VIII

1407.—Henry VIII. (Cotton MS. Vespasian, F. 13.)



1408.—Henry VIII.



1409.—Henry VIII.



1410.—Henry VIII.

and gibbeted for "sea-marks or lighthouses to teach Perkin's people to avoid the coast, because the king thought that to punish a few for example was gentleman pay, but for rascal people, they were to be cut off, every man, especially in the beginning of an enterprise." Those who had fought for Henry at Deal were paid in rich *promises*, and in promises only. Soon after, Henry achieved the banishment of the White Rose from Flanders, by means of a "great treaty of commerce" binding Philip to prevent the duchess from assisting or harbouring the king's rebels. That done, surely Henry might repose himself. Nevertheless, he continued, to observe all his (the Adventurer's) ways "with as much curiosity as was possible."

For some time a cloud no bigger than a man's hand had been hovering in the direction of Scotland, where Henry's spies would no doubt inform him that James IV. was in correspondence with the Duchess of Burgundy and her protégé. James's character was to be feared. He was very young, ardent, thoughtless, just the man to enter heart and soul into the Pretender's scheme, especially under the stimulus of indignation at the partial exposure of certain dark and treacherous plots in which Henry had engaged with some of James's most favoured subjects, to seize their master's person and place him in Henry's power. James welcomed the fugitive at his court, whither he came with his foreign adherents. Speed says, a "well-appointed company," strongly recommended by the King of France and the Duchess of Burgundy. Some of James's advisers, when they heard the highly plausible account of himself set forth by the White Rose, tried to convince the king to "repute all but for a mere dream, and illusion;" the majority, however, thought far differently, and "the king was finally deceived by error, as most of others, though most prudent princes, had been before." (Andreas.) Once more then Perkin Warbeck flourished as a prince. Tournaments and great festivals were held in his honour; he was exhibited to the admiring and applauding Scottish people in a royal progress; he was addressed by James constantly as "cousin;" he received in marriage the beautiful Lady Catherine Gordon, nearly related to the House of Stuart; and a war on his behalf was commenced with the assistance of France and Burgundy. James summoned all his lieges to meet him in arms at Lauder, and when all was ready crossed the border with the White Rose, under the title of Richard IV., preceded by a declaration of war, and a proclamation by Richard, calculated to produce a striking effect. This was a crisis indeed for Henry; but he came through it with his characteristic success. To be sure, his bribed myrmidons at the Scottish court had failed in seizing Perkin at night in his tent, as they had devised, and open negotiations had been equally nugatory; but Lord Bothwell and the Earl of Buchan, and other base-hearted traitors to James among the Scottish nobility, were reporting to him every movement of the war, so that he could anticipate all, provide for all. Success for the enterprise was almost impossible amid such intrigues and treachery, aided, too, as they were by the jealousies and divisions that rent in pieces the invading army—the French quarrelling with the Flemings and Germans, and the Scots with all the foreigners alike; and by the national prejudices of the English against Warbeck's supporters, men whom they considered their natural enemies, and whose excesses on their march in Northumberland added to the bitterness of their opposition. Perkin is reported to have said, that he would rather lose the throne than gain it by the sufferings of Englishmen; but James taunted him with being over-tender to the nation which would acknowledge him neither as their king nor as their fellow-subject. All these causes combined with the scarcity of provisions, led to a retreat over the border without a single battle being fought, and so was the adventurer's cause lost in Scotland. How little the royal supporters of the White Rose had calculated on such a termination of the enterprise, we have evidence in the silver coin struck by the Duchess of Burgundy for distribution among his followers (Fig. 1339), and the treaty by which Richard agreed on attaining the throne to deliver to James the castle and town of Berwick, to pay fifty thousand marks in five years, and advance him a certain sum of money.

Trouble and danger pressed hard now on the adventurer. In 1497, he had to bid adieu to Scotland, for James had grown hopeless and weary of his cause, and consented to become the son-in-law of Henry. But again the subtle king failed to have his enemy surrendered to his tender mercies. With every mark of generous regret, James dismissed his friend, with an escort of horse to the seaside at Ayr, where a ship had been privately got ready, commanded by Robert Barton. The most delicate attentions had been paid to the comfort of the wanderer and his devoted wife, who left all to follow him. A few attached friends shared their miserable journey. An extract from a letter of King Henry to Sir Gilbert Talbot, in 'Ellis's Letters,' will show the sort of difficulties that lay

before them, and what was the next step in their career. "Whereas Perkin Warbeck and his wife were lately set full poorly to the sea by the King of Scots, he after landed within our land of Ireland in the wild Irisherie, where he had been taken by our cousins, the Earls of Kildare and Desmond, if he and his said wife had not secretly stolen away." Thus, Ireland having failed him a second time, Cornwall was the next and last place of refuge of the wanderers. They had been invited thither by the Cornishmen, who had promised faithfully to serve him. They were "a stout, big, and hardy race of men," chiefly poor and rude, but full of courage and manliness. Scarcely three months before, two thousand of them had fallen like heroes at Blackheath, in an insurrection to resist Henry's shameful extortions of money, on the ground of paying troops to oppose Warbeck. The blacksmith-ordinator of Bodmin, whose harangues stimulated that rebellion, went to the scaffold after the battle of Blackheath, cheering himself, "that yet he hoped thereby, that his name and memory should be everlasting." No common motives could have actuated that rude blacksmith; and he has obtained the renown he desired. "King Richard IV." landed at Whitsand Bay, and marched to the blacksmith's native place, where he raised an enthusiastic army, who despised death in his cause. They advanced into Devonshire, where the people joined them cautiously. The siege of Exeter was a bold, desperate, but unsuccessful attempt, in which massive gates and walls, in an admirable state of defence, were sought to be forced without artillery or engines. The strong hand and the stout heart could do much, but not accomplish impossibilities. After repeated assaults, the Cornish retired, and their Devon allies crept home, and returned to their allegiance to the wise and fortunate King Henry. What was now to be done? The adventurer saw small hope of aid in any quarter—had nowhere to lay his head in safety. Perhaps, had he followed his own judgment, he would have returned to St. Michael's Mount, where he had left his fair and unhappy wife for present security, and have bade adieu to England and all his aspiring hopes. But the unconquerable spirit of the Cornishmen urged him onwards. They told him they would die for him to a man. So on they went. The country people on their line of march wished them success, but held aloof from the dreadful hazard. At Taunton they were met by a numerous and imposing royal army, with Henry himself in the rear. There was not a shadow of hope for him in the encounter. Through the gloom of the evening, he beheld on his own side a mere handful, comparatively, of men, brave and true certainly, but scarcely clothed, and utterly unfurnished for such a war. Their sacrifice appeared inevitable. After every preparation had been made by their leader for battle, and he had ridden through the ranks with a cheerful countenance, he, in the night-time, appalled and smitten with despair, mounted a swift horse, and fled—and so sealed his ruin. In the morning, the Cornishmen, paralyzed at the discovery of his desertion, surrendered. The ringleaders only were put to death. The rest were dismissed, but, poor fellows, naked and starving.

So ended the war-movements of the White Rose.

Henry immediately sent a troop of horse to St. Michael's Mount, to seize the Lady Catherine, anticipating the possibility of the birth of an heir to his rival's pretensions, "in which case the business might not have ended in Perkin's person." But it proved otherwise. When brought before Henry as a captive, she blushed and wept bitterly; and well she might weep, believing, as she did, that her husband had been most deeply wronged, and dreading even worse misfortunes than those they had suffered. Already Henry's troops were surrounding the sanctuary of Beaulieu, where Perkin had taken refuge. Thither the king sent his well-instructed agents to persuade the young man to accept his pardon, which one without help or hope of course could not reject. We may judge the intense curiosity with which the king then for the first time beheld *from behind a screen* this spectre of his fears, which had haunted him seven years,—probably, in secret, longer. Henry entered London with his captive, riding in procession, but took good care the feelings of the Londoners were not unnecessarily excited by seeing the handsome hero of so many wonderful adventures treated ignominiously. He could not of course prevent the crowds who pressed to gaze, from being generally touched with respect and pity. Some six or seven months were spent by the White Rose in an honourable sort of captivity at court, until Henry had drawn from him all that was to be drawn by means of a secret commission, of which nobody heard any results calculated at all to explain the mysterious parts of the story. At last, all were to be satisfied who had ever doubted. The adventurer escaped;—*how*—probably Henry and his myrmidons knew better than their unfortunate victim, who was soon re-delivered up by the prior of the sanctuary of Sheen, on another promise of pardon.

Possibly it had been hoped to have obtained possession of the fugitives without such a promise. At all events, it seems new schemes were thought necessary. The young man was compelled, probably through the influence of fear, of which he seems to have been highly susceptible, to submit to the unutterable degradation of sitting in the stocks before the door of Westminster Hall, and in Cheapside, and there reading what was stated to be a confession of his birth, connections, and the origin of his pretensions, though its contradictions and reservations were so numerous that the whole seems to have been generally disbelieved, then and since. The confession thus explained the origin of his pretensions. Having been "dressed in some clothes of silk" when he first landed at Cork, the people took it into their heads that he must be the son of the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Warwick, kept a prisoner in the Tower from his childhood, or a bastard son of Richard III., or, lastly, which it was finally determined he should be, the Duke of York. By the enemies of King Henry, he was made, *against his will*, to learn English, and they taught him what he should do and say. This degrading confession evidently softened Warbeck's share in the business as much as was consistent with the object. That object attained—or Henry fancied so—nothing remained but to take the life of the prisoner, for which Henry's brains were again tasked, for a skilful scheme, and very skilful, it was. That troublesome Plantagenet in the Tower, the son of the Duke of Clarence, whose claims Henry could not throw suspicion on, might he not be cut off with Warbeck? The two cousins—if Warbeck was the son of Edward IV.—were permitted to be together. Warbeck won the entire friendship of the earl. Mutual misfortunes would promote mutual attachment, and talk of escaping could hardly be avoided under such circumstances. Suddenly they were accused of a plot, which it was said was discovered just in time to prevent its taking effect, and to save the governor of the Tower from being murdered, in order to get at the keys of the Tower. They were separately tried, Warwick on the ground that he sought to make Perkin king, by a set of judges, whose only notion of justice seemed to be the king's pleasure. Perkin perished at Tyburn in 1499; his confession was read again on the scaffold, and he declared it true; but even this, it was believed by many, might have been extorted by some peculiar threats of torture, or promises of pardon at the last moment. Warwick was beheaded on Tower Hill, and his fate added one more to the many examples that history presents of the atrocities of state policy.

Walpole, in his 'Historic Doubts,' maintains that Perkin Warbeck was a true prince, and even Bacon, who treated him as an impostor, says, the matter remained almost a mystery to his day; Henry's "showing things by pieces and dark-lights had so muffled the story." We leave the difficult question with an extract from the powerful and affecting (supposing it to be true) proclamation of Perkin, when he, "so distressed a prince," put himself into the Scottish king's hands. It was there stated, that Henry, as his extreme and mortal enemy, so soon as he had knowledge of his being alive, imagined and wrought all the subtle ways and means he could to devise his final destruction. That the said mortal enemy had not only falsely surmised him to be a feigned person, giving him nicknames, and so abusing the world, but that also, to defer and put him from entering into England, he had offered large sums of money to corrupt the princes with whom he had been retained, and made importunate labour to certain servants about his, the said Richard's person, to murder or poison him, and others to forsake and leave his righteous quarrel, and to depart from his service, as Sir Robert Clifford and others. And thus, that every man of reason might well understand, that the said Henry needed not to have moved the aforesaid costs and importunate labour if he had been such a feigned person.

In appearance, Perkin Warbeck was eminently handsome, and in that and other traits strongly resembled Edward IV., his presumed father. His general manners were as eminently princely. Bacon observes that "with long and continual counterfeiting, he was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be," but it would seem from his immediate popularity, that when Perkin first began to counterfeite, he was just as princely. Old historians say that he had a "fine natural wit," and Bacon expresses a high admiration of the skill with which for so long a time he played his part. To us it seems, that his skill is less evident than his opportunities, and his conviction of his own rights. He was too tender of heart, and too alive to fear, for his mighty task. His strength failed under it. Preferring to lose the crown rather than gain it by the sufferings of Englishmen, was not the language of an unprincipled impostor, especially under the circumstances of its utterance; for the fine spirit of humanity which prompted that remarkable expression, most likely

ruined him with the foreign adventurers, who thought to have pillaged the country at will through which they marched. Amiability seems to have been Perkin Warbeck's principal characteristic. He was enthusiastically admired and loved by thousands in all the countries where he received support. One of his earliest adherents, the mayor of Cork, died with him. James of Scotland turned into money for Warbeck not only the royal plate, but the very gold chain which he was accustomed to wear. Had the White Rose not had faithful servants constantly about him, was it likely he would have escaped assassination? The fact of his wanderings being shared, when hardly a glimmering of hope shone on his perilous path, by such a woman as Lady Catherine Gordon, who, says Bacon, "in all fortunes entirely loved" him, and that of the heir of the Duke of Clarence preferring Warbeck's claims to his own, are conclusive as to the powerful love and faith which the wanderer inspired.

The widowed Lady Catherine lived long in the court of Queen Elizabeth of York, admired for her beauty and respected for her virtues. She was popularly called "The White Rose," in memory of her ill-fated husband. She was at last re-married to Sir Matthew Cradoc, of North Wales, ancestor of the Earls of Pembroke, and was buried with him in the old church of Swansea, where still remains their tomb and epitaph.

We conclude our notice of Henry VII. with an anecdote that may show him in a somewhat less tragical, but equally characteristic aspect. "There remaineth to this day a report, that the king was on a time entertained by the Earl of Oxford (that was his principal servant both for war and peace) nobly and sumptuously, at his Castle at Henningham. And, at the king's going away, the earl's servants stood, in a seemly manner, in their livery-coats, with cognizances, ranged on both sides, and made the king a lane. The king called the earl unto him and said, 'My lord, I have heard much of your hospitality, but I see that it is greater than the speech. These handsome gentlemen and yeomen which I see on both sides of me are sure your menial servants.' The earl smiled, and said, 'It may please your grace, that were not for mine ease. They are most of them my retainers, that are come to do me service at such a time as this, and chiefly to see your grace.' The king started a little, and said, 'By my faith, my lord, I thank you for my good cheer, but I may not endure to have my laws broken in my sight; my attorney must speak with you.' And it is part of the report that the earl compounded for no less than fifteen thousand marks." (Bacon.) The earl's parade was a violation of the statute against "Liveries"—that is against great men having retainers wearing livery-coats and badges.

There is, after all, something touching and beautiful in the constancy of the people's faith that the new sovereign will be better than the old one, no matter how bad that old one has been, no matter how fervent the love and admiration he too had once excited and so cruelly disappointed. And in that faith, however unreasoning, there is a deep wisdom, which those who can only pity the people's delusions, or smile at the absurdity of their expectations, would do well to study, for assuredly their errors are infinitely greater. Whilst they, seeing so deeply into the machinery of existing society, and reasoning simply from what they see there, measure the future by it; the people, on the contrary, who are less familiar with the artificialities of life, are, at all times of national excitement, only the more open to a perception of its essentials; hopeful words hover upon unaccustomed lips; there is a kind of projection of the universal heart and mind onwards into the future: the people are, in a word, obeying as by instinct what will some day be taught them as the chief duty of existence by their intellects, the law of progression or improvement; and are therefore in the main wiser and happier than those who sneer at their truthfulness, or than those who, as governors, abuse instead of justifying it, by assuming their own proper position as leaders in the great onward march. Thus it ought to be, thus yet we may hope it will be. Never perhaps has this faith been more severely tested than by the reign of Henry VIII., for the popularity in which he began his reign was no less striking than the detestation in which it closed. When his father died he was in his eighteenth year, of handsome person, frank manners, and cheerful disposition, running a little into excess, perhaps, as evident in his love of pleasure; but even that was hardly esteemed as a fault in the man who succeeded the morose, unsocial, unloving, and unloved Henry VII. The reign, too, began well in more than one respect: the young king married the woman whom the people would certainly have selected for him had the choice been in their hands, Catherine of Arragon (Fig. 1412), the young widow of Henry's brother, Arthur, who had died soon after their marriage. Another event, immediately following this, was



1411.—Henry VIII. granting the Act of Supremacy.



1412.—Queen Catherine. (From a Miniature by Holbein.)



1413.—The Palace.



1414.—The Palace.



1415.—Henry VIII. Maying at Shooter's Hill.



1416.—Henry VIII. and his Council. (From Hall's Chronicle, 1510.)



1417.—The Embarkation of Henry VIII. at Dover, May 31, 1520. (From the large Print published by the Royal Society of Antiquaries, engraved after the Original Picture preserved in Hampton Court.)



1418.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold. (From the large Print published by the Royal Society of Antiquaries, engraved after the Original Picture preserved in Hampton Court.)



1419.—Henry VIII. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.



1420.—Eildon House.

calculated still more to popularize the new king and government; this was the arrest and prosecution of the two favourite finance ministers of Henry, Empson and Dudley. Both were lawyers; and to serve Henry's purposes and their own, had "turned law and justice into wormwood and rapine." Never, at any other period, had the people of this country endured such infamous exactions under the authority of a royal government. Packs of spies and other myrmidons were kept in every part of the kingdom to assist these ministers to make fines and forfeitures for offences, many of which were of their own invention. "A rabble" was kept for juries, until juries were found to be better dispensed with altogether, as well as arrests by indictment: in the place of both, the officers seized by "precept," and their masters, for the purpose of extorting money, tried by commission in their own houses. Though the guilt of these men was equal, their characters differed. Dudley, who was of a good family, was remarkable for eloquence of speech, -- one that could put hateful business into good language." His associate was of lower extraction, the son of a sieve-maker, "who triumphed always upon the deed done, putting off all other respects whatsoever." To save the character of the late king, their master and employer, and some others of the existing government, and to escape the disagreeable duty of restitution to the victims of the state robbers, they were condemned as traitors to Henry VIII. for a pretended conspiracy, and, after a year of misery in the Tower, executed, in accordance with numerous petitions, on Tower Hill, in 1510. Their spies and informers suffered fearfully in the storm of universal indignation and abhorrence. Many were pilloried, or exposed on wretched horses, riding the reverse way; and some were actually torn in pieces by enraged mobs.

In his sports, pageants, and general habits of life, there was a magnificence not unmingled with a sense of the poetical and the picturesque, which still further endeared the young Henry to the people of England. We can well understand with what pleasure the tales must have been told and listened to of Henry's coming into London in the habit of a yeoman of the guard, to behold the festivities of Midsummer-eve, or of his excursions into the country on May-day morning. One of the most picturesque of chroniclers, Hall, thus describes an incident of this kind, which stands in strange and refreshing contrast to the scenes of the later years of the same king's reign:—

"The king and the queen, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode to the high ground of Shooter's Hill (Fig. 1415) to take the open air, and as they passed by the way they espied a company of tall yeomen, clothed in green, with green hoods, and bows and arrows, to the number of two hundred. Then one of them, which called himself Robin Hood, came to the king, desiring him to see his men shoot, and the king was content. Then he whistled, and all the two hundred archers shot and loosed at once; and then he whistled again, and they likewise shot again; their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and great, and much pleased the king, the queen, and all the company. All these archers were of the king's guard, and had thus apparelled themselves to make solace to the king. Then Robin Hood desired the king and queen to come into the green wood, and to see how the outlaws live. The king demanded of the queen and her ladies if they durst adventure to go into the wood with so many outlaws. Then the queen said, if it pleased him, she was content. Then the horns blew till they came to the wood under Shooter's Hill, and there was an arbours made with boughs, with a hall, and a great chamber, and an inner chamber, very well made, and covered with flowers and sweet herbs, which the king much praised. Then said Robin Hood, Sir, outlaws' breakfast is venison, and therefore you must be content with such fare as we use. Then the king departed, and his company, and Robin Hood and his men them conducted; and as they were returning there met with them two ladies in a rich chariot, drawn with five horses, and every horse had his name on his head, and on every horse sat a lady with her name written. On the first courser, called Camde, sat Humildite, or Humide; on the second courser, called Meneon, rode Lady Vert; on the third, called Pheaton, sate Lady Vegetave; on the fourth, called Rimphom, sate Lady Pleasance; on the fifth, called Lamfran, sate Sweet Odour, and in the chair sate the Lady May, accompanied with Lady Flora, richly apparelled; and they saluted the king with divers goodly songs, and so brought him to Greenwich." (Hall.)

The young king was not unmindful of another source of popularity,—the glory, as it was esteemed, of warfare; he joined the Holy League, formed by the Pope, the Emperor, and the King of Spain, against France; and after one unsuccessful expedition, determined to go over to the Continent in person, and emulate the deeds of his ancestry. But there was then lying in the

Tower one Edmund de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, who in the reign of Henry VII. had fallen under the monarch's suspicions, fled, but ultimately been beguiled back into England and—the Tower; where, however, he was kept alive in consequence of a promise that Henry had given the King of Castile, in whose dominions Suffolk had found refuge. But even on his deathbed his pious care for his soul did not prevent him from leaving directions that this unfortunate nobleman should be put to death. Suffolk's time was now come. Henry's son and successor understood perfectly what was the real nature of the earl's guilt; it was this, his mother was a Plantagenet—the sister of Edward V., and his brother, Richard de la Pole, had entered into the service of Louis, at the same time assuming the ominous appellation of the "White Rose." It appears the council of government thought the people so strongly inclined to the house of York, that they represented to the king, that if he should die without issue, they would probably take Edmund de la Pole out of the Tower, and make him king, instead of confirming the sovereignty to Henry's sister Margaret. What was to be done then? Simply, said these hoary-headed, grave, unimpassioned men, cut off the earl's head: and it was done—without trial, or pretence of any kind of legal proceedings. Alas! the people had been used to these occasional evidences of the nature of state policy; so with a natural shudder or two, the bloody act was passed over, and forgotten; and away went Henry to the war, amidst the acclamations and songs of the people—

The rose will into France's spring,
Almighty God him thither bring,
And save this flower which is our king;
This rose, this rose, this royal rose!

The result, however, hardly equalled the expectation; the chief battle fought was that of Guinegate, in 1513, when Henry, with the assistance of the Emperor Maximilian, defeated the French; but the behaviour of the beaten army was such as to prevent the conquerors from reaping any great amount of glory. Early in the battle a panic seized the French horse, which became utterly irresistible when the mounted English archers and some German horse poured down upon them like a storm, almost as terrible for its cries of "St. George! St. George!" as for its arrowy sleet; in vain did their officers, comprising some of the bravest chivalry of France, strive to arrest, to shame them; they struck spurs into their horses and fled, leaving their leaders who did not feel inclined to participate in their unseemly haste, prisoners in the English hands. The very flower of all chivalry, the illustrious Bayard, was among these captives. Henry, in receiving them, could not help complimenting them upon the great speed their men had put into their horses, and the Frenchmen, joining in the laugh, owned it had been nothing but a battle of Spurs. By that name has the engagement (Fig. 1433) been subsequently known.

Henry had evidently very little call to the fighting vocation, so the year after a treaty was concluded with Louis, by which the latter agreed to marry Henry's sister Mary. We may here add, that the French king died only three months after his marriage, when his queen married the man to whom her heart had been long secretly devoted, Charles Brandon, the king's favourite, who had been raised by Henry to the rank of Viscount Lisle, and after the murder of de la Pole, to the dukedom of Suffolk (Fig. 1434). From that marriage sprang Lady Jane Grey's claim to the throne; she was the grand-daughter of Suffolk and Henry's sister.

But if Henry's own operations were not of a nature to rival, much less to eclipse, those of the victors of Crecy or Azincourt, there was nearer home an event taking place, under the guidance of one of his lieutenants, that was calculated to reflect the highest military splendour upon his reign.

Whilst Henry was on the Continent, there came to him from Scotland, Lyon, king of arms, bringing defiance and declaration of war from James IV., Henry's own brother-in-law (through the marriage of which we have already spoken in our notice of Perkin Warbeck). Henry quietly replied that the Earl of Surrey, who was in the marshes, would know how to deal with the herald's master, and so dismissed him. The confidence in the earl was to be nobly justified. The Scottish king entered England with one of the most formidable armies that had ever invaded our country, and after some preliminary manoeuvres in the besieging and taking of sundry border castles, including those of Norham and Wark, he advanced to meet the English under the Earl of Surrey, who had sent forward a challenge to fight him on the following Friday, if he dared to wait so long on English ground. James paused at Flodden Hill, an offshoot from the Cheviot, which was strongly and naturally defended by the deep river Till, a tributary of the Tweed,

running along in front, and by the steepness of its own sides. It is rather amusing to find Surrey complaining of James's good generalship in fixing himself in such an admirable position: he had "put himself into a ground more like a fortress or a camp, than any indifferent ground for battle to be tried." James, not the less, stood still. Surrey now thought it advisable to see what generalship would do for him. So turning aside, he marched towards the rear of Flodden Hill, as if intending to occupy an eminence that lay beyond, between James and Scotland. The Scotch were evidently very indignant at the movement, whatever was meant by it, so determined to interfere, and, in short, were already out-generalled from their position. Setting fire to their huts, they descended under cover of the smoke, and in dead silence—

Nor martial shout nor minstrel tone
Announced their march: their tread alone,
At times the waruing trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain throne
King James did rushing come.

Macniven.

England, however, was quite prepared; whilst, on the contrary, there were two among the most eminent of the council of the Scotch who doubted the prudence of the attack:—Lord Lindsay of the Byres, a rough old soldier, pointed out the great inequality of the stakes to be played for and hazarded by the two countries. Scotland might lose its king, and the best of all its chivalry: England could but lose an army and its officers, and had plenty more to put forth in their room. The answer to Lindsay was a threat to hang him at his own gate. The Earl of Angus, the terrible "Bell-the-cat" of a former day, but who was now very old, was told in reply to a similar appeal, that if he were afraid, he might go home. The veteran warrior burst into tears, and turning to go away, said, "My age renders my body of no use in battle, and my counsel is despised; but I leave my two sons and the vassals of Douglas in the field: may old Angus's foreboding prove unfounded!" James remained unshaken, and his followers, generally, were quite determined to conquer or die for him. The armies were remarkably equal in number, containing about thirty thousand men each. The battle began on the 9th of September, and continued with varying fortunes for some time. The English ordnance at first did great execution among the Scotch, but these, making only the more haste to join close battle, the Earl of Huntly and Lord Home broke down with their forces from the left wing upon a part of the right wing of their adversaries, with irresistible impetuosity, and swept away all opposition. Whilst, however, many of their soldiers dispersed in search of plunder, the English retaliated by a similarly fierce and, after a long struggle, similarly successful charge. And so the battle went on. Charge rapidly followed charge from each side, and constantly absorbed fresh portions of the respective armies, till nearly the whole were engaged; the leaders, however, still keeping aloof; till at last Surrey found himself also compelled to advance, when James, who had been waiting for that movement, started forward to meet him, and so from end to end there was one vast continuous line of battle. And a more tremendous conflict has seldom excited or afflicted humanity than now ensued. And, had no particular errors been committed on one side or the other, it is impossible to say how the battle of Flodden Field might have terminated. But the selfish though brave Earl of Home, thinking his men had done and suffered enough in the outset, when desired by his colleague, the Earl of Huntly, to advance once more, replied that they had done their part, and the rest must do as well. Then, again, the Highlanders, who were on the right, being terribly galled by the English arrows, as they descended a hill, broke from all restraint and discipline, threw away their shields, and rushed upon their enemies with their broadswords and battle-axes. Confounded for a moment, the English still stood firm, and kept cool—closed every rank and square the moment it was broken, and at last, feeling as it were their way to success with these new antagonists, they began to turn back the tremendous crowd, and then themselves to advance, when the Highlanders, being unable to re-form, were cut to pieces. The battle now thickened round James's own post, as it grew evident to both sides that both he and his army were in the extreme jeopardy. And noble was the fortitude now exhibited alike by king and people—

The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight!
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Grooms fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well,
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the strife they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foeman know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low;
They melted from the field, as snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered through her currents dash—
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong;
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage dear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

The body of James was found among a heap of dead, and recognised by several who knew him well. Surrey caused it to be carried to the monastery of Sheen, near Richmond, where it was interred. Many in Scotland refused to believe that James had been killed, but asserted that he had been seen alive after the battle, and that he had gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. They particularly objected to the English story, on the ground of the non-production of the iron belt that James constantly wore round his body, in penance for his youthful rebellion and the death of his father. But James may have laid it aside when preparing to participate personally in the fight of Flodden: at all events, if the English did not produce the iron belt, they did show James's sword and dagger (Fig. 1435), as well as a turquois ring that had belonged to him, all of which are still carefully preserved in Heralds' College, London. The number of the dead on both sides in this terrible battle was very great; that of the Scotch amounted to eight or nine thousand, among whom were included, beside the king and his natural son, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, twelve earls, fifteen lords and chiefs of clans, a bishop, two abbots, a dean, and a countless host of the principal gentry of the country. "Scarce a Scottish family of eminence," says Sir Walter Scott, "but had an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow." A greater sudden calamity perhaps never fell upon a nation than this defeat.

Another of the efforts of the time to raise England in the scale of nations, by the increase of her power for attack or defence, deserves especial mention from its bearing on the subsequent history of the country. Up to the reign of Henry VII. our navy consisted merely of vessels furnished at short notices by the Cinque Ports, or which were borrowed with or without leave from the merchant service generally. But that politic sovereign saw the importance of a navy of higher warlike capacities, and so commenced the royal navy of England by the erection of the "Great Harry." His son Henry VIII. continued what his father had begun: his direct motive, however, for so doing being to emulate Francis I., who had built the "Caracón," a vessel of one thousand tons burden, and carrying one hundred guns; so our king must have his "Henri Grace-à-Dieu" (Fig. 1432) of equal burden, but carrying twenty-two guns more. We should strangely err if we were to liken this vessel to one of our one hundred and twenty gun ships. "Henri Grace-à-Dieu" was built more for show than use; with the exception of thirteen, her guns were of the smallest calibre. She steered badly, rolled incessantly, and so, after making a great deal of noise in the European world, was disarmed and left to decay. The French vessel was burnt by accident at Havre. The impulse given to the movement for the creation of a royal navy was not,



1423.—Howe Castle. (From an original sketch.)



1424.—Queen Anne. (From a painting by Holbein.)



1425.—Group of Christening Gifts.



1424.—Palace at Greenwich. Returning from the Christening.

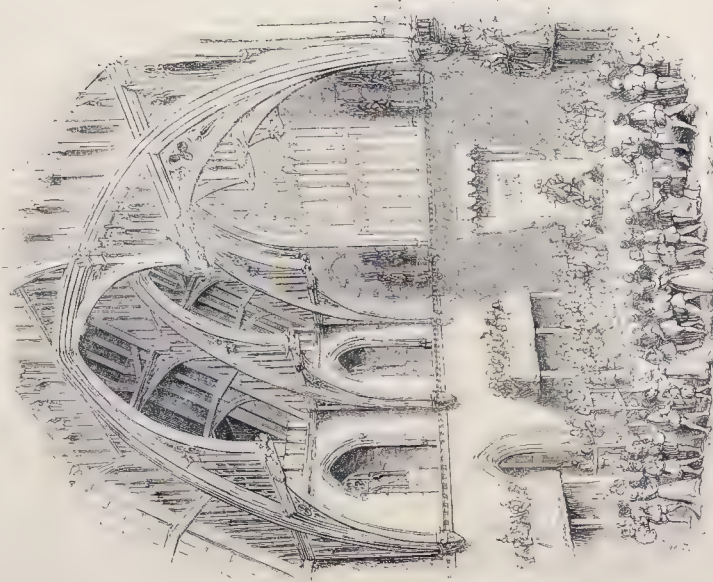


HE FELIX ST. THOMAS SWILLER
KING OF THE UNDERSTONES EP
KING OF WILCHERADERE OF OR
VINE WICH DECEASED THE 22
DAY OF MARCH IN THE REIGNE
OF R. LOYD. 1538.

1426.—Brass of S. Thomas Butler.



1423.—Henry VIII. delivering the Babes to Cromwell and his wife. (From a picture of the Engraved Title-page of *Cromwell's or Henry's History*.)



1424.—Trial of Lambert before Henry VIII in Westminster Hall. (From a drawing in the *Kings Library* and some old prints.)



1425.—The interior of the Palace of Henry VIII.



1426.—Queen Jane Seymour. (From a painting by Holbein.)



1427.—Anne of Cleves. (From a painting by Holbein.)

however, allowed to subside into inaction; fresh ships were built; the dockyards of Deptford, Woolwich, and Portsmouth were formed; the Admiralty and Navy Boards were organized. By the end of the reign of Elizabeth the royal navy numbered forty-two ships. James I. surpassed all his predecessors in one respect: he built the largest of all ships up to his own time, called the Prince. Another distinguished ship was that erected in the following reign, the "Sovereign of the Seas" (Fig. 1431), which was one hundred and twenty-eight feet long and forty-eight feet broad, and carried one hundred and six guns.

Turning from these records of military and naval proceedings, let us follow the victor of Flodden Field into the council-chamber (Fig. 1413), that we may obtain some insight into the civil government of Henry, and make acquaintance with some of the more eminent men there seated in debate, and who, a few years later, were to be the chief actors in one of the most extraordinary series of events that English annals record. During the earlier years of the reign, Surrey, as Lord Treasurer, and Fox, Bishop of Winchester, had struggled for supremacy as the adviser of royalty; but the latter, finding he was losing ground, hoped, it seems, by placing one in his interests in the office of king's almoner, to strengthen his own power, and counteract that of Surrey. The man chosen was Wolsey, dean of Lincoln, then in the prime of life, recommended by courtly and fascinating manners, and only wanting opportunity to achieve that public greatness to which his ardent ambition aspired. Let us take a brief glance at his previous career. Thomas Wolsey was born at Ipswich, in Suffolk, 1471. His father, Robert Wolsey, is said to have been a butcher, and certainly was an obscure person, but possessed of sufficient means to afford his son an early preparatory education, and then to send him to the university of Oxford. His talents must have been precociously developed, for he graduated at fifteen, and thus gained the honourable name of the Boy Bachelor. For some years after that, his progress was sure, though slow: he became fellow of his college, received ordination, and taught the grammar-school adjoining Magdalen College. Three sons of the Marquis of Dorset were among his pupils, and it was from the marquis that, at the age of twenty-nine, he received his first clerical appointment to the living of Lymington, in Somersetshire. His character at Lymington was not quite in harmony with his holy vocation. It is said that he was once drunk at a neighbouring fair, and that Sir Amias Poulet confined him in the stocks for this irregularity. Whether this was the true cause or not, Wolsey certainly suffered that degradation, and in after days revenged himself for it on Sir Amias Poulet. But, notwithstanding, the priest of Lymington seems to have been on the whole a gifted, sagacious, and attractive person. One of the valuable friends he gained was Sir John Nafont, a Somersetshire gentleman, who held the office of treasurer of Calais. Being sick and old, Sir John made Wolsey his deputy, and rendered him more substantial service by introducing him to Henry VII. Wolsey became king's chaplain. The first decided proof he gave of his high abilities and usefulness for a king's service, was his rapid comprehension of the imperfectly-expressed instructions of Henry VII. in reference to negotiations for a marriage, and the rapidity of his movements in making the requisite journey to Flanders, when rapidity was of great importance to the king: Wolsey had actually returned before his master knew that he was gone; so that had Henry VII. lived much longer, Wolsey would probably have ascended in his favour as he ascended in the favour of Henry's son and successor, though not to so high a point; for, whilst Wolsey had little beyond the knowledge of state-craft (deemed indispensable in those days, and, unhappily, not altogether renounced in ours) in common with the one, all his tastes and habits strikingly harmonized with the tastes and habits of the other. And Wolsey was not a man to hide his light under a bushel, to allow such a gracious master as Henry to remain ignorant of the existence of such a useful servant as the dean of York, who, it appears, thus summed up the relative duties of king and minister:—"The king should hawk and hunt, and, as much as him list, use honest recreations. If so be he should at any time desire suddenly to become an old man, by intermeddling in old men's cares, he should not want those (meaning himself) that would in the evening, in one or two words, relate the effect of a whole day's consultation." Yes, Wolsey was the very man the pleasure-loving king needed; to pass "like another Mercury," in the words of an old writer, "between this our Jove and the senate of the lesser gods." Henry was as little disposed to the business of the state "as a wild ox to be yoked to the plough," and Wolsey gave up his capacious intellect and energetic powers entirely to its performance, and went on through a series of years, gradually absorbing all power to himself, until he was more completely at

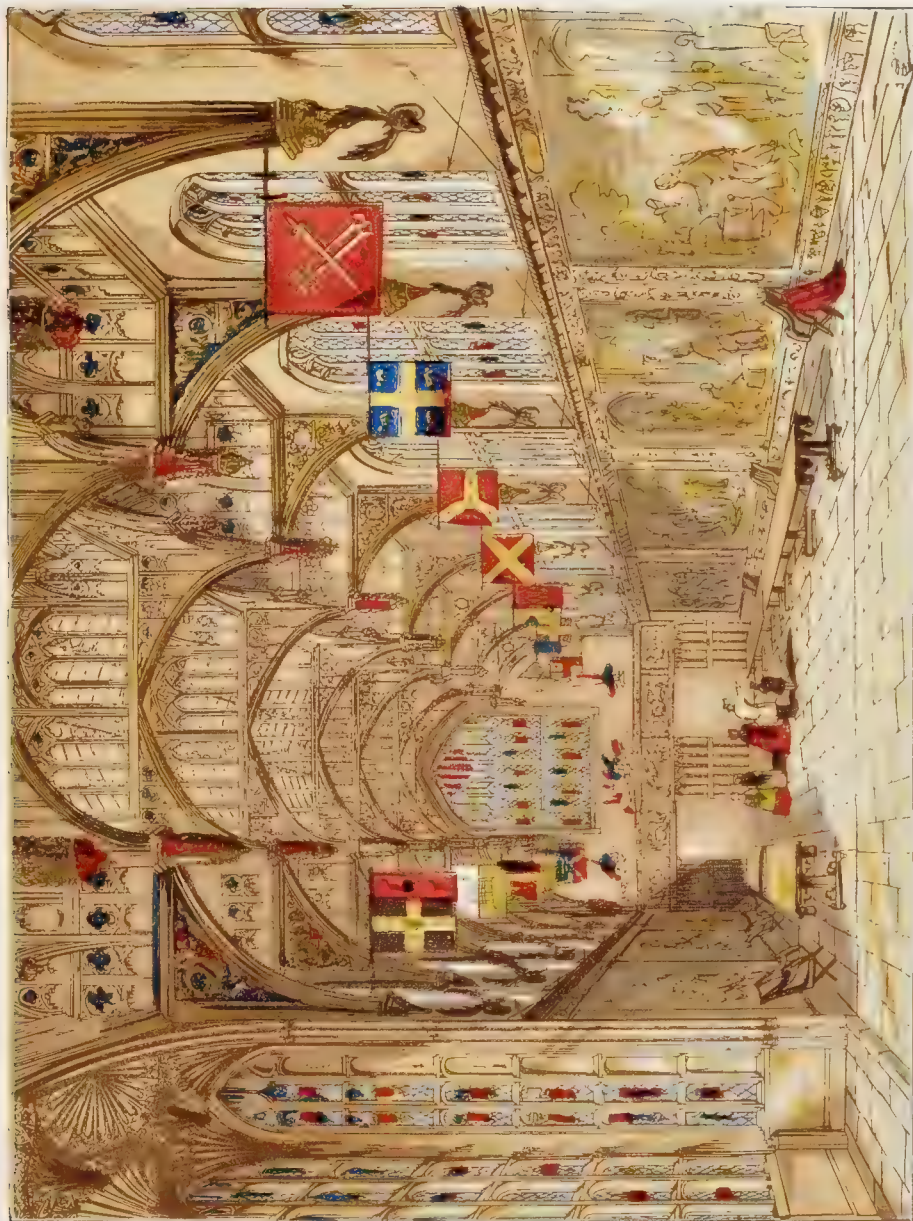
the head of all the interests of the kingdom of every kind than was its sovereign.

Within the first year of Henry's reign, the favourite rose from plain Almoner to Lord Almoner, and received gifts of valuable lands and houses in St. Bride's parish, Fleet Street, that had been forfeited by Empson. Every year for the next seven years added to his preferments and to his wealth. In 1510 he was rector of Torrington; in 1511, canon of Windsor, and Registrar of the Order of the Garter; in 1512, prebendary of York; in 1513, dean of York and bishop of Tournay in Flanders; in 1514 bishop of Lincoln and archbishop of York; in 1515, cardinal and chancellor of England; and in 1516, Legate-à-latere, an extraordinary dignity received from the pope, which gave the last finish to his greatness, by making him nearly as mighty as a pope over the clergy of England.

His wealth, from all these sources, was truly prodigious; and it was augmented from the dioceses of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford, which he held for foreign prelates, allowing them fixed stipends far below the annual proceeds collected. Then he held in commendam the rich abbey of St. Albans, and had stipends from the kings of France and Spain, and the dogs of Venice. All which revenues formed collectively an income more vast than has ever been enjoyed by any subject of England before or since. At one time it fully equalled the crown revenue. The residences of the great cardinal were of course numerous; attached to his several preferments. The principal one was York Place (Fig. 1439), afterwards called Whitehall, an extensive palace, that had been for centuries a seat of the prelates of York, and which was furnished with every luxury by Wolsey. But he desired to build himself a more original and magnificent abode, that should outvie every palace in the kingdom. So the manor-house of Hampton Court was removed, and near it the palace of Hampton Court soon grew into stately height and breadth. It was on a design of such largeness, utility, and magnificence, as none but a Wolsey could have ventured to conceive or execute. The highly-ornamented buildings, all of brick, were to be disposed in five courts. The interior arrangements comprehended no less than two hundred and eighty beds for visitors of rank.

Of the edifice thus built by Wolsey, and which was enlarged by Henry VIII. afterwards, there remain the chapel, the great hall, and various chambers and domestic offices (Fig. 1426). The remainder of the pile is of later date, and chiefly of William III.'s erection. The household of the cardinal was truly royal. From five to eight hundred persons were engaged in his service, including fifteen knights and forty squires. He numbered many persons of rank among these, as, for instance, the Earl of Derby and Lord Henry Percy; but such persons seem generally to have been the "beggared descendants of proud barons." His steward was always a dean or a priest; his treasurer, a knight; his comptroller, an esquire; and his master-cook wore daily "damask, satin, or velvet, with a chain of gold about his neck." His gentleman-usher was Cavendish, his biographer. The cardinal held a levee every morning early, after a short mass, at which he appeared clad all in red. When he went forth, it was in great state (Fig. 1443). As a priest, he rode on a mule, but that touch of professional humility was contradicted with the greatest care in the trappings of the animal, in his own attire, and by the number and appearance of his retinue. The saddle and saddle-cloth were of costly crimson velvet, the stirrups of silver gilt. His fine portly figure was exhibited in silk and satin robes of the richest possible texture, and the finest scarlet or crimson dye. Sables of great price covered his shoulders; gloves of red silk his hands; and his very shoes were of silver gilt, *inlaid with pearls and diamonds*. He was immediately preceded by two priests, tall, and as handsome men as could be found, to carry two ponderous silver crosses; before the priests went two gentlemen, each bearing a silver staff; before these, a person of rank bore his cardinal's hat (Fig. 1436); and foremost of all rode a pursuivant-at-arms, with a massive mace of silver gilt. Other officers, with spearmen, &c., swelled his train, riding on fine couriers, highly trained and richly caparisoned. Before such displays, those of the proudest churchman of the former days, Thomas à Becket, sink to insignificance. But if we would see Wolsey in the full orb and blaze of his magnificence, we must view him in the far-famed Field of the Cloth of Gold (Figs. 1418, 1419); for his was the presiding mind of that costly and gorgeous affair.

There were at the time three powerful, spirited, and popular princes in Europe, of varying degrees of ability—the Archduke Charles, Francis, and our Henry. What a notion does it not give us of the cardinal's power, to find him in effect the mainspring of the movements of all! It was after having experienced the peculiar



WOLSEY'S HALL, HAMPTON COURT.

inconvenience of having offended Wolsey, and after having by secret means, that may be readily guessed at, effected a reconciliation with him, that Francis entered into a treaty of alliance with Henry, which was presently followed by a proposal for a meeting between them, and an appointment for the purpose. It was postponed in consequence of the death of the Emperor Maximilian, when all the three kings we have named became rivals for his crown, which falling to Charles, by far the greatest of the three, gave occasion for the noble saying of Francis, that "in ambition, as in love, a discarded suitor ought never to cherish resentment." That affair over, and the three kings to appearance on amicable terms, the summer of 1520 was fixed for the gay and splendid journey to France. The English court had removed from Greenwich to Canterbury, then in all its ecclesiastical pride and splendour; and the court was on the eve of embarkation, when the Emperor Charles most unexpectedly anchored at Hythe, having arrived on the pretext of visiting Queen Catherine, his aunt, but in reality to win over his "most dear friend" the cardinal not to injure his interests in the negotiations that were about to ensue between Francis and Henry. Wolsey went out of Canterbury with a train of gentlemen and nobles, and in his barge met the emperor on the water. They landed together under a canopy of gold and embroidery, beneath the symbol of the black eagle of Germany. The conference of the Emperor and the Cardinal cost the former some magnificent presents, a promise of his influence to make Wolsey pope, and an appearance of reverence for and submission to Wolsey's judgment, not usual with crowned arguers. The result of that conference was esteemed by the Emperor worth its price; of such potency was Wolsey's influence in all the state business of the time. Charles's errand was done; but he stayed four days, to make a show of conferring with the king, who spent the greater part of one night conversing with him in Dover Castle; to visit his aunt, the Queen at Canterbury, outside of which Wolsey again met him, Charles riding by Henry's side,—the Cardinal at the head of a grand procession of the clergy; and, lastly, to make his offerings at the shrine of Thomas à Becket, that shrine of which it is said gold was the meanest thing about it, situated in a cathedral of which we are told that every part "was enlightened with the lustre of most precious stones," and "abounded without more than royal treasures." The day of the Emperor's departure was that of the embarkation at Dover of Henry and his whole court (Fig. 1417), who on the 4th of June, 1530, arrived at the lordship royal of Guisnes, the place selected for the joyous meeting. The arrangements for the accommodation of so many illustrious persons, the etiquette that should be observed, the disposal of time, and the conduct of the festivities, had not been adjusted without long and anxious deliberations. Wolsey was the life and soul of the whole business; to him everything was confided by both monarchs, Francis thereby intending to pay the Cardinal a delicate kind of compliment, that must, however, have fallen but flatly in comparison with that secret promise of the popehood, of Francis's rival the Emperor. The two sovereigns could not have done better. Wolsey lavished so much poetic fancy on the pageant, that he might have been nothing but a romantic dreamer of fairy-land all his life, instead of one who wielded the destinies of nations. Let us approach the temporary lodging provided for the English court. On the green plain (Fig. 1418) stands a fountain, gilded with fine gold; there is a statue of the jolly god, Bacchus, carousing; of the wine, which flows freely by conduits, white, red, and claret, all people are invited to drink. Read those golden letters over his head—"Faicte bonne chiere quy vouldra." Near Bacchus, we have another device: Cupid, on a gold-wreathed column, supported on four lions. The arrow is in the bow, the string is drawn ready "to strike the young people to love." Bacchus and Cupid ornament the entrance to a kind of fairy palace, an extraordinary production for such a temporary purpose. Eleven hundred workmen, chiefly cunning artificers from Flanders or Holland, have been employed on it; part of the framework was made in England. It is "set on stages, by great cunning and sumptuous work. It encloses square courts, and divers fountains, being in form a vast quadrangle, each side of which is one hundred and twenty-eight feet long. In one particular we have a characteristic specimen of Henry's invention; a wild man, with bow and arrows, conspicuous in front of the palace, with a Latin motto underneath, "He whom I support prevails." Imagery abounds in every part. Round about the great tower, in the windows, and on the battlements, appear men of war ready to cast great stones, and figures of ancient princes, "Hercules, Alexander, and the like." The exterior covering of the palace is sail-cloth painted like squared stone; the interior is hung with the richest arras. The numerous apartments include state-rooms and a chapel,

which form the most resplendent parts of the whole; their very walls gleaming with jewelled embroidery; their altar and tables loaded with plate. The pavilion provided for Francis, and the lesser tents by its side (whose ropes were of blue silk twisted with gold of Cyprus), appear to have been even more remarkable for imaginative design. The exterior of the pavilion presented to the eye a vast dome covered all over with cloth of gold, stretched out by ropes and tackle, and sustained by a mighty mass. The interior hollow of this dome imitated the firmament by means of azure velvet, and "craft of colours," and stars in gold-foil. The destruction of these gay tents was premature; they were laid "all in the dirt" by a tempestuous wind, and the French monarch was therefore obliged to lodge in an old castle near the town of Ardres, during the fortnight the gaieties lasted. The first two days the Cardinal riveted all eyes upon himself, while arranging a treaty with Francis, as Henry's high ambassador. He

The articles of the combination drew
As himself pleased, and they were ratified
As he cried, Thus let be.

He was highly entertained by Francis; and the French "made books, showing the triumphant doings of the Cardinal's royalty; as, of the number of his gentlemen, knights, and lords, all in crimson velvet, with marvellous number of chains of gold, the multitude of horses, mules, coursers, and carriages that went before him with sumpters and coffers—his great silver crosses and pillars—his embroidered cushions—and his host of servants, as yeomen and grooms all clad in scarlet."

After the treaty came the meeting of the two kings, in the valley of Andren; thus described by Hall, who was present at it: "Then the king of England showed himself some deal forward in beauty and personage (Fig. 419), the most goodliest prince that ever reigned over the realm of England: his grace was apparelled in a garment of cloth-of-silver damask, ribbed with cloth of gold, so thick as might be; the garment was large, and plaited very thick . . . of such shape and making that it was marvellous to behold. . . . Then up blew the trumpets, sackbuts, clarions, and all other minstrels on both sides, and the kings descended down toward the bottom of the valley of Andren, in sight of both the nations, and on horseback met and embraced. 'My dear brother and cousin,' said the French king, 'thus far to my pain have I travelled to see you personally. I think verily that you esteem me as I am, and that I am not unworthy to be your aid. The realms and seignories in my possession demonstrate the extent of my power.' Henry replied, 'Neither your realms nor other the places of your power are a matter of my regard, but the steadfastness and loyal keeping of promises comprised in clements between you and me. I never saw prince with my eyes that might of my heart be more beloved; and for your love have I passed the seas into the farthest frontier of my kingdoms to see you.' Then "the two kings alighted, and after embraced with benign and courteous manner each to other, with sweet and goodly words of greeting." After a banquet in a gorgeous tent, "and spice and wine given to the Frenchman, ipocras was chief drink of plenty to all that would drink." The next scene of excitement was the camp an enclosure nine hundred feet long and three hundred broad, surrounded by broad moats, and, partially, by the galleries and scaffolds for the two queens and the court ladies. In the midst of this enclosure was an artificial mount, on which a hawthorn-tree for England, and a raspberry-tree for France, seemed to grow with interlaced stems and branches. The shield of Henry, bearing the arms of England within the garter, was hung on one tree; the shield of Francis on the other, bearing the arms of France within a collar of the order of St. Michael. To that mount the two kings rode side by side, attended by noble gentlemen, and armed to defend the field against all comers, as brothers-in-arms, according to a proclamation that had been sounded abroad in all the chief cities of Europe for months before. Their tents, richly adorned, stood at the entrance to the camp, and two cellars close at hand were stored with wine, as free to all men as water. The ladies who sat as spectators were most brilliantly attired, especially the Queen Catherine, whose very foot-cloth was powdered with pearls. The splendid equipments of the nobles were such, that many Frenchmen are said to have carried their estates on their backs, and many, both French and English, were ruined by the expense they incurred. Six days were spent in tilting with lances, two in tournaments with the broadsword on horseback, and two in fighting on foot at the barriers. The feats of the warriors were registered in a book; but these would not seem to have been very formidable, since the kings, who fought five battles each day, invariably came off victorious! The English sport of wrestling engaged an humbler sort of combatants. Henry, however,



1430.—James IV. of Scotland.



1430.—Sailing ship of the sea.



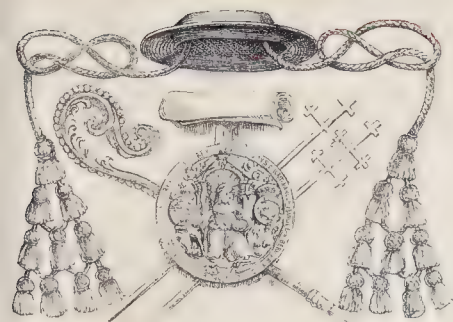
1435.—Battle of the Spurs. (From the ancient picture in the possession of the Royal Society of Antiquaries.)



1435.—Sword and Dagger of James IV., and Two Knight's' Banners, used at the Battle of Flodden Field.



1432.—Henri Grace-à-Dieu. (From a Picture in Greenwich Hospital.)



1438.—Cardinal's Hat, &c.



1437.—Cardinal Wolsey.



1438.—Chancellor's Costume.



1439.—York Place.



1440.—Duke of Buckingham.



1441.—Westminster Hall; Duckingham embarking for the Tower.



1442.—Street near Westminster Abbey; Coronation of Anne Boleyn.

himself challenged his brother of France to try a fall with him, and caught hold of his collar. Francis, being very agile, threw his grace. Henry then rose and demanded revenge, but the gentlemen standing by wisely interposed. A pleasing anecdote is told of Francis; who, perceiving that the English were partially labouring under distrust of the French, which marred their free enjoyment of the sports and festivities, early one morning left his castle, unknown to his court, taking with him only a page and two gentlemen. Thus comparatively unprotected, he entered Henry's tent, and said sportively to Henry, who was in bed, that he was now his (Henry's) prisoner. Henry, thanking him, arose, and threw a splendid collar over his neck. Francis gave in return a rich bracelet, and with the most graceful familiarity, proceeded to perform the duty of a valet, assisting his grace of England to dress, warming his shirt, spreading out his hose, and trussing his points. Then Francis, remounting his horse, rode back to Ardres; near which he met some of his court, and his faithful and plain-speaking friend, Fleuranges, who addressed him bluntly, "Sir, I am right glad to see you back again, but let me tell you, my master, that you were a fool to do the thing you have done; and ill luck befall those who advised you to it!" "And that was nobody," said Francis gaily; "the thought was all my own, and could have come from no other head." After that proof of sincerity from Francis, the best feeling seemed to prevail on all sides; and the golden time closed with a rapid succession of banquets and balls, and maskings and mummings, in which the kings and the ladies performed their parts. "But pleasures must have their intermission—and kings, if not by their greatness, are by their affairs severed." Thus Francis returned towards Paris; and Henry, after visiting the Emperor of Germany, to London; which he and his court reached "all safe in body, but empty in purse." When all the excitement of the show had passed away, the painful consideration of its expense caused many complaints. Among the dissatisfied was one whose character and fate form a tragical and interesting episode of the reign of Henry; or, what was for many years the same thing, of the period of Wolsey's power.

Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham (Fig. 1440), one day held the basin to the king for him to wash his hands; when his majesty had done, Cardinal Wolsey dipped his hands immediately in the same water, which the duke, "disdaining to debase himself to the service of a priest," managed to slied in his shoes. The Cardinal, understanding the import of the action, for indeed this was not the only evidence Buckingham had given of a desire to lower his arrogance, made a threat, well remembered afterwards, that he would sit on the duke's skirts. The king, also, secretly hated Stafford. "Being yet a child," says the Bishop of Hereford, "I have heard ancient men say, that by his bravery of apparel and sumptuous feasts, he exasperated the king; with whom, in these things, he seemed to contend." Like his father, Henry VIII. could partake of his nobles' generous hospitality while he sought the most convenient way to ruin them. Stafford, entertaining the king at his splendid seat at Penshurst, little dreamed that his wealth and popularity, and the large number of his retainers, there made visible to the royal eyes, were regarded as so many capital offences. His frank, sincere, hearty nature would have disdained to surmise that he could be an object of jealousy and suspicion, where the greatest affection was pretended, and where every disposition was apparent to advance him to the highest offices of the state: (Stafford was the last Lord High Constable of England.) His danger, as a son of that Duke of Buckingham (Richard III.'s friend and victim), whose personal claims to the crown as a Beaufort had stood next to those of Henry of Richmond, seems scarcely to have caused Stafford an anxious thought: otherwise policy would have taught him to beware of rendering himself conspicuous; much less of presuming to cast a reflection on the king's absolute wisdom in the matter of the expense created for his nobles, to the ruin of many of them, by the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He took no warning from the summons to the Star Chamber of Sir William Bulmer, who had left the king's service to enter into his, and where for that change of service, he was compelled to beg pardon on his knees as for a "serious crime." That was a very significant sign of the coming storm: but though it irritated the duke, he was far from comprehending its portentous character as regarded himself. Immediately before or after his own seizure, secret arrests took place of his chancellor, confessor, steward, and a friar Hopkins, a prophet with whom the duke had been in communication, after the fashion of those credulous times, during about eight years. The friar had first won the duke's faith by his successful prophecies that Henry would return safe from the French war, and that if the King of Scots crossed the borders he would surely die. The prospects of the duke and his family had, of course, engaged friar Hopkins's

particular attention, and it seems he had hinted that the duke's son would succeed Henry VIII. on the throne.

Stafford was at his estate of Thornbury, in Gloucestershire, when an unexpected invitation arrived from the king to the Court at Greenwich. The duke set out on this his last journey without the remotest idea that he was going to his death. Having reached Windsor, he lodged there one night; and his fears were first excited by observing that three knights, who had followed him on the road to Windsor, with a "secret power of men-at-arms" were "lying close by." His eyes were further opened to his danger, by the marked disrespect of a creature of the court, one Thomas Ward, gentleman-harbinger to the king. Suspense, fear, and indignation spoiled his appetite for breakfast in the morning, for we are told "his meat would not down." Mounting his horse, he rode with his treacherous guard as far as Westminster, where he took barge for Greenwich, which it was not intended he should reach. In passing the "bridge" (a jetty or quay) at York House, Stafford landed with four or five servants, and desired to speak with "my Lord Cardinal." Wolsey declined to see him on the plea of indisposition. "Well," said the unfortunate duke, "yet will I drink of my lord's wine as I pass." One of the cardinal's gentlemen then conducted him with much reverence into the cellar, where the duke drank; but seeing that "no cheer to him was made," he changed colour and departed. A little farther down the river, his barge was hailed and boarded by Sir Henry Marney, captain of the body-guard, who was attended by a company of yeomen of the guard. Sir Henry arrested him as a traitor, in the king's name; took him on shore, and conducted him through Thames-street to the Tower, amidst universal astonishment and regret, for no man was more beloved. The secret processes that were then in constant use in the Tower for torturing the body, and by this means, and also by threats and bribery, breaking down the mind, were, it is more than probable, applied to the duke's servants freely, until they were ready to say whatever was required of them. On the 13th of May, Stafford was brought before a body of peers, chosen by the king and the Duke of Norfolk, as High Steward; and charged with tempting friar Hopkins to make traitorous prophecies, by means of messages and personal conferences;—tampering with the king's servants and yeomen of the guard by means of presents and promises;—with saying, when reprimanded for retaining Sir William Bulmer, that if his arrest has been ordered, he would have plunged his dagger into the king's heart;—and with declaring his determination, after Henry's death, to cut off the heads of the lord cardinal and some others, and seize the government. To these charges Buckingham at first contented himself with replying, that, were all proved, as there had been no overt act, there could be no treason. But he was informed by the chief justice that he was mistaken: merely imagining the death of the king constituted sufficient treason; and words sufficient evidence. Stafford then made a complete defence; repelling charge by charge, denying every particular of guilt, and demanding to be confronted with his accusers; they were brought, and the sight of them must have given the duke the keenest anguish: they were Hopkins, De la Cour, his confessor, Perk, his chancellor, and Sir Charles Knevit, his own cousin, and formerly his steward; who all performed the parts assigned to them; and thus, in the words of the Shaksperian scene of Buckingham's condemnation (described in a conversation between two gentlemen in a street near Westminster-hall), "Both," says the duke, alluding to his own and his father's fate,

Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most.

The Duke of Norfolk (Fig. 1449) (formerly Earl of Surrey), the victor of Flodden Field, pronounced sentence; and,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Dropped tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gums.

"My Lord of Norfolk," said Stafford, when he had finished, "you have said to me as a traitor should be said unto; but I was never none. Still, my lords, I nothing malign you for that you have done unto me: may the eternal God forgive you my death as I do. I shall never sue to the king for life: howbeit, he is a gracious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you, my lords, and all my fellows, to pray for me."

On leaving Westminster-Hall, the axe was borne before the duke with the edge toward him. At the water-side his own barge was ready (Fig. 1441) to convey him to the Tower. Sir Thomas Lovel respectfully requested him to take his customary seat on the cushions and carpet; but he declined, saying, bitterly, "When I came to Westminster I was Duke of Buckingham, but now I am nothing

but Edward Stafford, the poorest wretch alive." Three days intervened between his trial and appearance on the scaffold on Tower-hill. He persisted to the last in his refusal to implore the king's mercy; and died amid the groans and lamentations of the people, whose feelings at the event are expressed in the exclamations of one of the gentlemen in the play—

O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

And thus passed on the course of public business in England during the first eighteen years of the reign of Henry VIII.; and if the period were not a very glorious one for the sovereign, it was at all events sufficiently pleasant to him; and, on the whole, appears to have been, at the same time, a peaceable and prosperous one for the people. Up to the year 1527 not a cloud was perceptible upon the horizon that might suggest even to the keenest sighted of observers the coming tempest: the chief elements of which, the king's own passions, were as yet comparatively unknown in their true character and tendencies, having been untried by temptation and difficulty, and therefore kept within decorous bounds. But before the close of that year, the temptation and the difficulty came;—the passions were let loose—to prey, not only upon their owner, or upon all that he himself had most loved and favoured, but upon the country that was placed beneath his charge. England has had many a fiery ordeal to go through, many a blow to recover from, that has steeped her to "the very lips" in misery and degradation, but it may be doubted whether she ever suffered so much as during the last few years of the reign of Henry VIII.: when government became a thing of the executioner and the shambles, and religion a stalking-horse for the most shameless licentiousness; when to be known as a good man was the sure step to ruin; and when, in a word, there was no way open to those who had the misfortune to be born to, or who had achieved distinction, but that of participating in all the tyrant's cruelties and baseness, or of swelling themselves the number of his victims. It is true that out of the monstrous mass of evil one good arose—the Reformation; although every sincere Protestant must feel in his heart a kind of regret that it did not happen at any other period of English history; for one more calculated to stain a great and glorious principle it would be impossible to find.

About the time we have mentioned a young lady returned from France, who had gone thither some years before in the retinue of Henry's sister, Mary. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, or Bullen, and Lady Elizabeth Howard; and no doubt possessed, in a very eminent degree, those personal attractions, and that fascination of manner, which were calculated to arrest the attention of the king, who appears to have become immediately and deeply enamoured of her. One noticeable proof of the earnestness of his passion is the sensitiveness of perception it called forth in him—lover-like. Among the lady's admirers he is said to have been the first to discover her favourite, namely, the Lord Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland. Wolsey, in whose family the young nobleman had been brought up, soon removed this difficulty. Percy was sent into the country, and forced into another marriage, and Anne was consoled by finding that she had only exchanged a noble for a kingly lover.

It would be gratifying to be able to think that Henry's religious scruples on the subject of his previous marriage with Katherine—his eldest brother's widow—were of an earlier date than the existence of this passion; but, unhappily, his statements to that effect are not to be trusted in opposition to his deeds, which show that, during the whole process of the divorce, he was constantly communicating with her who was to take Katherine's place, when that tedious but momentous event should be consummated. Anne Bullen behaved throughout the whole affair with the utmost prudence. She had determined to be the king's wife, not his mistress; and from that determination ensued events, the importance of which, in relation to the destinies of the country, it is hardly possible to overrate. Hever Castle (Fig. 1423), Kent, was the family residence of the Bullens; and there Anne Bullen chiefly resided during the period in question; and there, according to tradition, the bugle-horn was often heard sounding from the top of a neighbouring hill—Henry's announcement to his lady-love of his approach. A regular correspondence by letter was also kept up; and some of the king's epistles are still preserved in the library of the Vatican.

The first step taken for the attainment of a divorce was an application to the Court of Rome in 1527, the very year when Anne

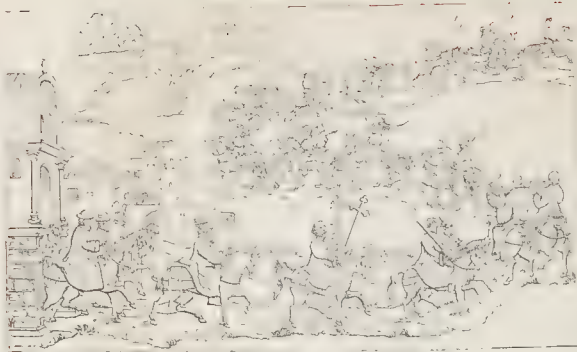
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Bullen is supposed to have returned from the Continent. For two years did the legal proceedings then drag their slow length along, and in that very delay, and the consequent presumed coolness of the head of the Romish Church, it is probable we must look for one of the causes of Henry's appearance before the world in a character of all others the most unsuitable to him, that of a religious reformer; and to make the whole business more ludicrous, a reformer in the path of the man—Luther—whom he had some years before stepped forth to attack, in a Latin treatise on the Seven Sacraments, and with such success—so at least the Pope said—that the title of Defender of the Faith was bestowed on Henry VIII., in token of the Papal approbation. The simple clue to this marvellous change, and the still more marvellous conduct that followed, is to be found in the fact, that the actual queen was a sincere and ardent Catholic, whilst her rival was understood to be disposed towards the new views; in consequence, there was a gradual concentration around the one, of the friends of the Protestant cause, met by a similar congregation round the other, of the supporters of the old religion.

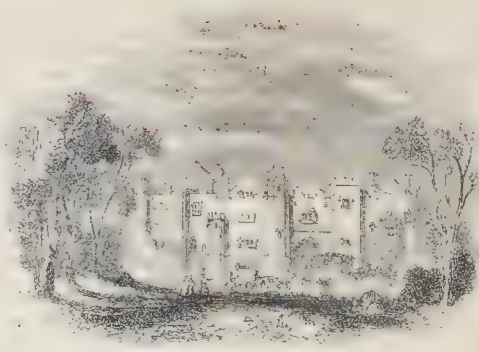
The day so long anxiously looked for came at last, the 21st of June, 1529, and the king (then residing in the ancient palace of Bridewell, Fig. 1414), the queen, and the principal courtiers, assembled within the hall of the Black Friars, for the trial of the legality of the royal marriage (Fig. 1415);—Wolsey and Campeggio, the Papal Legate, sitting as judges; Henry on their right hand, Katherine, with four friendly bishops, on their left. The king's name was called, and he answered, *Here!* The queen's was similarly uttered, but found no response. The citation was repeated, when the unhappy lady, rising in great agitation, crossed herself devoutly, as if soliciting the protection of Heaven, and then throwing herself at Henry's feet, appealed to him in the most moving language. "Sir, I beseech you, for all the love that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right; take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominions. I have here no assured friend, much less impartial counsel, and I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas, Sir! wherein have I offended you, or on what occasion given you displeasure . . . that you should put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife; ever conformable to your will and pleasure. Never have I said or done aught contrary thereto, being always well pleased and contented with all things wherein you had delight or dalliance, whether it were in little or much; neither did I ever grudge in word or countenance, or show a visage or spark of discontent." She reminded him that for *twenty years* she had been his true wife; that their parents, who determined the union, were among the wisest of princes; that she cannot but be wrongly dealt with, since she has only such advice as he assigns to her; and, in fine, she entreats, "in the way of charity, and for the love of God, to spare her the extreme power of the court, until she may advise with her friends in Spain; and if he will not extend to her so much impartial favour, why, let his will be fulfilled: she commends her cause to God." And therewith, to the astonishment of every one, Katherine, with a low obeisance to the king, walks hastily out of the hall.

The business, however, proceeded; but in a few days it became evident that neither of the cardinal judges had much love for the vocation, and one of them, Campeggio, adjourned the court. The disappointment was so keen, that Henry's brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, struck the table passionately with his fist, exclaiming—"Never did cardinal bring good to England." Wolsey, stung by the brutal insult to his brother commissioner, as well as himself, forgetting every thing for the moment but his natural and generous feelings, answered Suffolk with great dignity and force. These few words probably sealed Wolsey's ruin. Anne Bullen and her friends already suspected him of lukewarmness in their cause; Suffolk joined with them heart and soul; and it was not long before the results were made evident to the nation at large. Henry set out on a progress; and men wondered to hear that the all-powerful minister was left behind. Wolsey rode after the court, was received by the king with his old familiarity, at Grafton, in Northamptonshire, and again, it appeared, the cardinal was safe; but on the following morning he was ordered to London, and never more saw his master. Some time after, on proceeding to the Court of Chancery, he found he was to be subject to the law, instead of, as of old, engaged in administering it; bills being filed against him by the attorney-general, for having exercised the function of Papal legate: that he had done so with the approbation of Henry and the Parliament, mattered nothing to either, when the former wanted to destroy him. Wolsey perceived his danger, and strove to save himself by sub-

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1443.—Wolsey and his Suite.



1446.—Leicester Abbey.



1444.—Henry and Anne sending Dr. Butts with token of favour to the Archbishop.



1445.—Wolsey surrendering the Great Seal.



1448.—Wolsey's Tower, Ebury.



1447.—Ruins of Leicester Abbey.



1419.—Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk.



1450.—(From Holbein.)



1451.—Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.



1452.—Sir T. More



1453.—Family of Sir T. More. (From Holbein.)



1454.—Queen Catherine Howard. (From a painting by Vander Werff.)



1455.—Cranmer.



1456.—Queen Catherine Parr. (From a painting by Holbein.)

mission. On condition of retaining his ecclesiastical rank and preferment, he gave up all his personal estates, valued at half a million of crowns; that was something, but Henry wanted more. So the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk came to him at York Place, and told him the king was coming to live there, and that he must confine himself to his house at Esher (Fig. 1448). Any thing more? Yes, he must surrender the great seal (Fig. 1445). "My lords," said Wolsey, with spirit, "the great seal of England was delivered to me by the hands of my sovereign; I hold it by his majesty's letters patent, which along with it have conferred on me the office of chancellor, to be enjoyed during my life; and I may not deliver it at the single word of any lord, unless you can show me your commission." The commission was speedily obtained, and Wolsey almost as speedily sank under his misfortunes.

One gleam of hope burst upon him. Henry, hearing that a slow fever was upon him, and that he was dying, relented for a moment, and sent his favourite physician, Butts, to him (Fig. 1444), with kind words and gifts, which wonderfully restored Wolsey. But it was no more than a gleam, and the cardinal's prospects were immediately after as gloomy as ever. He was left at Esher, for a time, in such a state that he could hardly command the necessities of life. And when he removed from Esher (Fig. 1448), and travelled towards York, and began to regain by his manners much of the popularity he had lost, he was suddenly stricken to the heart by an arrest for treason. On his way to London, as a prisoner, he died, as has been already described [Vol. i. p. 295], at Leicester Abbey (Figs. 1446, 1447).

Cranmer (Fig. 1455) now rose into power, and upon the same question that had caused Wolsey's fall, but by taking the opposite side. As the last evidently was inclined to move only so far as Rome would sanction his every step, the first began with the bold advice to consider the marriage by reference to the Bible—the English divines—the English universities—in short, to any thing, or any body, rather than the Pope. That was the very thing for Henry. Cranmer was sent for, and employed at first in endeavouring to persuade the Pope of the propriety of the divorce, and, when that failed, set to work to carry out his own views. In 1531 an English convention declared Henry the One Protector of the Church (thus virtually destroying the Papal supremacy), and his marriage with Katherine contrary to the law of God. In 1533 Cranmer was made Archbishop of Canterbury, and, in the same year, Anne Bullen obtained the object of her long-cherished desire—the throne, by a private marriage with the king, afterwards publicly confirmed at Lambeth by Cranmer. Her coronation (Fig. 1442) took place on the 1st of June, 1533.

Thus Anne Bullen was at last Queen of England, and Katherine deposed. At first all things smiled upon the beautiful and light-hearted woman who now presided over the domestic arrangements of the court. A daughter—Elizabeth—was born; and loud and long were the congratulations, magnificent the feastings and processions of the christening (Fig. 1425). But ere three years had passed, the poisoned chalice that Anne had been instrumental in offering to the late queen, was commended to her own lips, under circumstances a thousand times more terrible. Katherine died in the beginning of 1536, and within six months after, Queen Anne Bullen, who in the pride of her heart had said, on hearing of Katherine's death, "she was now indeed a queen," discovered that, as she had supplanted her royal mistress, so was she about to be supplanted by one of *her* maids of honour. It is said that the premature birth of a son was brought on by discovering some unseemly familiarity between Henry and Lady Jane Seymour; and the death of that son in consequence completed her ruin.

There was a grand tilting-match in Greenwich Park, on May-day, 1536, and Henry and Queen Anne were present. Suddenly the king rose, and departed to London, with six attendants only. The principal challengers in the sport were Viscount Rochford, the queen's brother, and Henry Norris, one of the grooms of the stole, who, it soon afterwards appeared, were marked out for destruction with the queen. Anne waited at Greenwich in fearful suspense till the next day, when she was met on the water, by her uncle Norfolk, Audley the Chancellor, and Cromwell, and arrested for adultery. She fell on her knees, exclaiming wildly—"O Lord, help me! as I am guiltless of that whereof I am charged." The Tower received her—that gloomy entrance to the realms of death; and she was confined in the chamber where she had slept the night before her coronation. Here again, falling on her knees, she cried, "Jesus have mercy on me!" and wept and laughed convulsively—"Wherefore am I here, Mr. Kingston?"—she then asked of the lieutenant of the Tower. "When saw you the king? where is my sweet brother?" and hardly waiting for a reply, broke into

the pathetic exclamation—"Oh, my mother, thou wilt die of sorrow!" Fully aware of her terrible position, she afterwards exclaimed—and her words were soon verified—"I shall die without justice!" Kingston, the servile tool of Henry, had the impudence to reply, "There was justice for the meanest subject in England;" at which Anne laughed loudly, half, probably, in delirium, half in mockery, of the justice that the lieutenant talked of. She knew, none better, what justice Katherine had received; and that knowledge told her every thing as to the treatment she would experience herself. The usual crafty and treacherous means were taken to entrap her into saying something that could criminate her; but, in extenuation of such levities with the courtiers, as it is said she acknowledged (if they were not in great part the invention of her foes), it must be remembered that she had been used to French manners. There is a tone of innocence that appeals strongly to the heart in the well-known letter Anne wrote from her "doleful prison" to Henry—"Try me, good king," she supplicates, "but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial; for my truth shall fear no open shames. . . . But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoyment of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin. . . . and that he will not call you to a strict account of your unprincipled and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat. . . . My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight—if ever the name of Anne Bullen hath been pleasing in your ears—then let me obtain this request." We scarcely need say, Henry paid no regard to the letter. Anne's judges were chosen by him; and they proved worthy his choice: the brave peers of England, with Norfolk at their head, did not blench from their horrid task. Norfolk had wept when he sentenced Buckingham, but he had sat on other murderous tribunals since then, and grown used to the "bloody business;" we hear of no tears when he doomed his young and beautiful niece to infamy and a scaffold.

As all records of the trial were carefully destroyed soon after—a significant fact—we shall not attempt to enter into any of its revolting and utterly untrustworthy details, which were only gained by bribery or torture. We are told by an old writer, who is supported by all Protestant authors of the time, that "having an excellent quick wit, and being a ready speaker, she did so answer to all objections that, had the peers given in their verdict according to the expectation of the assembly, she had been acquitted." The day after Anne's condemnation, the lieutenant of the Tower wrote to Cromwell:—"This day at dinner the queen said that she should go to Antwerp, and is in hope of life;" but that hope was of short duration, and interrupted by fits of anguish and despair, and delirious levity.

The third day after her trial she sent for the Lieutenant of the Tower, early in the morning, to speak in Cranmer's presence of her innocence. After that she sent for him a second time, and said—"Mr. Kingston, I hear say I shall not die before noon, and I am very sorry there for; for I thought to be dead by this time, and past my pain." Kingston replied—"That it should be no pain, it was so subtle." "I heard say the executioner was very good, and I have a little neck," said Anne, putting her hands about it, and laughing heartily. On Cranmer devolved the melancholy task of preparing the half-insane victim for death. It is pitiable to see this eminent man, through fear of his own destruction, participating in deeds so abhorrent to common sense and humanity. When the tyrant's influence could make such men his instruments, can we wonder that a feminine spirit, whose only strength was its sensibility, should be darkened and perverted by it even in its last agony? In her address to the nobility and city companies, admitted to witness her execution, she says—"A gentler or more merciful prince was there never;" and "to me he was ever a good, gentle and sovereign lord." After this sad mockery she submitted to her fate, repeating, "Christ have mercy on my soul! Lord Jesus receive my soul!" until, with one skilful stroke of the axe, the executioner of Calais severed that fair small neck, and Anne Bullen was no more. And how did this gentle, merciful prince, await the news of her death? In solitude was he? or in tears? Neither. But, certainly, he was anxious and impatient, because he was waiting to begin a jovial hunt in Epping Forest. At last he heard the signal gun. Up then started he. "Ah! it is done! the business is done! Uncouple the dogs, and let us follow the sport." He returned in the evening, gay; and next morning married Jane Seymour (Fig. 1427). She

had not time to grow out of his liking, for she died within little more than a twelvemonth, after giving birth to a son, subsequently Edward VI. Anne of Cleves (Fig. 1454) succeeded Jane Seymour; and not suiting her royal husband, was put away with her head safe on her neck in six months after her marriage. That union, however, mainly caused the ruin of the minister, Cromwell, who had planned it—so he went to the block instead. Next came the Lady Katherine Howard (Fig. 1454), with whom Henry remained content for two years, and then he beheaded her, on the charge of adultery. Lastly, in the following year, he married Katherine Parr (Fig. 1456), widow of Lord Latimer, who, after one very narrow escape, survived him.

We return now to the extraordinary series of events connected with the religious history of the reign, which, beginning with the single desire to put away a wife that he was tired of, ended in Henry's all but putting away the religion that had been for so many centuries established in the country. The refusal of the papal government to sanction Katherine's divorce, and its promulgation of the annulment of that divorce, when the English churchmen, with Crammer at their head, did so divorce her, completed the schism between the English and the Roman governments; and measure after measure was framed by Henry and his parliament, under the guidance of Cromwell (who had been Wolsey's secretary), to destroy every vestige of the old connexion. One of these was the oath of supremacy, which declared the King the head of the Church. Another was the dissolution of the monasteries, chiefly carried into effect by Cromwell. A third was the virtual introduction of Protestantism by the dissemination of the Scriptures in the popular version. (Fig. 1428.) And every one of these measures had its own peculiar series of victims.

The two new statutes, which made it high treason for an Englishman to deny that the king was in all respects a fit and proper person to preside over the whole spiritual Church of England, or that his marriage with his good queen's maid of honour was perfectly lawful and right, though they filled dungeons and scaffolds, and made the year 1535 hideous with a series of murders of the eminent and the excellent—yet brought forth some good out of their manifold evils: for, by applying the touchstone to the moral truth of such men as Fisher and More, who embraced death rather than consent to either statute, they have been the means of enriching our annals with the histories of martyrs for truth's sake, who will command admiration as long as those annals exist.

The classical Erasmus thus describes the happy household of the author of the Utopia, from which the master-spirit was removed without the shadow of a crime, to endure a lingering confinement of thirteen months in the Tower of London:—"With him (Sir Thomas) you might imagine yourself in the academy of Plato. But I should do injustice to his house by comparing it to the academy of Plato, where numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes moral virtues, were the subjects of discussion: it would be more just to call it a school and an exercise of the Christian religion. All its inhabitants, male and female, applied their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no angry word, was heard in it; no one was idle; every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness." Holbein, in his way, has made this happy family scarcely less familiar to us than Erasmus in his (see our Engraving, Fig. 1453). More (Fig. 1452) had a fellow-sufferer in the Tower—the excellent Fisher, Bishop of Rochester—who also refused to bend his conscience to the King's will, in respect to the two statutes. Deeply affecting is it to read More's own statements (made in reply to interrogatories put to him after Fisher's death) of the "divers scrolls and letters" that passed between them, by means of a poor man, called George, the lieutenant's servant, "whereof the most part contained nothing else but comfort, and words from either to other, and declaration of the state that they were in, in their bodies, and giving of thanks for such meat or drink that the one had sent to the other." It would seem that the bishop more often received than sent the "comfort;" and the "meat and drink;" for his heartless keepers left him deficient even of the merest necessities, although he was near fourscore years old, and in sickness and pain. The chancellor was treated with equal severity, and denied at last even the books and writing materials with which he had relieved his solitude. But the filial heroism of his married daughter, Margaret Roper, aided by others of his family and friends, mitigated in some considerable respects the hardships imposed on him, and, probably, enabled him to lighten also those of his fellow-prisoner. In June, 1535, that fellow-prisoner was tried and condemned as a traitor, for saying the king could not be the head of the Church. If Henry's destructive appetite might have brooked a short pause, he had been saved the

odium of thus rudely thrusting into the grave an old man, who was already verging upon it by the process of natural decay; and who had been the friend of his father, and of his grandmother, the Countess of Richmond, by whose dying breath he had been recommended as a good and wise counsellor for her inexperienced grandson. But Henry was dead to all grateful remembrance: the most sacred obligations were of no weight with him, while possessed with the fierce thirst of blood. His savageness rises almost to sublimity when he exclaims, on hearing that Pope Paul III. had sent the imprisoned bishop a cardinal's hat—"Ha! Paul may send him the hat—I will take care that he have never a head to wear it on."

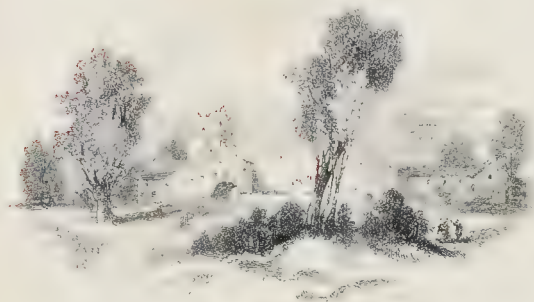
Very soon, indeed, that head, with its reverend white hairs, was seen set up over London Bridge, and, with exquisite brutality, the face turned toward the Kentish Hills, where his best years had been spent, whilst the mutilated body of this ancient friend of the king's family—this accomplished restorer of ancient learning, whose excellence as a Christian priest was almost without a spot—was exposed naked to the vulgar gaze, and then buried in Barking churchyard, coffinless and shroudless. More was yet left in the Tower dungeons, none of whose terrors could make him to himself untrue. His sharpest trial was doubtless the entreaties of his afflicted family, and especially of his beloved daughter, Margaret, who wrote to him letters of vehement tenderness to induce him to save himself by bending to the king's will; but he only replied by exhorting her to patience, and desiring her to pray for him. His last letter to her was written with a piece of charcoal, and he had no paper but a few scraps left in his way by some unknown hand. How gloriously the firm and cheerful mind of the Christian philosopher triumphed over all this anguish and privation, is shown in a letter that he sent forth from his prison, to open, if possible, the hearts and minds of his foes towards him. In it he says—"I pray for his highness, and all his, and all the realm. *I do nothing harm; I say no harm; I think none harm; and wish every body good: and if this be not enough to keep a man alive, in good faith I long not to live.* I am dying already; and, since I came here, have been divers times in the case that I thought to die within one hour. And, I thank our Lord, I was never sorry for it, but rather sorry when I saw the pang past; and, therefore, my poor body is at the king's pleasure. Would to God my death might do him good!" His trial came. Dressed in a coarse woollen gown, instead of the usual Chancellor's robes (Fig. 1438)—looking the mere wreck of his former self—with hair grown white, and frame bowed and weakened by long confinement, so that he was obliged to support himself on a staff, and with countenance pale and wasted, he stood in that Hall of Westminster where he had formerly presided as judge. The contrast between his accustomed and present state, and his altered aspect, strongly stirred the sympathies of the audience. His intellect, it was soon perceived, had lost nothing of its high powers. Though his eye was hollow, it sparkled still with vivacity; the music of his eloquence was still such as to be dreaded by his pre-termed judges, and his moral intrepidity was unshaken by all that he had suffered, and all he had to dread. Pardon was offered on condition of his doing the king's will. More declined it. The tedious verbiage of the indictments did not confuse him; but, when they had been read, he exposed the false pretences on which they were based. Neither by word nor deed had he done anything against the king's marriage with Anne Bullen; he had, indeed, disapproved of it, but he had never expressed this disapprobation except to the king, who had commanded him on his allegiance to give his real opinion. All he had done in regard to the king's supremacy over the church, was to be silent thereon, and silence was not treason. So argued More, who, having been judge and chancellor, thought he knew the law; but the judges had a different reading of it: they affirmed that silence *was* treason, and sentenced him accordingly. More then a second time addressed the court, after being twice rudely prevented. Casting aside all reservations, all fears, all hopes, he burst out with the electrifying words, that what he had hitherto concealed he would now openly declare—the oath of supremacy was utterly unlawful! He regretted to differ from the noble lords whom he saw on the bench, but his conscience would not permit him to do otherwise. He had no animosity against them: and he hoped that, even as St. Paul was present and consented to the death of Stephen, and yet was afterwards a companion saint in heaven, so they and he should all meet together hereafter. "And so," he concluded, "may God preserve you all, and especially my lord the king, and send him good counsel." His son had been present at the trial; and, as More left the bar, rushed through the hall, fell on his knees, and begged his blessing. A still more affecting interruption took place as More was walking through the streets of London back to the Tower, the axe borne before him, and officers and halberdiers surrounding him. The dismal procession had reached



1457.—Old Bludy House. (From a Print in Pennant's Collection.)



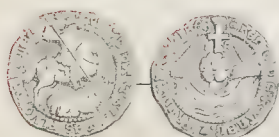
1458.—Bramber Castle



1459.—Naworth Castle.



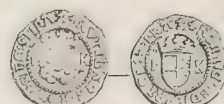
1460.—Sandown Castle, near Deal.—One of Henry VIII's fortresses.)



1461.—George (Gold) Noble of Henry VIII.



1462.—Gold Crown of Henry VIII.



1463.—Gold Half-Crown of Henry VIII.



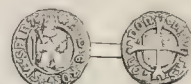
1464.—Shilling of Henry VIII.



1465.—Wolsley's Groat



1466.—Wolsley's Half-Groat.



1467.—Penny of Henry VIII



1469.—Edward VI. (From a Painting by Holbein.)



1469.—Great Seal of Edward VI.



1471.—Statue of Edward VI.

Edward

1472.—Edward VI. (Otho MS. Vespasian, F. 13.)



1470.—Edward VI. and his Council. (From a Woodcut on the Title to the Acts of Parliament, 1551.)



1473.—Old Somerset House.



1474.—Old Somerset House.



1475.—Edward VI.

the Tower wharf, when Margaret Roper pressed through the armed throng, and hung, sobbing, on his neck. Her father tried to console her. He blessed her, and the last agonizing farewell was said, and he was once more moving on, when again she burst through the guard, again clasped his neck, and wept. More, too, then wept, repeating his blessing and pious consolation. The unutterable pathos of the scene melted guards and people: the former could with difficulty nerve themselves to divide the father and daughter. But divided they were. More had then done with this life, and with a cheerful spirit prepared to enter on the next. The witty sayings recorded of him in his last hours, we have seen somewhere found fault with, as unbecoming an occasion so awful. To More there was no awfulness about it. He was full of the happiest anticipations of the great change; and was too truthful to affect a formality and gloom foreign to his natural character. When he heard that the king had mercifully commuted the hanging, drawing, and quartering, into simple decapitation—"God preserve all my friends from such royal favours!" exclaimed he. The framework of the scaffold being weak, some fears were expressed lest it might break down. "Mr. Lieutenant," said Sir Thomas, "see me safe up; and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." When the executioner asked pardon, More said to him, "Friend, thou wilt render me to-day the greatest service in the power of man; but my neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry, for the sake of the credit of thy profession." Not being permitted to address the spectators, he simply declared that he died a faithful subject and a true Catholic; then, after prayer, quietly laid his head on the block, saying, with a smile, as he bade the headsman hold his hand until he removed his beard—"My beard has never committed any treason." Thus he died. And what said the English nation—that nation ever famous for its hatred of tyranny in all its forms—to these detestable murders? One would expect that nobles and commoners would have risen as one man to remove Henry from the throne that he was no more fitted to enjoy than a mere wild animal, whose furious passions he emulated. But no: England permitted the monster to go on perpetrating many more such murders. Such was the effect of extreme dread. Echoes, however, of suppressed murmurs, could not be entirely shut out from palace walls; and these added to the restlessness and disquiet that ever haunted the tyrant. From abroad, there came to him still louder and more potential voices of rebuke—from Rome, from Germany, from France. No desire of amicable alliance with him could prevent Charles and Francis from speaking out. The former sent for Sir Thomas Elliott, the English ambassador, and said to him, "My lord ambassador, we understand that your master has put to death his faithful servant, and grave and wise counsellor, Sir Thomas More." Elliott replied that he had heard nothing of it. "Well," said Charles, "it is but too true; and this will we say, that if we had been master of such a servant, of whose abilities ourself have had these many years no small experience, we would rather have lost the best city in our dominions than so worthy a counsellor."

The English ambassador at the French court also heard of the matter in severe terms; and Francis told him that his master should banish, not take the lives of, such offenders. And no doubt he would have been glad to have given More a welcome in his own dominions. Henry, greatly incensed, replied they had suffered by due course of law: that they were worthy of a ten times more terrible death; and if they had a thousand lives, all were forfeited. Thus, through foreign countries, Henry must have half anticipated the opinions of posterity on his crimes. What he thought and felt upon the matter, we may learn with tolerable certainty from his anxiety to prevent those opinions from spreading in England; as was shown by his interdicting all communication with foreigners. Erasmus, in a letter to a friend, in the August of this year, says, that "the English were living in such a state of terror that they could not write to foreigners or receive letters from them."

If the victims of another of the great events of the reign—the dissolution of monasteries, begun in 1535 by the energetic Cromwell, and all but completed by 1540—comprised no names so illustrious as that of the author of the 'Utopia,' they were fearfully numerous; and the measure involved a lamentable amount of social disorganization. We speak not simply of the effects of the dissolution on the monasteries concerned, but also of the effects on the people of England at large, which though less outwardly apparent, were scarcely less potent. Hosts of poor men and women had been accustomed to look up to the monks as their natural friends and protectors, and to congregate around the religious houses from which they obtained supplies of food, and which were also their hospitals, infirmaries, and dispensaries. When the monks were dispersed, and the monasteries broken up, a terrible amount of suffering must have been the inevitable consequence; for not only were

the poor thus suddenly deprived of their accustomed resources, but their numbers were greatly swelled by the addition to their ranks of those who had formerly been their benefactors. And if we cannot on the whole regret that monastic institutions were abolished, we can still acknowledge the existence, and lament the fate of the many excellent men that they fostered. It is worthy of note, that amongst this order alone do we find any considerable number of men who had at once the principle and the courage to oppose the brutal tyrant who occupied the throne. We shall not here add to the horrors that the reign has already forced upon our attention, any notice of the sufferings and heroism of the monks during the dissolution of their houses, for we could not give a more striking example than the fate and conduct of the brethren of the Charter House (described in the previous volume, page 371). We confine ourselves therefore here to an equally characteristic, though less tragical evidence, that the monks and friars still possessed something of the old spirit of self-devotion.

When Henry had married and crowned Anne Bullen in defiance of the church of Rome, and when men, though anticipating—and generally in great alarm—further and more decided exhibitions of opposition to the papal ascendancy, were still too much awed to speak out their opinions of that marriage, and the disgraceful treatment that Katherine had received, there was one "simple man" of the order of Observants, Friar Peto by name, who dared to beard the lion in his very den, namely, the palace chapel at Greenwich, where he preached before the king. He chose for his theme 1 Kings, c. 22, the latter part of the story of Ahab, reading, "Even where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, even there shall the dogs lick thy blood also, O king." Then he proceeded to speak of the lying prophets which abused the king; and continued—"I am Micahs (Micaiah) whom thou wilt hate, because I must tell thee truly that this marriage is unlawful; and I know I shall eat the bread of affliction and drink the water of sorrow; yet, because our Lord hath put it into my mouth, I must speak of it." Henry bore this quietly. Next Sunday Dr. Curwen preached in the same place, and gave Peto many ill names, saying that no subject should speak so audaciously to princes; and after much more that was calculated to please the king, broke out with, "I speak to thee, Peto, which maketh thyself Micahs, that thou mayest speak evil of kings; but now thou art not to be found, being fled for fear and shame, as being unable to answer my arguments." It was true, Peto was not present, but a brother friar of the same house, called Elstow, was; who, standing up in the rood-loft, with all Peto's boldness, exclaimed, "Good Sir, you know well that Father Peto, as he was commanded, is gone to a provincial council holden at Canterbury, and not fled for fear of you, for to-morrow he will return again. In the meantime I am here, as another Micahs, and will lay down my life to prove all those things true which he hath taught out of the Holy Scriptures; and to this combat I challenge thee before God and all equal judges: even unto thee, Curwen, I say it, which art one of the four hundred prophets unto whom the spirit of lying is entered, and seeketh by adultery to establish succession, betraying the king unto endless perdition, more for thine own vain-glory and hope of promotion than for the discharge of thy clogged conscience, and the king's salvation." Henry's own voice of thunder bade the daring speaker hold his peace. Next day both the friars were brought before the council, and severely rebuked. The Earl of Essex told them that they deserved to be put into a sack and thrown into the Thames. Elstow smilingly replied, "Threaten these things to rich and dainty folk which are clothed in purple, and fare deliciously, and have their chiefest hope in this world; for we heed them not, but are joyful that for the discharge of our duties we are driven hence; and, thanks to God, we know the way to heaven to be as ready by water as by land, and therefore care not which way we go." Dr. Curwen was made a bishop; the friars—it is rather remarkable—were permitted to live in the banishment which they shared with all of their order.

The victims of the third great movement of the reign, the introduction of Protestantism,—or what in course of time ended in Protestantism,—it might have been supposed would have been few in number: since it was the king and his ministers who were constantly accelerating that movement in their own way. But no: Henry was as impartial as he was fantastic in his cruelty; and so, Protestants and Catholics were seen on the same hurdle going to execution: the one for denying or opposing the king's supremacy, as the head of the Catholic Church, and the other for denying or opposing what happened to be the king's doctrinal views for the moment;—both therefore on religious grounds. Well might the foreigner exclaim, who beheld the spectacle which appalled and might have instructed both parties, "Good God! how do people

make a shift to live here, when papists are hanged, and anti-papists are burnt!" As to the Protestants, it is clear that their persecution went on with the greatest severity just when the measures of government were most directly calculated to promote the final establishment of their views. Thus the year 1538 witnessed the setting up in the churches generally throughout the kingdom, of copies of the newly-translated Bible, and the tuition of the people, in English, of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Commandments; the same year also witnessed the memorable trial of Lambert, a schoolmaster, previously a priest, for his disbelief of the Real Presence. Henry presided in person at the trial in Westminster Hall (Fig. 1429), robed in white silk; and *Cranmer* was also engaged in it. *Cranmer*, who but shortly after, in fact as soon as he safely could, publicly avowed the same opinions as Lambert, was now put in peril; for the Bishop of Chichester, in opening the business, made a remarkable statement, which furnishes decisive evidence of Henry's utter want of devotion to any other system of religion than that which his own superstition, cupidity, wilfulness, and reckless passions, had built up, and his determination that while he reigned, his subjects' religion should be compounded of similar or equally worthless materials. The bishop said that Lambert had appealed to the king, who, in consequence, was inclined to credit a report that many credulous people were persuaded that he had embraced the tenets recently put forth in Germany. It was true, continued the bishop, that the king had shaken off the intolerable yoke of Rome, had expelled monks from their monasteries, who were no better than drones in the bee-hive, had abolished the idolatrous worship of images, and had committed to his subjects the reading of God's word; but as for other things, he had determined there should be no change whatever in his reign, and this his purpose he now intended publicly to manifest. This was the commencement of Lambert's trial, who must have seen at once there could be no hope of justice under such circumstances. When the bishop had done, Henry rose, and said, "Ho! good fellow, what is thy name?" Lambert, kneeling, replied, "his real name was Nichololson, but that of many he was called Lambert." "Ha!" was the rejoinder, "hast thou two names? I would not trust a man with two names, were he my own brother." This was worse, still worse for the unhappy prisoner. The king, again speaking, next inquired, "Fellow, what sayest thou touching the Sacrament of the Altar? Wilt thou agree to the doctrine of the church, or wilt thou deny that the Eucharist is the real body of Christ?" and therewith the pious king uncovered his head. Presently, a whole army of theologians were let loose upon the prisoner, including *Cranmer*, *Gardiner*, *Tunstall*, and we know not how many other bishops; and though the odds were sufficient to confuse and overpower Lambert, and to prevent him from doing justice to his cause, they did not shake him. Five hours the disputation continued; and considering that Henry was one of the disputants, that fact was enough to seal the fate of the still unconvinced heretic. As it grew dark, and torches were brought into the fine old hall, the king, growing tired, turned to Lambert once more, and said, "What sayest thou now, fellow, after these solid reasons of such learned men? Art thou satisfied? Wilt thou live or die?" "I commit myself," said the prisoner, "into the hands of your majesty." "Then," said Henry, in words of unmistakable meaning, "commit thyself into the hands of God." Upon which the prisoner exclaimed with admirable gentleness of speech, and consistency of purpose, "My soul, indeed, I do commend unto God, but my body I yield unto your Grace's clemency." Of course the reader is prepared for Henry's conclusion: "Then must thou die; for I will not be the patron of heretics." And Lambert was burnt in Smithfield immediately after, and under circumstances of suffering more than usually atrocious. Such was the treatment of Protestants even whilst the government under the management of *Cromwell* and *Cranmer* was fast verging towards Protestantism; though, be it observed, the year following Lambert's execution these two statesmen received a severe check, through the rising influence of *Gardiner* (Fig. 1450), who succeeded in passing the bloody statute against heretics (that is to say, against Protestants), and in 1540 caused *Cromwell* himself to be sent to the block.

In his latter years, Henry, growing impatient of inaction, and not having, perhaps, sufficient opportunity in England to slake that unquenchable thirst of blood which possessed him, went to war with France, and re-asserted the old claim of sovereignty over Scotland. The savage brutality of his instructions to the Earl of Hertford, when the latter invaded Scotland, in 1544, almost surpasses belief. We question whether the worst band of pirates ever arranged beforehand such a scheme of wholesale murder and misery, as we find carefully set down in those instructions:—
"Sack Holyrood-house, and as many towns and villages about
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Edinburgh as ye conveniently can; sack Leith, and burn and subvert it, and all the rest, putting man, woman, and child to fire and sword, without exception, when any resistance shall be made against you; and, this done, pass over to the Life land, and extend like extremities and destructions in all towns and villages whereunto ye may reach conveniently, not forgetting, amongst all the rest, so to spoil and turn upside-down the cardinal's town of St. Andrew's, as the upper stone may be the nether, and not one stick stand by another, sparing no creature alive within the same, especially such as either in friendship or blood be allied to the cardinal [Beaton].," and so "this journey shall succeed most to his majesty's honour." To his majesty's honour perhaps it might. Whatever this king could desire he always found nobles and ministers to execute. Hertford obeyed literally his instructions. One example may suffice. The tower of Broom House was burnt by him, and in it a noble lady with her whole family. But neither such instructions, nor Henry's schemes for taking off by secret assassination those whom he could not destroy by open warfare, nor bribing every man of rank or influence who would take a bribe to ruin his country, sufficed to enable Henry to obtain possession of Scotland; and the consciousness of his failure evidently harassed the last few months of his life. Burning more heretics, and beheading more nobles, who did not sympathise with his career, helped, however, to divert his thoughts and energies in some degree from the Scots. Katherine had a wonderfully narrow escape of going to Smithfield; and although by her address she saved herself, one of the ladies who had introduced heretic books into the court, the young, beautiful, and heroic Anne Askew, suffered instead. The king's illness was now daily increasing; and certainly a more truly wretched creature did not exist in the wide world than was this monarch of England, who could command all men and things to obey him, except the laws of Nature; these were now taking fearful vengeance for his violation of them. He had grown so fat and unwieldy that he could only be removed from room to room by the aid of machinery. An old ulcer in the leg kept him in fearful pain, and made the very air about him offensive to all who approached. And the state of the body was but a faithful revelation of the state of the mind: his irritability had increased to that degree, that the slightest word that offended put him in a state of frenzy. He suspected every one. Anything like a cheerful or agreeable sensation appears to have been unknown to him. Yet, consistent to the last, even when he began to feel "the inevitable necessity of death," he could not cease from shedding blood. The Howards were marked. The Earl of Hertford, his brother, and their friends, between whom and the Howard family a bitter rivalry had long subsisted, urged on their destruction. Had the elder Norfolk only been singled out, there had been something like retribution in the proceedings, for he had assisted many to a like doom, having scrupled at nothing that the despot desired him to do, whether it were to betray, torture, or destroy: but Norfolk's son—the flower of the English nobility—the gallant, accomplished, poetical Surrey (Fig. 1451)—what had he done, or what could he be supposed to have done, that he was to be prematurely cut off from a life that was opening to him such delightful vistas? Why he had, long before, quartered the royal arms with his own, in accordance with the decision of the heralds, and which it is all but certain he had a right to do: and therefore he had a design upon the throne. It is said the king really suspected him of a design against the princess, afterwards queen, Mary. Not a shadow of proof of treasonable designs was furnished; but the jury obeyed their masters—he was found guilty, sentenced, and suffered under the axe. His father would have experienced the same fate, but that, by the strangest good fortune, Henry died on the very night that was intended to have been Norfolk's last; and so he was respited, though left in confinement till the accession of Queen Mary, who, regarding him as a victim of the Protestant party, gave him his liberty, when old age and sorrow must have almost taken away the relish of it.

That the king's death was in but too complete accordance with his life, we may see in the fact just stated, that blood—still blood—engaged his thoughts. It is true he did not know he was dying; no one had dared to tell him so, even when the physicians wished that he should be warned. Sir Anthony Denny at last undertook the dangerous task, and performed it manfully; and, as often happens in such cases, found that his courage and straightforwardness had carried him safely through. Henry sent for *Cranmer*, who came just in time to exhort the dying monarch to hope for God's mercy through Christ, and to receive in answer a last grasp from his hands. A few moments later, and Henry was dead.

It is wonderful that England did not lose its wits for joy when the relief that it must have so long panted for came at last, and



1476.—Lady Jane Grey.
(From an original picture in the collection of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington.)



1477.—Foot Soldier, 15.



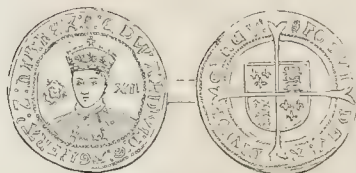
1478.—Foot Soldier, 1540.



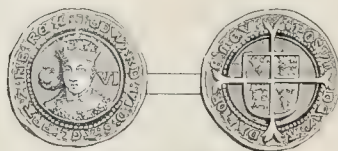
1479.—Gold Sovereign of Edward VI.



1480.—Crown of Edward VI.



1481.—Shilling of Edward VI.



1482.—Sixpence of Edward VI.



1483.—Groat of Edward VI.



1484.—Penny of Edward VI.



1485.—Queen Mary. (From a Painting by Holbein.)



1486.—Great Seal of Queen Mary.

marye

1487.—Mary. (Cotton MS. Vespasian, F. 13.)



1489.—Philip of England and Spain. (From a Painting by Titian.)



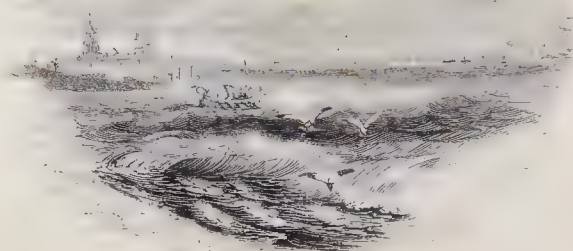
1489.—King Philip (Husband of Queen Mary)



1490.—Gold Rial of Queen Mary.



1491.—Gold Sovereign of Queen Mary.



1492.—Calais from the Sea. (From an Old Print.)

men could once more move about in freedom, and speak out what they thought in safety. A young monarch ascended the throne, and, according to all accounts, a most excellent monarch he would prove. The people were familiar with many a story of his piety, and learning, and beneficence. Kings' ministers had been astonished at him almost from his birth. When he was not *eleven months old*, the Chancellor Audley wrote a letter to Cromwell especially to thank the king for the licence he had enjoyed of visiting his lord prince's grace, the youthful Edward. In that letter Audley hardly knew how to express sufficiently his admiration of the youthful wonder he had beheld. "I assure your lordship," he writes, "I never saw so goodly a child of his age, so merry, so pleasant, so good and loving countenance, and so earnest an eye, as it were a sage judgment towards every person that repairth to his grace; and, as it seemeth to me, thanks be to our Lord, his grace increaseth well in the air that he is in. And albeit a little his grace's flesh decayeth, yet he shooteth out in length, and waxeth firm and stiff, and can stedfastly stand, and would advance himself to move and go if they would suffer him; but, as to me seemeth, they do yet best, considering his grace is yet tender, that he should not strain himself, as his own courage would serve him, till he come above a year of age. . . . *I cannot comprehend nor describe the goodly towardsly qualities that is in my lord prince's grace,*" &c. If he were such a being at eleven months, what might he not become at the age of eleven years, was the very natural idea, no doubt, of many of his loving subjects. And there was one who, writing when he had reached the age just mentioned, and about a year or so after his accession, thought that the warmest anticipations were borne out by the result. "If ye knew," he says, "the towardness of that young prince (Fig. 1468, 1471, 1475), your hearts would melt to hear him named, and your stomach abhor the malice of them that would him ill; the beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun; the wittiest, the most amiable, and the gentlest thing of all the world," &c.

The mainsprings of government under Henry VIII. had been the unbridled passions of the sovereign; during the reign of Edward, the ambitious intrigues of the nobles for power were become the supreme influences of the state. The Earl of Hertford, who executed Henry's gentle behests in Scotland, and who subsequently in the same country outstripped even all these former doings, when he had no such orders to excuse him,—Hertford was declared Protector, and made Duke of Somerset, and for a time maintained his supremacy. The Earl of Southampton endeavoured to oppose his influence; but was speedily frightened out of office as well as out of all interference, by a threat of prosecution for high treason on the ground of some informality he had committed.

The Protestant religion then became in effect the established faith of the country; Somerset having the powerful aid of Crammer, who, "being now delivered from that too awful subjection that he had been held under by King Henry, resolved to go on more vigorously in purging out abuses." Bishops Gardiner and Bonner made a firm stand; so they were arrested, and sent to the Fleet Prison. The Protestantising of the State went on for some time without check. Divine service was performed in English in the royal chapel; images were removed from the churches throughout the kingdom, the cup was allowed to the laity, nomination of bishops conferred on the king, all ecclesiastical processes were to run in his name, the Bloody Statute was repealed, the use of the Prayer Book established, the laws prohibiting priests from marrying repealed, and, among other doings, an act was passed in which we fancy the young Edward's hand may be traced. We read in the preamble of the act for abolishing the ancient laws against eating flesh on certain days, and reconfirming the custom, "the king's majesty, considering that due and godly abstinence is a mean to virtue, and to subdue men's bodies to their soul and spirit, and considering also specially that fishers, and men using the trade of living by fishing in the sea, may thereby the rather be set to work, and that by eating of fish much flesh may be saved and increased," &c. Marks of very juvenile legislation here we should say. The king had been in the council (Fig. 1470) when that measure was determined upon.

Once more an insurrection broke out; the religious changes forming probably the most influential of the grievances complained of; and it was not until much blood had been shed that the revolters were dispersed, when, as usual, the gallows began its work.

While discontent and rebellion were thus pervading the land, the ministers were busier than ever in their intrigues. Before that insurrection, Somerset had found a rival in his own brother, Admiral Lord Seymour, who strove to supplant him in the Protectorship; but Somerset had caused him to be cut down with as little remorse as he would have destroyed a noxious weed that lay in his way; and

of course on the old pretence, high treason; after that event it was Somerset himself who was similarly smitten by another noble, the Earl of Warwick, son of the infamous Dudley, who with Empson obtained such bad eminence in Henry VII.'s reign. It is presumed that Warwick had been only making a tool of the one brother previously to get rid of the other, so that there might remain but one for *him* to get rid of. He now accomplished his ends. Somerset had become very unpopular on various grounds, but most of all perhaps for his rapacity and religious indecency in connection with the foundation of that noble pile in the Strand, which (rebuilt in the last century by Sir William Chambers) still bears his name.

When Somerset, it appears, commenced operations in the Strand, he wanted more room, so he unscrupulously demolished an inn of chancery, called Strand Inn, or Chester's Inn, and the episcopal houses of the bishops of Lichfield, Worcester, and Llandaff, and the church and churchyard of St. Mary-le-Strand. This done, he had still to obtain materials for the work. Timber and rubble were then in use for common houses, bricks not being generally employed, whilst stone was confined to the nobility, and brought from over sea. Stone, then, was the material chosen for Somerset's palace; but to wait for its arrival by the ordinary means was too tedious for him, so he found it rearer at hand, by making so many quarries of the charnel-house of old St. Paul's, and the chapel over it, and a large cloister on the north of St. Paul's, called l'ardou Churehyard. Numerous and valuable monuments were in that cloister, which also contained the curious paintings called the Dance of Macabray, or the Dance of Death. All were swept away without remorse, till only a bare plot of ground was left where the cloister had stood. The steeple and part of the church of the priory of St. John of Jerusalem were also transformed into parts of Somerset House. Strype observes, *in excuse*, "yet this notice of former superstitions was gained by this barbarity, that among a great number of rotten carcases were found caskets full of pardons, safely folded and lapped together in the bottom of their graves; which Dr. Haddon himself had observed when they digged dead men out of their graves, and carried away their bones," &c. Such shocking violations of public feeling and private rights excited universal detestation and horror. By many also the very time chosen for his undertaking was looked on as a proof of his unpatriotic selfishness. It was said, "that when the king was engaged in such wars, and when London was much disordered by the plague, that had been in it for some months, he was then bringing architects from Italy, and designing such a palace as had not been seen in England." The building was begun in March, 1546. The site occupied an area of six hundred feet from east to west, by five hundred north and south. The principal architect is believed to have been John of Padua, an Italian. It was the first building (Figs. 1473, 1474) of Italian architecture executed in this country. Within less than three years after its commencement, its owner went to the block: it is most probable, therefore, that he never inhabited it. Edward's notice in his private journal of his uncle's death, does not say much for his feeling; under the date, Friday, 22nd of January, he writes, "the Duke of Somerset had his head cut off on Tower Hill, between eight and nine in the morning." Another story shows him in a more honourable light. When Joan Bocher was condemned as a heretic, and delivered over to the secular power for execution in Smithfield, Edward shrank with horror from the warrant which he was asked to sign. An eminent ecclesiastic—we regret to say—Crammer, endeavoured to reason him out of his scruples; but the simple, unsophisticated boy was not to be convinced, and although, with tears in his eyes, he yielded at last, he told Crammer solemnly, that if the act were wrong, he, Crammer, would have to answer for it to God, since it was done in submission to his authority. Crammer is supposed to have been moved by this warning, and to have striven to save Joan by long-continued persuasion, but no one could have known better than Crammer the intility of such persuasion: poor Joan was immovable, and so she went to the stake.

Traits like this, aided by the exhibition of a wise and active benevolence, in the founding of such great and valuable establishments as Christ Church, London, certainly gave promise of one worthy of the name and duties of a king, when riper years should add intellectual vigour to his other qualifications. But in 1552 he was seized with the small-pox, and though he recovered, the disease left him so debilitated, that he sank gradually, and died on the 6th of July in the following year, being then fifteen years and eight months old.

During Edward's illness the intriguers set to work with tenfold activity and unscrupulousness. Among the noblemen of the court

was the Duke of Northumberland, who thought the opportunity a favourable one for excluding the Catholic Mary from the succession, and placing himself virtually though not actually on the throne. How he hoped to accomplish this we shall presently see.

In illustration of the relative value of love and fear in promoting virtue and learning, the amiable and enlightened Roger Ascham, who, in matters of education, possessed a discernment far beyond his age, relates an interview that he had with the youthful Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, and granddaughter of Charles Brandon, and Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. "Before I went into Germany," says Roger Ascham, "I came to Broughton, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceedingly much beholden. Her parents, the duke and the duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio (Boccaccio). After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me, 'I wish all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' 'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure? and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men have attained thereto?' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth, which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure disordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me!'"

Lady Jane Grey (Fig. 1476) spoke and wrote, correctly and fluently, the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French languages, and understood Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic! Astonishing acquisitions certainly for one who was as yet a mere child in age—though wiser than many at fourscore. Her love of retirement arose from no personal defects, as sometimes happens, for she was calculated to shine in any society by her grace and beauty, which, combined with sweetness of temper and skill in the usual female accomplishments, rendered her in every respect a delightful companion. But her parents only prized her extraordinary excellence to advance their ambitious projects by it; and the consequence was, that to the other hardships and injuries that she had suffered through them, she had to add the sacrifice of her life. With the assistance of the powerful Duke of Northumberland, they resolved to make her a queen, without reference to her inclinations, and contrary to all right and reason, since she could only reign by the forcible exclusion of the three nearer heirs—Mary, Elizabeth, and Mary of Scotland—and for that injustice had no excuse in the will of the English people. As a preliminary step, the hapless young lady was led to the bridal altar, to give her hand to the son of the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Guilford Dudley, to whom she was fondly attached, although it is very plain that the match was formed with little reference to what would promote her peace, but as a measure of selfish policy. The mind of Edward VI. was therefore, in his dying hours, perverted to the unjust act of settling the crown upon Lady Jane, which was done at the suggestion of the Duke of Northumberland, who chiefly influenced the king; the fallacy of that act being, the presumed stability which the accession of Lady Jane would give to the Protestant interest. What she herself would think of it appears to have been correctly anticipated, for not until four days after the king's death was she informed of the dignity that was to be forced on her. Then who can harshly blame her, if, so young, the tenderness of the bride and the reverence of the daughter overcame the reluctance that she expressed? who can wonder that she had not firmness to resist the vehement arguments and entreaties of her husband, and of those to whom she had been trained from infancy to render the

most implicit obedience? Lady Jane, thus urged, assumed the fatal diadem—perhaps the last woman on earth to whom, under almost any circumstances, it could have been desirable. Her guiltless usurpation was brief enough. Within ten days of her proclamation and exhibition as queen, and her taking up her residence in that character in the Tower of London, the rightful heiress, Mary, was in full possession of all of which it had been attempted to deprive her, and Queen Jane and her young consort had to come down from their thrones, and to bid an eternal farewell to all earthly glory. The Tower Palace became almost instantaneously the Tower Prison. In the Beauchamp Tower (Fig. 1532) the letters A N E, inscribed on the wall, was attributed to the hand of Lord Guilford.

Northumberland perished at once on the block, but Lady Jane and her husband had probably been spared, but for Wyatt's ill-managed insurrection, which broke out on the news of the queen's intended marriage with the cruel bigot of Spain, King Philip, and was supported by *Lady Jane Grey's father*, the Duke of Suffolk. The insurrection failed, and not only involved all those in ruin who had directly promoted it, but those in the Tower, who assuredly desired nothing so much as a peaceable unambitious life. Within a week after Wyatt's discomfiture, it was determined that Lady Jane and her husband should both die, and on the same day. Fecknam, a Catholic Dean of St. Paul's, was sent to endeavour to change her faith, but all his learned arguments failed with one who was more than his equal in controversy. Lady Jane preserved her fortitude admirably through the closing scenes of her life; and, that it might not be shaken, refused a farewell meeting with Lord Guilford on the morning of the fatal day. It would foment their grief, she said, rather than be a comfort in death, and they should shortly meet in a better place, and more happy estate. But she had a severer trial to endure than this would have been. From the window of "Master Partridge's house," where she was lodged, she beheld Lord Guilford going to execution, and exchanged with him her last parting signal. He passed on—to Tower Hill,—was brought back in a cart, to be buried in the Tower Chapel, and she looked upon his headless trunk! That such an exhibition was not spared to such a wife, shows the brutal insensibility of those in authority who regulated the proceedings. "O Guilford, Guilford!" exclaimed the unhappy lady, rising even in her agony to the highest sublimity of Christian heroism, "the antepast is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble: it is nothing compared to the feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven." She immediately went forth to her own scaffold, which for privacy was on the Tower green, "in countenance nothing cast down, neither her eyes anything moistened with tears, although her gentlewomen, Elizabeth Tilney and Mistress Helen, wonderfully wept." Holding a book in her hand, she prayed till she came to the scaffold. There, in her modest address to the bystanders, she stated that she had justly deserved punishment for suffering herself to be made the instrument, though unwillingly, of the ambition of others, and that she hoped her fate might serve as a memorable example in aftertimes. The executioner beginning to unrobe her, she desired him to let her alone, and turned to her attendants, who performed that melancholy office. He then requested her to stand on the straw, which she did, saying, "I pray you despatch me quickly." As she knelt, she inquired, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?" "No, madam," was the reply. Then she tied the handkerchief about her eyes, and, *feeling for the block, she said, "Where is it? Where is it?"* One of the standers-by guided her thereunto, and she laid her head down, and stretched forth her body, and said, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit;" and so died—at seventeen years old!

It was an unfortunate contrast for Mary that presented itself to every one's eye, between the queen thus deposed from her short-lived sovereignty, and the queen who took her place; so immeasurably was Lady Jane Grey the superior of Mary in all but her acquirements.

We may compare with the portraits of Mary by Holbein (Fig. 1485), and on her seal (Fig. 1486), and coins, &c. (Figs. 1490 to 1496), the account given by the Venetian ambassador Michele, who described her as a woman of low stature, thin, and delicate; her face more than middling pretty: but then he adds, that her eye was so piercing as to induce fear as well as reverence in those she looked upon; her voice thick and loud, like a man's; and her general aspect and appearance that of one sickly and ill. She too, in her childhood, had been the theme of as much admiration among the courtiers as we have seen her brother was. Though still comparatively young (thirty-seven years), her constitution had been infirm from childhood, and dreadfully shattered by the troubles she had passed



1583.—Shilling of Mary.



1584.—Sixpence of Mary.



1584.—Great of Mary.



1584.—Penny of Mary.



1497.—Great Seal of Queen Elizabeth.



1499.—Elizabeth.



1498.—Old Palace at Greenwich.



1500.—Elizabeth



1501.—Queen Elizabeth. (From a Painting by Zucchero.)



1562.—Gold Rial of Queen Elizabeth.



1563.—Gold Angel of Queen Elizabeth.



1564.—Crown of Queen Elizabeth.



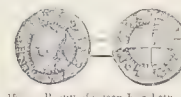
1565.—Shilling of Queen Elizabeth.



1566.—Sixpence of Queen Elizabeth.



1567.—Groat of Queen Elizabeth.



1567.—Two pence of Queen Elizabeth.

Elizabeth

1569.—Elizabeth. (Harleian MS. 243.)

Think your
Country your home, the inhabitants
your neighbours, all friends your
children, and your children your
own, so liend endeavouring to surpass
all these in liberality and good
nature.

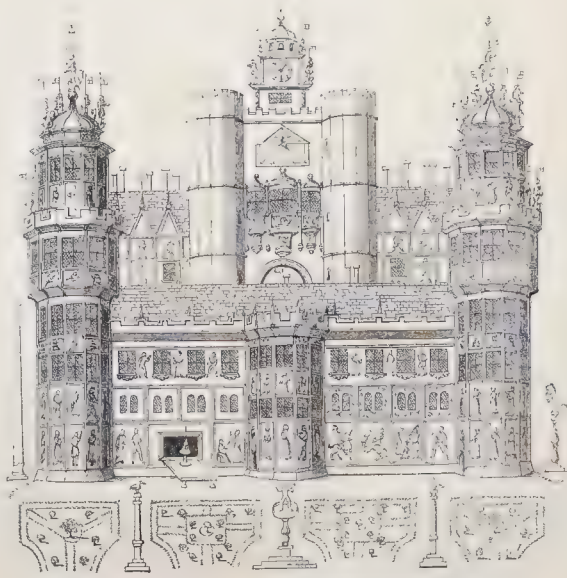
1510.—Facsimile from Elizabeth's Translation of a Dialogue in Xenophon between Hiero and Simonides.



1512.—Richmond.



1511.—St. Jan. 1511.



1513.—Nonsuch House. (From Speed's Theatre of Great Britain.)

through; such as the deposition of her mother Katherine; the declaration of her own illegitimacy (subsequently reversed by her father); and the progress of the new views, which had constantly caused her much anxiety, not only in the abstract, but personally and practically. She had, like every one else (except here and there a chancellor and a bishop, a monk or a friar), succumbed during her father's reign of terror, but had pertinaciously refused to succumb any longer. On the 18th of March, 1550, King Edward wrote in his journal:—"The lady Mary, my sister, came to me at Westminster, where, after salutations, she was called with my council into a chamber; where was declared how long I had suffered her mass, in hope of her reconciliation; and how now being no hope, which I perceived by her letters, except I saw some short amendment, I could not bear it. She answered, that her soul was God's, and her faith she would not change, nor disseminate her opinion with contrary doings. It was said I constrained not her faith, but wished her not as a king to rule, but as a subject to obey; and that her example might breed too much inconvenience."

Mary's name, indeed, had then become the "tower of strength" of the Catholics; and everything was hoped from her, if, as seemed probable, she should be called to the throne. She did not disappoint her expectations, at least as far as her will and wishes were concerned. And it was a most critical time. The new religion had undoubtedly made much progress; but England at large was only as yet thinking about, rather than actually embracing it; and kindness and liberality on the part of the ministers of the old faith, and of the Government, would assuredly, in multitudes of cases, have revived the affections that had been chilled, and have repressed the wandering impulse even in its birth. A very different course, however, was adopted; and Protestantism became the avowed or secret belief of a large proportion of the nation, before Mary's death stopped the almost unbroken series of fires that blazed away in Smithfield. So certainly is it one of the laws of our being (given, like all other laws, for our advancement and true happiness) that whatever prevents truth by preventing the free belief in—and expression of—what appears to be true, recoils invariably on those who have used the unlawful weapons. As men at one time were constantly burning each other for their opinions; so at another, when they have outgrown that lamentable error, they still cling to an error of a kindred nature, and similarly punishable; namely, that the looking at facts through individual opinions is a just means of measuring the character of men and events. Protestants have no doubt too often exaggerated Mary's bigotry and cruelty, and have kept back those better traits which modify her otherwise unamiable character. Unhappily, after every allowance, enough remains to startle and horrify us. The Catholic historian Dr. Lingard admits that after expunging from the lists of martyrs promulgated by the Protestants the names of all who were condemned as felons or traitors, or who died peaceably in their beds, or who survived the publication of their martyrdom, *or who would for their heterodoxy have been sent to the stake by the reformed prelates themselves*, had they been in possession of the power," &c., it will still be found "that in the space of four years about two hundred persons perished in the flames for religious opinions." And what illustrious men were there not included among these victims—Hooper, Ferrar, Latimer, Ridley, and Crammer!—The last, as we have already seen, far from innocent himself as regards others of the crime committed upon him. Mary's political advisers were Gardiner, Cardinal Pole, and Bonner; but the last was the chief instigator of the religious persecutions.

The military results of the reign may be likened to the religious in this,—that while they were signalled by an event—the loss of Calais—which deeply affected the people of England, from the queen downward, the loss was really a permanent gain. It was impossible that Calais could ever have been looked upon by the French as a proper appanage of England; our possession of it, therefore, would have remained a constant source of jealousy and incitement to warfare. It was in consequence of her marriage with Philip of Spain (Figs. 1488, 1489), that Mary was induced to join the latter country in a war upon France; and that junction gave the French, under the Duke of Guise, the opportunity of besieging and taking the place (Fig. 1492) in question in 1558. Calais was thus reannexed to the French dominions. Our queen, it is said, never recovered the blow. She died in the same year; and on her deathbed observed to her attendants, "that, if her breast should be opened after her decease, 'Calais' would be found written upon her heart." The palace of St. James (Fig. 1511) was the place of her decease.

We cannot better conclude our notice of a reign so short, and yet so full of horrors, than with a glimpse of Mary's better nature.

In her will, to which no attention was paid, she speaks thus touchingly of her mother, the excellent Katherine:—"And further, I will that the body of the virtuous lady and my most dear and well-beloved mother, of happy memory, Queen Katherine, which now lieth buried at Peterborough, shall, within as short time as conveniently may after my burial, be removed, brought, and laid near the place of my sepulchre, in which place I will my executors to cause to be made honourable tombs or monuments for a decent memory of us."

Once more did the hearts of the people expand with hope and joy as a new sovereign, Elizabeth (Fig. 1500, 1501), was proclaimed in the streets of London; where the tables were spread for "plentiful eating, drinking, and making merry;" and where the bells by day, and the bonfires by night, kept up a perpetual round of manifestations of the royal popularity. It was, we think, a favourable evidence of the soundness of heart of the English people, and their desire to have no more favour or disfavour shown to either religious party, that the junction of Catholics and Protestants in the Queen's Council, immediately after her accession, did not apparently in the slightest degree affect the general congratulations that were showered upon her. Her coronation went off most brilliantly. Never were the prophecies in Latin and English, in prose and verse, better listened to from the prophets who stood here and there along the route; never did pageants seem to be more worthily presented or received; never were words that fell from royal lips more rapturously caught up, to be treasured ever after: and some of those words were worth all the respect they enjoyed. "Be ye well assured," said Elizabeth, at one part, "that I shall stand your good queen." At another part she noticed an ancient citizen, who wept and turned his back,—"I warrant you it is for gladness," was Elizabeth's happy comment. Her behaviour generally was as enchanting as her speech. "How many nose-gays did her grace receive at poor women's hands!—how oftentimes staid she her chariot when she saw any simple body offer to speak to her grace! A branch of rosemary given her grace, with a supplication, by a poor woman about Fleet Bridge, was seen in her chariot till her grace came to Westminster, not without the marvellous wondering of such as knew the presenter, and noted the queen's most gracious receiving and keeping the same" (Holinshed).

Much anxiety was naturally felt by all devout and earnest men as to what course Elizabeth would take upon religious matters; and they were not left long in the doubt engendered by the *juste milieu* character of her earlier proceedings. Nor would she be moved till it suited her from the doubtful kind of position she had taken up. Bacon records that "on the morrow of her coronation (it being the custom to release prisoners at the inauguration of a prince)" she "went to the chapel; and, in the great chamber, one of her courtiers, who was well known to her, either out of his own motion, or by the instigation of a wiser man, presented her with a petition, and, before a great number of courtiers, besought her, with a loud voice, that now, this good time, there might be four or five more principal prisoners released: these were the four evangelists and the apostle St. Paul, who had been long shut up in an unknown tongue, as it were, in prison; so as they could not converse with the common people. The queen answered very gravely, that it was best first to inquire of themselves whether they would be released or not." an answer that her grandfather, Henry VII., might have envied her the power of making under such delicate circumstances. But the reading of the Liturgy in English had been already authorised, and other measures followed that showed the country had obtained a Protestant queen. In effect, the affairs of the church reverted to their state under Edward VI., with an immense increase of the accompanying influences that were calculated to prevent any second relapse. Gradually Elizabeth was drawn by political considerations into a more and more decided support of the new, and opposition of the old faith, till on the one hand we find her recognised throughout Europe as the head of the Protestants; and, on the other, till we perceive such severe measures adopted against the Catholics as the banishment on pain of death of Jesuits and popish priests. Many were subsequently executed under this cruel law.

Of a reign so long, so important, and so exceedingly brilliant, it is here of course impossible to do more than present some of the features which are at once the most salient and the most illustrative of the characters of the sovereign and the time. Thus the queen's love-passages and continual dalliings with the question of marriage may be incidentally noticed in connection with her favourite Leicester; her continental wars find appropriate mention in the account of Sir Philip Sidney (a fairer example of the best spirit of

chivalry than it was ever the fortune even of a Froissart to behold or to paint; the chief source of that discontent among Elizabeth's subjects which sought to break out into insurrection is revealed in the sad narrative of Mary Queen of Scots; the heroic spirit of the "fair virgin throned by the west" nowhere shines so clearly as through the records of the defeat of the Armada; and, lastly, the fate of the Earl of Essex, and the consequent sufferings of his mistress, "point the moral" to the "tale" of her personal history.

We may fully precede these matters with a few notices of a miscellaneous kind relating to Elizabeth, but all of which bear more or less upon the character of the sovereign who was to exercise so important an influence, and for so long a time, over the destinies of England, nay, we might say without exaggeration, of Europe.

We have enumerated her lovers after she became queen of England; but the list would not be complete without the addition of those who had previously exhibited their attachment to her (or to their own interests, in a profession of attachment to her). Putting aside, then, those advances made for her hand when she was two years old by Francis of France for his son the Duke of Angoulême, and the alliance proposed for her when she was in her thirteenth year, with Philip of Spain—her first suitor, when she had arrived a little nearer the years of womanhood, was the Protector's unfortunate brother, the Admiral, Lord Seymour. One of the crimes charged against him was that he had plotted to force the Princess Elizabeth to marry him; and the scandal of the day talked of familiarities that had passed between them, and of the affection that she bore to the Admiral. The next and more public claimant for her hand was the eldest son of Christian III. of Denmark, but she refused him; and King Edward, her brother, seems to have been quite content with the refusal of his "sweet sister Temperance," as he was accustomed to call her. Edward was, indeed, much attached to Elizabeth, and fond of seeing her at his court, assigning her at such times Somerset House (Fig. 1520) as a place of residence.

Then in Mary's reign came Erick XIV. of Sweden, and was also refused; Elizabeth gaining a sister (after all the anger and jealousy caused by her presumed participation in Wyatt's insurrection) whilst she lost a lover, by saying she would never marry without Mary's consent. And making every allowance for the ambition that actuated many of those proposals, before and after the accession to the throne, there can be no question that Elizabeth's person and mind were calculated to stir the imagination and warm the heart of the young, romantic, and unselfish, quite as much as the crown—that she was soon to, or did, wear—dazzled the eyes and stimulated the schemes of older and more worldly men. Camden's description of her may stand as a parallel portrait by the side of Ascham's description of Lady Jane Grey:—"She was of admirable beauty, and well deserving a crown; of a modest gravity, excellent wit, royal soul, happy memory, and indefatigably given to the study of learning; inasmuch, as before she was seventeen years of age she understood well the Latin, French, and Italian languages, and had an indifferent knowledge of the Greek. Neither did she neglect music, so far as it became a princess, being able to sing sweetly, and play handsomely on the lute. With Roger Ascham, who was her tutor, she read over Melancthon's Common Places, all Tully, a great part of the Histories of Titus Livius, certain select orations of Isocrates (whereof two she turned into Latin), Sophocles' tragedies, and the New Testament in Greek, by which means she both framed her tongue to a pure and elegant way of speaking," &c. A facsimile of a passage from one of Elizabeth's translations into English will be found among our engravings (Fig. 1510).

The third and last of the Princess's lovers whose names have been recorded was Edward Courtenay, whose connection with Elizabeth involved some very peculiar features. There is reason to suppose that both the sisters were enamoured of him; for it is said that Mary, who released him from the Tower and made him Earl of Devon, intended to marry him, until she learned his preference for Elizabeth. He became involved with the latter in Wyatt's insurrection, one of the objects of which was to bring about their marriage, in order to secure a Protestant reigning family. Mary's state motives and jealousies thus enhanced by the keenest personal feelings, Elizabeth and her lover were placed in imminent danger. Elizabeth was arrested, brought to London, and after some delay committed to the Tower. It was the morning of Palm Sunday; and every one was ordered to "keep the church, and carry the palms." In attempting to "shoot" the bridge (old London bridge) she narrowly escaped destruction. The barge stopped at Traitors' Gate (Fig. 435), but Elizabeth refused to land. She was then told by one of the lords that she would have no choice, and therewith he offered her the cloak to defend her from the rain; but putting it aside with

a "good dash," she stepped out, and placing one foot on the stairs, exclaimed, "Here landeth as true a subject as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friend but thee alone." She was ultimately released from the Tower, though still confined for a time at different places, among the rest at the beautiful palace built by her grandfather at Sheen or Richmond (Figs. 1512, 1517). Courtenay was allowed to take a trip to the Continent, where he died in dissipation, brought on, it is said, through his disappointments. Elizabeth used in after time to say of this period, that she had fully expected death; that she knew that her sister had thirsted for her blood.

It is an odd combination, that of a great coquette with a great sovereign; yet it is as certain that Elizabeth was the one as the other. Her lovers or suitors were so numerous that it is hopeless to attempt to mention them all. But among the earlier ones after her accession, were Philip of Spain; Charles, Archduke of Austria; James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, the head of the Scottish Protestants; Erick XIV., King of Sweden; and Adolphus, Duke of Holstein—all foreigners: at home there were Sir William Pickering; Henry, Earl of Arundel; and Robert Dudley, afterwards the Earl of Leicester (Figs. 1542, 1544), who appeared to be the chief favourite. And on reading the highly interesting account of Elizabeth's manners and conversation given by Melville, the ambassador in England of Mary Queen of Scots, we see that Leicester was not altogether mistaken in his notions of the probability that he might be able to ally himself to the royalty of England. Elizabeth, says Melville, expressed great desire to see Queen Mary; and as that could not easily be managed, appeared to take great delight in a picture of her sister of Scotland.

"She took me," he continues, "to her own bedchamber, and opened a little cabinet, wherein were divers little pictures wrapped within paper, and their names written with her own hand upon the papers. Upon the first that she took up was written 'My lord's picture.' I held the candle, and pressed to see that picture so named; she appeared loth to let me see it, yet my importunity prevailed for a sight thereof, and I found it to be the Earl of Leicester's picture. I desired that I might have it to carry home to my queen, which she refused, alleging that she had but that one picture of his. I said, Your Majesty hath here the original, for I perceived him at the farthest part of the chamber speaking with Secretary Cecil. Then she took out the queen's picture and kissed it, and I adventured to kiss her hand for the great love evinced therein to my mistress. She showed me also a fair ruby, as great as a tennis-ball: I desired that she would send either it or my Lord of Leicester's picture as a token to my queen. She said, that if the queen would follow her counsel, she would, in process of time, get all that she had; that in the meantime she was resolved, in a token, to send her with me a fair diamond." Growing late, she appointed eight the next morning as the time when Melville should again see her, and when she was accustomed to walk in the garden. On meeting again, they spake of the customs of foreign countries; the buskins of the women were not forgot, and he was asked what country's weed or dress he thought most becoming gentlewomen.

"The queen said she had clothes of every sort, which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, and another the Italian, and so forth. She asked me which of them became her best? I answered, in my judgment the Italian dress; which answer I found pleased her well, for she delighted to show her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet, as they do in Italy. Her hair, rather reddish than yellow, curled, in appearance, naturally. She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best, and which of them two was fairest? I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said she was the fairest queen in England, and mine in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. I answered they were both the fairest ladies in their countries; that her majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. She inquired which of them was of highest stature? I said my queen. Then, said she, she is too high; for I myself am neither too high nor too low. Then she asked what exercises she used? I answered, that when I received my dispatch the queen was lately come from the Highland hunting; that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; that sometimes she recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well. I said reasonably, for a queen. That same day, after dinner, my lord of Hunsdon (Fig. 1514) drew me to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some music;



1511 — L. & H. — 1.



1512 — Queen Elizabeth surrounded by her Court. (From a Print by Verelst.)



1516 — Sixty Carriage of Queen Elizabeth. (From a Print by Verelst.)



1518 — Richmond Palace. (From a Print engraved in the Second Volume of Verelst.)



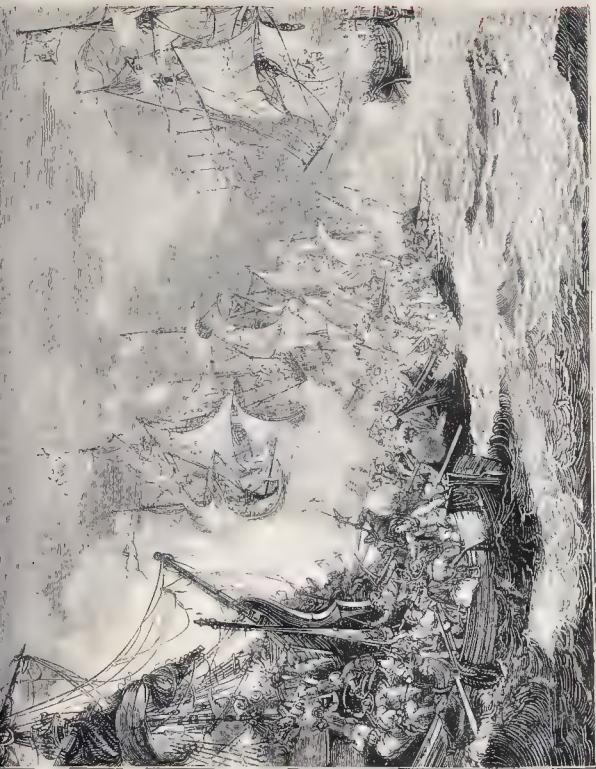
1518 — Ancient View of St. James and Westminster.



1520 — Somerset House.



1519 — St. James's Palace. (From a Print by Hallar.)



123.—The Spanish Armada.



124.—The Spanish Armada, attacked by the English Fleet, after the Battle of Trafalgar. (The late line at the House of Parliament.)



125.—Tilbury Fort. (From a picture by Laycock, engraved by R. P. Gould, 1860.)



126.—Tilbury Fort.

but he said he durst not avow it, where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was toward the door, I ventured within the chamber and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately so soon as she turned about and saw me; she appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked me how I came there. I answered, as I was walking with my lord of Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber door I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how, excusing my fault of homeliness as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed, declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her, but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Stafford out of the next chamber, for the queen was alone. She inquired whether my queen or she played best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was very good, and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well. I told her majesty I had no time to learn the language, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spake to me in Dutch (*German*), which was not good; and would know what kind of books I most delighted in: whether theology, history, or love-matters. I said I liked well of all the sorts. Here I took occasion to press earnestly my dispatch. She said I was sooner weary of her company than she was of mine. I told her majesty that though I had no reason of being weary, I knew my mistress's affairs called me home. Yet I was stayed two days longer that I might see her dance, as I was afterwards informed; which being over, she inquired of me whether she or my queen danced best? I answered, the queen danced not so high or disposedly as she did. Then, again, she wished that she might see the queen at some convenient place of meeting. I offered to convey her secretly to Scotland by post, clothed like a page, that, under this disguise she might see the queen, as James V. had gone in disguise with his own ambassador to see the Duke of Vendome's sister, who should have been his wife; telling her that her chamber might be kept in her absence as though she were sick; that none need be privy thereto except Lady Stafford and one of the grooms of her chamber. She appeared to like that kind of language; only answered it with a sigh, saying, Alas, if I might do it thus! Leicester was appointed to convey the ambassador from Hampton Court to London, and on the way did not scruple to ask what Melville's mistress, the Queen of Scotland, thought of him for a husband—a proposal that had originated with Elizabeth, apparently for the pleasure of seeing Leicester refuse it on her account. Melville answered as he had been commanded by Mary, very coldly, and Leicester then disclaimed all pretence of aiming to marry so great a queen.

Assuredly, however, Leicester's thoughts were constantly at work to enable him to compass a marriage with a still greater queen, though year after year passed away, and still he seemed no nearer to the goal. Perhaps his hopes were never higher, or his chances generally greater, than at the time of Elizabeth's memorable visit to him in the mansion that had been her own gift.

How vividly Scott has revived the old glories of Kenilworth no English reader can need to be informed; but it may not perhaps be so generally known, that the influence exercised by the magic pen of the novelist has done something more than this: it has preserved the existing ruins themselves, by a spell almost as effectual as though some enchanter of fabulous story had waved his wand over every crumbling tower and gateway, and averted at once all the ordinary processes of spoliation and decay. It was indeed a memorable hour for Kenilworth, when, some six-and-twenty years ago, that a "man of middle age, with a lofty forehead and a keen grey eye, slightly lame, but withal active, entered its gatehouse (Figs. 1540, 1541), and having looked upon the only bit of carving left to tell something of interior magnificence (Fig. 1545), passed into those ruins, and stood there silent for some two hours. Then was the ruined place henceforward to be sanctified. The progress of desolation was to be arrested. The torch of genius again lighted up 'every room so spacious,' and they were for ever after to be associated with the recollections of their ancient splendour. There were to be visions of sorrow and suffering there too; woman's weakness—man's treachery" (William Shakspeare: a Biography). Of Amy Robsart, the victim

of that "treachery," and whose unhappy form we see moving about in those "visions of sorrow," it will be sufficient to say, that whilst Scott has, with perfect propriety and adherence to the probable truth, connected Amy's sufferings with the aims of her husband upon the hand of Elizabeth, and chosen the period of the queen's visit to Kenilworth for his display of both, it is here necessary to premise, that the unfortunate lady really died at Cumnor many years before the visit; and, it is most likely, in the way described by the novelist. It may also be stated that notwithstanding one wife was thus, according to the general belief of the time, murdered by her husband, to get her out of his path toward the throne, Leicester is actually supposed to have married a second, the widow of Lord Sheffield, and to have attempted to poison her, for the same reason that had prompted the previous murder: but she escaped; and hoping, perhaps, to avoid all further danger, gave way to Leicester's threats, and married Sir Edward Stafford. The earl, however dearly he had paid for it, certainly succeeded in obtaining and keeping Elizabeth's favour, which was most convincingly shown by and during the visit to Kenilworth, of which we now proceed to speak.

On Saturday the 9th of July, 1575, about eight in the evening, Elizabeth arrived within "a flight shoot" of the first gate of the castle, where, upon the leads and battlements, stood "six trumpeters, hugely advanced, much exceeding the common stature of men in this age, who had likewise huge and monstrous trumpets counterfeited, wherein they seemed to sound." It was but seeming—the real trumpeters were hidden behind the giants. Before they sounded, Sibylla, "comely clad in a pall of white silk, pronounced a proper poesy in English rhyme and metre."

The rage of war fast bound in chains
Shall never stir nor move;
But peace shall govern all your days,
Increasing subjects' love.

Elizabeth made her entrance through the gate of the tilt-yard, not the great gateway. Advancing to Mortimer's Tower, which led into the base-court, she was met by a mighty porter, "tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance," who demanded the cause of the disturbance, but, seeing the lion aspect of the queen, dropped on his knees in the tenderest and humblest of moods. Then was heard the welcome of the "harmonious blasters," the trumpeters. The next greeting she received was from a more interesting sort of personage—an enchanted Lady of the Lake—who, "upon a moveable island, bright blazing with torches," in the fine pool that enhanced so greatly the beauty of Kenilworth, floated to land, and met her majesty with a "well-penned metre," describing a very extraordinary history. She said she had been concealed within the lake since the days of King Arthur, on account of the incessant war and confusion; but that now she delivered lake and dominion into the hands of the queen. Elizabeth, with that ready wit that characterised her, said she had thought the lake her own, but would confer with the lady on the subject at some more convenient time. The queen then moved on through a very fairy land for loveliness, amidst bursts of the most joyous music. More welcomes still!—the queen had to listen to certain Latin verses; and then "did follow so great a peal of guns, and such lightning by firework," that "the noise and flame were heard and seen twenty miles off." The first day Elizabeth spent at Kenilworth, being Sunday, was partially one of rest, with music and dancing in the evening. In the afternoon of Monday the queen rode to hunt the hart. Returning by torchlight, she is met by a salvage man, coming forth out of the woods, "with an oaken plant, plucked up by the roots, in his hand, himself foregrown *all in moss and ivy*; who for personage, gesture, and utterance beside, countenanced the matter to very good liking." This savage, in his moss and ivy, has an attendant, "Echo," and repeats verses, which were "devised, penned, and pronounced by Master Gascoigne; and that (as I have heard credibly reported) *upon a very great sudden*." So we are told by one of the two chief authorities who has described these festivities, no less a person than Master Gascoigne himself (Fig. 1543)—meaning, no doubt, to heighten our surprise at the extraordinary merit of his invention. Nor are such lines as these to be despised. We have read worse—and better:—

The winds resound your worth,
The rocks record your name,
These hills, these dales, these woods, these waves,
These fields pronounce your fame.

In his enthusiastic acting, Master Gascoigne had an accident that might have proved serious. When the savage had learned at last that he was in the presence of the greatest of queens and goddesses, he, thunderstruck, and "for the more submission," observes Lanceliam,

Gascoigne's rival recorder, "broke his tree asunder, and cast the top from him," when "it had almost light upon her highness' horse's head; whereat he startled, and the gentleman much dismayed."

Tuesday was spent in music and dancing, and Wednesday in the chase. On Thursday Elizabeth enjoyed the sport of bear-baiting, then in high favour with the polite circles. The bears had been brought especially from London; and the masters of her majesty's games had the chamberlain's warrant to travel peaceably with them, and to press all ban-dogs that should be needful. They were brought into the inner court, for the especial diversion of the queen and her ladies. The imposing spectacle is described with much unction by Master Laneham, whom we have quoted above as a narrator of the proceedings at Kenilworth. "It was a sport very pleasant of those beasts; to see the bear, with his pink eyes, leering after his enemies' approach, the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid the assault: If he was bitten in one place how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he was taken once, then what shift, with biting, with claving, with roaring, tossing, and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them; and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice, with the blood and the slaver about his visnomy, was a matter of a *goodly relief*." The bear-baiting took place in the daytime, and at night there was "very strange and sundry kinds of fireworks," which, by the way, were then so new as to excite great wonder and delight. Friday and Saturday were too damp and gloomy for out-door recreation; but on the ensuing Sunday, "after divine service in the parish church," and "a fruitful sermon" there in the forenoon, a "Merry Marriage" was performed. The procession was set in order in the tilt-yard, to make it show in the castle before the great court, where the queen beheld it from a window. There were "sixteen wights, riding-men, and well beseen;" the bridegroom, "in his father's tawny worsted jacket," a straw hat, with a capital crown steeple-wise on his head; a pair of harvest-gloves on his hands, as a sign of good husbandry; a pen and inkhorn at his back, for he would be known to be bookish; lame of a leg, that in his youth was broken at foot-ball; well beloved of his mother, who lent him a muffler for a napkin, that was tied to his girdle for [fear of] losing it. It was no small sport to mark this minion in his full appointment; that, through good tuition, became as formal in his action as had he been a bridegroom indeed." The morris-dancers followed, with Maid Marian, and the fool; bride-maids "as bright as a breast of bacon," of thirty years old apiece; a freckled-faced red-headed lubber, with the bride-cup; the "worshipful bride, thirty-five years old, of colour brown bay, not very beautiful indeed, but ugly, foul, and ill-favoured;" and lastly, many other damsels "for bride-maids, that for favour, attire, for fashion, and cleanliness, were as meet for such a bride as a tureen ladle for a porridge pot." This ridicule of a rustic ceremonial, endeared to the country people, did no great honour to the good taste of Leicester as a country lord, and could have been anything but gratifying to many who witnessed it. "By my troth," says Laneham, however, "it was a lively pastime; I believe it would have moved a man to a right merry mood, though it had been told him that his wife lay dying." Gascoigne had prepared an elaborate masque, in two acts, of Diana and her Nymphs. "This show," says the poet, "was devised and penned by Master Gascoigne, and being prepared and ready (every actor in his garment) two or three days together, yet never came to execution. The cause whereof I cannot attribute to any other thing than to lack of opportunity and seasonable weather." The piece concluded in these words:—

A world of wealth at will
You henceforth shall enjoy
In wedded state, and therewithal
Hold up from great annoy
The staff of your estate;
O Queen, O worthy Queen,
Yet never might I felt perfect bliss
But such as wedded been.

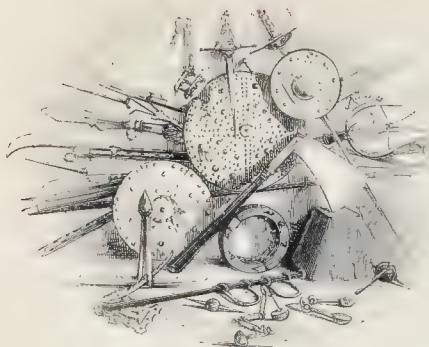
The Coventry men, "my lord's neighbours there," who next were determined to attract the notice of her Majesty, and who had petitioned her to be permitted to perform their "old storial show" of the Saxons and the Danes, now commenced operations, and their spectacle formed the most permanently interesting feature of the whole proceedings. This play, as originally performed by the men of Coventry—"expressed in actions and rhymes after their manner"—was a complicated historical event; in short, "a regular model of a complete drama" (Perey). We have no clear account of the spectacle, but there were Danish and Saxon lance-knights on horse-

back, who had furious encounters with spear and shield, sword and target; there were footmen fighting in rank and squadron, and "twice the Danes had the better, but at the last conflict beaten down, overcome, and many led captive for triumph by our Englishwomen." The chief points of the action showed how the English arose to free themselves from "outrage and unsupportable insolency," and "how valiantly our Englishwomen, for love of their country, belaved themselves." On another day, the magnificent masque of the Lady of the Lake was represented: one incident of which must conclude our notices of the pleasant pastimes of Kenilworth. When the spell by which the Lady of the Lake had been enthralled was broken, Henry Goldingham, one of the favoured wags of the court, was to have appeared as Arion riding on a dolphin, in order to regale her majesty with a song. When the time came for him to commence, he found his voice so husky from the effects of the water that he found he could not get on; so he threw off his vizor—swore he was no Arion, but only honest Harry Goldingham! "which blunt discovery pleased the queen better than if it had gone through in the right way." But after all the profusion of show, there was one spectacle that Leicester could not exhibit, and the absence of which renders unsatisfactory all the rest: it was that of a contented, grateful, happy tenantry. Leicester had none such—he had been an oppressor; and his character in other respects was probably better understood at home than it was at court.

Yet, neither secret crimes nor public magnificence won Elizabeth; and, tired of the pursuit, Leicester married a third wife, the Countess of Essex, after, it is supposed, a second murder, that of the Earl of Essex, her husband. On Leicester's death, Kenilworth was left in the possession of his brother, the Earl of Warwick, and the inheritance only bequeathed to his son, Sir Robert Dudley, whom during his life he had basely disowned. Sir Robert lost even the reversion of the property so grudgingly dealt out to him, through the rapacity of King James, assisted by Leicester's widow. The generous Prince Henry, on whom Kenilworth was bestowed, negotiated with Sir Robert Dudley for the purchase, but only a fifth of the purchase-money was ever paid, and on Prince Henry's death, Charles took possession of Kenilworth as his heir. Cromwell then divided the castle and lands among his captains and counsellors, and the whole from that time went to ruin. "The ground-plot of Kenilworth Castle," as it was in 1640, enables us to trace all the leading divisions of the fabric—with the pleasure and the pool or lake, the performances on which formed decidedly one of the chief attractions of Elizabeth's visit. That fine natural lake is now almost dried up; and the tilt-yard where Elizabeth made her grand entry, and the base court where she graciously conversed with the enchanted lady, and the inner court where the bears were baited, are strewn with the ruins of Leicester's proud castle. The whole scene, indeed, presents a saddening contrast to that we raise up to the mind's eye when we think of the Mortimer's Tower where the gigantic porter met the queen, and the buildings where she was entertained and lodged, "all of the hard quarry stone; every room so spacious, so well belighted, and so high-roofed within; so seemly to sight by due proportion without; in daytime on every side so glittering by glass—at nights, by continual brightness of candle, fire, and torchlight, transparent through the lightsome windows, as it were the Egyptian Pharos relucet unto all the Alexandrian coast." No longer can royalty hear in the presence-chamber, or in the privy-chamber, the sweet incense of adulation and homage; they and the hall (Fig. 1541), and every other part of that sumptuous edifice, are now entirely broken into ruins; but still such ruins as, by their extensiveness and beauty and romantic associations, leave eye, heart, and fancy content to desire nothing more than there lies before them. (Figs. 430, 818, 822, 823.)

Let us, without inquiring "too curiously" into his motives, end our notices of Leicester with the pleasantest of the associations connected with his name—the Hospital for infirm men founded by him at Warwick, and which now affords a very handsome provision for a master and twenty brethren. The picturesque character of the buildings is shown in Mr. Harvey's drawing (Fig. 1546).

A more striking proof of appreciation of the merits of a subject, by a sovereign whose judgment was of any value, was never probably vouchsafed, than the peremptory command of Queen Elizabeth that Sir Philip Sidney (Figs. 1547, 1548) should not embark with Sir Francis Drake in his second expedition against the Spaniards in the West Indies, "lest she should lose the jewel of her dominions." The man thus singled out by the discerning Elizabeth as one whom in an especial manner, she delighted to honour, received about the same time a token no less remarkable of the admiration he had



1521.—Arms for the Tower Armory.



1522.—Circus at the Tower.

From our base in - va - ders, From wick - ed men's de - vice,
O God! a - rise and aid us, And crash our e - ne - mies!
Sink deep their po - tent na - vies! Their strength - en'd sp - rit break!
O God! a - rise and help us, For Je - sus Christ his sake.

1527.—Song of Thanksgiving.



1528.—Procession to St. Paul's.



22.—Gresham. (From a Painting by Sir Ant. More.) Drake. (From a Painting at Nutwell Church.) Cavendish and Froblazer. (Anonymous Pictures engraved by Van der Gucht.) Hawkins. (Old Anonymous Print.)



23.—Hawkins



1531.—Raleigh



1532.—Beauchamp Tower



1533.—Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower



1534.—Hayes Farm, Devonshire, Birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh

inspired in other countries: the crown of Poland was offered to him, and—which may be taken as a proof, probably, that Sidney was superior even to the common weakness of great men, ambition—was, according to Fuller, declined; though other accounts make it appear probable that Elizabeth opposed his accepting it. It is a delightful relief, in wading through the crime, misery, and pettinesses of personal ambition, that form so large a portion of past history, to light upon an episode so fresh and beautiful as that of the life and death of this admirable character, whose name is as a magic talisman to call up the recollection of all kinds of noble and graceful deeds. As Sir Philip was the jewel of Elizabeth's dominions, so is the Sidney family the jewel of the English aristocracy. Of Algernon Sidney, Wordsworth's "*later Sidney*," the eminent martyr-patriot, identified with one of the grandest epochs of the national progress, we must speak hereafter. A characteristic feature of the mind of Sir Philip Sidney was that chaste and imaginative sentiment, which assisted so materially to refine and purify the taste and morals of his times, and was poured out in his various works, especially in his *Arcadia*; "the perusal of which," says the *Retrospective Review*, "excites a calm and pensive pleasure, at once full, tranquil, and exquisite." But the work on which his reputation as an author is chiefly based is the noble "*Defence of Poesie*," a work that not only exhausts the subject, but displays it also in the best possible manner. Cowper happily styles him "warbler of poetic prose." The *Arcadia* was composed in retirement at Wilton, the seat of the Countess of Pembroke, the

• Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother—

of Jonson's well-known epitaph. In that beautiful spot Sidney sought to recover his composure of mind, disturbed by a quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, in which he seems to have exhibited some impetuosity of temper—the only defect ascribed to him. As the *Arcadia* was written in a great measure for his sister's enjoyment, he affectionately called it the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia*. The charming scenery around the family mansion of the Sidneys at Penshurst (Fig. 1552), in Kent, where Sir Philip was born, has a visible harmony with the best productions of the mind that was reared in it. It has been described in a spirit and with a power worthy of its own fame and beauty by Ben Jonson; so we must transcribe some at least of his nervous and fine lines. Jonson's allusion to the tree called "Sidney's Oak" (Fig. 1553) will not be the less relished when it is known that it still exists, an object of frequent pilgrimage with the lovers of poetry and romance.

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envions show
Of touch, or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold:
Thou hast no lantern whereof tales are told,
Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And these grudget at art reverenced the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks; of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair;
Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport;
Thy Mount to which the Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade.
That taller tree, which of a nut was set
At his great birth, where all the *Muses* met;
There in the writhed bark are cut the names
Of many a sylvan taken with his flames,
And thence the ruddy Satyrs oft provoke
The lighter Fauns to reach thy Ladies' Oak.

Approaching the mansion, or "castle," as it is called (Fig. 1551), through an interesting village churchyard—the latter, with its church (Fig. 1549), divided from the mansion by a noble row of trees—the tranquil and rustic beauty of the scene enhanced by many a time-hallowed association, well prepares us for the touching memorials of the hero of the "*Jyre and sword*," that are to meet our gaze within those picturesque walls and towers. Penshurst has long been under process of restoration, and still the work goes on. The two principal fronts are very long: one presents a façade of Tudor windows, battlements, turrets and towers; whilst the other, amid great variety of details, shows us large triple-arched windows, the lofty gable of the Banqueting Hall (of the time of Edward III.), in which Ben Jonson had often sat an honoured guest, and wings with towers, decorated windows, and sloping roofs. As we cross the threshold we feel a touch of "hero-worship" steal over us; for here, if anywhere, we are made to comprehend that

Great men have been among us:

and we remember Jonson's explanation of the pre-eminence of the Sidneys:—

They are and have been taught religion; thence
Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence;
Each morn, and even, they are taught to pray
With the whole household.

There is a portrait of Sir Philip at Penshurst peculiarly expressive of the depth and tenderness of his feelings in the family relations, and so affords fresh traits of his altogether charming nature. This is a double portrait of himself and his younger brother, Robert, their arms linked together, and the faces full of love, mingled in the one case with something of the protector, and in the other with an expression of full confidence in the protection.

In a letter to Robert, his brother Philip is set up as a model for his guidance: a model which he is to imitate in all "his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions." The writer of that letter was, in truth, one of Sir Philip's warmest admirers; for he adds, "he is a rare ornament of his age, the very formula that all well-disposed young gentlemen of the court do form also their manners and life by." . . . Again—"He hath the most virtue that I ever found in any man." The writer of that letter was Philip's father, Sir Henry Sidney. A proud and happy man to be able to write such a letter of his own son! It is but justice to observe that this very appreciation is the best evidence of Sir Henry's merits; and may induce us to attribute no slight portion of the character of Philip to the father and friend who had watched over and guided its development.

Yet this all-accomplished, all-perfect, Sir Philip failed where failure might least have been anticipated—in love. The portrait of the "*Stella*" of his poems, the "*Philoclea*" of his *Arcadia*, whom he describes with a pencil dipped in the fairest colours, also meets our view at Penshurst. Lady Penelope Devereux, which was her real name, was the object of Sidney's ardent love; but she formed another marriage, and he seems to have wisely sought consolation by imitating her example. He wedded Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. Stella afterwards added to the notoriety she had attained through Sidney's passion for her—but under far different circumstances—by her unhappy connection with Mountjoy, Earl of Devonshire. Mrs. Jameson has given us an interesting account of her in the "*Romance of Biography*."

Sir Philip evidently only wanted opportunities and exigencies calculated to arouse the heroism of a patriot, to have been as eminent in that particular as Algernon Sidney afterwards became. Sir Philip's bold letters, entitled the "*Remonstrance*," issued when the queen seemed about to form a marriage with the Duke of Anjou (another lover), was an interference with the will of his sovereign that might have cost him his head, had not that sovereign known better than some of her predecessors how to value truth in her courtiers. His "*Discourse in defence of the Earl of Leicester*," his uncle, in answer to an attack by Parsons, the Jesuit, in a tract called "*Leicester's Commonwealth*," does less credit to his judgment than to his earnestness and sincerity of purpose; for, to all appearance, Leicester as ill merited the support of such a nephew, as he did the favour of his queen. Indeed, Sir Philip seems to have begun to discover his uncle's imperfections when associated with him in the command of troops in Holland, in the fatal expedition that cost him his life. Whilst there he frequently expressed his disapproval of Leicester's conduct as general. Sir Philip's sword lies on one of the tables at Penshurst, and is shown to visitors. Its form is singular. The hilt is about sixteen inches long; the cross-piece is a ragged staff, with bears at the extremities; and on each side of the blade, a little way above the handle, is a kind of short spike. One gazes at the deadly relic with a thrill and a shudder: it speaks eloquently of the field of strife where the young "*English Petrarch*," as Sir Walter Raleigh calls him, received his death wound.

When the war between the people of the Netherlands and Spain was raging, and Elizabeth took part with the former, she appointed Sidney Governor of Flushing. After the exhibition of conspicuous and successful bravery, Sidney and his troops accidentally met a force of about three thousand marching to relieve Zutphen, a town of Guelderland. An engagement ensued, almost under the walls of the town. Sidney's horse was shot under him, and, while making a third charge, he received a musket bullet in the left thigh, a little above the knee. He was carried out of the battlefield, "in which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it

to the poor man with these words: 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' (Lord Brooke.)

After many days of severe suffering, he died at Arnheim, on the 7th October, 1586, experiencing all the consolation that the tender attentions of Lady Sidney and his faithful secretary, William Temple, could bestow. The body was conveyed to England, lay many days in state, and was interred in Old St. Paul's Cathedral (Fig. 1550), attended by seven deputies, one for each of the Seven United Provinces, and by a great number of peers, his friends, and others. There was a general mourning for him observed throughout the land—the first of the kind known in England. The Universities published three volumes of elegies on his death. Spenser composed one, under the title of *Astrophel*. The summary of his character is thus given in the Retrospective Review: "Sir Philip Sidney was a gentleman finished and complete, in whom mildness was associated with courage, erudition mollified by refinement, and courtliness dignified by truth. He is a specimen of what the English character was capable of producing when foreign admixtures had not destroyed its simplicity, or politeness debased its honour. Of such a stamp was Sir Philip Sidney, and as such every Englishman has reason to be proud of him." "He trod," says the author of the 'Effigies Poeticæ,' "from his cradle to his grave amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory." On the whole, it is evident, that in his own time there never was a man more a favourite in public or in private life, in the court or the camp, as an author or as a hero; nor will the statement require any extensive modification if we refer to times other than his own—or, in a word, to posterity. If his merits were very nicely balanced in comparison with those of many men who have lived and died in partial neglect, it might be found there had been some of the illusions of romance in this excessive admiration; but there would still be sufficient ground for pronouncing, with the writer in the Review just named, Sir Philip Sidney one of the very noblest men of Old England.

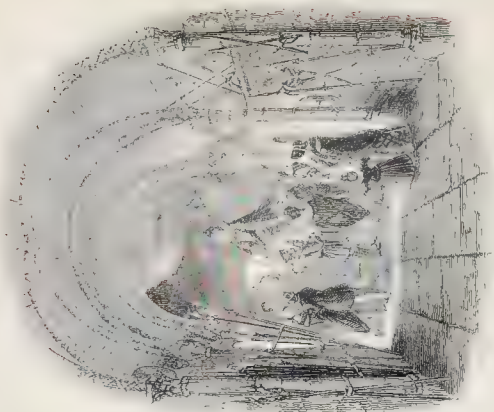
There were troubles gnawing at the heart of Elizabeth all the while she appeared to be enjoying the highest happiness that the world could bestow; those troubles were fear and jealousy of her cousin, Mary of Scotland (Fig. 1557), whose pretensions to the throne of England alarmed the sovereign, as much as her personal beauty excited the envy of the woman. And, it must be allowed, Elizabeth had cause to fear her beauteous rival in regard to the safety of the crown she wore; for, since the death of the late Queen of England, when claims were put forth on the behalf of Mary Queen of Scots, whose grandmother was the eldest daughter of Henry VII., those claims had continued to be urged with great pertinacity by her ambitious uncles, the princes of Lorraine; the youthful Mary, as Dauphiness of France, and the Dauphin, her husband, on every occasion of their appearing in public, had been ostentatiously greeted as king and queen of England; the English arms were engraved on their plate, embroidered on their banners, and painted on their furniture; and Mary's own favourite device was, at the time, the two crowns of France and Scotland, with the motto *Alianque moratur*, meaning that of England. Nor had this been all; when Mary left France, after the Dauphin's death, and subsequently, when riper years might have begun to render her less at the mercy of her interested advisers, she refused to abandon the claims that had been set up for her, and which were supported, according to the notions of every Catholic in England, by the canonical laws of the Romish church. Anne Bullen's marriage in their estimation had been unlawful, and had been pronounced null and void by a sentence of the Church; whilst, at the same time, the attainder of Elizabeth's blood had not been reversed even by her own parliament—Elizabeth having been too sagacious to risk the re-opening of the question. Such were the relative grounds of the rivalry for the sovereignty of this nation between the two queens—depending solely on the question of Elizabeth's legitimacy—which, set aside, would leave Mary undoubted heiress of the succession. Religious feeling, it will be seen, was at the root of the whole matter. The mother of Elizabeth had been a Protestant; Elizabeth now stood at the head and front of universal Protestantism; and the Scottish Reformers, a most determined body, linked themselves with her interest, and the interests of her Reformed people, and were the bitterest enemies of their own Queen. On the other hand, Mary's Catholic adherents called for the stake and the fire to destroy their adversaries: just as if they had endured nothing that ought to have taught them the inutility of such arguments; just as if they were incapable of seeing that the dread of their cruel intolerance was hourly weakening their hold on the popular affections, and involving the mistress whom they loved in their own certain and rapidly advancing ruin. It was asserted by James Stuart (Mary's half-brother, and prior of St. Andrew's) that his sole motive for acting as a leader of the Scottish party who

distrusted and warred against her, was the extirpation of the old superstition, for the honour of God, and the good of Scotland; and there can be little doubt that it was the ruling motive also of others of that party, with their great leader, John Knox.

At the coming over of the widowed Mary from France, where she had dwelt since her fifth year, where she had shared in the polite education of the French king's own daughters, in one of the first convents of the kingdom, and been the idol of the whole French court and people, it is said that, as the coast of the happy land of her youth faded from her view, she continued to exclaim, "Farewell, France! farewell, dear France! I shall never see thee more!" and her first view of Scotland only increased the poignancy of these touching regrets; so little pains had been taken to "cover over the nakedness and poverty of the land." Tears sprang into her eyes when, fresh from the elegant and luxurious court of Paris, she saw the wretched ponies, with bare wooden saddles, or dirty and ragged trappings, which had been provided to carry her and her ladies from the water-side to Holyrood. And then the palace itself: how different from the palaces in which she had lived in France! It was dismal and small, consisting only of what is now the north wing. (Fig. 1559.) The state-room and the bed-chamber which were used by her yet remain with the old furniture; and much of the needle-work there is said to have been the work of her own hands. Then the melody with which they greeted her—her poor rude Scottish subjects—"Two or three hundred violinists, apparently amateur performers, held a concert all night below her windows, and prevented her getting an hour's sleep after the fatigues of the sea. Mary, though suffering under the effects of this dire serenade, received the compliments of these 'honest men of the town of Edinburgh' as it was intended, and even ventured to hint a wish that the concert might be repeated." (Sir Walter Scott.) Such graceful good humour had not been deserved, for with something worse than the bad taste that had dictated the "dire serenade," she had been ushered into Edinburgh by pageants so contrived as to cast derision on the faith to which it was known she was strongly attached. All this was but a foretaste of the bitterness to come. She had been promised that she should exercise her own religion in her own establishment; but John Knox sternly declared that to import one mass into the kingdom of Scotland would be more fatal than to bring over a foreign army of ten thousand men. Thus the poor queen, who had lived hitherto in one long happy dream, had now to be awakened, as it were, by a peal of thunder, to see a long train of miseries and troubles coming on in the distance, and threatening to overwhelm her.

The first Sabbath in Holyrood had nearly been stained by the blood of her priest at the very altar foot, where in the palace chapel he attempted to celebrate mass. "Shall that idol, the mass, again have place? It shall not!" exclaimed the excited Reformers; and the young Master of Lindsay called out in the court-yard of the palace, that the idolatrous priest should die the death according to God's law. Even James Stuart, who stood with his drawn sword at the chapel door to prevent this shocking outrage, had to pretend that he did so only to prevent any Scot from entering to witness the abominable ceremony within. Poor Mary must have felt as if she had suddenly lighted among a nation of savages—and truly these proceedings were savage; notwithstanding the lateat "soul of good" that existed in them. The second Sunday brought out Knox against her in a thundering sermon on idolatry. Then he tried to convert her, and "knocked at her heart" until she was bathed in tears before his fierce rebukes. What was to follow, if she were not converted, was shadowed forth so as to be sufficiently understood by the hearers, in Knox's daily prayer—"That God would turn her heart, now obstinate against God and his truth; and if his holy will were otherwise, that he would strengthen the hearts and hands of the chosen, and the elect, stoutly to withstand the rage of tyrants."

At present all the tyranny was on the petitioner's side. Mary understood something of toleration, though she was a Catholic, and rebuked her stern teacher on account of "his severe dealing with all men that disagreed with him in opinions," and "willed him to use more meekness in his sermons." A removal to Stirling did not abate her troubles; and again tears were wrung from her by the vehemence of the Reforming preachers and their followers, who threatened with death all who should dare to partake in the idolatry of the mass. Overborne by all this violence, she followed her half-brother's advice, banished the monks and friars, and by other concessions obtained leave to remain a Catholic herself—provided she kept all the ceremonials of Catholicism out of the public view. These restrictions appeared just, no doubt, to the nation, then in the midst of its grand struggle for spiritual freedom; but they reflect no credit on the cause. Never, it has been



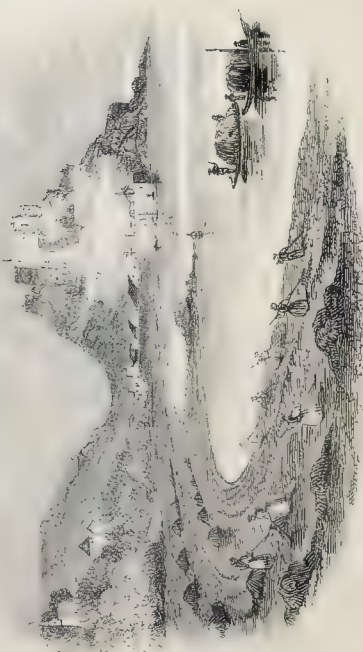
James Oglethorpe



1257.—Remains of Lower Castle, Camp Hill.



1258.—Hatchin Castle, Jersey



1259.—View of Mount Orgueil Castle. Waves gathering seaweed.



1510.—Kenilworth Gate.



1511.—Entrance to the Hall, Kenilworth.



1548.—Gascoigne.



1547.—Earl of Leicester.



1546.—Leicester.



1545.—Chimney, Kenilworth.



1540.—Leicester's House, Warwick.

remarked, was crowned head so braved and insulted by bishop or pope, even in the darkest periods of the darkest ages, as this delicately-framed and sensitively-minded woman and queen of nineteen years old by John Knox. To give another example or two:—During her absence from Holyrood, some of the populace of Edinburgh broke into her chapel, defiled the altar, and committed all kinds of indecent outrages. Mary, indignant, had two—*only*—of these rioters indicted; when Knox wrote circular letters to “the faithful,” men of the strong hand and iron heart, charging them to come up to Edinburgh and *protect their persecuted brethren*. What was meant the faithful well knew, and so did Mary and her privy council, before whom Knox was summoned. He appeared with defiance on his lips—with language utterly unsuited to the presence in which he stood;—yet he went forth again *freely acquitted*. What hope after that could Mary have had of living at peace in Scotland? Knox was in the habit of usually designating Mary “the Jezebel” in his sermons in the pulpit, and this before any impropriety whatever had appeared in her conduct, beyond that of being a Catholic, and fond of hunting and hawking, music and dancing, which, indeed, were all crimes in the opinions of the puritanical disciplinarians of the new faith. Knox was unsoftened when “with winning sweetness” Mary promised him ready access to her whenever he should desire it, and intreated him, if he found her conduct blameable, to reprehend her in private, rather than vilify her in the kirk before the people. He replied, it was her duty to go to the kirk to hear him,—not his duty to wait upon her. At another time he told her that he would submit to her even as Paul submitted to Nero; and he did not scruple to regale her ears with proofs from Scripture of the holiness of regicide, and of the slaughter of Catholic priests. These are but specimens of Mary’s sufferings in the days of her innocence, to which we will add another. “It is now called in question,” writes Randolph to Cecil, “whether the queen, *being an idolatress*, may be obeyed in all civil and political actions. I think marvel of the wisdom of God, that gave this unruly, stout, and cumbersome people no more substance or power than they have, for then they would run wild.” Some time after, the same writer says, in reporting the progress of Mary’s unhappiness in Scotland, “So long as the queen is in heart divided from her subjects through the diversity of religion, there is neither that quietness of mind, nor peace in conscience, that is most to be desired in true service to their sovereign; nor can I yet see how her fate will long continue, seeing the self-same seeds remain, that were the occasion of the former mischief.”

Four years after her return from France, Mary again married; her second husband being her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, heir of the noble house of Lennox. The rites observed were those of the Romish Church; and Mary neither consulted her parliament in forming the union, or in investing the object of her love with the sovereign dignity and title. But, though Knox and others murmured, the people generally appear to have become so much attached to Mary as to think little of the irregularity. And now for a brief period Mary seems to have tasted once more something like happiness. But it was indeed brief. Chatelard, a French poet, had come over with Mary, and obtained her favour by his poetical effusions. But, forgetting her position as a queen and a wife, he exhibited his personal attachment to Mary in a manner that was most audacious and unbecoming: the government interfered, and the poet was barbarously executed. His conduct in his last hours—repeating verses from Ronsard instead of his prayers, and his dying speech, “Farewell to the most beautiful and most cruel queen that ever lived”—showed, to say the least of it, a state of mind requiring gentler discipline than the axe. Chatelard was succeeded in Mary’s favour by David Rizzio, who was at first her musician, but subsequently her French secretary; and in that position became so obnoxious to Mary’s husband, Darnley, and to the Scottish Reformers, that a plot for his destruction was concocted. From the former Rizzio might have expected different treatment, seeing that he had been Darnley’s confidant in his courtship of Mary, and had aided him by every means in his power; from the latter he could have no hope of mercy, if he were once in their power, for he had committed the horrible crime in their eyes of corresponding in his official capacity with the Pope of Rome. No proof of any guilt on Rizzio’s part seems to have been sought or required: it was enough that he was hated (by Darnley, because Rizzio—among other obnoxious features of his conduct—had remonstrated with him on his treatment of the queen), and being hated he was suspected; assassination was determined upon, and also that it should take place before Mary’s eyes—at a time, too, when she was expected shortly to become a mother. Of the character and conduct of Darnley, *the husband*, that little trait alone furnishes an unanswer-

able evidence. A bond was signed by the conspirators, by which Darnley took the whole under his special protection: that was on the 1st or the 5th of March. On the 9th of the same month Mary was sitting at supper in Holyrood-house, engaged in quiet conversation with the Countess of Argyle and the governor of Holyrood, whilst Rizzio, as was his custom, sat also at supper at a side-table, when the door suddenly opened, and the king stalked in, placed himself at the back of the queen, and glared in terrible significance on the doomed secretary. Lord Ruthven followed: he had risen from the bed of sickness to share in the bloody deed, and now appeared in complete armour, looking pale and ghastly. The other conspirators followed, also armed. Ruthven, in sepulchral accents, bade Rizzio come forth, for the place he sat in did not become him. Mary started up, and inquired of Darnley if he knew anything of this foul proceeding, and on receiving his denial of any such knowledge, commanded Ruthven, on pain of treason, to quit her presence. In the mean time Rizzio had run round to her on whom alone all his chances of life rested, and, seizing Mary’s garments, cried aloud for protection and justice. Instantly the table was overturned by Ruthven and the others, Darnley seized Mary’s arm, and Rizzio was torn away. The first to strike was George Douglas, who, pulling out the king’s own dagger, aimed so violent a blow upon the unfortunate Italian, that the blade was buried up to the hilt in his body, and so left. What a scene!—the groans of the dying victim as he was dragged away into an ante-chamber, and there despatched by no less than *fifty-six* blows!—the shrieks of the female attendants!—the unutterable anguish of Mary, to see such a deed done on such a man, and by her own husband and his associates!—the ruffian Andrew Ker standing with his cocked pistol before her, and, lastly, Morton, the Chancellor of Scotland, guarding the door, to prevent any assistance being rendered to Mary from without!

In reference to Chatelard and Rizzio, there appears to be no evidence that the queen’s conduct was liable to any more serious charge than that of indiscretion; but in the next important event of her life, the connection with the Earl of Bothwell, her name was to suffer in the eyes of others than her enemies. Three or four years before the murder of Rizzio, this Bothwell had been an outlaw, having, in addition to his other offences, spoken words of the queen that irritated her so grievously that she swore he should never have favour at her hand. He watched his time and opportunity, however, and obtained the favour so unreservedly that when, after the murder just mentioned, Mary persuaded Darnley to fly with her from Edinburgh, it was to the castle of Dunbar they fled, where Bothwell, as the custodian, received them. Another presumed evidence of the queen’s partiality was given in 1566, when Bothwell was despatched, as Lieutenant of the Marches, to Leddesdale, then in a state of revolt. Whilst there, he was “deadly wounded by John Elliott, *alias* John of the Park, whose head was sent into Edinburgh thereafter.” Mary rode from Jedburgh, forty rugged miles, to see Bothwell, and returned the same day, so harassed in mind, and wearied in body, that a fever seized her, and her life was despaired of. After this it seems Bothwell pressed Mary to agree to a divorce; but she declined, on account of her son (afterwards James I. of England). Bothwell soon found a way out of the difficulty that threatened to overthrow his project; and a characteristic way it was, of this bold, bad man. In January, 1567, when the king and queen were at Edinburgh, Bothwell was heard to say “it was the queen’s mind that the king should be taken away.” On the 9th of the following month, when the latter was lying ill of the small-pox in the Kirk of Field, Mary spent the evening with him. At twelve she left him for a masque, kissing him as she took her leave, and putting one of her rings on his finger. About two in the morning, the neighbourhood was alarmed by a loud explosion, which brought every one out of doors to see what had happened: they found the king’s lodgings blown up, and the dead body of the king lying under a tree at a short distance from the ruins. We may hope that Mary knew nothing of this murder; but it is impossible to doubt that Bothwell was the chief murderer, and that he did it to gain possession of her hand.

Little more than two months after Darnley’s death, Mary was one day on a journey to see her son, when she was met near Linlithgow by Bothwell and a great party, who carried her to the castle of Dunbar, where the former was heard to boast, he “would marry the queen, who would or who would not; yea, whether she would herself or not.” They were married on the 15th of May at Holyrood. And what did the people of Scotland think of all this? Mary’s flight with her partner from fortress to fortress to escape the consequences of the indignation of her armed subjects, furnishes the answer. It must be owned, however, that the professed motives of the leaders will not bear a moment’s scrutiny. Nay, there is

reason to believe, they were the very men who had indirectly aided in the perpetration of the murder that they now called upon heaven and earth to punish.

Three weeks after the marriage of Bothwell and Mary, Morton, Maitland, and others of her worst enemies, rose in arms ostensibly to punish Bothwell, to free the queen from his control, and secure the person of her son; in other words, to protect Mary and the prince against Bothwell. But secretly it was determined to dethrone the queen, and crown her son. They attempted to seize her and Bothwell in Bothwick Castle, near Edinburgh; when she was reduced to disguise herself in male attire in order to escape, and, mounted on a common saddle, to ride after her husband to the castle of Dunbar. The confederates then assumed the supreme power, and issued proclamations calling on all the queen's people to join their standard under pain of being deemed murderers of the late king; and they printed detailed statements of the crimes of Bothwell. In the main then this was a confederacy of the nobles; and the evil motives that lurked beneath their fair pretences seem to have been tolerably understood by the more rational and disinterested middle orders. Instead of joining them, some sent to Mary troops to enable her to oppose them. Two thousand fighting men from the Lothians and the Merse instantly answered the queen's appeal for aid, and gathered at Dunbar. Mary, with a spirit and decision that would have done credit to her lion-hearted cousin of England, —but unfortunately with less cautious sagacity—left her safe retreat, without waiting for those reinforcements of her army (which would probably have enabled her to recover all she had lost of queenly power), and marched towards Edinburgh. Halting at Gladsnuir, she caused a proclamation to be read to her followers, in which she declared that her late marriage with Bothwell had been contracted and solemnized *with the consent and at the persuasion* of the chiefs of those now in insurrection against her, as their own handwritings testified; and affirming, that though they affected to fear for the safety of her son (who was at the very time in their own possession), yet they only aimed at overthrowing her and her posterity, in order that they themselves might enjoy the supreme power. She had been forced to take arms, she said, for her own defence, and would reward the valour of her faithful followers with the confiscated lands of the traitors. After spending the night at Seton, she the next morning (Sunday) advanced to Carberry Hill, where the Lords met her: the Earl of Morton commanding one division of troops, the Earl of Athole another.

Mary sent her French ambassador, the aged Le Croc, to prevent, if possible, a battle, by assuring the insurgents that she was desirous to avoid bloodshed, and willing to grant an amnesty for all that had passed. The Earl of Morton answered that they had not taken arms against the queen, but against the murderer of the king, and that if she would deliver up Bothwell, or put him from her company, they would return to obedience; otherwise, "they would make a day of it." To this the Earl of Glencairn added, they were not come to that field to ask pardon, but rather to *give* it. Bothwell also sent to the lords, offering to prove his innocence by single combat. There were two acceptances of that challenge, which Bothwell objected to, as they were from men of inferior rank. Then he singled out the Earl of Morton, a man who may be considered his equal in guilt. The combat was to be on foot, with two-handed swords; however, it did not take place. Lord Lindsay volunteered to take the place of Morton, laid aside his armour for the purpose, and falling on his knees in the presence of the whole army, prayed that God might in his mercy protect the innocent, and punish the murderer of the king. But Mary would not consent to this meeting. The accounts of her surrender at Carberry Hill (Fig. 1558) differ: according to some, Bothwell demanded a promise of fidelity from Mary, and then riding swiftly away to Dunbar Castle, left her to be dealt with as the ruthless hearts of her foes might dictate. According to others, Morton and some of the nobles secretly urged him to flight, lest, being taken, he might impeach them of their share in Darnley's murder. Others again state, that the queen sent to desire that Kirkaldy of Grange, who enjoyed the high praise of being Scotland's best soldier, and who seems to have been one of the most honourable, might wait upon her to settle terms of accommodation. The laird of Grange was sent accordingly, with full powers; and he proposed that Bothwell should pass off the field until the cause was tried, and that Queen Mary should return to the counsels of her nobles, who bound themselves thenceforward to honour, serve, and obey her majesty. Mary acquiescing, Kirkaldy took Bothwell by the hand and desired him to depart, which he did. Then the laird took the queen's bridle-rein, and led her down the hill, where Morton, meeting her, ratified the assurances that had been given by Kirkaldy, saying, she should be more honoured and

obeyed than any of her progenitors had ever been. But their object once attained, the treatment she received at the hands of her lords became as strongly marked as ever with coarse cruelty and bad faith. The armed ranks closed around her with fearful gestures and reproaches; her ears were assailed by cries from the low rabble and common soldiery (who readily imitated the temper of those above them) that she ought to be burned as a papist—a prostitute—and a murderess. Amid this horrid clamour she began to move toward Edinburgh, where she arrived at seven in the evening, in tears, and covered with the dust of the roads. There she was made to pass on horseback—a public spectacle of disgrace—through the principal streets, some of the mob carrying a white banner before her, on which was rudely painted the figure of her husband Darnley, lying strangled under a tree, and a figure of Prince James, his son, kneeling beside it with a label issuing from his mouth, bearing these words, "Judge, and avenge my cause, O Lord." To this terrible day succeeded a no less terrible night; the yells of the populace continuing to resound about the provost's house in which she was lodged, until daylight brought back again to her sight the hideous banner—the first object that presented itself.

Bothwell fled to Dunbar, and thence departed in a vessel for the Orkney Islands, but being pursued directed his course towards the Danish shores, and was taken prisoner by the Danes. An account has been printed by the Bannatyne Club of "The examination of Bothwell when he was taken by a Danish man-of-war on his flight from Scotland, and brought to Bergen in Norway," 28th September, 1567. The examiners of Bothwell state, "that when Chrestene Olborrig arrived here, in Bergen, with his royal majesty's man-of-war called the *Bjornenn* (the Bear), he brought with him two armed Scottish pinks (ships of a small size) which he found in his royal majesty's seas and waters." These small ships had been met armed and manned, "yet having no document, letter of marque, passport, or ship's papers, such as respectable sailors usually have, and ought to have and produce." Among those on board—Scottish people—there was "one dressed in old, torn, and patched boatswain's clothes, who sometime thereafter stated himself to be the supreme governor of all Scotland," and assumed a high tone. This was Bothwell. It was a notorious pirate vessel in which he was taken. He pretended to have nothing on board that he cared for preserving; but on search being made, a box was found filled with letters and papers, some printed, some written, among which were the Scottish proclamations declaring the crimes with which he was charged, and offering a reward for his apprehension. There was a letter in the box written to him by Queen Mary, in her own hand; but unfortunately the contents are only noticed in a very general way in this curious document. It seems nearly certain that Bothwell continued a prisoner of the Danish government till madness led the way to his death in 1576, in the castle of Malmoe or Malmary, in the province of Schoonen, now a part of Sweden, then belonging to Denmark. The authenticity of his "dying testament," in which he is said to have solemnly declared upon oath that he himself murdered Darnley by the counsels of Murray, Morton, and others, rests in partial doubt.

Let us now turn to the miserable queen, whose very life was in danger from the wild rage of the Reformers. Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, a special envoy from Elizabeth, writing to his court, says, he could get no access to Queen Mary, and it would be nearly impossible to induce the lords to send Prince James into England—a plan which Elizabeth and Cecil much desired. He adds, "I found them (John Knox and Craig) very austere in this conference. What I shall do hereafter I know not. They are furnished with many arguments, some parts of Scripture, some of history, some grounded (as they say) upon the laws of this realm, some upon practices used in this realm, and some upon the conditions and oaths made by their princes at their coronation. The lords still speak reverently and mildly about Mary, yet I find by intelligence that the queen is in very great peril of her life, by reason that the people assembled at this convention *do mind vehemently the destruction of her.*"

This convention was the Assembly of the Kirk, with George Buchanan at their head, then in close league with the lords of the Secret Council. From Edinburgh Mary was removed to Lochleven (Fig. 1560), a castle situated on an islet in the loch, or lake, which bears that name, in Kinross-shire, and commanded by the ferocious Lord Lindsay of the Byres, and Ruthven, Rizzio's chief murderer. When such men were her keepers, we may easily judge what were her sufferings. The very sight of Ruthven must have been almost a present death, reviving memories so fearful. The possessor of Lochleven was Sir William Douglas, presumptive heir to the dark Morton. To the honour of Kirkaldy of Grange, he gave no assent



1510 - Sir Thomas More.



1510 - Sir Thomas More.



1510 - Sir Thomas More.



1510 - Sir Thomas More.



1510 - Sir Thomas More.



1510 - Sir Thomas More.



1553.—Sidney's Tree.



1554.—North Front of Darghley House.



1555.—Robert Cecil.



1556.—Gateway at Con. ly.



1557.—Queen Mary of Scotland. (From a Painting by Zuccheri.)



1559.—The Surrender of Mary Queen of Scots, at Carberry Hill. (From the old Picture engraved by Vertue, and published by the Royal Society of Antiquaries.)

to these proceedings; but, much incensed, charged the lords with breaking their word, and having made him, an honourable soldier, the means of deceiving the queen with lies. But they answered that Mary, having since her confinement written affectionately to Bothwell, and promised still to share his fortunes, had forfeited the benefits of the treaty. It seems very doubtful whether such a letter had been written, especially when we find that Bothwell's quitting the kingdom did not procure her liberation, but that it was then declared she should be dethroned, not on his account, but for general mis-government (as if she had in reality ever been able to govern the kingdom at all!), and yield the crown to her son, and her half-brother, the Regent Murray. And under such keepers as Lindsay and Ruthven, no wonder the signature of abdication was at last wrung from her. Mary became a subject of her own infant son, who was crowned at Stirling in 1567. But Mary was as much a queen in her own estimation after her deposition as before—her spirit rose above her unparalleled misfortunes, and she received comfort from the knowledge that she had devoted friends, who would not rest until they had accomplished her escape. She was enabled to communicate with them secretly, and to concert measures. There were ambushes placed round the lake, and fleet horses provided. One morning, the queen's laundress, coming early as usual, Mary, disguised in her dress, went out of the castle, and entered a boat to cross the lake. One of the rowers said, merrily,—“Let us see what manner of dame this is,” and attempted to pull down the muffler that covered her face; Mary put up her hands to prevent the action, when they were perceived to be very fair and white, and their suspicions were aroused. Mary, self-possessed and courageous, then speaking to them as a queen, charged them, for their lives, to row her over to the shore; but they took her back to her prison, promising, however, to keep her attempt secret from her keepers, which promise they seem to have violated. George Douglas was lingering at a little village, “hard at the loch side,” with Simple and Breton, two of Mary's faithful servants, to receive her, had she landed. The fact that she had so nearly accomplished her desire, no doubt stimulated rather than depressed the mind of the Queen, and it was not long before she repeated her attempt. There was then a “poor simple lad” in the castle, “Little Douglas,” a relative of the owner of the castle, and whose proceedings no one dreamed of looking after on account of his simplicity. By Mary's directions he was induced to steal the keys from the keeper's chamber, in the middle of the night, and presently the Queen was once more outside the castle-gates, which were carefully locked upon the keeper by the prisoner, and the keys thrown into the loch. Then Mary hurried into a small boat with a single female attendant, and was quickly rowed across by the stout-hearted “Little Douglas” to the opposite side, where she was received with transports of joy by some of her adherents, and borne swiftly away.

Once more at large, her friends assembled, and Mary found herself in a very short space of time at the head of a considerable army. The Regent Murray, her half-brother, advanced to oppose her, and the armies met at Langside between Glasgow and Dumbarton, and attacked each other with desperate fury. Mary remained on a neighbouring hill watching the progress of the fight, which for a while appeared to be favourable to her; but at last Morton, with a detachment, sweeping suddenly round an eminence, charged her troops in flank, broke, and routed them. The battle was lost. Once more the unhappy Queen was a fugitive. For nearly sixty miles, almost without pause or rest, did she continue the headlong flight, and then stopped at Dundrennan Abbey to consider what farther chances there remained for her almost desperate cause. Should she yield herself to the mercy of her subjects? who would in all probability be merciless; or take refuge in France? whither, unhappily, there appeared to be no means of going; or, lastly, throw herself in full confidence on the kindness and generosity of Elizabeth? who, notwithstanding some equivocal-looking acts, had used many kindly words in connection with her fair “sister” and cousin. Mary determined upon the last course. It was a fatal one, though its results were not at first to be made apparent; nor is it easy to see that Mary on the whole could have acted with a greater probability of saving herself. Elizabeth refused to see Mary; but offered to mediate between her and her Scottish subjects. Elizabeth, it is to be remembered, desired in secret the crown of Scotland as much or more than Mary had ever appeared in public to desiderate the crown of England. Mary declined the offer, refusing to be regarded in any other light than as Queen of Scotland. From that time her fate appears to have been determined—an endless captivity. She was immediately cut off from all communication with her subjects, excepting such as it was

thought proper to allow; and was moved about from place to place the better to ensure her safety. The hapless victim again and again implored Elizabeth to deal generously—justly with her. “I came,” said she, “of mine own accord—let me depart again with yours; and if God permit my cause to succeed, I shall be bound to you for it.” And in the latter part of the same letter she writes in these touching terms:—“Good sister, be of another mind, when the heart and all shall be yours, and at your commandment. I thought to satisfy you wholly, if I might have seen you. Alas! do not as the serpent that stoppeth his hearing, for I am no enchanter, but your sister and natural cousin,” &c.

Our space will not admit of any details of the perplexed and tedious proceedings connected with the commission that sat at York to determine, as it were, between the three parties—Elizabeth, Mary, and the Regent of Scotland, whether Mary were or were not innocent. It is evident that Elizabeth was pre-determined that the Regent Murray should prove his own sister Mary guilty; but the proofs, it seems, were too slight, too unworthy even of credence for her and her minister, and so in the end she admitted that Murray had not proved his charges. Neither, on the other hand, had Mary, it was alleged, proved ought against the honour and loyalty of Murray, so he was left quietly in his government, and Mary still kept carefully in her captivity. The pretence now was, that Mary was a lawful prisoner, and might not depart till she had satisfied Elizabeth for the wrong done in claiming the crown of England. It was the old fable of the Wolf and the Lamb acted yet once more.

One of the greatest lessons of history is—that which we believe a careful study of all history affords—the constant retribution that the crimes of state-policy bring back upon their authors. Few have experienced this more severely than Elizabeth. The sovereign who would not have had one real enemy among her subjects but for this imprisonment, made hosts of enemies by it, and embittered her own life little less than she embittered the poor prisoner's. Scheme after scheme was formed for the relief of Mary among the Catholics of England, and it is highly probable that the views of the disaffected may have reached, as was supposed, to the dethronement of their own sovereign. Before we notice the most interesting and painful of these schemes, Babington's, we may notice a previous one that had for its object the marriage of the Queen of Scots to the Duke of Norfolk. Elizabeth more than once, it is said, spoke to Norfolk in such a way that he could hardly be sure whether she was seeking to discover his supposed secret views, or desirous to promote them. But he answered cautiously that the project had not originated with him, nor did it meet his wishes. Elizabeth then observed, “But though you now mislike of it, yet you may perchance be induced to like of it for the benefit of the realm, and for mine own security.” The Duke, knowing something of his royal mistress's meaning and disposition, answered, “that no reason could move him to like of her that had been a competitor to the crown; and if her majesty would move him thereto, he would rather be committed to the Tower, for he meant never to marry with such a person where he could not be sure of his pillow.” But there were noble tempters at work to destroy Norfolk. Leicester and others impelled him to address Mary privately, and when he did so all his letters were conveyed to the Queen. Then Leicester turning ill, confessed with sighs and tears the plot, and was fondly pardoned. Of course Norfolk could not under such circumstances be treated with great severity, so he received a reprimand, and promised to drop the project. He went into the country. After a time he was invited to court by Elizabeth; on the way to London he was arrested, and sent to the Tower, the pretence being that fresh discoveries had been made of his treasonable machinations. Whilst there the impending storm burst out in an insurrection of the Catholics headed by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland. It was, as usual in such cases, a failure, and brought ruin on all concerned in it: and among the rest on the ducal captive in the Tower, the plotting lover of the Queen of the Scots—the Duke of Norfolk, who was tried and beheaded.

But if the schemes of Norfolk and his coadjutors, and the growing alarm as to the intentions of the Catholics that pervaded England, rendered Mary's position exceedingly dangerous, it was reserved for some still more arduous and enthusiastic friends to be the immediate instruments of her utter ruin. Among the Catholic youth of England, whom the tale of Mary's misfortunes had moved most deeply, was one Anthony Babington, a young man of family and fortune. With him several others joined—men of his own stamp, intellectual, high-spirited, and enthusiastic; the last men to have become conspirators, under any ordinary circumstances, but whose sympathies for Mary had been wrought to so

high a pitch that they were prepared to hazard every danger in order to accomplish her deliverance. But a traitor was among them who regularly informed Walsingham of their proceedings. They were notwithstanding allowed to go on: as that statesman, with the cold-blooded policy common to the time (and we wish we could add to his time only) desired to implicate Mary in their plot. So for months together he and his tool, Pooley, continued to draw the unfortunate gentlemen more and more closely into their toils, till the preparations were complete, and then instantaneously the whole party were pounced upon, one only escaping. Seldom has a court of justice witnessed a trial that excited more admiration or pity for the subjects of it than the trial of Babington and his associates; seldom has the scaffold visited its bloody punishment upon men who seemed less deserving of it, when all the extenuating features of their scheme were remembered. One of them, Tielborn, declared on the scaffold that friendship alone induced him to conceal Babington's designs. Another, Jones, had said previously that he could not destroy his dear friend, Thomas Salisbury, by divulging the plot when it became known to him. A third, Bellamy, shared the terrible fate of the whole, simply because they had met at his house. And now, at last, the most illustrious of all the victims was to be struck—Mary, whose death there can be little doubt had been long and anxiously desired. Her trial was prepared by Burghley, Walsingham, and others of the Council of the Queen, who then at the eleventh hour hesitated. Leicester, divining the thoughts of Elizabeth—the difficulty of obtaining a sentence that should seem to the world as just as it was intended to be fatal, proposed his mode—poison. Walsingham objected—it was contrary to God's law; but Leicester sent him a preacher to convince him he was mistaken. These kind, gentle, good men now talked of shortening Mary's life by severer treatment, and as a healthy and beautiful woman had already been changed into a cripple—why, there was no doubt the thing could be done. The trial, however, was determined upon; and a body of titled and other judges named. And how were they to bring Mary—a sovereign of another country—before such a tribunal? By an act passed after Babington's conspiracy, declaring that the person for whom such attempts should be made should be incapable of the crown of England, and prosecuted to death, if he or she should be judged guilty by twenty-four or more of the Privy Council and House of Lords. An act, therefore, passed after the commission of the alleged crime it was to punish! and treating as a subject of England one on whom the government of England had not the smallest claim, except as on a prisoner of war!

Though Mary, after enduring the rigours of nineteen years' confinement, had become in body but a wreck of her former self, her heart and mind remained as beautiful as ever, if indeed they had not grown more beautiful, as they certainly had become more lofty, by the sobering and purifying processes of long affliction. About the period that it was decided she should be subjected to trial, her wanderings from place to place (just as the fears or objects of the government prompted) ceased, by her removal to Fotheringhay (Fig. 1561), where her mortal pilgrimage was to end. The precautions taken for her safe custody were of the most marked character. There was a standing order that she should be shot if she attempted to escape, or if others attempted to rescue her. When she was taken to Fotheringhay it was by a circuitous route, and under the pretext of giving her a change of air to recruit her shattered health. One of the regulations of Fotheringhay was hardly calculated to advance that object. It was ordered that if "any noise or disturbance in Mary's lodgings, or in the place where she was," took place, she was to be killed outright. This (possibly hoped-for) event did not happen. Another incident shows the character of the precautions taken in Mary's lodgings for the restoration of health. One night Mary had a narrow escape from being consumed by fire, in consequence of the wretched chimney of her dungeon becoming ignited. Elizabeth now began to perceive that there was no avoiding the process she had put off so long, contrary to the advice of her ministers, one of whom—Walsingham—lamented that she "was not prepared to do things in season, and work her own security as she ought." Elizabeth was now prepared. Thirty-six commissioners came to Fotheringhay, bringing a letter from her to Mary, charging her with being accessory to Babington's conspiracy, and informing her that they were to try her for that and other treasons. Mary was not so crushed by anguish and despair but that she could receive even this dreadful message with spirit and dignity. Composedly and firmly she replied, stating her sufferings and wrongs, and refusing to acknowledge the commissioners, adding, "My notes and papers are taken from me, and no one dares appear to be my advocate."

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She was again asked, the next day, if she persisted in her refusal: and replied, she did, most firmly. "But this I had quite forgotten. The Queen says, I am subject to the laws of England, and to be tried and judged by them, because I am under the protection of them; but to this I answer, that I came into the kingdom an independent sovereign, to implore the Queen's assistance, not to subject myself to her authority. Nor is my spirit so broken by past misfortunes, or so intimidated by present dangers, as to stoop to anything unbecoming a crowned head, or that will disgrace the ancestors from whom I am descended, or the son to whom I leave my throne. If I must be tried, princes alone can try me: they are my peers: and the Queen of England's subjects, however noble, are of a rank inferior to mine. Ever since my arrival in this kingdom I have been confined as a prisoner. Its laws never afforded me protection: let them not be perverted now, to take away my life." In answer to that noble denial of the right of her judges to try her, "men learned in the civil and canon laws" strove to persuade her to compliance, whilst Burghley and the Chancellor Bromley threatened. Mary then grew heated—she would die a thousand deaths rather than submit to such dishonour—she was heart-whole still, and would not derogate from the honour of her ancestors the Kings of Scotland, by owning herself a subject to the crown of England—she would rather perish utterly than answer as the Queen's subject and a criminal. Burghley interrupted her, "We will nevertheless proceed against you to-morrow, as absent and contumax." "Look to your consciences!" was Mary's indignant and impetuous reply. Then Vice-Chamberlain Hutton threw out a speech that—at the critical moment—turned the poor Queen's resolution, and induced her—after all she had said—to yield to the will of her enemies. "If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear; but by seeking to avoid a trial, you stain your reputation with an everlasting blot." For her name's sake—which was dear to Mary, though slander had said so oft and loudly she was indifferent to it—for her name's sake—to clear that—if it were possible—if such a thing as justice were in reality attainable—she at last, with certain reservations, consented, and took her seat in the presence-chamber of Fotheringhay Castle, at the upper end, near a vacant chair of state, representing her hard-hearted cousin—on the 14th of October, 1586. The commissioners were ranged before her on either side the hall, on benches. She had no assistant in that trying hour—no papers—no witnesses—yet, with her wonderful self-possession and address, she, says Dr. Lingard, "for two whole days kept at bay the hunters of her life."

The especial subjects of the trial were Mary's alleged endeavour to induce foreign powers to invade England, which there can be little doubt she had done, and which she had a perfect right—putting the question of prudence aside—to do; and the support it was alleged she had given to attempts at assassination of Elizabeth, which she denied repeatedly and in the most energetic manner—she would never, she said, make shipwreck of her soul by engaging in such a bloody crime; and we see no reason to disbelieve her. She was found guilty, of course, and the Commissioners departed from Fotheringhay.

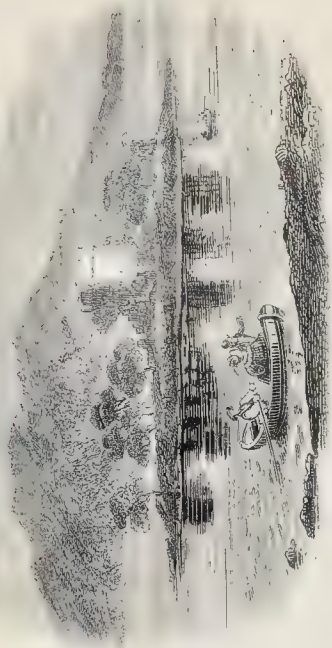
In the following month parliament implored Elizabeth to put Mary to death. Elizabeth in her reply said that even now, although she had been convicted of treason, if she thought Mary would repent, and her emissaries not pursue their designs—or that if they were two milk-maids with pails upon their arms, and it was merely a question which involved her own life without endangering the religion and welfare of her people, she would most willingly pardon all her offences. But whilst Elizabeth thus conveyed to the world the idea of her own unwillingness to proceed in the business, the speech contained passages that rendered it inevitable that she should be called on to forego that unwillingness. In fact it is sufficiently evident, that to do the crime determined upon with as great an air of innocence as possible, was the real aim of all Elizabeth's speeches and acts during the few terrible weeks that elapsed between Mary's sentence and execution.

Even the last hours of the victim were embittered by unnecessary miseries. A sincere Catholic—she was insulted by the officious labours of two Protestant ecclesiastics; and a few days after they left her, the inconceivably paltry and brutal annoyance was inflicted upon her of tearing down from her apartment the insignia of royalty. Mary now wrote her last letter to Elizabeth, in which, disclaiming all malice and resentment, and thanking God that she was come to the end of her troublesome pilgrimage, she proceeded to ask certain favours. "Fearing as I do the secret tyranny of some persons, I beg you not to permit the sentence to be executed upon me without your knowledge; not from fear of the torment which I am very ready to suffer, but on account of the reports

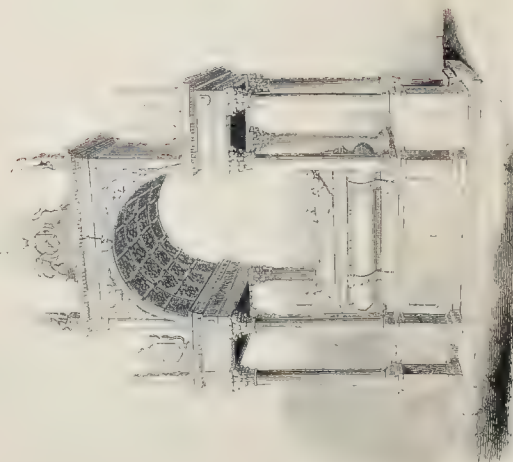
II 2



1250. — The Castle of Edinburgh, showing the main building and the surrounding walls.



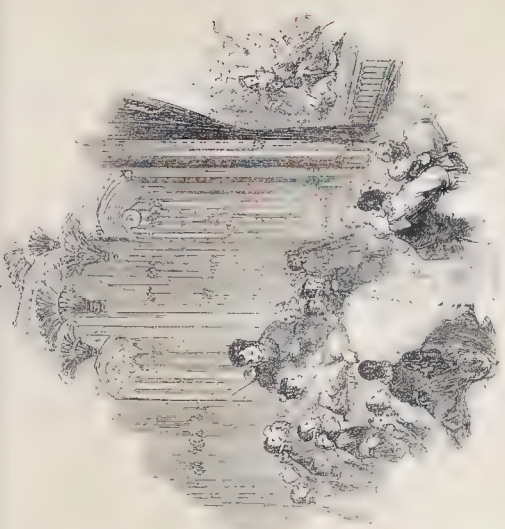
1251. — Lake of Geneva, the lake, the mountains, and the lake.



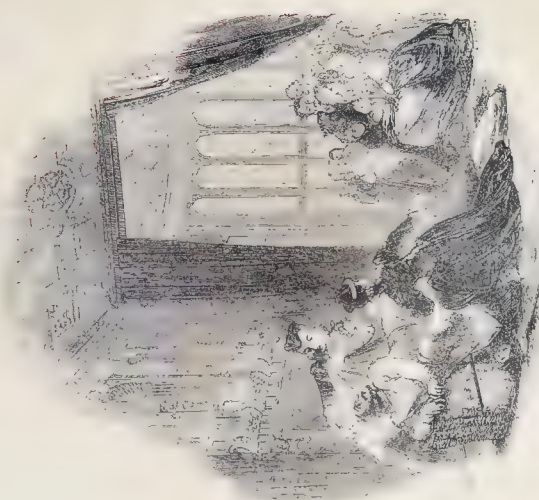
1252. — Tomb of Mary Queen of Scots, in the south side of the church of St. Mary, Edinburgh.



1253. — View of Edinburgh, showing the city and the surrounding landscape.



1324.—The Merry Wives of Windsor.



1325.—The Merry Wives of Windsor.



1326.—Play acted before Elizabeth.



1327.—Hartfield.



1328.—Hartfield, Westminster.

which, in the absence of witnesses above suspicion, might be spread respecting my death, as I know has been done in the case of others of different condition. To avoid which I desire that my servants shall be spectators and witnesses of my death, in the faith of my Saviour and in obedience to his church." She also desired permission for her servants to leave England in peace, and quietly enjoy the small legacies she had bequeathed to them, and that her own body might be conveyed for burial to France. Such were the favours that Mary besought of her cousin in her last letter, and in the name of Christ, and by their near relationship—the memory of their common ancestor Henry VII., and by Elizabeth's own royal dignity.

The French king made an ineffectual effort to arrest execution through the mouth of an ambassador. There was another sovereign from whom a demonstration of a very different kind might have been expected—Mary's son, James, now King of Scotland, and heir to the throne of England. But he too contented himself with sending ambassadors, one of them so thoroughly in Elizabeth's interest that he promoted the business he came to stop. The other, Melville, the recorder of the interesting conversation before transcribed, was honest, earnest, and able, but utterly unable by himself to avert the impending blow. He told Elizabeth the chief nobility of Scotland would give themselves as hostages to secure her against any plot on Mary's account aimed at the English throne; and his answer was Elizabeth's scornful comment addressed to Leicester and others that stood around. But why was the Scottish queen so dangerous? inquired the envoys, "Because she is a papist, and they say she shall succeed to my throne," was Elizabeth's reply. To that it was rejoined that Mary would divest herself of her right in favour of her son James. Then Elizabeth shrieked out, "She hath no such right. She is declared incapable of succeeding." It was further urged that James was a Protestant; when, if Elizabeth's religious professions had been honest, it is clear that such a renunciation by Mary in favour of a king of such belief must have been sufficient to have satisfied her. Her reply, however, must have convinced all parties that she wanted no satisfaction but that of the scaffold. "Is that your meaning?" she screamed out. "Then should I put myself in worse case than before. By God's passion, this were to cut mine own throat. He shall never come into that 'place or be party with me!'" Melville subsequently besought her in the most earnest manner to delay the execution: "No, not for an hour,"—and Elizabeth left them. James withdrew his ambassadors, and for a moment there was probably some alarm as to his intention; but when it was found that all his exertions to save a doomed mother were expended in an order to the clergy of Scotland to pray for her, it was justly concluded that, happen what might to Mary, there was no danger to be apprehended to England from over the border.

Before we turn to the last scene of all at Fotheringhay, we must say a few words upon one of the darkest incidents of the reign, the project for Mary's private assassination. It is but too clear, that Elizabeth wished to have the unhappy prisoner made away with secretly, in order, no doubt, that she might deny all participation in her death afterwards. When Davison, Elizabeth's secretary, had laid the warrant for execution before her, and it had been signed, and he was about to leave the apartment, she complained of Sir Amyas Paulet and others, who, she said significantly, might have rendered the signing the warrant unnecessary. Growing bolder, she then expressed a wish that he (Davison) or Walsingham should write to Sir Amyas and Sir Drew Drury, in order to sound them. Davison answered her it would be lost labour, but promised that such a letter should be written. In the course of the day Walsingham wrote the letter; in which the two secretaries told the two jailers that they found her majesty noted in them a lack of care and zeal, in that they had not in so long a time found some way to shorten the queen's life; and also a lack of care for their own particular safeties, or rather for the preservation of religion and of the public good. With other allusions calculated to stir up their religious bigotries, and to convince them of the justice of putting to death one guilty of matters "so clearly and manifestly proved," the writers of this atrocious document proceed to remark that their queen "taketh it most unkindly towards her, that men professing that love towards her that you do, should, in any kind of sort, for lack of the discharge of your duties, cast the burden upon her; knowing as you do, her indisposition to shed blood, especially of one of that sex and quality, and so near to her in blood as the said queen is." Paulet's answer was soon received. Although a bigot, he was too honest probably to do what was required of him—too sagacious not to perceive that if he did it, his gracious mistress might the very next hour give him up to justice as Mary's murderer,

and so have the benefit of the murder without its odium, at his expense. Therefore, deploring deeply that he had lived to see such an unhappy day, when he was required to do an act that God and the law forbade, he said his goods and his life were at her Majesty's disposal, but God forbid that he should make so foul a shipwreck of his conscience, or leave so great a blot on his posterity, as to shed blood without law and warrant. When Elizabeth heard this, she had the audacity still to urge Davison to proceed with the "bloody business," telling him she knew one Wingfield, who, with others, would have done it. Had Elizabeth tried him already in similar affairs? But Davison, who had been disinclined from the first to have anything to do with such a foul murder, now urged strongly its injustice and dishonour. Elizabeth was, thus perforce obliged to take the responsibility upon herself of Mary's death.

On the 7th of February, 1587, Mary received the announcement that Shrewsbury, the Earl Marshal, had arrived, attended by three other earls, Kent, Cumberland, and Derby, and by Beale, the clerk of the Council, and by certain ministers of the Gospel. She rose from her bed, dressed, and sat down by a small table; her servants, male and female, being ranged on each side of her. Then the earls entered, and Beale read the death-warrant. A long, melancholy, and agitating conversation ensued, commenced by Mary, who, crossing herself devoutly, said, "that she was ready for death—that it was most welcome to her: though she had hardly thought that, after keeping her twenty years in a prison, her sister Elizabeth would so dispose of her." A book lay beside her, on which she laid her hand, solemnly protesting that, as for the attempted assassination of Elizabeth, she had never imagined it, never sought it, never consented to it. "That is a popish Bible, and therefore your oath is of no value," brutally exclaimed the Earl of Kent. "It is a Catholic Testament," replied the queen, "and therefore, my lord, as I believe that to be the true version, my oath is the more to be relied on." This just reply led to a long discourse from the Earl of Kent, in the coarsest taste, in which he advised her to lay aside her "superstitious follies and idle trumperies of popery," and accept the services of the Protestant Dean of Peterborough. Mary declined, and asked for her own chaplain and confessor; but the consolation of his attendance was denied her. After further talk, Mary, alluding to James of Scotland, asked whether it were possible that her only son could have forgotten his mother. Then came the thrilling inquiry—when she was to suffer. "To-morrow morning at eight," replied the Earl of Shrewsbury, and he was greatly agitated. As the earls rose to depart, Mary inquired if Naue, her late secretary, were dead or alive. She was told alive, in prison. "I protest, before God," exclaimed Mary, putting her hand again on the Catholic Testament, "that Naue has brought me to the scaffold to save his own life. But the truth will be known hereafter." Mournful must have been the scene when Mary was again left alone with her faithful attendants; but presently she bade them dry their tears, and hasten supper, "for that she had a deal of business on her hands." She asked one who waited on her during the meal, whether the force of truth was not great, since, notwithstanding the pretence of her conspiring against the queen's life, the Earl of Kent had just told her that she must die for the security of *their religion*! Then alluding to his clumsy attempt to move her faith, she smiled, and said he was an unfit doctor to undertake conversion. After supper her servants were called to the table, and *she drank to them all*; they pledging her in return upon their knees, weeping, and imploring forgiveness for any past offences. Mary forgave them, and then, *asking forgiveness of them*, gave them Christian advice as to their future conduct in life. Having distributed among them the few things she had, she retired to her chamber, and wrote her last will on two sheets of paper, and then three letters, one to the King of France, one to her cousin the Duke of Guise, and a third to her confessor. Praying and reading alternately filled up the hours till four o'clock, when she slept till break of day. Then rising, she re-assembled her attendants, read her will to them, distributed all her clothes, except what she had on, bade them farewell, and retired to kneel before an altar in her oratory until the last summons came. About eight, the sheriff of the county entering the oratory, she arose, took down the crucifix, and came forth with an air of pleasantness and majesty, attired in a black satin gown, with a veil of lawn descending to her feet. A chaplet hung at her girdle; the ivory crucifix was in her right hand. The lords and her keepers waited in an ante-chamber, and the procession was formed to the Castle-hall. Among those assembled was Sir Robert Melville, who had been denied access to her for the last three weeks, and who now fell upon his knees, lamenting with a passion of tears his hard fate, to have to bear such sorrowful news into Scotland. Mary, who in her proudest and brightest days had ever been ready to





TOMB OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY

listen to his counsel, and to rely on his fidelity, must have been deeply affected, but preserving her fortitude, said to him, "Good Melville, cease to lament, but rather rejoice, for thou shalt now see a final period to Mary Stuart's troubles. The world, my servant, is all but vanity, and subject to more sorrow than an ocean of tears can wash away." Giving a farewell message to her son, King James, she burst into tears, and continued, "I die true to my religion, to Scotland and to France. God forgive them that have thirsted for my blood 'as the hart longeth for the water-brooks!'" Melville still weeping, Mary, kissing him, said, "Once more farewell, good Melville, pray for thy mistress and queen." She then besought the lords to treat her servants with kindness, and permit them to stand by her at her death. The coarse and inhuman Earl of Kent objected; they would be troublesome to her majesty, and unplesant to the company—they would put some superstitious trumpery in practice—and perhaps there would be a dipping their handkerchiefs in her Grace's blood. "My lords," said Mary, "I will give you my word they shall deserve no blame, nor do such things as you mention; but, poor souls, it would do them good to see the last of their mistress; and I hope your mistress, as a maiden queen, would not deny me, in regard of womanhood, to have some of my women about me at my death. Surely you might grant a greater favour than this, though I were a woman of less rank than the Queen of Scots." The lords remaining silent, "Am I not cousin to your queen?" she exclaimed, with some vehemence, "descended from the royal blood of Henry VII., a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland?" After much consultation, she was permitted to have with her two of her maids, named Kennedy and Curle, her apothecary and surgeon, and her house-steward, Melville. The scaffold, in the great hall, was raised about three feet from the ground, surrounded with rails, and covered all over with black cloth, as were also a stool for the queen to rest upon, a cushion for her when she knelt, and the block. Without change of countenance Mary ascended the scaffold, and seated herself. The Earl of Kent stood on her right hand, the Earl of Shrewsbury on her left. The headsman from the Tower, in a suit of black velvet, stood, with his assistant, immediately in front of her. She looked cheerful and easy during the reading of the warrant, and, after the loud "God save Queen Elizabeth!" which broke from certain of those who were admitted to see her die, she reminded them that she was a sovereign princess, not subject to the laws and punishments of England, but brought to suffer by injustice and violence. She declared again, she had not sought Elizabeth's death, and added, that, from her heart, she forgave all her enemies. One would think there had been an end of petty torments by this time—but no—the dean sent by Elizabeth began to harass her by a discourse on her life, opinions, and prospects. "Mr. Dean," said Mary, "trouble not yourself, I am fixed in the ancient religion, and by God's grace, I will shed my blood for it;" but he would go on, and even told her, if she did not discard her cherished faith, she must inevitably be damned to all eternity. "Good Mr. Dean," said Mary, "trouble not yourself about this matter. I was born in this religion, I have lived in this religion, and I will die in this religion;" and to mark her displeasure turned aside from him; but the dean, turning round the scaffold, again faced her, and thundered out his sermon. The Earl of Shrewsbury then ordered him to cease preaching, and begin prayer. Whilst he did so in English, Mary prayed alone in Latin, repeating fervently the penitential Psalms; but when he had done she also prayed in English for the Church, her son, and Queen Elizabeth. Then, kissing her crucifix, she cried, "As thy arms, O Jesu, were stretched upon the cross, so receive me, O God, into the arms of mercy." "Madam," said the Earl of Kent, "you had better put such popish trumpery out of your hand, and carry Christ in your heart." Mary answered, "I can hardly bear this emblem in my hand, without at the same time bearing him in my heart." Even that was not the last insult. Her women were not quite quick enough in disrobing her, and the executioners rudely pulled off a part of her attire. Mary observed to the earls, she was not used to be undressed by such attendants, or before so much company. Her servants now gave a loose to their emotions, but she put her finger to her lips, kissed them again, and bade them pray for her. Then the maid Kennedy took a handkerchief edged with gold, in which the Eucharist had formerly been enclosed, and fastened it over her eyes. The executioners led her to the block, and the queen, kneeling on the cushion before it, said, with a clear, unquailing voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" Unfortunate to the last, it took three strokes to cut the neck asunder. Thus perished the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, in her forty-fifth year.

We may end this sad and humiliating narrative, by observing,

that in spite of the continual failure of her endeavours before the execution, to ensure a scapegoat who should bear the odium of Mary's death, Elizabeth was not the less determined to have a victim afterwards, who might at least seem to have been the most guilty party. Of course the very man who had kept her from the perpetration of the murder she had really wished, was the very man to suffer now for the execution that she had to profess she had not wished—not intended to have taken place. So poor Davison, instead of being let off like Burghley and the others, with a show of royal displeasure, was utterly ruined by a fine of 10,000*l.*, and his committal to the Tower for the whole of the remainder of the reign.

Among the events that make memorable the reign of Elizabeth, none were regarded with a more lively gratification by sovereign and by people than the voyages of discovery and conquest made by the bold English sea-captains, some of whom sprang from the humblest classes. The source of that gratification was partly national, because the Spaniards arrogated to themselves not only the dominion of the whole New World, called then the Indies, but the sole right to navigate the vast Indian sea; and the prospects of crushing that arrogant assumption, of leaving Englishmen free to range the world of waters, and to open ports of trade, and colonies that might enlarge the boundaries of English dominion, as yet but narrow, were too tempting to allow of much nicety as to the strict honour and honesty of the means. But there was another source of interest in those voyages—the adventurers went out poor to return rich; they seemed to find in those far regions gold and treasure without limit. Not that they enriched themselves in the mode they had first anticipated. When Frobisher (Fig. 1529) returned from that famous expedition, of which the appellation "Frobisher's Strait," leading to Hudson's Bay, still so constantly reminds us, in the accounts of modern attempts to discover a north-west passage, he brought with him a piece of black stone, very heavy. A portion of the stone, being thrown upon the fire some time afterwards, by the wife of one of the mariners who had been with Frobisher, and then taken out again and quenched in vinegar, glittered like gold, and upon being subsequently fused, was found to contain some of the precious ore. It was not long after that discovery before a second expedition was fitted out, expressly for the collection of the black stone. Plenty of it was obtained; and shortly a third expedition departed from our shores, which had the two-fold object in view of discovering a north-west passage and bringing home some of the black stone. But the passage was not discovered; nor do we find that either the government or the adventurers grew rich with the gold.

But the gold was still to be obtained; and Drake (Figs. 1529, 1537) showed the way. Born of poor parents in Devonshire, he had been placed as apprentice with the master of a little coasting bark, and in that condition, "pain, with patience, in his youth, knitt the joints of his soul, and made them more solid and compact" [Fuller].

One Sunday, in August 1573, when the townsfolk of Plymouth were at church, news was brought that Francis Drake, already known as the Devonshire hero, was returned from voyaging on the Spanish Main. Forgetting all the proprieties of the day, the place, and the occasion, forth rushed the worshippers out of the church, until "there remained few or no people with the preacher." Running to the harbour, where the rovers were anchored, great was the welcoming and the joy. No end to the eager inquiries concerning the marvels that Drake and his men had seen and performed! Surely there must have been a charmed life in those three frail barks in which the adventurers had encountered such great dangers, and by means of which they had been enabled to cross the Isthmus of Darien, where Drake directed his longing gaze towards the waters of the great Pacific (an ocean as yet closed to English enterprise), and uttered that passionate prayer to God, that he might have "life and leave once to sail an English ship in those seas." And that prayer was realized, in Drake's next memorable voyage, when (if we except John Oxenham, who had served as a sailor and cook under Drake, and who merely floated a pinnace on the South Sea, and was taken and executed as a pirate by the Spaniards) he was the very first English captain to whom appertained that honour.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.—COLERIDGE.

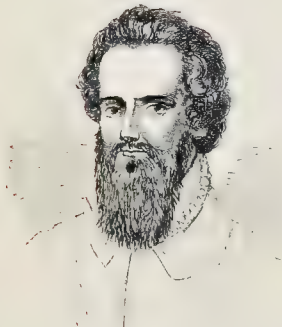
It was in these voyages that the men of the sixteenth century discovered how gold was to be obtained from the Spanish territories and seas of the New World. The first voyage had been signalized



1564.—Essex House.



1569.—House of M. Beaumont, the French Ambassador.



1571.—Essex.



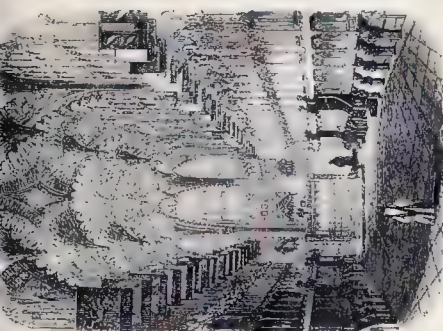
1572.—Exterior of Beauchamp Tower, from the Parade.



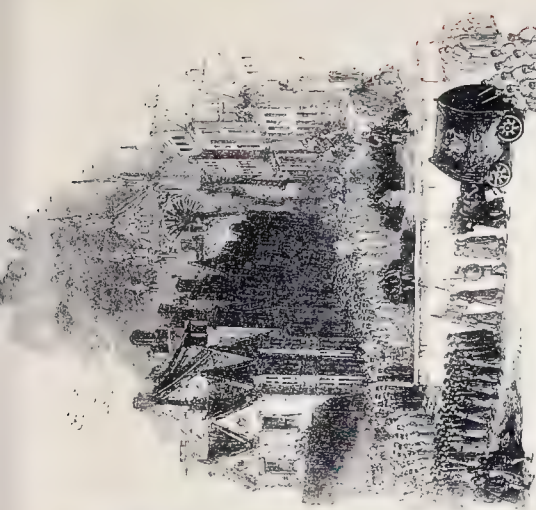
1573.—Arundel House.



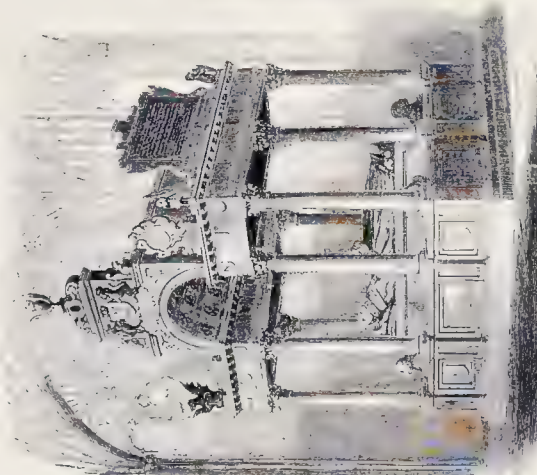
1574.—Essex House. (From Hollar's 'View of London, 1647'.)



1476. Henry VII's Chapel.



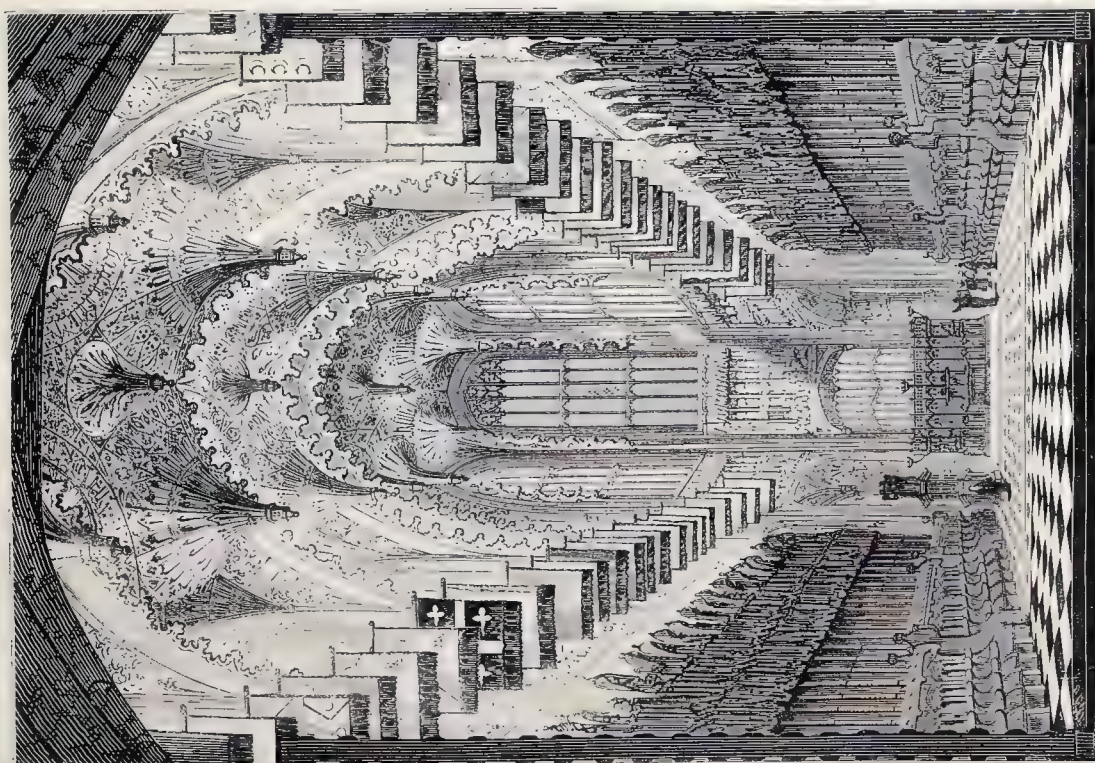
1558.—Funeral of Queen Elizabeth.



1558.—Tomb of Queen Elizabeth, in the north side of Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.



1547. West end of Henry VIII's Chapel.



1547.—Interior of Henry VIII's Chapel.

by many a desperate encounter, by the boarding of many a goodly Spanish ship, and even by the storming of a Spanish town—Nombredios. And the fruits were visible to the eyes of Drake's wondering and admiring countrymen, in the solid silver and gold, and in the variety of other rich things with which every inch of spare room in their barks was crammed: demonstrations of success that admitted no question. No wonder that Drake next time was able to go out with five instead of three small vessels, and a company of one hundred and sixty-four "gentlemen" adventurers, and choice seamen, the former including some young men of noble blood, who accompanied the expedition to "learn the art of navigation," after Drake's own peculiar fashion. Having obtained the secret sanction of Elizabeth, who was then at peace with Spain, these resolute pupils of the "hero," and their companions, proceeded to attack and plunder the Spanish possessions and the Spanish ships. Their first lessons were afforded on the coasts of South America, often with complete success. Especially memorable, in this memorable voyage, was Drake's landing at Port Julian, on the coast of Patagonia, near the Strait named after the first circumnavigator of the globe half a century before Drake (who was the second), the Portuguese Fernando de Magalhães. It was here that striking incident occurred—the discovery of a gibbet—which greatly comforted Drake and his men, as a proof that Christian people had been there before them—the severest, though most unintentional, satire ever uttered. Drake at the same place proceeded to show that he could improve on this Christian example, by putting to death, under circumstances that give the act the aspect of a foul murder, a gentleman of high birth and education, "Master Doughtie." After many extraordinary adventures and discoveries, the rovers obtained an immense booty by plundering the Spanish towns on the coast of Chili and Peru. Among many other vessels they took, was a royal galloon called the "Cacafuego," richly laden with plate. The whole voyage round the globe occupied two years and nearly ten months. At last, after spending many months on the almost unknown southwestern coast of America—after sailing right across the Indian Ocean from Java, and doubling the Cape of Good Hope—Drake once more reappeared in Plymouth harbour, on the 26th of September, 1579. The queen, Camden informs us, "received him graciously, and laid up the treasure he brought by way of sequestration, that it might be forthcoming if the Spaniards should demand it. His ship she caused to be drawn up in a little creek near Deptford, upon the Thames, as a monument of his so lucky sailing round the world, where the carcase thereof is yet to be seen. And having, as it were, consecrated it as a memorial with great ceremony, she was banqueted in it, and conferred on Drake the honour of knighthood. At this time, a bridge of planks by which they came aboard the ship, sank under the crowd of people, and fell down with an hundred men upon it, who, notwithstanding, had none of them any harm. So that that ship may seem to have been built under a lucky planet." It was called the "Pelican;" and after having been long honourably preserved at Deptford, has gone to decay since Camden's time, and been broken up, but one of the planks is still in existence, converted into a chair, now in the possession of the University of Oxford.

Queen Elizabeth paid a considerable sum out of the treasure brought home by the great navigator to certain merchants who sent to her court to demand satisfaction for having been "unjustly robbed." The rest of the booty rewarded the privateers. If most of the English, with their queen, gloried in the advantages that unquestionably resulted from these naval exploits, there were some few at least who had regard to the rights that had been violated; for, according to Camden, nothing troubled Drake more than the refusal of some of the chief men at court to accept the gold which he offered them, because it was "gotten by piracy." The names of those chief men would have been worth preserving. On the other hand, it does not seem to have been piracy that the Spaniards complained of most. They of course saw, and with most excited passions, that their exclusive naval dominion was about to be wrested from them. Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, complained with arrogant violence of Drake's having so much as dared to sail in the Indian Sea. Elizabeth's spirited reply is the first instance of the absolute assertion of England's right of navigating the ocean in all its parts, a right none has since that time been able to take from us. She told Mendoza plainly that a title to the ocean could not belong to any people, or private persons, "forasmuch as neither nature, nor public use and custom, permiteth any possession thereof." This was indeed one of the occasions when Elizabeth's clearness of intellect and determined will achieved advantages of priceless value to the empire.

Another of these adventurers "by flood," and whose career may

be said to have run in parallel lines to the career of Drake and of Frobisher, was Thomas Cavendish (Fig. 1529), whose primary motive for his expedition was the common one of Elizabeth's days, that of repairing in the Spanish main the fortunes wasted in the English court. He, too, circumnavigated the globe, and in a shorter space of time than had ever before been known: namely, in two years, one month, and a few days. He was but twenty-two when, fired by the hope of emulating Drake, he undertook the command and chief pecuniary risk of the undertaking, selling or mortgaging for the purpose all that remained of the estates he had inherited from his father on coming of age the year before, and which he had already seriously diminished to accompany Sir Richard Grenville to Virginia and the West Indies. Geographical discoveries of considerable value marked this, as well as most other of these half-patriotic, half-buccaneering voyages. Cavendish was the first to point out to the English the local advantages of the island which was subsequently to be immortalized as the prison and the deathplace of Napoleon. In a letter written by Cavendish on his return, to Lord Hun-don, Elizabeth's chamberlain and favourite, he thus enumerates his exploits—"I burnt and sunk nineteen sail of ships, small and great; and all the villages and towns that ever I landed at I burnt and spoiled." Cavendish had now made himself rich, and Elizabeth made him a knight. And so he returned to his former way of life, until fresh expeditions became necessary. A second was formed, but not by Cavendish alone, or even under his exclusive command, to which circumstances we may attribute its failure and his death at twenty-nine years old, worn out by vexation, as he was on his way back to England. It seemed as though the youthful veteran were unable to endure the meeting with his countrymen, under circumstances so different from what they anticipated.

And what did the King of Spain think, say, or do, when he thus saw his power made contemptible throughout the world; his fair towns burnt and pillaged, his ships of treasure continually intercepted? Religious considerations must have sufficiently embittered his mind against England, had there been nothing more. But when he found England assisting his revolting subjects in the Netherlands to throw off at once his rule and their old faith, and when he further beheld the same country harassing beyond endurance his faithful, peaceable American subjects, it is easy to perceive, that his mind must have been excited to the highest pitch of indignation and excitement. Nay, it is but just to acknowledge, that the way in which he prepared to meet these evils at their very source, by attacking and conquering England, exhibited a courage of purpose and comprehensiveness of view highly calculated to excite the admiration of the people against whom they were to be directed.

It was in or about 1586 that the first rumour appears to have reached England of the intention of Philip of Spain to invade England with a vast force. But it was not till after the execution of the Queen of Scotland in 1587, that anything decisive appears to have been known. Philip, feeling no doubt a great deal of just horror at her death, and possibly professing even more than he did feel, immediately denounced Elizabeth as a murderer, and hurried on his preparations for the invasion without any attempts at concealment. Elizabeth strove to pacify him, but in vain; so Drake was sent to destroy all the Spanish ships he could find in the Spanish harbours, and to prevent, or at least to delay, the preparations of the invading fleet. With thirty sail he swept into the Cadiz roads, burned, took, or sank, thirty ships (some of the largest size), and secured a considerable quantity of spoil for the benefit of the merchant-adventurers with him; then turning back along the coast, between Cadiz Bay and Cape St. Vincent, disposed in a similar manner of nearly one hundred vessels, and demolished four castles. Drake called this "singeing the King of Spain's beard." Sailing to the Tagus, he then challenged the Marquis Santa Cruz, who was the appointed general of the Spanish Armada, and captured before his eyes, the "St. Philip," a great ship loaded with the richest merchandise. De Cruz, the best sailor of Spain, forbidden by the orders he had received from the court of Madrid to accept Drake's challenge, though his was the superior force, took it so much to heart, that it is said he fell sick in consequence, and soon after died. These brilliant performances of Drake proved of sufficient consequence to delay the sailing of the Armada more than a year.

Incessant and portentous were the rumours still flying to and fro as to the vast character of the Armada; the preparations for which only went on the more vigorously in consequence of the check received from Drake. The Pope renewed a bull of excommunication that had previously been fulminated against Elizabeth, and endeavoured to aid by temporal supplies the efforts of his spiritual artillery. Philip on his part levied troops wherever it was possible

to levy them, hired ships from the Genoese and Venetian republics, took possession of all that belonged to his Neapolitan and Sicilian subjects, hurried on the building of new ones in Spain and Portugal, formed a vast fleet of flat-bottomed boats in Flanders, and constituted an army of 34,000 men under the command of the Duke of Parma, who were to embark in them and be carried over to the doomed English coast. And some, no doubt, in England were alarmed at the magnitude of the danger that threatened; some no doubt looked to see the fulfilment of that prophecy of which Stow speaks, namely, that the year 1588 "should be most fatal and ominous unto all estates," adding, that it was plainly discovered "that England was the main subject of that time's operation." But such timid and apprehensive spirits were few, and utterly unimportant. The native courage never shone out more brilliantly than at the period in question. From high to low, from the palace, the parliament-house, the church, the theatre—everywhere—was heard the cheering enthusiastic voice of scornful defiance. Never were the brief but significant words, *Let them come!* heard from a greater variety of speakers of all ages and temperaments. And if, as is supposed in 'William Shakspeare, a Biography,' it was during this eventful period of expectation that 'King John' was produced, how the theatre must have rung again and again to hear such passages as the following recited: how from mouth to mouth, through the wide theatre of England, every man, whilst he prepared to become, if need be, an actor in the mighty tragedy that was to be played before the world, must have exulted as he repeated the poet's sentiments—

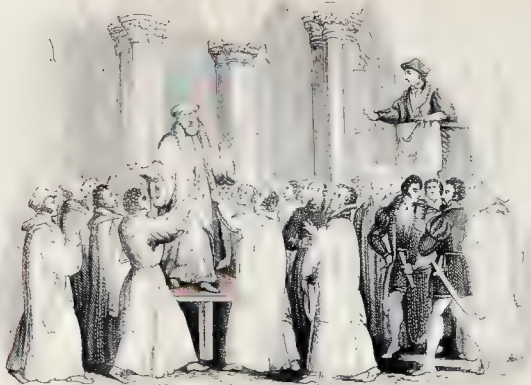
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

In November Elizabeth summoned a great council, in which she included the bravest and ablest of her military and naval officers. Among these Raleigh (Fig. 1531) occupied a conspicuous position—a man whose genius, and turbulence, and misfortunes, have made him one of the most interesting characters of our history. He, like Drake, was born in Devonshire (Fig. 1537). Whilst yet very young, he had, as a soldier, given promise of the courage and ability he afterwards exhibited. His fitness to shine as a courtier was clearly proved in the incident which Sir Walter Scott has helped to familiarize to us, though with a slight inaccuracy of fact, Raleigh at the time having been in actual attendance on the queen, instead of owing to the occurrence his first introduction to her notice. The essential truth, however, is the same in the fact and in the fiction—for Raleigh certainly owed to it much of his influence with the great queen. Elizabeth, while taking a walk, came to a miry part of the road, and hesitated to proceed, which the young courtier perceiving, he plucked off his rich plush cloak, and spread it before her feet. Elizabeth was of course delighted with so delicate an act of flattery, and the more so when she perceived it came from a particularly handsome young man; so Raleigh's cloak, as it has been observed, procured for him many a good suit. Elizabeth, after knighting Raleigh in 1584, bestowed her royal favours on him with a lavish hand; until perceiving that his demands kept more than even pace with her liberality, she attempted to check his forwardness with the sharp question, "When, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?" But Sir Walter—his mistress's equal in readiness of wit and worldly tact—replied, "When your gracious majesty ceases to be a benefactor." Raleigh, as we have said, was one of the great council of war called to deliberate on the posture and management of affairs, and the queen was soon to find that her favourite was prepared to justify her favours by better claims than mere courtship. He took a leading part in the deliberations, and to him more than to any other we appear to owe the gallant and momentous determination to meet the invaders at sea, and not wait for their landings. And now in earnest England began its preparations. The very best men were selected to fight the national battles. Lord Howard of Effingham (Fig. 1530)—a *Catholic*—as popular as he was brave and wise, was made High-Admiral, Drake was made Vice-Admiral, Frobisher and Hawkins (Fig. 1529) were commissioned as chief officers. Raleigh, as a soldier, had command of the land-forces appointed for the defence of the part of the coast where the danger appeared the most imminent—Cornwall. But we may here observe in anticipation, that Raleigh was not one to stand idle on land when he found the Spaniards, according to his own advice, were to be struggled with on the water; and so, when the Armada had passed up the Channel, he hastened, with all the

ardour of his chivalrous spirit, to join the British fleet, and to distinguish himself among the most eminent of the men who commanded it.

A gratifying evidence of the universal patriotism of England was afforded by the conduct of the Catholic party, who, forgetting, or not choosing to remember, that the avowed object of the Armada was the promotion of its own peculiar religious views, and who, generously forgiving the government the harsh treatment it had received and still continued to receive, pressed forward with the greatest enthusiasm to fill the ranks of the defenders of the country. But they were Catholics, they were told, and, notwithstanding the rank, and wealth, and devotion of many of their number, could not be admitted to places of honour and trust: well, then, they would serve as common soldiers or common sailors, they replied—and, to their eternal honour be it said, they did so. There was one act of Elizabeth's, however, in the highest degree calculated to encourage such generous feeling; she placed, as we have said, a Catholic at the very head of the British fleet: not, of course, because he was a Catholic, but in consequence of his great qualifications, which Elizabeth could not afford to lose the benefit of at such a time. But this sagacity in the choice of her chief officers of state was one of Elizabeth's most striking and important characteristics, and one that never deserted her. It is true that she was unjust to herself and to her country, in the desire to oblige or promote such a favourite as Leicester; but his case forms the solitary exception, and it may be doubted whether in any real emergency she would have suffered even him to have misled her. Thus, if we look at the arrangements we have described, we perceive that when the Armada is expected, it is Raleigh who is sent to the foremost post of danger on the land, and Lord Howard and Drake with their companions who are commissioned to bear the brunt of battle at sea; but Leicester, notwithstanding the apparent dignity of his position as Lieutenant-General to the Queen, and commander of the chief army prepared to oppose the Spaniards, is really kept almost by her side as she moves about between London and Tilbury, surrounded by a knot of other and better men to guide the councils of war, under the influence of her own powerful and masculine mind.

Few localities of England, memorable for their associations with great national events, are so calculated to excite our national pride or our feelings of loyalty, as that which, opposite Gravesend, on the northern bank of the Thames, meets our view, as we sail to or from London on the river, whose navigation Tilbury Fort commands. This fort (Figs. 1521, 1522), originally built as a mere block-house by Henry VIII., was first fortified by Elizabeth, who formed there the famous camp (Fig. 1526), traces of which remain in the neighbourhood. Here were the head-quarters of all the armies collected from all parts of the land and all orders of the people. "It was a pleasant sight," says Stow, "to behold the soldiers as they marched towards Tilbury, their cheerful countenances, courageous words and gestures, dancing and leaping wheresoever they came; and in the camp their most felicity was hope of fight with the enemy: where oftentimes divers rumours rose of their foe's approach, and that present battles would be given them; then they were joyful at such news, as if lusty giants were to run a race." And the commander, woman though she were, was worthy of such soldiers. Tilbury and Elizabeth are names associated everlastingly with one of the grandest of national recollections. In connexion with Tilbury, Elizabeth is remembered—not as the merciless oppressor of Mary Queen of Scots—nor as the vain coquette with whom no flattery could be too gross—but as a sovereign who, in the extremest hour of her country's peril, stepped forward, prepared to share with the humblest of her subjects the immediate as well as the remote perils, toils, and anxieties that actual war brings upon the actors in it. Putting on her armour, and mounting her war-horse, with the truncheon of command in her hand, she thus addressed her "loving people" at Tilbury:—"We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come amongst you at this time, not as for my recreations and sport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all—to lay down for my God, for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood even in the dust. I know that I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn that Parma or



1539.—Cranmer, on the morning of his Execution, making the Confession of his Protestantism, after Dr. Cole's Sermon in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, at the moment when the Priests and other Papists present were about to pluck him down from the "Stage set over against the Pulpit, of a mean height from the ground," on which the Archbishop was placed, "in a bare and ragged gown, and ill-favourably clothed, with an old square cap, exposed to the contempt of all men." (From Fox's 'Acts and Monuments'.)



1542.—Chancel Bible.



1581.—Cathbert Simpson on the Rack. (Being a portion of the Cut representing his sufferings in Fox's 'Acts and Monuments'.)



1583.—Stone at Hadleigh to commemorate the Martyrdom of Dr. Taylor.



1584.—James Bayham doing Penance.



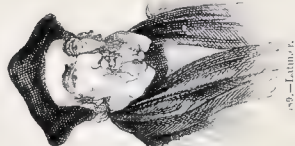
1585.—Martyrdom of Anne Askew and others



1586.—Burning of Person, Testwood, and Elmer, before Windsor Castle. (From Fox's 'Acts and Monuments'.)



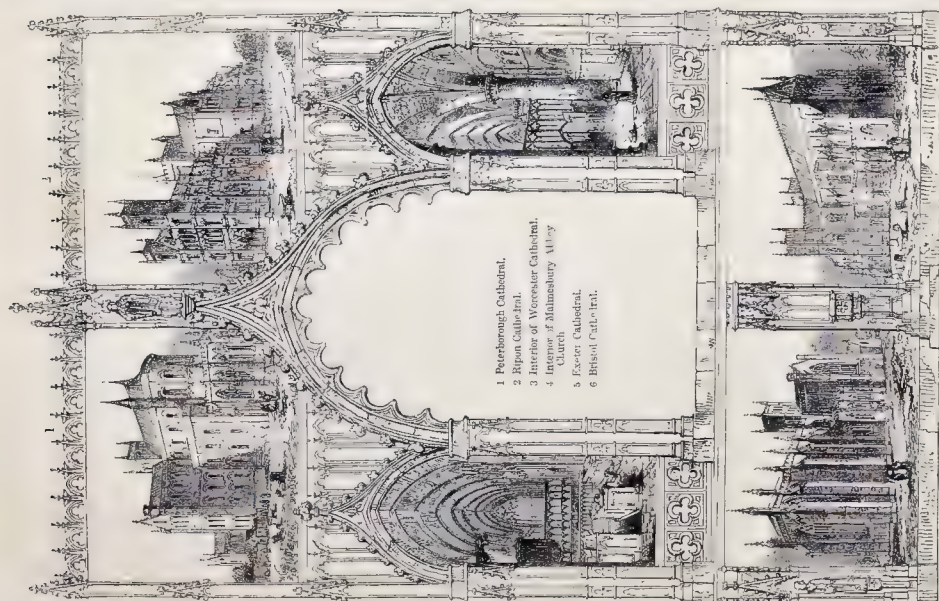
1559.—Old St. Paul's School. Founded 1559.
As it appeared before the great fire.



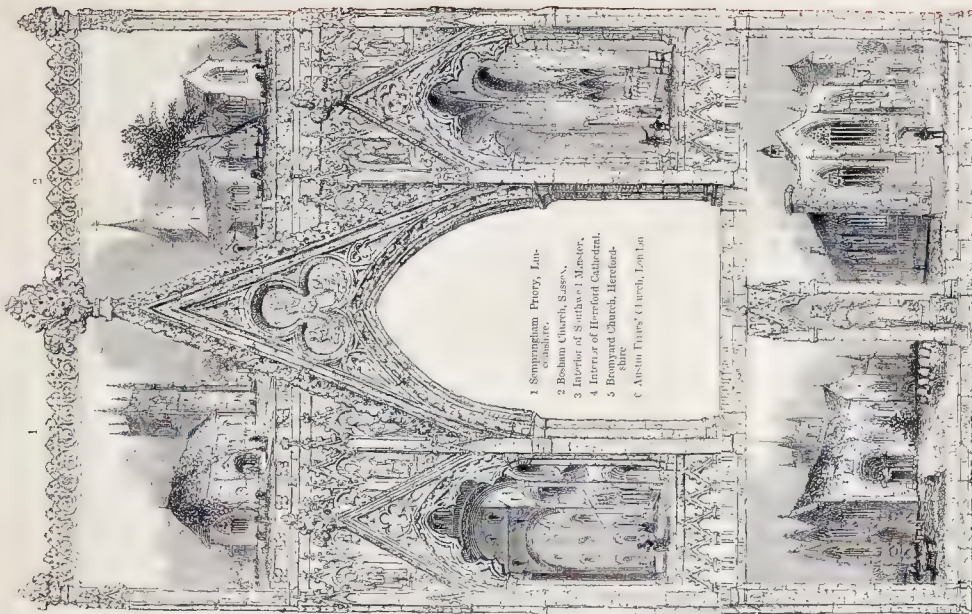
1559.—Lamer.



1312.—King's School, Canterbury. Founded 1312.
(From old print.)



- 1 Peterborough Cathedral.
- 2 Ripon Cathedral.
- 3 Interior of Worcester Cathedral.
- 4 Interior of Malmesbury Abbey.
- 5 Ely Cathedral.
- 6 Bristol Cathedral.



- 1 Sempington Friary, Lincolnshire.
- 2 Bodham Church, Sussex.
- 3 Interior of St. Albans.
- 4 Interior of Hereford Cathedral.
- 5 Bromyard Church, Herefordshire.
- 6 Abbot's House, Church, London.

Spain or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms! To which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general—the judge and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already by your forwardness, that you have deserved rewards and crowns, and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you.” We may readily understand how such speeches, at such a time, from such a commander, must have excited the enthusiasm of the armed listeners; how every man must have felt himself a citizen of a country that would surely prove to be what its opponents denominated their *Armada*—invincible. Altogether, the men of England under arms at the time amounted to 130,000, exclusive of the levies of the city of London, which sent forth a body of picked men, 10,000 strong, an army in themselves, of the first order for courage, skill, and equipments; and who were honoured as they deserved, by the care of the queen’s own person. The English naval force amounted to 181 ships, with 17,472 sailors. The ships varied greatly in size, from the “*Triumph*” of 1100 tons, down to those—by far the largest number—whose tonnage severally was below 200. The entire tonnage was 31,985.

It is well known that the victors of Waterloo received their first summons to the battle in a ball-room. We have a parallel to this fact (we will not call it surprise, since high authorities differ upon that point), in a similar one which occurred to the Vice-Admiral Drake and his officers, who were playing bowls on the Plymouth Hoe, when one Fleming, a Scottish privateer, brought the intelligence that he had seen the Spanish fleet off the Lizard. The cool self-possession of Drake at that exciting moment was never surpassed. Amidst the sudden bustle and calls for the ships’ boats, he insisted the game should be played out; there was plenty of time both to win the game and beat the Spaniards!

The wind was blowing hard against them when the two Admirals sailed out of Plymouth harbour to meet the *Armada*. They were in uncertainty as to its destination, which therefore it was their first business to discover, by watching its motions. This opportunity was afforded them on the following Saturday, the 20th of July, when the spectacle—at once grand and terrible—displayed itself of the invincible *Armada* approaching majestically the devoted British shores. It appeared a close crescent—seven miles broad (Fig. 1524)—and was in great part composed of what seemed more like floating castles than ordinary vessels. One would fancy that the boldest among the bold, in the comparatively insignificant-looking knot of ships that have come out to meet this mighty host, must have quailed at such an extraordinary and portentous sight. But the very magnitude of the Spanish vessels was a good augury to the experienced English mariners—and at once the plan seems to have been formed that made them victorious throughout all the conflicts that followed, spite of every disadvantage. This plan was—avoiding close fighting and boarding wherever it was possible, and trusting very much to the capability of their ships for rapid motion in the hands of the skillful men who guided them. It was soon found, too, that the Spanish guns being mounted so high often fired over them, whilst the English were able to make every shot do its work. The *Armada*, under the guidance of the duke de Medina, made no attempt to land, as had been anticipated, at Plymouth, and where Raleigh was waiting most ardently its coming; but continued its course through the Channel, in pursuance of the order that had been given to make for the coast of Flanders, and there form a junction with the Duke of Parma, whose troops were to be carried away for the invasion of England. The contest commenced with a slight brush, to use the favourite technical term, between some of the English ships and those in the rear of the Spanish train, in which, unfortunately for the reputation of the *Armada*, one great invincible was completely crippled, and so rendered useless to its owners; and another not only subjected to the same fate, but involving the further mortification of becoming very useful to the destroyers, for the English took it, and found in the prize 55,000 ducats, all which Drake distributed, with a truly princely generosity, among the sailors.

Howard and Sir Walter Raleigh, with as large a fleet as they had been able to collect, on the 23rd of July encountered the whole *Armada* (Fig. 1522) off Portland. Sir Henry Wotton compared the battle that ensued, and which lasted nearly the whole of that day, to a morris-dance upon the waters!—by which he meant to describe the active and airy movements of the English ships, dancing, as it were, about the castle-like galleasses of the Spanish, tacking hither and thither, pouring in their fire on all sides, and sheering off out of range before the Spaniards had time to reload, then returning to give another broadside, and as rapidly darting off again. But some of the British ships had very nearly been caught

during and in consequence of these manoeuvres. The seamen in their ardour forgot that wind was as indispensable as enthusiasm; but when the sudden cessation of the former taught them their error, they redeemed themselves from their danger by the higher manifestation of the latter. Among the separate encounters that took place during and immediately after the general “morris-dance,” the most remarkable was that of five English merchantmen led by Frobisher’s great ship, the “*Triumph*,” which being cut off from the rest of their fleet, were in close action *two hours*, and most heroically sustained themselves in that terrible position until, by means of sweepers and tow-boats, a squadron was brought into position to their rescue, in obedience to a signal from the Ark Royal of the Lord Admiral. The same squadron had just achieved a most decisive victory of its own—having cut off a division of the Spanish fleet, and crippled every ship in it.

It is painful to think, that all the admirable arrangements made for the defence of the kingdom should have been accompanied and their success endangered by a mistaken desire to save the national funds. It is a startling fact that, after all, the Spaniards might have succeeded in landing through the mere operation of Elizabeth’s parsimony; for just before they came, she received intelligence that a storm had so injured the *Armada* that it could not sail for a year, and in consequence ordered some of the largest ships to be laid up, and the crews discharged; a measure not only perilous in itself as regards the amount subtracted from the defensive power, but calculated to throw over the whole business the doubt and hesitation which are so fatal in great national emergencies. Howard of Effingham flatly refused to obey the order, replying that rather than diminish the number of the ships he would keep them afloat at his own charge. Such were the men who then served the country! But the queen, far from being warned by this incident against the danger she incurred by the miserable desire to save her purse, left the fleet unprovided with a sufficiency of gunpowder! Thus the very day after Frobisher’s gallant defence of the merchantmen, the English found they had no means of continuing the engagement till supplies reached them. A day was lost in consequence. When the fleets again met on the morning of the 25th, the English had scarcely recommenced the fight in good earnest, and began to waver with their success, when they found once more all the gunpowder gone!

On the 27th the Spaniards anchored before Calais, and messengers were sent overland to the Duke of Parma, urging him to send fly-boats to enable Medina to cope with the English ships—those morris-dancers—whose guns and balls were so eternally bounding about his ears, and knocking his ships to pieces without waiting for a polite return. But the English allies—the Dutch—took care of the duke of Parma’s fly-boats, so that he could render no aid until he was first aided by the breaking up of the blockade that paralysed his exertions by keeping him shut out from the sea. Then the Duke of Medina made up his mind to continue his route to Dunkirk, as originally arranged, and rescue his brother of Parma before venturing to England, but he found the impatient English were not inclined to let him. The Spanish admiral however arrived in sight of Dunkirk, when the wind fell to a dead calm, and for a whole day he was kept stationary, hemmed in by 140 English sail, “fit for fight, good sailors, nimble and tight for tacking about.” The close array of the *Armada*, and the excellent disposition made by its commander—the ships of largest size being ranged next the enemy, and the lesser anchored between them and the shore—induced Lord Howard to refrain from attack, until a plan was devised for breaking their order, so that they might be dealt with in divisions. In the dead of night this plan was put in operation. Favoured by darkness, the tide, and a rising gale, two English captains, named Young and Prouse, conducted eight small ships close to the Spanish line, and there left them hastening back in their boats. The ships had been filled with pitch, sulphur, rosin, wildfire, and other combustibles, and the Spaniards now beheld them wrapt in flames, driving down before the wind on the different divisions of their fleet! In the expectation of their explosion the alarm was fearful. The whole *Armada* was in confusion immediately. “The fire of Antwerp! the fire of Antwerp!” cried some, remembering certain terrible fire-ships that had been used against them by the Dutch in the Scheldt. Some cut their cables, others weighed their anchors, and let their ships run before the wind, without knowing what course to take. Many of the ships, in their hurry to escape, ran against one another, and were so injured as to be of no further use. The explosion of the fire-ships terminated the danger, but not the mischiefs produced by it; the Spaniards were scattered all about, some far out unprotected in the wide sea, some among the shoals of Flanders. Few heard the

signal-gun from the Duke of Medina's ship recalling all to their former position, and the dawning morning exhibited them in all their disorder to their exulting adversaries, who forthwith proceeded to deal in a still more effectual manner with the squadrons thus dispersed and broken. One great ship after another was taken, sunk, or burnt. Among the incidents of this period that more especially remind us of the frightful character of war, may be mentioned the fate of a large Biscayan galleon. This ship, one of the largest and most important of the whole Armada, was subjected to a most terrible fire. An officer on board at last proposed to surrender, but was immediately killed by another for having made a proposal esteemed so dishonourable. He, too, in his turn, was killed by the brother of the first, and while these events were going on, the ship sunk under the English fire. The story here told was narrated by the few survivors who were picked up out of the sea by the English sailors. The courage, indeed, of the Spaniards, was fully equal to that of our own men, but they were less skilful, and fought in vessels utterly unsuited for the contest in which they were engaged. And so the long-cherished vision of the conquest of the hated country of England melted into thin air. The Spaniards, it is true, called out for revenge, but their leader perceived the utter futility of all further attempts, and determined to make the best of his way home. The proudest of nations must submit to one of the most humiliating of defeats. Those chalky cliffs, "with all that they inherit,"—

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England—

was not to be penetrated—this year at least—by landing the Invincibles. Alas! what would not the Spaniards give to have the opportunity of rechristening the Armada with some more modest title!

The Armada retreats, steering round by Scotland, to avoid the narrow seas. "There was never anything pleased me better," writes Drake to Walsingham, "than the seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northward. We have the Spaniards before us, and mind, with the grace of God, to wrestle a fall with them. God grant that we have a good eye to the Duke of Parma; for, with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt it not but, ere it be long, so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia, as he shall wish himself at Saint Mary's Port, among his lime-trees."

And what prevented Drake from enjoying himself in his own way? *Want of gunpowder again!* When they came to examine their provisions they found a general scarcity both of powder and shot; and so they too were fain to return home, leaving the Spaniards unmolested. "Another opportunity was lost, not much inferior to the other, by not sending part of our fleet to the west of Ireland, where the Spaniards of necessity were to pass, after so many dangers and disasters as they had endured. If we had been so happy as to have followed their course, as it was both thought and discoursed of, we had been absolutely victorious over this great and formidable navy, for they were brought to that necessity that they would willingly have yielded, as divers of them confessed that were shipwrecked in Ireland" (Sir William Monson).

A part of the English fleet did, however, follow the Spaniards all along the English and Scottish coast, as far as the Frith of Forth; but this was a lame and impotent conclusion, deeply disappointing to the nation, and keenly lamented by many of its rulers. A letter written on the 8th of August from Tilbury Fort by Secretary Walsingham to the Chancellor, makes this comment, exonerating at the same time the general of the fleet from the blame:—"I am sorry the Lord-Admiral was forced to leave the prosecution of the enemy through the want he sustains; our half-doings doth breed dishonour, and leaveth the disease uncur'd."

But the elements fought against the unfortunate Spaniards when the English had ceased to do so. As they rounded the Orkneys a fierce tempest swept over them, dashing some of the ships to pieces on the coasts on each side, sinking others with every soul on board, and driving no less than thirty upon a place near the Giant's Causeway, Ireland, still known as Port-na-Spagna. The miserable inmates of these vessels were either butchered by the Irish in cold

blood, or were for the most part drowned, on again committing themselves in their shattered vessels to the deep. Other vessels were driven back into the English Channel, and taken.

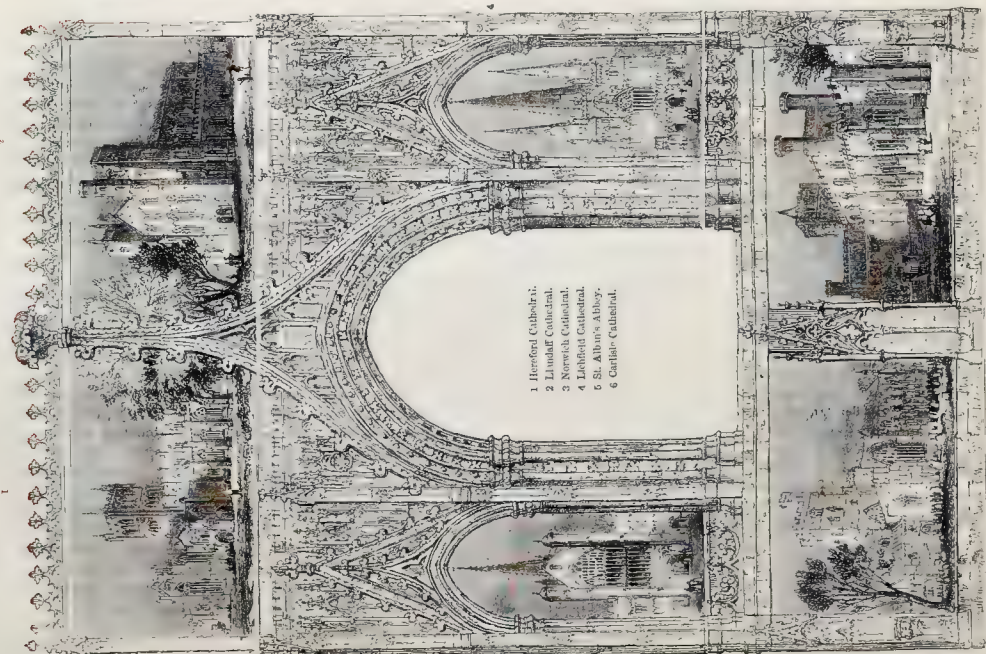
After about three months' absence, the Armada arrived at the Bay of Santander. But how changed from what it was when it set out! It moved in a narrower space than seven miles now; for only sixty of the fleet of one hundred and thirty sail were left. And the giant ships spoke most eloquently in their aspect of the treatment they had received. The spectre-like appearance of the once hardy and robust sailors told better than words of the sufferings they had undergone. Instead of taking England for King Philip, both ships and men had been unable to obtain even a reasonable amount of credit and safety for themselves.

As to the Duke of Parma, condemned all the while to inaction, Drake no doubt correctly anticipated his feelings in his letter to Walsingham, in which he says, "I take [him] to be as a bear robbed of her whelps: and no doubt but, being so great a soldier as he is, that he will presently, if he may, undertake some great matter, for his credit will stand now thereupon."

The defeat of the Armada was of course felt to be a great national deliverance, and celebrated with deep and universal joy. Passing over the great fires at Southwark, the demonstrations of victory displayed at London Bridge, and the first general but irregular exhibition of religious thankfulness, bursting out also into song and music that are still preserved (Fig. 1527), the 19th and 24th of November were especially set apart, the first as a holiday to be observed by all people throughout the realm, the latter as a day on which the queen would make her own public acknowledgments. Her love for her country and her people, her pride in their fame, her sleepless anxiety for their prosperity, can never be denied, whatever else may be said in disparagement of her; and we cannot but think, that it was not merely joy for the security of her crown that gloved in that mighty heart when, after issuing from Whitehall Palace, and riding in her chariot through the crowded streets (Fig. 1528) and her train of heroes and statesmen, Queen Elizabeth knelt down at the west door of St. Paul's, and openly and audibly praised God "who had thus delivered the land from the rage of the enemy." Nor was this the only evidence of feelings too powerful to be restrained within formal limits, with which Elizabeth surprised the noble assembly on that occasion. After a sermon, "wherein none other argument was handled, but only of praises and glory to be rendered unto God," she broke forth again with a full heart, exhorting all the people to thankfulness, "with most princely and Christian speeches." When we read of such scenes, it is not difficult to understand how Elizabeth won the name of "Good Queen Bess," or why her name is still traced as it were in golden characters in the history of the English people.

The personal life and habits of sovereigns of vigorous intellects, generous tastes, and who are actuated by desires to raise their country in the scale of nations as the truest mode of raising themselves, are ever matters of high importance; in Elizabeth's case they were pre-eminently so. Unless, indeed, we except the love-passages of her history, she had no *private* life; for in all she said and did, she was still carrying out the views—generally enlightened and comprehensive, sometimes the reverse—that had been determined upon in the council or in her own mind. And even these love-passages of the woman were on the whole efficiently controlled by the prudence of the sovereign.

Among the most wonderful phenomena of Elizabeth's time, the sudden rise and almost as sudden prosperity of the drama will ever stand foremost; it would not be too much to say that the queen should share a portion of the merit of that movement. To her state policy was doubtless in some degree owing the general freshness and invigoration of the national heart and mind that so characterised the time, and rendered dramatists and audience alike worthy of each other; to her private encouragement, the theatre was still more directly indebted for the stamp of approbation that was at once discriminating and royal, and therefore productive of the most beneficial influence on the fortunes of the stage. Some memorable instances are on record of performances that have taken place before her. In the beginning of 1558 certain gentlemen of Gray's Inn presented before the Queen at Greenwich, the 'Misfortunes of Arthur, Uther Pendragon's son' (Fig. 1564); among these certain gentlemen was Francis Bacon, then Reader of Gray's Inn. About the same period, it is supposed, a play involving, as regarded the dramatist, issues of an infinitely more important kind, was presented



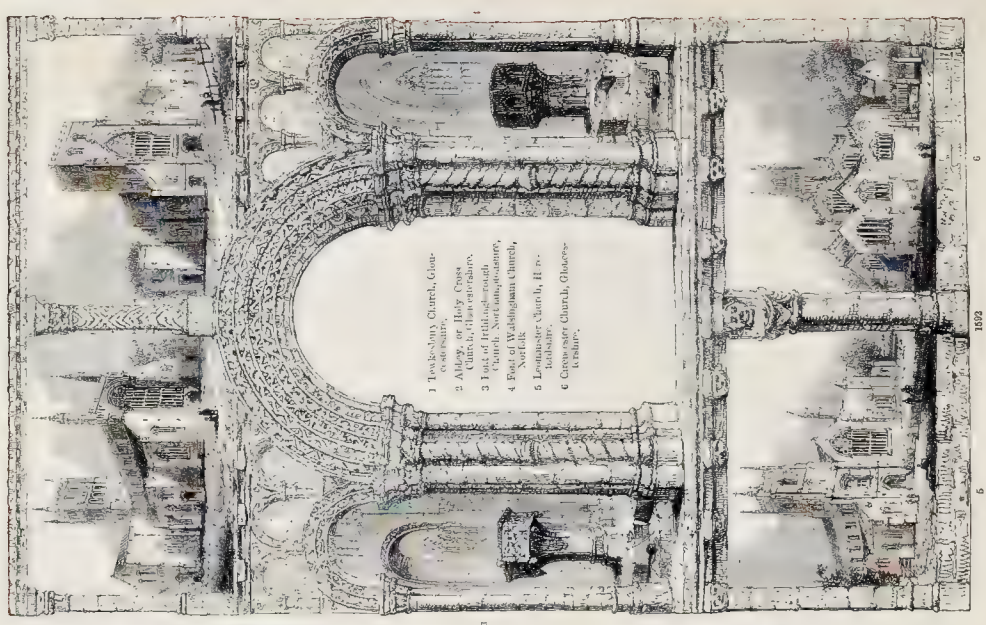
- 1 Hereford Cathedral.
- 2 Lincoln Cathedral.
- 3 Norwich Cathedral.
- 4 Exeter Cathedral.
- 5 St. Albans Abbey.
- 6 Cantuar' Cathedral.



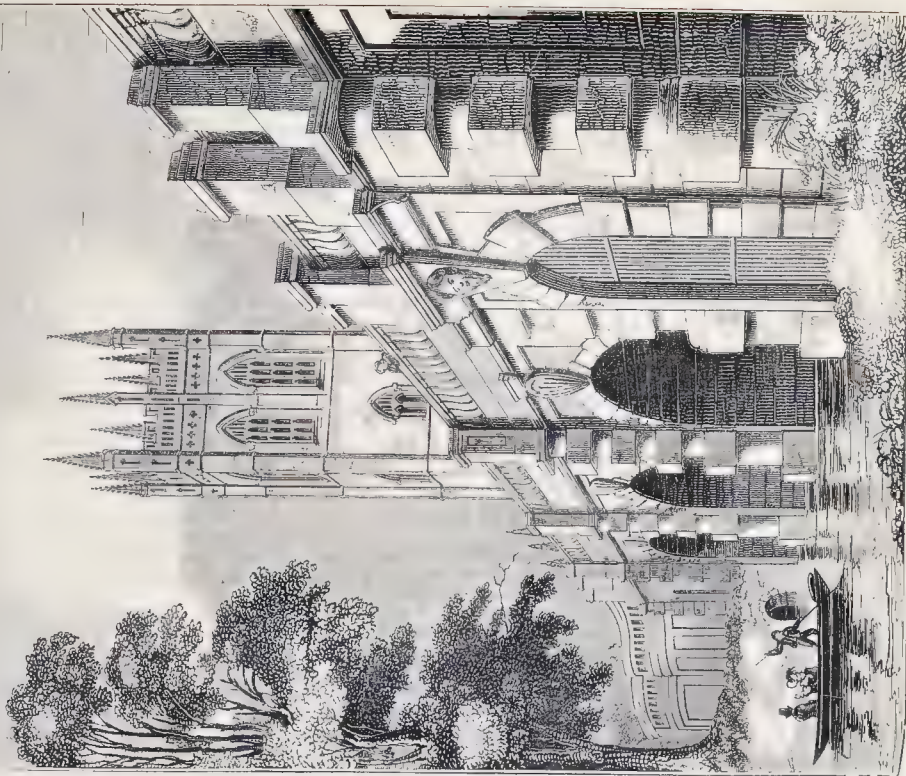
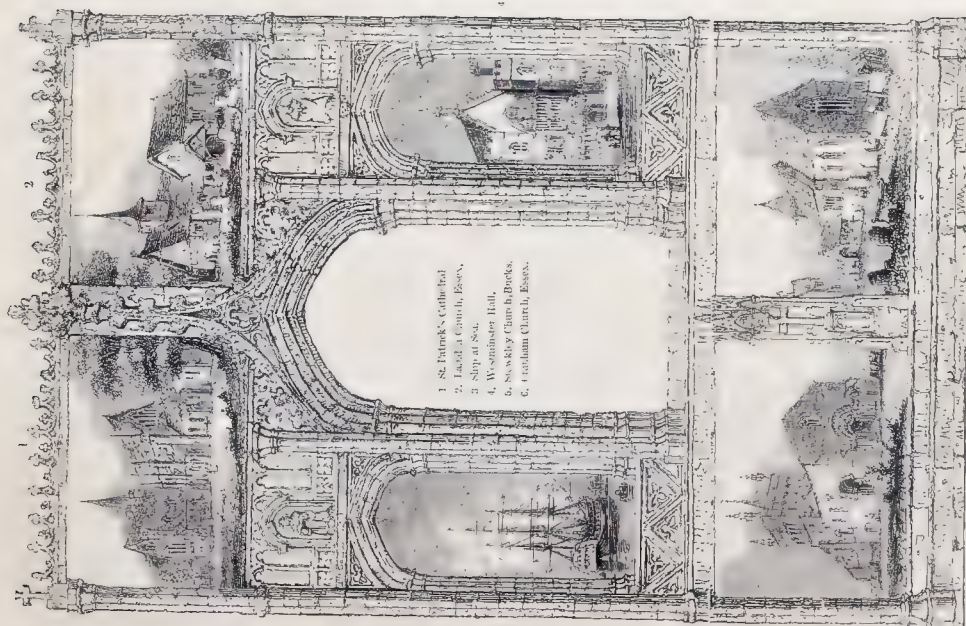
1384.—Merchant Taylors' School, the present building.
(Engraved from an original sketch.)



1552.—Westminster School. (From an old Print.)



- 1 Tewkesbury Church, Gloucestershire.
- 2 Abbey, or Holy Cross Church, Gloucestershire.
- 3 Holy Trinity Church, Northamptonshire.
- 4 East of Walsingham Church, Norfolk.
- 5 Leominster Church, Herefordshire.
- 6 Gloucester Church, Gloucestershire.



159. — Maiden Bridge and the Tower of Magdalen College. (From an original drawing by W. A. Peltie del.)

before Elizabeth (probably the *Love's Labour's Lost*, Fig. 1563), by William Shakspeare. The fact at all events is certain that early plays of Shakspeare were performed at an early period of his dramatic life before the queen; it is no other than Ben Jonson who records the poetic

Flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza;

and it is hardly possible to overrate the effect that such encouragement must have had upon the career of the young dramatist. And the favour thus early accorded evidently continued to the close of Elizabeth's reign. One of the pleasantest of traditions says that the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was written at her command and by her direction, and that she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards very well pleased at the representation (Fig. 1565). Others add that the idea of the comedy was suggested to Elizabeth by her admiration of the character of Falstaff in Henry IV., and that she desired to see him in love. The date of that representation was in all probability 1593, in which year it is known there was a visit made to Windsor, such as that referred to by Dr. Caius:—"Dere he a Garman duke come to de court has cosened all de host of Branford and Reading." Nay the very name of the Duke was preserved sufficiently for all who knew the story to enjoy it, without committing the royal audience to the impropriety of laughing so very barefacedly at the recent guest—the Count of Mumpelgart, or, as the dramatist had it in his early copies, *Garmouble*.

In her progresses Elizabeth had, it is clear, one steadily-formed object in view—that of reducing the wealth, and thereby the political power of her noble and wealthy subjects. She had learnt alike the policy and the mode of carrying it out from her grandfather, that incarnation of subtle statecraft, Henry VII.—but then how she bettered the instruction! He could not have ventured to have made in a life-time the number of visits she made in a single year. He was hated in so doing; she made her guests, as Otway says, "in love and pleased with ruin," which in some instances it wellnigh brought on them. To attempt to describe all Elizabeth's movements, even in one single progress, would be quite out of the question here. Take a single year, 1561. Starting from Westminster, she went to the Mint, coined some pieces of money, and gave them away, and from thence passed to the Charter House. From the Charter House, four days after, she went to the Savoy to sup with Mr. Secretary Cecil, afterwards Lord Burghley. At last she was fairly off into Essex, and visited Lord Rich at Wanstead, the Earl of Oxford at Havering, Sir John Grey at Purgo House in the same parish, Sir Thomas Davy at Loughton Hall, Sir William Petre at Ingatesstone, and so to the mansion, built by her father, of New Hall or Beaulieu, near Chelmsford. Then came the turn of the corporations. Colchester, Harwich, and Ipswich each had the honour to entertain her Majesty. Next a fresh round of private visits, in which we know not how many Tollenaches, Wallegraves, and Morleys were honoured by the opportunity of showing their loyalty by their hospitality and profuse expenditure. As a crowning *bonne-bouche*, she stayed at Hertford above a fortnight, a pretty treat for the inhabitants, who had to bear the royal costs. At last she returned to her own house at Enfield, and from thence a little later towards her palace of St. James (Figs. 1511, 1519), the hedges and ditches between Islington and Charing Cross being cut down or filled up, to allow free way for the thousands of people who flocked out to meet and welcome her home. Among the places visited on other progresses, may be enumerated Sandown Castle (Fig. 1460), Cowdry, in Sussex (Fig. 1556), and Harefield (Fig. 1566), the mansion of the Lord Keeper Egerton, a place doubly endeared to the lovers of poetry: there Shakspeare's *Othello* was played by his own company; there Milton fixed the scene of his *Arcades*.

A remarkable print engraved by Vertue (Fig. 1515) from an old picture he found in 1647 at Lord Digby's seat at Coleshill, shows us the kind of state in which the Virgin-Queen moved in these progresses. In that print, "the Queen," to use the words of the antiquary-engraver's own description, "is seated in a canopy-chair of state, carried by six gentlemen; several Knights of the Garter, with their collars of that most noble order, walking before the Queen, and many favourite ladies following in the train. The yeomen of the guard follow, and the band of gentlemen-pensioners line the way. Amongst the Knights of the Garter, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, is nearest to the Queen. Henry, Lord Hunsdon (see also Fig. 1514), carries the Sword of State before her Majesty. As these knights walk two and two, the next is William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Lord High-Treasurer, with his white staff in his hand. Next before him is Charles Howard, admiral, afterwards Lord Nottingham. The other three

Knights of the Garter (Lords Clinton, Russel, and Sussex), as those before mentioned, each of them having a ribbon about his neck, with a small gem or intaglio appendant to it; thereon a profile of her Majesty's countenance, which additional ornament, it is conjectured, was designed to represent these noblemen to be the Queen's favourites. The place where this procession appears to be is within the enclosure of the court-yard of Hunsdon House; the back part is the prospect in this picture; they are passing round, as it were, by the aqueduct, to come to the front entrance. This house was entirely built by King Henry VIII., and afterwards the front only new rebuilt by Lord Hunsdon, as it still remains, both ways being encircled with water, and two arched bridges to pass over to the house. As the back front is the prospect to this picture, so at a distance, on a hill, appears a small old castle, perhaps Stortford Castle, by which the river Stort passes, and joins the river Lea at Stansted, where, near the bridge, are boats or skiffs purposely represented, &c. I have some reasons to think that amongst the ladies that follow the Queen, the foremost in white may be the Lady Hunsdon; on her right hand Lord Hunsdon's sister, Lady Katherine, who was wife to Admiral Howard; and next behind, in a dark grave habit, Lady Mary Bolen, mother of Lord Hunsdon: all the ladies are richly adorned with jewels to grace the solemnity of this procession. And as this noble lord was captain of the band of gentlemen-pensioners, he might order or appoint their attendance (as they appear) to line the way with their partisans in their hands." To this part of the pageant, we must not forget to add another that accompanied some of the progresses, although it was doubtless judiciously kept in the back ground—we refer to the "Smutty regiment who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace," and to whom in consequence "the people in derision gave the name of *black guards*, a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never probably explained" [Gifford]. Such exhibitions would be presented whenever the Queen moved about between Greenwich and Westminster (Fig. 1516), St. James's, and Nonsuch, and Somerset House (Figs. 1473, 1474, 1520), and Enfield, and Richmond (Figs. 1512, 1517), and Hampton Court, the different homes of royalty: for not even the mistress of all these palaces could, or at least did, command furniture enough for half of them. Among these palaces Nonsuch, if only for its peculiarities, demands a few words of notice. If we were to be content to take without inquiry the panegyrics that writers have given of it, we should say it was worthy of its name, that in the world there were *none such* beside. "One might imagine," it has been said, "everything that architecture can perform to have been employed" on it. If we look, however, to the engraving (Fig. 1513), we shall see that the fantastic expression of the whole was its true distinction. "The palace itself," says one who saw it in its palmy days, "is so encompassed with parks full of deer, delicious gardens, groves ornamented with trellice-work, cabinets of verdure, and walks so embowered by trees, that it seems to be a place pitched upon by Pleasure herself to dwell in along with Health." The gardens were decorated with many columns and pyramids of marble, and fountains of the most ingenious but artificial character, all showing like the palace the magnificence and the bad taste of the founder.

In concluding these episcopical notices of the private life of Elizabeth, let us look at her at home; and through the medium of one who had the ability to describe in no ordinary manner the remarkable scene that was opened to him—Paul Hentzner—a German, who came to England in 1598, in the suite of a young German nobleman. His work is in Latin, but has been translated by Horace Walpole. Hentzner thus describes her march, as it may be called, from the domestic apartment to the chapel of the palace at Greenwich:—

"First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bare-headed; next came the Chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two; one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard, studded with golden fleurs-de-lis, the point upwards; next came the queen, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, we are told, *very majestic*; her face oblong, fair but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar); she had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace, of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner

of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian; for besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch; *whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling*; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, W. Slavata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her; and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels—a mark of particular favour; *wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, everybody fell down on their knees*. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded on each side by the gentlemen-pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel next the hall where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of ‘Long live Queen Elizabeth!’ She answered it with, ‘I thank you, my good people.’ In the chapel was excellent music; as soon as it and the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner.” In the meantime Hentzner had cared more to see the preparations for the dinner than to partake in the service of the chapel, so while Elizabeth was still at prayers, he saw her table thus set out:—“A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and, after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the queen had been present; when they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guards entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the queen’s inner and most private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court.”

In the year of Hentzner’s visit a gloom was thrown over the brilliant circle that surrounded the queen in her every movement, by the death of its most distinguished member—William Cecil, Lord Burghley. Let us pause awhile over the recollections suggested by the event. Let us follow him into his splendid seclusion at the place from whence he derived his title.

The era of palaces, as the sixteenth century has been felicitously called, numbered among its proudest productions Burleigh, or Burghley House, Northamptonshire, still a splendid example of Elizabethan or Tudor-Gothic architecture. Most of the grand palatial edifices of this kind were reared by the high officers of state or nobility; and Burghley owes its grandeur, if not its origin, to William Cecil. “My house of Burghley,” writes Cecil in 1583, “is of my mother’s inheritance;” and speaking of the stately structure he was erecting in the place of the former, he adds, “I have set my walls on the old foundations, . . . and yet one side remaineth as my father left it me.” Several dates about the present Burghley House point out the Lord Treasurer’s buildings. Near one of the entrances within the central court is the inscription—“W. Dom. De Burghley, 1577.” Beneath a turret is the date 1585, when extensive additions were made; and the present grand entrance appears to have been built in 1587. While the work was going on, or as Cecil facetiously expressed it, while his great house

at Burghley was sweeping, he retired to Wothorp, about two miles distant, “out of the dust.” The dates given above show the mansion principally to have been the work of Cecil’s age, when he found time to exchange the cares of the nation for the delightful task of forming this splendid retreat. The relaxation of such a mind must still have greatness in it. The planning, decorating, and enjoying, his residence at Burghley, were among Cecil’s relaxations. And well the habits of the state veteran in his retired leisure harmonised with all the better parts of his public career. Accustomed to say that a man false to his God could not be expected to be true to any other, Cecil was, in his own private life, faithful both to God and man in the essential requirements of his position. His piety is said to have been sincere and elevated; yet no one could be less of an ascetic in his family or social connexions. Though abstemious in his own diet, he kept and delighted in a liberal table; and if it was not his wont to set it “in a roar” with the warmth and genuineness of his humour, or the brilliant coruscations of his wit, he was yet facetious and merry enough to produce an equally desirable effect—unalloyed cheerful enjoyment. He had, too, that art which should be esteemed the highest evidence of good breeding, the art of making all who sat at his table share in the general enjoyment, by drawing forth from all those qualities in which they severally shone. Fuller says of him, “He had a pretty wit-rack in himself to make the dumb to speak, and to draw speech out of the most silent and sullen guest at his table, to show his disposition in any point he should propound.” The hospitality of Burghley House to its wealthy neighbours was not more marked than its charity to the poorer: both were luxuries as well as duties to its princely owner. Among his other high delights, was the “pure” and “substantial world” of books, and the garden—scarcely an inferior world to those who care to study it. The self-control and equanimity of temper which had distinguished Cecil in the great trials of his public life, were equally exercised in those pettier vexations that often overcome the wisest when withdrawn from the influence of the public eye. And even when growing infirmities and the loss of his dearest companion for forty-five years, the estimable Mildred, his wife, rendered him occasionally irritable and capricious, it was truly affecting to behold how the venerable old man strove immediately by all the means in his power to make atonement. That was an enviable reflection to which he gave utterance when he said, “I entertain malice against no individual whatever, and I thank God that I never retired to rest out of charity with any man.”

The time at length arrives—

When, like a thrice-told tale,
Long lifted life of sweets can yield no more,—(Young)

and Cecil was prepared to

Toss fortune back her tinsel and her plume,
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

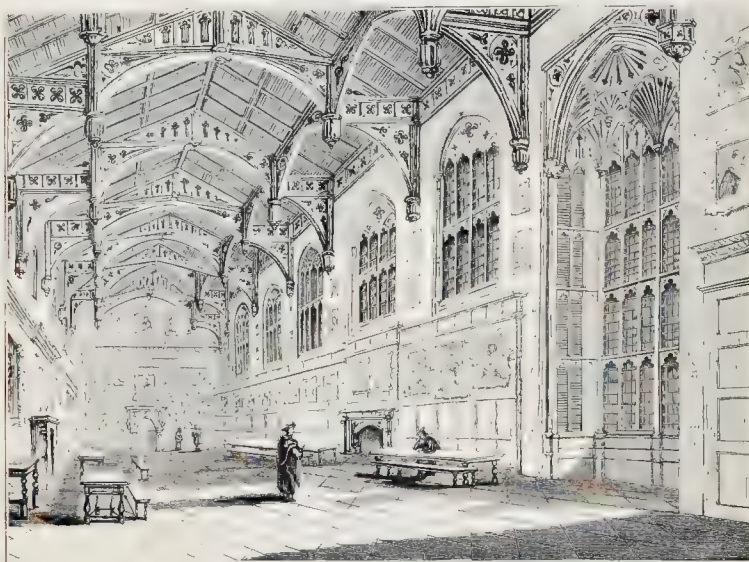
He is on his death-bed. Children—friends—domestics—admiring, reverencing, loving, lamenting,—gather about him; the world grows darker and darker—the future brighter and brighter; and, at last—in perfect peace—Cecil expires. The voice of England’s greatest statesman is heard no more. Burghley’s chief glory was his integrity; he was almost the first thoroughly honest minister who had kept the coffer of the state without helping himself clandestinely to some of its contents, and to whom no touch or stain of financial extortion attached, as was indubitably proved, when Elizabeth sifted his affairs so rigorously after his decease. As for his abilities to guide the nation, their best evidence was Elizabeth’s deference to his judgment, and even her occasional unwilling submission to it, at those periods when she had been betrayed into a deviation from the high path which she had marked out for herself. His impartiality in dispensing patronage was equally remarkable with his fine discrimination of character: whence it seemed as if he were resolved to render England “distinguished above all nations for the integrity of her judges, the piety of her divines, and the sagacity of her ambassadors.” To these high merits we may add another, that though to him we chiefly owe the firm and final settlement of our Reformed Church, he was so far from being a bigot, that his habit of encouraging free discussion has been especially noticed. And, notwithstanding Cecil’s participation in some of the besetting sins of the age, as political ingratitude, political intrigue, and political bending of right and justice to might and expediency, his life was on the whole a most noble one, and the termination as noble. With the elevating impressions that it leaves on our mind fresh upon us, we approach his mansion, which is still in great part as he built it, though various additions and alterations have added



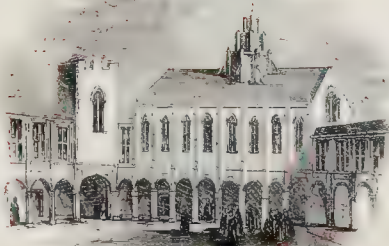
1793.—Cross-street Chapel, in the Parish of Allington, Kent; where the Holy Mass of Kent started by the presence of the image of the Virgin, through which she pretended to receive her inspiration (The original drawing).



1799.—The Boundary Elm, Stratford



1801.—Interior of Christ Church Hall. (From an original Drawing by W. A. Delamotte.)



1802.—Christ Church, Oxford, in the sixteenth century



1806.—Nunnery at Safford



1616.—The Great Hall, Christ Church.



1665.—Divinity Schools, Oxford, in the Sixteenth Century.



1602.—Interior of the Bodleian Library.



1697.—Inner Court of Stratford Grammar-school.



1603.—Balliol College, Oxford, in the Sixteenth Century.



1604.—Ancient View of Cambridge.



1606.—Interior of Stratford Grammar-school.

greatly to its size, so that one of the most striking characteristics of Burghley House is its vast extent. On entering the park we first find ourselves in a winding road between an avenue of lofty trees. Then the park opens, presenting from time to time, as we proceed, lesser avenues of trees, or green alleys, as we may call them; at the end of one of which, filling up its entire breadth, appears Burghley House, with its towers and cupolas, and picturesque pillar-like chimneys, and its tall chapel spire. Truly magnificent in expression is the north front (Fig. 1554), and indeed the character of the whole pile can be given in no better word than that of magnificence. Even if we dislike the general style or taste of the composition, there can be no question of its possessing the quality we have named in a very eminent degree. The plan of Burghley House is a square, with a court in the centre. The windows are very striking, on account of their breadth. Thus, the great hall, spacious and lofty as it is, contains but two windows, and the ball-room has but one, a bow-window. The vast and varied collection of works of art for which Burghley is especially remarkable, it would be quite impossible here to particularise. They enchant the eye, or inform the mind, in every part. Of the carving, we can only mention the oaken roof of the great hall, a work of the richest beauty;—of the pictures, those of the eminent persons of Lord Cecil's time, and especially the portrait of Essex, and Marcus Gerard's "Queen Elizabeth at an advanced age," which exhibits her usual excess of ornament in dress, and features expressive of a proud and somewhat chilling character. Her visit to Burghley is commemorated by the preservation of the bed in which she lay, with its ancient hangings of green and gold brocade. The scenery which Elizabeth and her Lord Treasurer would gaze on from Burghley's broad windows is the same also—in essentials—as that we gaze on, a paradise of wood, and stream, and lawn, extending in particular directions into prospects of unusual extent and beauty.

William Cecil was succeeded by his son Robert (Fig. 1555), not only in the barony of Burghley, but also in the still higher dignity of prime minister, in which he displayed abilities not unworthy of his predecessor.

We now approach the close of the reign, and the period of those incidents which, in causing the disgraceful death of a brave, accomplished, and estimable man, shortened the life of the sovereign who sentenced him; and showed, by that melancholy evidence, that Elizabeth's heart was for once deeply touched. Strange as it must seem to us, considering Elizabeth's age, and the number of her past favourites, there is no resisting the conclusion, that of all the romantic personal connections in which she delighted to engage, her last favourite was also the most real favourite, the one for whom she had (and perhaps for him only) a genuine affection; and him she sent to the scaffold. The reader anticipates the name Essex (Fig. 1571), familiar to us still in connection not only with the abstract history of the events in question, but with the locality where the imprudent Earl lived at the time he so deeply committed himself.

In passing through Devereux Court in the Strand, a little beyond Temple Bar, the observer, passing to look up at the front of the once famous Grecian Coffee-house, sees a small bust, and will probably feel, like us, touched when he learns that it is a semblance of the great Earl who once lorded it over the neighbourhood, and finally quitted it under such tragical circumstances. Passing on, he will find himself in Essex Street, at the bottom of which a pair of tall and massive stone pillars with Corinthian capitals attract his eye; these pillars are the sole remains of the magnificent mansion (Fig. 1568), left by will to Essex by his guilty mother's second husband, Leicester, to whom he owed his favourable introduction at court. Within its walls, both under the name of Essex House and Leicester House, the poet of the 'Fairy Queen' was a frequent guest. Thus writes he of both owners, whilst the last (Lord Essex) was its master:—

Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gayned gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well low feels my friendless case:
But oh! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Themes! runne softly till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spaine did thunder,
And Hercules' two pillars standing near

Dill make to quake and fear:
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie!
That fillst England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie.

Spenser was a dependant on Leicester, and most probably on Essex, by whom he was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Essex had more than once offended the Queen before he gave the last and unpardonable offence in 1600. Only two years before, having differed from Elizabeth in respect to some Irish appointment, Essex was so imprudent and ungallant as to turn his back upon her with the most unequivocal evidences of anger and scorn. The Queen, naturally stung by the insult, gave him a box upon the ear, and bade him go to the devil. The Earl immediately clapped his hand upon his sword, and when the Lord-Admiral stepped in between him and Elizabeth, he swore that he neither could nor would put up with such an affront—that he would not have taken it from the hands of Henry VIII. himself. He then rushed out of the place, and went to his country-house at Wanstead; there he remained for months, deaf to all the entreaties of his friends that he would make a proper submission, or at least leave them to conclude a reconciliation. Camden and others date Essex's ruin from this period; but we think wrongly, unless it be simply meant that the recollection of this affair would enlance the Queen's exasperation when another and more important incident left his life legally in her hands, and so led to his death. But assuredly there is enough evidence that, as far as the Queen's affection as well as favours were concerned, Essex, when he did re-appear at court, resumed his former position.

Unhappily for Essex, he was appointed to the government of Ireland, part of which was then in a state of rebellion. He might have dealt successfully with the difficulties of his task, had he received all proper aid from the minister at home. But Robert Cecil and Raleigh were his enemies, and made the most of every failure. The instruments also by which he was to work were not left to his own selection; having named his friend the Earl of Southampton general of the horse, the appointment was revoked, to the great humiliation and injury of Essex. Under such circumstances, it is unfair to measure Essex's conduct by its results, which were most unsatisfactory. The Earl indeed seems to have been possessed by the constant reflection that the enemies he had to contend with were not the wild and rebellious Irish, but the smooth-tongued English courtiers. So one day he arrived most unexpectedly at the gates of the Queen's palace, and being admitted, ran hastily up to the royal bedchamber, where Elizabeth had just risen, and met him with her hair about her face. She received him in a manner that fulfilled his most sanguine hopes. He had from Ireland conveyed to his mistress his poetical wishes, most poetically expressed, that he might live "in some unharmed desert most obscure,"

From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure.
Then wake again, and yield God every praise,
Content with hips and haws, and bramble-berry;
In contemplation parting out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry
Who, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.

And now that he had returned from his unthankful Irish government, he found Elizabeth so far sympathising with his tastes and the difficulties he had had to contend with, that when he left her he was heard to thank God that though he had suffered much trouble from storms abroad, he found a sweet calm at home. That very evening he was ordered to consider himself a prisoner in his room. Eight lingering and wretched months passed; and then Essex wrote to the Queen. But there was no answer for three long months more, when he was released, but ordered to keep away from the court. Essex had a valuable patent for the monopoly of sweet wines; it was about to expire—he asked for its renewal; it was denied:—"In order to manage an ungovernable beast, it is necessary to stint his provender," was Elizabeth's harsh comment upon the request. That treatment only made the "ungovernable beast" still more furious and desperate. He began to listen to the suggestions of his secretary, one Cuffe, a man "smothered under the habit of a scholar, and slubbered over with a certain rude and clownish fashion that had the semblance of integrity;" who advised him to remove his enemies—Sir Robert Cecil, Raleigh, and others—from the Queen's court and council by force. Essex hesitated, and was lost. Extensive preparations were made; too extensive to be kept secret from the men against whom they were directed. But, although warned by an anonymous note to be careful

of his safety, and informed that the palace-guard had been doubled, Essex—instead of obeying the summons he had received to attend before the Privy Council—sent out messengers in all directions during the following night to call his friends together, as his life was threatened by Raleigh and Lord Cobham, excusing himself to her Majesty's Council, then assembled at Salisbury Court, on the pretence of sickness. Next morning (Sunday, February 8, 1601) there were joined with him the Earls of Rutland and Southampton, the Lords Sandys and Mountangle, "with a troop of gallant gentlemen their followers," about 300 altogether. Among them were Danvers, Blount, Catesby, Owen Salisbury, and many other familiar names of that time. Zeal for the Earl—alas! without judgment—burned in every breast. They saw him injured, degraded, and almost driven into a state of frenzy by a faction whose intrigues were marked with the sorest ingratitude and malicious cunning. It was, indeed, but too true what Elizabeth herself once said, alluding to her intriguing courtiers—"In those (former) days force and arms did prevail, but now the wit of the fox is everywhere on foot, so as hardly a faithful or virtuous man may be found." The wit of the fox had been turned against Essex, who possessed it not, nor desired to possess it, nor to feign it,—amongst others by Robert Cecil, who had laid many a snare for the fiery young favourite, and by Walter Raleigh. Against such men Essex was not formed by nature or by principle to contend. What could the gusty and unequal counsels of passion do for him, but convert misfortune into total ruin? With his armed force—that fatal Sunday morning—Essex was about to set forth to force his way to the Queen, and to avail himself of the collection of citizens expected to be at Paul's Cross during sermon-time, when he hoped to induce them to take arms for him. Before the Earl had left the house, there arrived the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, the Chief-Justice Popham, Sir William Knollys, who was Essex's uncle, and the Earl of Worcester, all four men highly esteemed by Essex, and sent by the Queen apparently to try what soothing remonstrances could effect. They were admitted by a wicket gate, most of their attendants, however, being excluded.

In the court,—full of Essex's armed partisans,—the Lord Keeper put off his hat and said, that he and those with him were sent to understand the meaning of this assembly, "and to let them know, that if they had any particular cause of grief against any person whatsoever, they should have hearing and justice." "There is a plot laid against my life," answered Essex, vehemently; "letters have been forged in my name—men have been hired to murder me in my bed—mine enemies cannot be satisfied unless they suck my blood." The Chief Justice assured him the queen would see him righted if he explained the matter, and the Lord Keeper seconding these promises, desired him to declare his grief, if not openly, yet in private, and he doubted not but to procure him full satisfaction. A tumultuous movement interrupted the conference, and voices cried aloud to Essex, "They abuse you, my Lord—they betray you—you are losing time." The Lord Keeper immediately covered his head, and turning towards the multitude, with a louder voice said, "I do command you all, upon your allegiance, to lay down your weapons, and to depart." His words were overpowered by impetuous shouts. "Kill them! kill them! keep them for hostages! Away with the Great Seal!" Essex was not the man to stain himself with the murder of those who were but performing a duty, and in the most temperate and proper manner. He led them to his "book chamber," where they hoped to prevail with him in private conference, but he would not hear them, and bidding them have patience half an hour, he left them, bolting the door, and planting there a guard of musketeers. Instantly drawing his sword, he rushed out of the house, followed by most of the gentlemen in arms. His first disappointment was the finding the city streets empty, and no preaching at Paul's Cross, for the politic Elizabeth and her advisers had sent timely orders to the mayor and aldermen. Those who did see Essex and his followers as they ran tumultuously through the streets, and who heard the earl shout, "For the queen, my mistress! For the queen! For the queen! A plot is laid for my life!" re-echoed by the other gentlemen, instead of joining the earl as they were entreated to do, contented themselves with crying, "God bless your honour!" or else gazed in blank astonishment, either not knowing or mistaking the cause of the excitement. Citizens—artificers—prentices—none joined him—not a man! and the ill-fated earl, after passing through Ludgate and Cheapside, not knowing what to do, entered the house of a "supposed friend" (Smith), then one of the sheriffs, who, "seeing the multitude, avoided himself out at a back door, when presently in divers parts of the city Essex was proclaimed a traitor, to the no less grief of the citizens, than fear of his followers." One of the

latter, a most esteemed and trusted servant of the earl, to provide for his own safety, hurried to Essex House, to Sir John Davis, who had charge of the four counsellors, and pretending to be sent by the earl, caused all four to be released. Many other of his friends now deserted Essex, who about two in the afternoon, leaving the house of the sheriff, came to Gracechurch Street, and there attempted to make a stand; but though the mayor and others were at the upper end of the street, "no one citizen or servant showed him any sign of assistance" (Speed). He retired again towards St. Paul's, meaning to pass Ludgate by the way that he came, but his progress was interrupted by barricades of empty carts, and several companies of pikemen and other troops called out by the Bishop of London. The earl was twice shot through the hat, and forced back. Sir Christopher Blount, his stepfather, after being severely wounded in the head, was taken prisoner. Young Tracy was slain, and several others injured. Retreating into Friday Street, Essex grew faint, and desired drink of some of the citizens, which they gave him. At Queenhithe he took boat, and "with a mind distracted he rowed up the river, and landed at the water-gate of his own house, which he presently fortified," with the full purpose of dying in his own defence—still, however, cherishing a hope that the citizens would join him. That hope was soon dismissed. Essex House was stormed by the Lord Admiral, yet not a man came to his relief. The Countess of Essex, the Lady Rich, and their gentlewomen, were permitted to depart, and then the garden was forced, so that the soldiers reached the very walls of the house. At that moment, when Essex's defeat and ruin appeared certain, an affecting incident occurred. Captain Owen Salisbury stood openly at a window bareheaded, seeking to obtain a soldier's rather than a rebel's death. A musket bullet from some person in the street struck him in the side of the head;—"Oh, that thou hadst been so much my friend as to have shot but a little lower!" he exclaimed. As it was, however, the wound answered its purpose; he died the next morning. Essex was by that time in the hands of his foes; at ten o'clock at night he had yielded, desiring only that he might be civilly used, and that he might have an honourable trial. He was first taken to Lambeth House, where for an hour or two he remained with the Lord Archbishop ("his ever most loving, but then most mournful friend"); from thence he was with some other lords conveyed to the Tower.

Essex was tried and condemned; the terrible nature of the proceedings being immeasurably enhanced to the unhappy prisoner by the consideration that one of his dearest friends, Southampton, stood by his side sharing in his danger, and that another, whom Essex had held scarcely less dear, and to whom he had rendered services for which a life-long gratitude might have been expected, stood foremost among the accusers who thirsted for his blood—that was the "greatest—meanest of mankind"—Bacon. Essex and Southampton were both condemned. The nobility of Essex's nature was never more apparent than then; being asked why judgment of death should not be passed upon him, his answer was principally an earnest appeal for his friend Southampton's life, being indifferent to his own. To the advice of the Lord Steward that he should implore the Queen's mercy by acknowledging and confessing all his offences, he replied patiently but with dignity, that he could not ask for mercy in that way; he begged her Majesty's forgiveness in all humility; he would rather die than live in misery; he had cleared his accounts, had forgiven all the world, and was ready and willing to be out of it.

He was executed on Ash-Wednesday, the 25th of February, at about eight in the morning, in an inner court of the Tower, most probably on the spot where a quadrangular space of ground is still marked by the different colour of the stones, in the front of the Beauchamp Tower (Fig. 1572): the spot on which so much noble blood has been poured forth, in sacrifice to the evil spirits of Ambition, Tyranny, and State-selfishness. At the time this able warrior, tolerant statesman, and accomplished man thus perished, let it not be forgotten that he was but comparatively young—not having reached his thirty-fourth year.

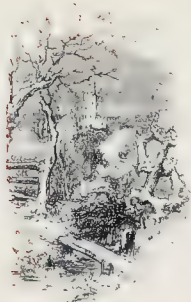
Let us now pass over some two years. The people who had so loved and admired Essex, and so regretted and almost resented his fate, that when his harsh mistress and executioner went abroad, the altered greeting of her subjects was too marked to be overlooked and mistaken—even these have well-nigh forgotten him in the variety and incessant sequence of new events and new actors. But there is one who remembers him—Elizabeth herself. Sickness has begun to seize her. But there is a deeper malady than physician can cure at work in her breast. She will take no medicine. The heat that parches her mouth and her stomach so violently, that she is often in danger of being stifled by it, is but weak to that consuming fire that is preying upon her heart. So deep a melan-



1609.—St. Linc. Church, Hampshire



1610.—(Larkore Church)



1611.—Hagley Church, Leicestershire



1611.—Fish. p. 14. Chapel



1612.—Mead. w. near Wolford.



1614.—Old Church of Hamp'lon Lucy.



1615.—Clifford Church.



1616.—Bromley Church, Kent.



1617.—Lynton Parsonage, Devonshire.



1618.—Stole Church, Buckinghamshire.



1619.—Southwaite Chapel, Lancashire.



1220.—Chelsea Church, from the River.

choly is stamped upon her face and behaviour, that even the most ordinary observers take notice of it. Fatigue is wearing down her once powerful frame, but she will take no rest—such as her bed can give her. Her attendants grow alarmed. It is whispered that she is dying. Her ministers and others see it is necessary that some violence even shall be used, when they behold her lying on the floor in a state of such regal desolation as perhaps no poet or painter ever imagined—propped by cushions, her finger in her mouth, her eyes open, and fixed ever on the ground. By violence, in fact, she is drawn to bed at last, on the 21st of March, 1602—in time to die there, three days after.

And what was the meaning of this extraordinary prostration of heart and intellect? Some say it was excited by her reflections touching the succession; why, it would be impossible to say, since James was a Protestant, and though a son to Mary, had done as much as he well could, without violating all appearances of decency, to divest himself in his dealings with Elizabeth of every feeling and duty that attached to his relationship. Others said it was because her council had constrained her to grant a pardon to the Earl of Tyrone for his Irish insurrection; a cause as evidently inadequate as the other to the effect produced. There remained but one solution of the difficulty—that it was grief and remorse for the fate of the Earl of Essex; a solution that was readily caught up and acquiesced in by the public, and with the greater avidity, on account of the romantic narration of circumstances connected with Elizabeth and Essex that accompanied it, and explained the mystery that hung over the execution of such a man by one who was understood to have had so much love for him. We entreat our reader's particular attention to this narration, for a reason that we shall presently explain. The writer is Dr. Birch, who collected the particulars and published them in his 'Negotiations,' and whose account has been reprinted in the 'Memoirs of the Peers of England during the Reign of James,' from which we here transcribe.

"The following curious story was frequently told by Lady Elizabeth Spelman, great grand-daughter of Sir Robert Carey, brother of Lady Nottingham, and afterwards Earl of Monmouth, whose curious memoirs of herself were published a few years ago by Lord Corke:—When Catherine Countess of Nottingham was dying (as she did, according to his Lordship's own account, about a fortnight before Queen Elizabeth), she sent to her Majesty to desire that she might see her, in order to reveal something to her Majesty, without the discovery of which she could not die in peace. Upon the Queen's coming, Lady Nottingham told her that while the Earl of Essex lay under sentence of death, he was desirous of asking her Majesty's mercy in the manner prescribed by herself during the height of his favour; the Queen having given him a ring, which, being sent to her as a token of his distress, might entitle him to her protection. But the Earl, jealous of these about him, and not caring to trust any of them with it, as he was looking out of his window one morning, saw a boy with whose appearance he was pleased; and, engaging him by money and promises, directed him to carry the ring, which he took from his finger and threw down, to Lady Scroope, a sister of the Countess of Nottingham, and a friend of his Lordship, who attended upon the Queen; and to beg of her that she would present it to her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, carried it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband, the admiral, an enemy of Lord Essex, in order to take his advice. The admiral forbade her to carry it, or return any answer to the message; but insisted upon her keeping the ring. The Countess of Nottingham, having made this discovery, begged the Queen's forgiveness; but her Majesty answered, '*God may forgive you, but I never can,*' and left the room with great emotion. Her mind was so struck with the story, that she never went into bed nor took any sustenance from that instant; for Camden is of opinion that her chief reason for suffering the Earl to be executed was his supposed obstinacy in not applying to her for mercy. . . . In confirmation of the time of the Countess's death," continues the compiler, "it now appears from the parish-register of Chelsea, extracted by Mr. Lysons ('*Environs of London*,' ii. 120), that she died at Arundel House (Fig. 1574), London, February 25th, and was buried the 28th, 1603. Her funeral was kept at Chelsea, March 21, and Queen Elizabeth died three days afterwards!"

Now we have a story to tell too. When in 1564 Mary Queen

of Scots married Darnley, she sent to her fair cousin of England a diamond-ring in the form of a heart, in token of the event and her own affection. The ring was accompanied by some Latin verses by the chief Scottish scholar and poet of his time—Buchanan, and which have been thus rendered into English:—

This gem behold, the emblem of my heart
From which my cousin's image ne'er shall part;
Clear in its lustre, spotless does it shine,
'Tis clear and spotless, as this heart of mine.
What though the stone a greater hardness wears,
Superior firmness still the figure bears.

According to information which has been communicated to us with an implicit faith on the part of our informants, that was the ring presented by Elizabeth to Essex, as being the most precious it was in her power to give him; that was the ring given by poor Essex to the boy, to be carried back to its giver in token he asked his life in a manner that would have made Elizabeth but too happy to grant it, and which being kept back by the Countess of Nottingham, induced Elizabeth to allow him to "perish" in what she esteemed "his pride;" that was the ring which, returning into Elizabeth's hand, when the Countess of Nottingham on her death-bed made her fearful revelations, subsequently passed into the hands of Elizabeth's successor, and the original giver's son, James.

We have spoken at some length of the voyages of discovery begun with such remarkable energy and success in Elizabeth's reign; the movement continued through succeeding reigns, and one of its consequences was the establishment of several of our West Indian colonies by Sir Thomas Warner, who had been James's lieutenant of the Tower, and who at his return received the memorable ring from James as a peculiar mark of the value that was placed upon his services: and the ring has remained from that time to this in the possession of Sir Thomas Warner's family, who placed it upon their shield of arms, with the motto, "I hold from the King," and there it still forms a conspicuous feature.* We hardly need add that the ring is kept in the strictest custody, as the most precious of all the family heir-looms. It consists simply of a plain circle, of a size to fit the thumb, and of a heart, formed of a rose diamond, which is fastened upon and across it at one part of the circle.

The particulars of the closing scene are highly interesting, and in the main so characteristic of Elizabeth as to bear evidence of their truth; though their authenticity has been questioned on the ground that those who surrounded her may have thought proper to make her speak as it best suited their objects that she should speak. On the 22nd she was asked by Secretary Cecil (who was accompanied by the Lord-Admiral and the Lord-Keeper) to name her successor. Starting, Elizabeth said, "I told you my seat has been the seat of kings; I will have no *rascal* to succeed me." One could almost imagine that her thought was, that the ministers would raise an Englishman—perhaps one of themselves—to the kingly dignity; for what followed appears to show that she could not have meant to refer to James as the "*rascal*." Cecil asked her what she meant by the words—no *rascal*? She answered, a king should succeed her; and who could that be but her cousin of Scotland? Was that her absolute will? they inquired; but she would bear no more questioning. Some time after, and while she lay speechless on her bed, Cecil again besought her to give them a sign if she would have the king of Scots to succeed her. Elizabeth then raised herself suddenly up, and clasping her hands together, held them over her head in evident signification of a crown. She died early the next morning, seemingly in a stupor, and free from pain; having reigned forty-four years, and being then sixty-nine years of age.

* In returning our warmest thanks to the lady who has furnished us with the means of tracing the history of this most interesting of gems, and who has the best possible means of knowing the accuracy of the facts upon which that history rests, we believe we may add, that the absence from England of the head of the family, who holds a high official appointment in one of the West Indian colonies, alone prevents us from giving a representation of the ring among the engravings of the present period. The ring is, as we have stated, looked upon, and justly, as a precious heir-loom; it is deposited in one of the most respectable of London banking-houses, and only permitted to be seen by the direct permission of the head of the family. We have reason to hope we shall be able to include it in the engravings of the next period.



TOMB OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.---WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



CHAPTER II.—ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES.



HE general history of the progress of the mighty religious changes that mark the present period, has been glanced at in connexion with the proceedings of the monarch whose personal conduct and state policy mainly originated those changes, and in connexion with the favour or disfavour shown to them by his successors, down to the final establishment of the new faith during the reign of Elizabeth. And our previous notices of the subject have been neces-

sarily confined, for the most part, to such generals. But if we consider that every step in that eventful progress was won by the most sublime heroism on the part of individual men and women, many of them humble in position, and unknown even now by name, many of them among the most learned and eminent of the land,—if we consider the variety of circumstances evidenced by the fact, that the contest lay not only between people of the same country, city, town, village, or hamlet, but even in thousands of cases between the inhabitants of the same house; where parents were divided against their children, or the wife against her husband,—if we consider these circumstances, we may readily understand why the complete history of the English Reformation unites all the interest of a deeply interesting and most tragical romance, with the record of facts more truly momentous perhaps in their ultimate operation on the national mind and prospects, than any that have happened in England since the Romish missionaries first preached in it the doctrines of Christianity. Some of the passages of that romance we now proceed to give.

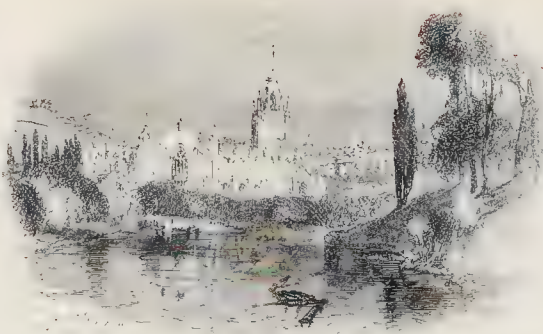
Various signs and portents gave warning of the coming Reformation even so early as the reign of Henry VII., while yet the Romish clergy stood firm on their proud eminence, controlling or performing nearly all the business of the nation. The favourite doctrines and traditions of the church began to be brought in question, its ancient customs to fall gradually into disuse. In particular, the holy images and shrines of the kingdom found fewer and fewer visitants and offerings; for new opinions concerning their true character began to find utterance among the common people. Thus, one John Blomstone was accused of saying, "there was as much virtue in an herb as in the image of the Virgin Mary, and that it was foolishness to go on pilgrimage to the image of Our Lady of Doncaster, Walsingham, or of the Tower of the city of Coventry; for a man might as well worship the blessed Virgin by the fireside in the kitchen as in the foresaid places, and as well when he seeth his mother or sister as in visiting the images, because they be no more but dead stocks and stones."

Richard Higlam of Coventry, again, was charged with saying, that if "Our Lady of Tower was put into the fire, it would make a good fire,"—by no means so innocuous a truism as might at first sight appear, being tantamount to recommending that the said "Our Lady of Tower" should be burned, and so he was understood, no doubt. John Falkes, of the same place, was still more plainspoken. "Her head shall be hoar or [ere] I offer to her that is but a block: if it could speak to me, I would give it an halfpenny-worth of ale."

It was in vain attempted to stop the movement by severe laws, carried out to the severest extremes, even to the fire and the stake. The torrent rolled on—the more fiercely for the impediments cast in its way. Every single victim gave rise to a host of others. One of the modes of torment is thus described:—"Their necks were tied fast to a post or stay with towels, and their hands holden that they might not stir, and so the iron being hot was put to their cheeks, and thus bare they the prints and marks of the Lord Jesus about them." More refined cruelty was practised on the feelings and affections, as in the case of William Tyllsworth, in Amersham, who was burnt in 1506: the flames that consumed him were lighted by his only daughter, whom the wretches who managed the execution

compelled to perform that horrid office. The deeply affecting story of Laurence Ghest also, "burned in Salisbury for the matter of the Sacrament," is another example: "He was of a comely and tall personage, and otherwise, as appeareth, not unfriended, for the which the bishop and the close (the canons) were the more loth to burn him, but kept him in prison the space of two years. This Laurence had a wife and seven children, wherefore, they thinking to expugn and persuade his mind by stirring of his fatherly affection toward his children, when the time came which they appointed for his burning, as he was at the stake, they brought before him his wife and his foresaid seven children. At the sight whereof, although nature is commonly wont to work in other, yet in him, religion overcoming nature, made his constancy to remain immoveable; in such sort, as when his wife began to exhort and desire him to favour himself, he again desired her to be content, and not to be a block to his way, for he was in a good course, running toward the mark of his salvation; and so, fire being put to him, he finished his life, renouncing not only wife and children, but also himself, to follow Christ. As he was in burning, one of the bishop's men threw a firebrand at his face; whereat the brother of Laurence, standing by, ran at him with his dagger, and would have slain him had he not been otherwise staid" (Fox). All these cases belong to the reign of Henry VII.

In the reign of Henry VIII. a powerful impulse was given to the movement by the tales that now came more frequently than before to the popular ear, in illustration of the dissolute lives of the monks in their monasteries, which was in fact acknowledged by the Papal bulls. The great abbey of St. Alban's had become especially infamous for its profligacy. Almost every kind of vice is ascribed to its inhabitants, in the letter still extant of the Catholic Archbishop Morton to the Abbot, commanding reform. This was a fact calculated most powerfully to influence the minds of the people against the religion to which the monks belonged; for it is always to be remembered, that the theory of their life was to fulfil the desire for a very high state of human purity and holiness, which is common more or less to all men of thoughtful, enthusiastic natures, and which they alone professed to be able to fulfil. But when imposture was found very frequently accompanying profligacy, when it was seen that the ministers of a religion were often practising upon the credulity of its votaries, it became a still easier matter to connect the individual with the faith, and to look on both with the same disgust. When the Dominicans and the Franciscans were at enmity with each other, and the latter betrayed the scandalous impositions of the former, it was no wonder the people went further than the tale-bearers would have had them, and believed the worst of both parties. Here is but one of many cases on record: at Boxley, in Kent, there was a crucifix of great size, known as the Rood of Grace, and which was held in especial veneration; as well it might be, considering the extraordinary character of the image of Christ that was upon it. This image, when worshippers knelt before it and presented their offerings, would roll its eyes, bend its brows, move its lips, shake its head, hands, and feet, whilst it graciously inclined its body in acknowledgment; or whilst, if displeased, it exhibited its displeasure in an equally intelligible manner. But among the crowds of devotees who flocked to Boxley, there was one Nicholas Partridge, who, when he bent before the Rood of Grace, occupied himself much more curiously than devoutly in trying to penetrate into the mystery of the image. He seems to have been so interested by the result as to have determined to pursue his inquiries further, and watching his opportunity, lighted at last upon an inner world of springs and wheels that looked very much like the work of some exceedingly skilful but unprincipled human agents. What an exhibition was that to be exposed to the people of England, and their monarch Henry VIII. who, to see and enjoy it with his own eyes, had the Rood brought to court, where it was made to nod, wink, bow, and perform all its other amusing evolutions, amid the laughter of the unthinking, and the sorrow and disgust of the truly pious, of each and all denominations! That exposure was not made until the latter part of the



1621.—Bristol.



1622.—Evesham.



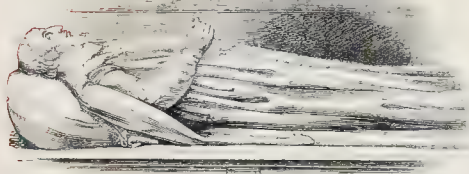
1623.—Stratford Church Avenue.



1624.—Bengeworth Church, seen through the Arch of the Bell-Tower at Evesham.



1625.—The Bell-Tower, Evesham.



1626.—Monument of John Combe, in Stratford Church.



1627.—Monument of Sir Thomas Lucy, the younger, in Stratford Church.



1628.—The Clopton Monument in Stratford Church.



1629.—East Window of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster



1632.—General Costume in the time of Henry VII. Selected from L. Imagination de la Vraye Noblesse, Royal MS. 19 C. viii.; and Roman de la Rose, Harl. MS. 4225



Hic iacet Margareta comitissa uxoris Gulielmi Regis Anglie Anno Domini millesimo CCCo. et LXXo. obiit die 20. mensis Aprilis.

1630



1634.—Suit of Fluted cap-a-pie Armour. Temp. Henry VII.



Here lyeth William Gooder late Scholmaster to Edward the fourth who Decayed the cleynthe daye of marche ad Anno. 1585 In wholy perpetuall memorye this monumente was erected by his loving frend William Rapper of pomekenoll in the Citie of London.

1631



1633.—Suit of very Long-Breasted Armour.



1636.—Suit of Demi-Lancer's Armour. Temp. Henry VII.



1635.—Suit of Black Armour of a Knight of St. George. Temp. Henry VII.

reign; but similar exposures of the same kind, though of a less exciting degree, marked also the earlier.

Particular incidents had in some cases the effect of appearing to reform the belief of particular and important portions of the commonwealth. Thus was it with the people of the city of London, who, however prepared previously to change, do not seem to have actually changed until the death of the citizen Humne, in 1514; then they performed the operation almost *en masse*. Humne had dared to sue a Romish parson for bringing him, the king's subject, before a foreign power, —the pope's legate, then sitting in the Spiritual Court. The church, in revenge, shut him up as a heretic in the Lollards' Tower of St. Paul's, where he was privily murdered, and subsequently the body burned in Smithfield. The excitement was terrible; and the metropolis was in effect reformed by that affair.

Of the individual cases of martyrdom that occurred during the reign of Henry VIII., two are especially interesting, those of James Baynham and Anne Askew. The execution of Person, Testwood, and Filmer before Windsor Castle (Fig. 1586) in 1544 need only be thus referred to in passing. James Baynham was brought before Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor, at his house in Chelsea, in 1531, on the ground of heresy; and was detained there in a kind of free custody for a time. But when More, according to the account of Fox, saw he could not prevail in perverting him to his sect, he "cast him in prison in his [More's] house, and whipped him at the tree in his garden, called the Tree of Troth, and after sent him to the Tower to be racked; and so he was, Sir Thomas More being present himself, till in a manner he had lamed him, because he would not accuse the gentleman of the Temple of his acquaintance, nor would not show where his books were; and because his wife denied them to be at his house, she was sent to the Fleet, and their goods confiscated." We trust Fox's well-known credulity has here a little misled him; that the illustrious Chancellor was not altogether free from the besetting sin of the age's intolerance is probable, but he could hardly have been the author of the excessive inhumanity here ascribed to him. Baynham, in the end, consented to abjure his heresies, and do penance. On one Sunday in February, 1532, the good people of London were regaled with the sight of a procession in which Baynham appeared conspicuous, making the best of his way to Paul's Cross. There the penitent stood on high, with a lighted taper in one hand and a bundle of fagots in the other (Fig. 1584), and listened to a sermon befitting the occasion. Baynham was then permitted to return to his home uninjured—he had escaped—and loud and long, no doubt, were the congratulations of his Catholic friends. One month only, however, elapsed before Baynham once more called his friends together, and spoke of the deep anguish he felt at his conduct. The following Sunday he was in St. Austin's Church, and there, to the astonishment of the congregation, he stood before them in his pew, "declaring openly with weeping tears, that he had denied God, and prayed all the people to forgive him, and to beware of his weakness, and not to do as he did." His fate was now sealed irrevocably. But it was desirable to obtain a second recantation, and these were the gentle methods employed. "A fortnight he lay," continues Fox, "in the bishop's coal-house in the stocks, with irons upon his legs; then he was carried to the Lord Chancellor's, and there chained to a post two nights; then he was carried to Fulham, where he was cruelly handled by the space of a sevennight; then to the Tower, where he lay a fortnight, scourged with whips to make him revoke his opinions: from thence he was carried to Barking, then to Chelsea, and there condemned, and so to Newgate to be burned."

Anne Kyme, or Askew, was a young married lady of good family. Her father was Sir William Askew, of Kelsey, in Lincolnshire; her husband, Kyme, a neighbour, with whom she had been forced into a marriage whilst very young, and probably from mercenary motives, as Kyme was wealthy. Anne was beautiful, high-spirited, and intellectual; and presents another example of the learned ladies of whom that age was so rife. Anne's learning led to serious results. She had studied the Scriptures profoundly, and, drawing her conclusions upon religious matters from them, became a convert to the Reformed faith. What her intellect taught her to believe, her tongue dared to avow, though the Bloody Statutes were then in full force, sending martyr after martyr to the rack and to the stake, and she could have had no reason to expect exemption from the fiery ordeal. Her first and her bitterest adversary was her own husband, who drove her—the mother of his two children—from his doors. Anne went to London to sue for a separation. There the sufferer for conscience' sake met with friends among the ladies resident at court. Queen Catherine Parr herself most probably

favoured Anne, and became, as we have before pointed out, almost if not quite a convert to the views which Anne fearlessly taught and disseminated, both verbally, and by distributing books and tracts of the Reformers. Catherine's stolen readings of some of these prohibited productions, and her strong tendency to believe in them, led to that doctrinal dispute with Henry, which was so near proving fatal to her. "A good hearing this," exclaimed the savage controversialist king, "when women become such clerks; and a thing much to my comfort, to come in my old age to be taught by my wife." But Catherine soon saw her error and her danger, and, when he uttered the words, "Kate, I know you, you are become a doctor," she made him believe that her opposition had been solely designed to beguile him of the sense of his bodily pain. "Ah!" cried he, "is it so, sweetheart? Then we are friends again." And so when the Chancellor Wriothesly, who had orders to arrest Catherine, came with forty men of the guard, Henry received him with various choice epithets—as knave! arrant knave! fool! beast!—and Wriothesly was glad to make the best of his way out of the royal presence. That was a scene Wriothesly was not likely soon to forget; the remembrance of it may have given him additional energy in that other and most revolting one, when he applied his own hand to the rack on which lay Anne Askew in torture, hoping to extort from her something that might enable the fool and beast yet to bring on his royal mistress, or some of those about her person, the doom she had so narrowly escaped. But Anne could not be brought by any anguish to say that which might compromise them. At her examination in the Tower, when she was asked how she had gained comfort and food in prison if she had no powerful friends—a question that, as well as the reply, opens a dreadful view of her prison-sufferings—she replied, "*My maid bemoaned my wretched condition to the apprentices in the streets, and some of them sent me money, but I never knew their names.*" Her examiners were certain that many ladies had sent her money, and so it is clear they had, at the greatest possible risk. Pressed hard on this point, Anne said, "My maid once told me that a man in a blue coat had given her ten shillings for me, saying that they came from Lady Hertford; and at another time, that a man in a violet coat had given her eight shillings for me, saying that they came from Lady Denny; but whether these accounts are true, I have no certain knowledge: I can speak only as to the young woman's report." Some of the council were supposed to have rendered her secret support, but she denied this. She went to Smithfield as heroically as she had gone to the dungeon and the rack. No one was prosecuted on her testimony, but it is very possible that her influence and example assisted to bring others to the fiery furnace of martyrdom: indeed we find a gentleman of the royal household died with her—and for the same particular crime, disbelieving the real presence. They were chained to separate stakes, and at two others stood a Shropshire clergyman and a poor London tailor—also victims to the Bloody Statutes. A pulpit was reared opposite, in which preached the apostate Shaxton, formerly Bishop of Salisbury, who, after forfeiting his bishopric rather than sanction the passing of the Six Articles—after enduring long poverty and captivity—had given way at last under the fear of death, and now exhibited the pitiable spectacle of a weak, false denier of his conscience, who, to obtain a miserable livelihood from court, spent his learning and abilities in endeavouring to pervert others. His example was not a very inviting one, and Anne Askew had already refused to follow it, when he came to the Tower from the commission to persuade her to renew more effectually a submission with which, when she was first arrested, she had obtained a temporary freedom on bail. Anne had gathered courage from suffering since then, and sharply reproved him for his falsehood, telling him it had been better for him if he had never been born. His declamation and appeals were just as unsuccessful now. She and her heroic companions rejected the renewed offers of pardon on recantation made at the conclusion of his discourse, and thus with wonderful courage died (Fig. 1555).

It is of course to the reign of Mary that the "noble army of martyrs" chiefly belongs; and as we read of their heroism and their sufferings, it is difficult to say which of two opposite and contradictory feelings predominates—an earnest and reverential admiration that makes us proud to think we are men, since humanity can raise itself to such heights of self-sacrifice, or a sense of the deepest humiliation and abasement to be one of a class of beings that can inflict such revolting tortures upon its own kind, on account of speculative differences of belief. All the horrors we have hitherto had occasion to describe in connexion with the reign of Henry were revived, though, it must be owned, from more honest motives, in the reign of Mary, which happily was almost as brief as it was

"bloody;" commencing in February, 1555, with Rogers at Smithfield, Bishop Hooper at Gloucester, and Dr. Taylor at Hadleigh, where a well-known stone (Fig. 1583) still marks the place, and ending in 1558, after the immolation at the altar of bigotry of nearly three hundred persons. Speed thus classifies them. Five bishops, twenty-one divines, eight gentlemen, eighty-four artificers, a hundred husbandmen, servants, and labourers, twenty-six wives, twenty widows, nine unmarried women, two boys, and *two in 'ants*—of whom, he says, one was whipped to death by Bonner, and the other, coming first into life whilst the anguished mother was surrounded by the flames, was made (wilfully) to share its parent's doom. But these facts only bring before us a part, and hardly the most considerable part, of the sufferings of our martyrs. Many of them were subjected to the most horrible barbarities before execution; hosts of others endured the mere preliminary inflictions, who escaped the final agony by submission, or through other causes. Strype, with Coverdale for his authority, says some were "thrown into dungeons, noisome holes, dark, loathsome, and stinking corners; other some lying in fetters and chains, and loaded with so many irons that they could scarcely stir. Some tied in the stocks with their heels upwards; some having their legs in the stocks, and their necks cained to the wall with gorgets of iron. Some with hands and legs in the stocks at once. Sometimes both hands in and both legs out; sometimes the right hand with the left leg, or the left hand with the right leg, fastened in the stocks with manacles and fetters, having neither stool nor stone to sit on, to ease their woeful bodies. Some standing in Skevington's gyves, which were most painful engines of iron [compressing the limbs together], with their bodies doubled; some whipped and scourged, beaten with rods, and buffeted with fists; some having their hands burned with a candle to try their patience, or force them to relent; some hunger-pined, and some miserably famished and starved." The known treatment of Cuthbert Simpson furnishes an apt commentary upon this passage. We learn from one of his letters written to his friends to describe his treatment in the Tower, that he was first set in a rack of iron (the gyves before mentioned), in order to induce him to tell the names of the members of a body of religious reformers, of whom he was the deacon: then, on another day, that he had his two fore-fingers bound together, and an arrow drawn between them so rapidly that the blood burst out, and the arrow broke; and lastly, that he was twice put on the rack, the engine properly so called, and in which position he is represented in our engraving (Fig. 1581).

But the names that have most deeply entered into the hearts of Englishmen in connexion with the mighty business of the Reformation, are those of Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, the three most illustrious of Mary's victims. Ridley was a powerful preacher, and an able denouncer of what he deemed popish superstitions. He first attacked the images and holy water, then transubstantiation, then other doctrines; and he became the assistant of Cranmer in framing the celebrated forty-one Articles. The enlightened charitable institutions founded by Edward VI. owed, it is well known, their origin to a sermon of Ridley's. The bells that rung for Queen Mary's accession, rung Ridley's knell. He was at once flung into prison, and there remained until brought forth to debate on the doctrines that he denied, if that could be called a debate which took place amid a perfect Babel of uproar, hissing, and hooting. Ridley was a practised and courageous controversialist; but he was at last fain to exclaim, amid the overpowering clamour, "I have but one tongue, I cannot answer at once to you all." In the opinions of his friends, however, he acquitted himself with triumphant ability. Next day, good old Latimer—he was then upwards of eighty—was brought to be bained in the same arena—St. Mary's church, Oxford, so weak and faint after his imprisonment, that he could hardly stand. "Ha! good masters," said he, "I pray ye, be good to an old man. You may be once as old as I am: you may come to this age and this debility." And how was his prayer responded to? He had presently to exclaim, that in his time and day he had spoken before great kings more than once, for two or three hours together, without interruption; "but now," says he, "if I may speak the truth by your leaves, I cannot be suffered to declare my mind before you, no, not by the space of a quarter of an hour, without snatches, revilings, cheeks, rebukes, taunts, such as I have not felt the like in such an audience all my life long." How this famous controversy ended under such circumstances we need not say. When next Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer were brought before the public eye in St. Mary's church, they were asked if they would now turn or not; but they bade them read on (their condemnation) in the name of God, for they were *not* so minded. Eighteen months after, in the ditch on the north side of Oxford, now a part of the town itself, and marked by the beautiful sculptured Martyrs' Memorial that

has recently been erected, the stakes and fagots were reared for the execution of Ridley and Latimer. Ridley—firm and strong of mind and frame—came to the spot with a lively step, but turned back to meet his feebler brother-martyr, and, kissing him on the cheek, encouraged him: "Be of good heart, brother; for God will either assuage the fury of the flames, or strengthen us to bear it." There was the usual sermon, with the text, "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Many fearful and fantastic cases are on record of the misuse of Scripture texts; but we hardly know one more extraordinary than this. Men burning their fellow-men for their opinions, with a preliminary lecture on charity! Certainly, Dr. Smith's sermon was to very little profit, for the martyrs showed no disposition to change. Ridley, ever prompt, immediately prepared for the last ordeal—taking off his own clothes, and giving them away to the bystanders, with whatever trifling articles he had about him, such as a new groat, some nutmegs, bits of ginger, and a dial. Latimer had to be stripped by others. The two stood up by the fagots, and the chains were bound round them. During this operation a change seemed to pass over the venerable Latimer (Fig. 1589). The spirit had before been willing enough, though the flesh was weak; but now, with his shroud about him, he seemed no longer decrepit, withered, bowed—but erect, and "as comely a father as one might behold;" and gave utterance to that ever-memorable prophecy—"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust, shall never be put out." And did they not? Gunpowder was fastened to each. Latimer was quickly put out of pain with its assistance, but it was long before the fire penetrated through the mass of fuel to the gunpowder that hung about Ridley's neck; so that it did not explode until his extremities were consumed. He bore his tortures with unquailing courage. Burnet considers him to have been the ablest man—for piety, learning, and solid judgment—of all that adorned the Reformation.

Five months later, perished Cranmer, after a continual series of endeavours to shake his constancy, which, alas! were for a time but too successful. His enemies, with a truly Satanic malignity, induced him to wreck his conscience in the hope of saving his life, and then would not spare that life. How unutterable must have been the anguish of Cranmer's mind at the hour of the discovery of the position in which his weakness had placed him! And, once humiliated, his enemies prepared to bow him utterly to the earth—to steep him to the very lips in moral degradation. We may imagine what a susceptible and essentially upright spirit, as Cranmer's was, must have suffered when—on the very eve of appearing before a God of truth, and of leaving a last example to the world—he was reduced to utter that equivocation, if no worse, to Dr. Cole, Provost of Eton, whom Mary sent to him—that he remained firm in the Catholic faith, as he had recently professed it; and when he consented to transcribe and deliver a recantation that had been prepared for him to speak when he came to the place of death. But Cranmer could not die thus a traitor to himself. Relieved, in some degree, from the terrible presence of fear by the certainty of his doom, his higher nature began to assert itself. His enemies—little anticipating the scene that was to ensue—required his recantation to be read in public, before his execution; so they took him to St. Mary's church, and set him on a stage or platform, raised a moderate height from the ground, and placed in front of the pulpit in which Dr. Cole was to preach the last sermon Cranmer was to hear. The archbishop's dress was a bare and ragged gown, and an old square cap, "in which he was exposed to the contempt of all men." But there were heroic thoughts at work that were to glorify for ever that base garb, and to redeem, most grandly, all past errors and vacillations. After Dr. Cole's exhortation, Cranmer spake, and these were some of his words: "Now," said he, "I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than any other thing that I ever said or did in my life; and that is, the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and writ for fear of death, and to save my life, if it might be; and that is, all such bills which I have written or signed with mine own hand since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue. And forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall be first punished. For if I may come to the fire, it shall be first burned. And as for the pope, I refuse him, as Christ's enemy, and Antichrist, with all his false doctrine." He was not allowed to conclude, but he had said enough—quite enough to excite the bitterest hate of his enemies, and to ensure for ever the reverence of all other men. He was pulled down (Fig. 1580) from the platform by the "friars and other papists" present, and with all haste brought to the ditch over against Balliol



1539.—Suit of Armour with Lamboys, presented by the Emperor Maximilian to Henry VIII



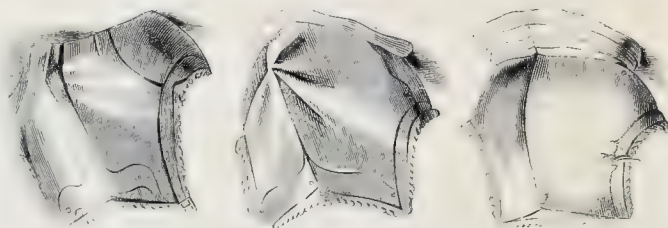
1676.—1, Glave-blade of the time of Henry VII; 2, Sword engraved by Albert Durer before 1528; 3, Military Costume engraved on the annexed Sword. 4, Hilbercheads of the time of Henry VII.



1641.—Suit of Puffed and Engraved Armour, 1610.



1676.—1, Hilbercheads of the time of Henry VII



1676.—Breastplates of the time of Henry VIII



1639.—General Costume in the time of Henry VIII. (Selected from Holbein's 'Dance of Death'.)



1610.—Military Costume in the time of Henry VIII. (Selected from Cotton MS. Augustus III.)



1643.—General Costume of the time of Edward VI.
(Selected from the Ancient Picture of his Coronation Procession from the Tower to Westminster.)



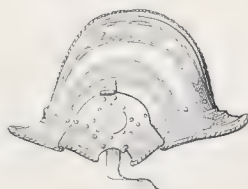
1644.—Costume.—French, 1574 (Montfaucon). German, 1577 (Weigel.) Burgundian, 1577 (Weigel.)



1645.—Suit of Ribbed and Engraved Armour. (From Meyrick and Skelton's Ancient Arms and Armour.)



1646.—Ladies' Headpieces of the Sixteenth Century. (From Mr. A. J. R. Taylor's Tapestry.)



1647.—Courting-Hat.



1648.—Costume.—Venetian, 1590 (Titian). Spanish, 1577 (Weigel). French, 1581 (Boissard).



1649.—Men's Caps, Hats, and Bannets of the Sixteenth Century. (From Mr. Ady Repton's Tapestry.)

College, where Ridley and Latimer had before suffered. Here they stripped him to the shirt, took off his shoes, bound him to the stake, and lighted the fire. Cranmer stood perfectly self-possessed—resolved; no weak murmur escaped him. When he saw the eager flames rising, he neither shrunk from the pain nor the death they were to inflict, but thrusting his right hand into them, was heard repeatedly exclaiming, "This unworthy hand! This unworthy hand!" and continued to the last to hold it out. "When the fire raged more fiercely," says Godwin, "his body abided as immovable as the stake whereto he was fastened, and lifting up his eyes toward heaven, he exclaimed, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" And so he died; a more truly brave man than others, who, not having the same quick and subtle imagination to disturb them in their purposes, obtained the reputation which really belonged to those who, like Cranmer, seeing and feeling in all their intensity the horrors that had to be encountered, did so at the last encounter and conquer them.

Turning from the effects of the religious changes of the sixteenth century upon the national mind, and on the individual persons who most actively promoted them, whether as victims or persecutors, we are reminded, by the groups of cathedrals and other ancient churches (in pages 61 and 64), of the effect of those changes upon the buildings devoted to God, upon the services performed in them, and, above all, upon their officiating priests.

The effect of these changes on our ecclesiastical structures can only be described in one word—as most lamentable. The noblest series of edifices, as a whole, that the world possesses, were, prior to the Reformation, enhanced by a no less noble series of adornments of the highest character, from the hands of painters and sculptors, and artistic decorators, whose very existence in such number, and of such excellence, in this country, centuries ago, seems but as the dream of some enthusiastic antiquary; so complete has been the gulf that the Reformation, and other and later influences, have put between our England and their England—between us and them. It is impossible to overrate the injury done to art by our reforming forefathers: we can only hope that the good done to religion was an ample counterbalance. But, it was said, all these artistic decorations are *superstitious*: that was the idea that worked so much destruction among our sculptured angels, holy saints, and courageous martyrs; it was that which pulled down our exquisitely-carved rood-lofts and our richly-painted windows (St. Margaret's Westminster, Fig. 1629, one of the latest of the class, may show there was some excuse for the long-prevailing notion of the lost art); it was that which tore up our decorated brasses, that had made the very floors radiant with the grace and fancy of the artist, and the sweet and holy piety expressed in the life-breathing effigy of the departed spirit, as it still clasped the hands in prayer, still looked up towards the sky, year after year, and century after century, as though absorbed into so high a state of spiritual being, that it cared not to break the spell that bound it. Perhaps no class of works (with the exception of the pictures, which, being easily removable, were entirely swept away) suffered more than the brasses. The windows were elevated, and so were a large proportion of the sculptures, and modes and seasons were therefore requisite for their extensive injury; but every zealot who entered the sacred edifice could set to work with a chisel and a hammer to strip away a beautiful brass from the floor, or mutilate it, when it was not convenient to finish the business: consequently the art of monumental brasses has also become, until of late years, a "lost" one—the relics having been too few, too unimportant, or too much hidden from the general eye, to have kept the heart in recollection for any practical purposes. Both these lost arts, however, we hope yet to see entirely found again: assuredly we have, within the last few years, made a good beginning. We may add that the value of our ancient brass memorials, as examples of costume, is now not only generally acknowledged, but turned to excellent account. Our two engravings (Figs. 1630, 1631) furnish interesting data of this kind.

The idea of the idolatrous nature of the images, relics, and shrines of the churches of the middle ages, had fast possession of great numbers of the English people, by the time the minister Cromwell, in 1537, commenced his war against them. There were plenty of willing hands to light the consuming fires for the famous shrines then brought to London—comprising, among others, those of our Lady of Walsingham, Ipswich, and Islington—that had been enriched with the offerings of many generations of worshippers. The most sumptuous of the works destroyed at this crisis was Thomas à Becket's shrine at Canterbury. And, once begun, the proceedings were vigorously carried on. In the following year, Cromwell thus issued his commands to the clergy:—"Such feigned images as ye

know in any of your cures to be so abused with pilgrimages, or offerings of anything made thereunto, ye shall, for avoiding of that most detestable offence of idolatry, forthwith take down, and without delay; and shall suffer from henceforth no candles, tapers, or images of wax to be set afore any image or picture, but only the light that commonly goeth across the church by the rood-loft, the light before the sacrament of the altar, and the light above the sepulchre, which, for the adorning of the church and divine service, ye shall suffer to remain."

There was a pause in the latter years of Henry VIII.'s life (for he was then a Catholic, and a more intolerant one than any of his predecessors); and on the accession of his Protestant heir, Edward, Cranmer and the Protector appeared dubious about reviving it. The constantly-increasing portion of the people who had embraced Protestantism waited for some time patient, though in a state of great suspense; but growing weary of the delay, they again renewed their labours. We give one or two examples, curiously illustrative of the very equivocal posture of affairs at the time.

The curate and churchwardens of St. Martin's, in Ironmonger Lane, London, took down the crucifix, and the images and pictures of the saints, and painted the walls instead with texts of Scripture. They were cited before the council on the complaint of Bonner; and having asked pardon, the council, "in respect of their submission, and of some other reasons which did mitigate their offence," did not imprison them, but ordered them to provide a crucifix, or at least some painting of it till one were ready, and to beware of such rashness for the future."

On May-day following, the people of Portsmouth pulled down the images and crucifixes from the walls of various churches in that town. In one of the latter, the image (or statue) of St. John the Evangelist, that stood in a chancel by the high altar, was taken away, and a table of alabaster broken. An eye was also bored out, and the side pierced, of an image of Christ crucified.

Gardiner complained loudly, but Ridley led a still louder outcry on the side of the popular feeling, by a Lent sermon against images and holy water, which rang from one end of the kingdom to the other. The excitement was at its height, when an order (in February, 1548) for the removal of *all* images restored tranquillity among the Protestants. And as Edward, or Edward's ministers, like Henry VIII., had no objection to make public reforms aid their private interests, the seizure was ordered, for the king's use, of all the plate, jewels, vestments, and general furniture of the sacred edifices, that could be spared—which meant, in effect, the barbarous dismantling of them to relieve temporary difficulties of the treasury or enrich the royal wardrobe. "Among other things that came into the king's possession, by virtue of this commission, was good store of linen, good and bad, as surplices, altar-cloths, towels, napkins," &c. (Strype.) The amount of treasure gained by these unscrupulous proceedings was almost incredible. The great cathedrals of course furnished the richest booty. Bishop Ridley petitioned that the "haberdashery" of the churches, found in his diocese of London, might be given up to him for the benefit of the Christ Church Hospital, and this was conceded; but the churches were everywhere left in a state almost of primitive plainness.

The religious services in the English churches were not changed suddenly, but by slow and intermitting movements. The first—of momentous character—was the introduction of the Scriptures in the common language. The first printed English translation of any part of the Scriptures was Tyndal's New Testament, published in an octavo volume, at Antwerp, in 1526, and circulated secretly but largely throughout England—to the great discomfort of Wolsey and the Roman Catholic dignitaries generally. Burnet tells a pleasant story respecting this book:—"Tunstall, then Bishop of London, being a man of invincible moderation, would do nobody hurt, yet endeavoured as he could to get their books into his hands; so, being at Antwerp in the year 1529, as he returned from his embassy at the treaty of Cambray, he sent for one Packington, an English merchant there, and desired him to see how many New Testaments, of Tyndal's translation, he might have for money. Packington, who was a secret favourer of Tyndal, told him what the bishop proposed. Tyndal was very glad of it; for, being convinced of some faults in his work, he was designing a new and more correct edition; but he was poor, and the former impression not being sold off, he could not go about it; so he gave Packington all the copies that lay in his hands, for which the bishop paid the price, and brought them over and burnt them publicly in Cheapside. This had such an hateful appearance in it, being generally called a burning of the word of God, that people from thence concluded there must be a visible contrariety between that book and the

doctrines of those who so handled it, by which both their prejudice against the clergy and their desire of reading the New Testament was increased. So that, next year, when the second edition was finished, many more were brought over; and Constantine (one of Tyndal's associates) being taken in England, the Lord Chancellor, in a private examination, promised him that no hurt should be done him if he would reveal who encouraged and supported them at Antwerp; which he accepted of, and told that the greatest encouragement they had was from the Bishop of London, who had bought up half the impression. This made all that heard it laugh heartily, though judicious persons discerned the great temper of that learned bishop in it."

The first printed translation of the entire Bible in English was that of Miles Coverdale, also issued from a continental press, in 1535. An interesting incident marks the reception of this book at court. Various opinions having been expressed about the work, Henry VIII., says Burnet, "ordered divers bishops to peruse it. After they had had it long in their hands, he asked their judgment of it: they said there were many faults in it. But he asked, upon that, if there were any heresies in it? they said they found none. Then, said the king, in God's name, let it go abroad among my people." Coverdale himself related this anecdote to the audience at St. Paul's Cross. Pending the preparation of the new translation (Cranmer's) that had been ordered, Cromwell directed that Coverdale's should be obtained for every parish, and chained to a pillar or desk of the church, for all to read at their pleasure (Fig. 1582).

An innovation of the same period was the Book of Homilies, designed to be read to the people by such as were not licensed to preach; consisting mostly of plain and practical paraphrases of Scripture, with serious exhortations and short explanations of difficult passages, "that show the compiler of them was a man both of good judgment and learning" (Burnet). A more important Book of Homilies (Cranmer's, or prepared under his direction in 1547) was provided for such priests as could not preach, who were ordered by Edward VI., in a preface, to read them every Sunday. This is the Book of Homilies mentioned in our Prayer-Book—with a third, of 1562—as containing "a godly and wholesome doctrine." Some of our forefathers had a different notion of it. "It is strange," says Strype, "to consider how anything, be it never so beneficial and innocent, oftentimes gives offence. For a great many, both of the laity as well as the clergy, could not digest these homilies; and therefore, sometimes, when they were read in the church, if the parishioners liked them not, there would be such talking and babbling in the church that nothing could be heard." The bad reading of the priest was often one cause of this. "He would so hawk it and chop it," says Latimer, "that it were as good for them [the parishioners] to be without it, for any word that could be understood." The reader, indeed, often understood it as little as the listeners; sometimes, like them, did not want to understand it.

From the period of these Homilies we may date the existing practice among clergymen of the Establishment of reading their sermons. Before, pulpit discourses had been extemporaneous when delivered at all. The permission of the cup to the laity in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—the surrender of the doctrine of the necessity of auricular confession to a priest, and the substitution, by those who pleased, of confession to God—the addition to high mass, matins, and to even-song, of readings in English from the New Testament—were additional changes with which the reign of Edward was ushered in. But the mass itself was soon doomed to give way, and the mass-book to be superseded by the book of Common Prayer, as at present received and celebrated. Probably few of our readers are aware that this was compiled out of the different forms of the Mass-Book used in different parts of the kingdom—as that of York, used in the north; that of the Church of Sarum, used in the south; and those of Lincoln, Hereford, and Bangor, used in their respective dioceses. The chief novelties were the rendering of the whole into English, and the introduction of the Litany. At first the Litany contained a petition for deliverance from the Bishop of Rome, but this was struck out in the reign of Elizabeth. The book was printed, and ordered to be used by all ministers in the celebration of divine service.

The services of the churches were thus completely Protestantised, when Mary ascended the sovereign seat of the empire, and threw all back into its old state, as in the last year of the reign of Henry VIII.

But again a Protestant sovereign ruled England, and the overjoyed nation beheld the reformed worship re-established, and the word of God disseminated among all ranks in an intelligible form. Cranmer's great Bible was twice reprinted—namely, in 1562 and

1566—but, being found incorrect, the sacred text underwent a careful revision, under the superintendence of Archbishop Parker, who divided it in portions, and distributed them amongst many able divines—Grindal, Bentham, Sandys, Horn, Cox, Goodman, and others. The whole, when completed and bound together, formed a splendid folio volume, interspersed with maps and cuts, and was called Parker's, or the Bishops' Bible. This was the authorised translation until the reign of James I., when our present version was produced. But the Bishops' Bible was not altogether acceptable to certain classes of the Protestant community, who preferred, instead, a new translation by Miles Coverdale, and other learned men then residing on the Continent. Among these classes were the PURITANS, the disciples of Nonconformity; which, says Fuller, "in the days of King Edward was conceived; which afterwards, in the reign of Queen Mary (but beyond sea at Frankfurt), was born; which in the reign of Elizabeth was nursed and reared; which, under King James, grew up a young youth, or tall stripling; but towards the end of King Charles's reign, shot up to the full strength and stature of a man, able not only to cope with, but conquer the hierarchy, its adversary;" and, the writer might have added, to pull down dynasties; and, in the end, while the form of government reverted to the old position, to change permanently its entire spirit. All classes of men are accustomed to speak of the glorious Revolution of 1688, but assuredly that revolution was only a phase of the one that had preceded it—happily, the final phase; then the great movement that had caused the expenditure of so much blood settled down into quiet: renouncing its extremest views, but obtaining ample security for the adoption of those which it deemed most necessary to the grand object, good government. And all this mighty series of events, the fame of which has spread to the remotest corner of the earth, are but so many developments of the one apparently slight influence that we before alluded to—the change wrought by the religious policy of our government during the sixteenth century upon the officiating priests of the churches. At first the effect must have been more ludicrous than tragical or seemly; seeing, as men did, nearly the whole body of clergy shifting now in a body towards Catholicism, on one side, when Henry VIII. commanded, then back again at the behests of Edward's ministers towards Protestantism, on the other; then again to extreme Catholicism when Mary ascended the throne, and yet once more reverting to the new faith at the bidding of Elizabeth. There were exceptions, of course. The Catholic bishops refused the oath of supremacy at the commencement of the last named reign, and others were consequently appointed to their sees; but we find it especially noted that the great body of the parochial clergy performed, as usual, the now familiar movement, and changed most peaceably. But the very magnitude and comprehensiveness of this humiliation was calculated to draw the attention of earnest minds, and so prepare the way for the removal of the scandal.

Whilst the entire framework of the ancient religion had been subjected, bit by bit, to the most searching examination, and men had drawn from the labour a conviction that manifold abuses existed in it, and that some sweeping processes of purification were necessary, it was not to be supposed they would agree as to the exact amount of change required. Some desired to stop at this point, and some at that, a little further on; but none had found the mode by which alone these differences can be reconciled—equal intellectual freedom for all to move just as they pleased. The commencement was little more than a question of vestments, but gradually embraced the whole subject of the church liturgy, ceremonies, and discipline. The Puritans, as the name expresses, were those who desired an especially pure system of worship—one far advanced beyond the views of those in authority, reformers though they were. An honourable name is his who was the first (or among the first) to divide the body of religionists amongst themselves, that had so recently divided from the disciples of the older worship; that name is Hooper's. After long wandering in exile, and chiefly in Switzerland, then the stronghold of the more extreme religious reformers, he returned, with many others, during the reign of Edward. Being nominated to the bishopric of Gloucester, he refused the oath of supremacy in the terms in which it was couched, and would not assume the prescribed habit for consecration. He listened, unconvinced, to the persuasions of his Puritan friends, Bucer and Peter Martyr, as well as Cranmer and Ridley, and was accordingly sent to the Fleet, for contumacy, in 1551, and there lay until he consented to a compromise. He was to wear the vestments on high occasions, but to be excused on common ones. This was looked on by many as a paltering with the truth, and "lost him much of his popularity" (Burnet). It was his fate afterwards, however (as we have already seen), to assert his principles, not only in defiance



1541.—Shown the half-armor of a general officer, the costume and accoutrements of an archer, and a musketeer, of the Elizabethan period.)



1551.—Sir Horace Vesp.



1652.—"And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate."



1653.—"With an old hall hung about with pikes, swords, and bows."

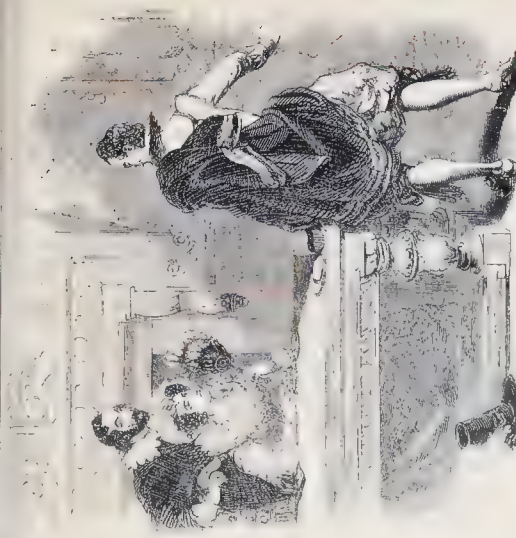
With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum."



Look! "A lot of people are coming to see the new show."



"What a fine horse!" "He is not for sale," said the owner. "He is a fine horse, but he is not for sale."



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"What a fine horse!" "He is not for sale," said the owner. "He is a fine horse, but he is not for sale."

of the terror of imprisonment, but of the flames of martyrdom, in which he perished heroically in 1555.

But it was not until the reign of Elizabeth that, as Fuller observes, Puritanism was "nursed and reared," and then by the curious process of endeavouring to destroy it. The great influx of exiles from Switzerland—nearly the whole of whom were in effect Puritans—gave a mighty impulse to the growing distaste for all that had been preserved by the Reformers of the creed that had been reformed. Objections were urged against the spiritual claims of bishops—their sole right of ordination and discipline—their temporal dignities—the titles and offices of the various cathedral officials—the jurisdiction of the spiritual courts—the promiscuous admittance to the communion-table—to many things in the Liturgy—to passages in the marriage and burial offices—to the prohibition of the clergyman from using his own prayers in public service—to godfathers and godmothers—to confirmation—to apocryphal books read in the church—to Lent and holidays—to cathedral worship, chanting, and organs—to pluralities and non-residency—to church patronage in the hands of the crown, bishops, and lay patrons, instead of election by the people: and, in fact, there appears to be no end to the list of the things objected to in the Establishment. The Puritans might have almost said in a word, "We object to everything." But the Establishment could not be more offensive to them than were their views as to what it should be to Elizabeth, who loved pomp and magnificence, for their own sakes, and who at first desired to keep as much of both as possible in the church for the sake of her Catholic subjects; desiring then to lessen rather than increase the difference between them and their Protestant countrymen. It would have been well for the country, and for her reputation and fame, had she never lost this desire. It was determined to put down Puritanism with a strong hand. A committee of divines was constituted to examine and alter, if necessary, the Liturgy of Edward; Archbishop Parker was at their head—"a parker, indeed, careful to keep the fences, and shut the gate of discipline, against all such night-stealers as would invade the same" (Fuller). Some alterations were made:—for the worse, in the opinion of the Puritans, as showing a still more decided leaning to popery. And then the famous Act of Uniformity was passed (in 1558), which, while it empowered the Queen and the commissioners to ordain further ceremonies and rites, forbade, under severe penalties, the performance of divine worship in any other manner than that prescribed by the Prayer-Book. The immediate effect of this Act was startling. In all parts of the kingdom the clergymen, refusing to obey, quitted their churches. And, says the historian Neal, "It was impossible, with all the assistance they could get from both universities, to fill up the parochial vacancies with men of learning and character. Many churches were disfurnished for a considerable time: and not a few mechanics, altogether . . . unlearned. . . . were preferred to dignities and livings; who, being disregarded by the people, brought great discredit on the Reformation; while others, of the first rank for learning, piety, and usefulness in their functions, were laid by in silence. There was little or no preaching all over the country." The Bishop of Bangor had but two preachers in his diocese. In some country towns and villages there was not so much as a homily read for many months together. Baptisms and burials were with difficulty provided for.

Many of those who still continued to officiate, did so, it is said, on the ground that they feared the nation, thus left without spiritual guidance, might relapse into popery; but it appears also that for some years the new Act was not violently enforced. Where men stayed in their churches, and enjoyed the sympathy of their congregations, they were allowed for a time to continue their own mode of worship, as though their violation of the Act were unknown; but that was only a temporary toleration, no doubt for political purposes. So, in 1564, the Queen's attention was called to the matter, and a paper presented to her showing how the Puritans deviated from her Act; and a very striking picture has been preserved in that paper of the religious customs of the Puritans in their churches, which modes, for variety, might be named Legion. "Some perform divine service and prayers in the chancel, others in the body of the church; some in a seat made in the church, some in a pulpit, with their faces to the people; some keep precisely to the order of the book, some intermix Psalms in metre; some say with a surplice, and others without one. The table stands in the body of the church in some places; in others it stands in the chancel; in some places the table stands altar-wise, distant from the wall a yard; in others in the middle of the chancel, north and south; in some places the table is joined, in others it stands upon tressels; in some the table has a carpet, in others none. Some administer

the communion with surplice and cap, some with surplice alone, others with none; some with chalice, others with a communion cup, others with a common cup; some with unleavened bread, and some with leavened. Some receive kneeling, others standing, others sitting; some baptize in a font, some in a basin; some sign with the sign of the cross, others sign not; some minister in a surplice, others without; some with a square cap, some with a round cap, some with a button cap, some with a hat; some in scholars' clothes, some in others." It was high time for the ministers of persecution to be let loose, thought Elizabeth; and with her characteristic energy did she cause the poor Nonconformist or Puritan preachers to be persecuted accordingly. All were ejected who would not conform rigidly to the established rites, habits, and ceremonies, as laid down in the Rubric. Great numbers of ministers, many deservedly in high esteem, were thus left destitute. "They travelled up and down the countries, from church to church, preaching where they could get leave, as if they were apostles; and so they were with regard to their poverty, for silver and gold they had none." (Bishop Jewel.) When the Nonconformists could not obtain the churches to preach in, or when the weather was too cold or the persecution too hot for them to hold forth in the streets, fields, and woods, they sought the privacy of the houses and other buildings of their disciples; and these were our earlier "conventicles;"—the parents of that numerous progeny which, under the name of chapels or meeting-houses, now extend over the entire country, and in which the worshippers of God may meet without dreading, as of old, that before the service closes, their beloved pastor, perhaps even themselves, may be borne away to prison, there haply to perish from neglect or ill treatment: such was the treatment their forefathers experienced from Elizabeth. Nor was the communication stopped in one direction allowed to be opened in another. There was no "free press" for the persecuted religionists. If they dared to vindicate their opinions that way, a Star Chamber matter was made of it. The printer and publisher forfeited all the copies, were imprisoned three months, and could never print afterwards. The sellers, binders, and stitchers were also fined 20s. for every book; and no places or persons were safe from search, on suspicion of secreting books or pamphlets against the Queen's ordinances.

The trodden-down Puritans now began to turn upon the foot that crushed them. Instead of retracing their steps back to the churches they had forsaken, "it was," says Neal, "debated among them whether they should use as much of the Common Prayer and service of the Church as was not offensive, or resolve at once, since they were cut off from the Church of England, to set up the purest and best form of worship, most consonant to the Holy Scriptures, and to the practice of the foreign reformers. The latter of these was concluded upon; and accordingly they [in 1566] laid aside the English Liturgy, and made use of the Geneva Service-book." So far, however, was the Church from discovering the madness of the course that was thus estranging the hearts of a large portion of the community, and raising up a power that was ultimately to shatter it to pieces, its leaders were impatient because more rigorous measures were not taken, and caused, from time to time, the persecution that was dying away to be freshly renewed; and they had their excuse—there were always hosts of victims found. The Act, passed in 1571, for enforcing the Articles, threw a hundred clergymen out of their livings. Still Puritanism advanced with giant strides, thriving wonderfully upon the unpromising food provided for it. In 1583 Dr. Whitgift became archbishop, and thought he would have a wrestle with this portentous monster. So within a few weeks after his installation, many hundreds more of the clergy were ejected, and left without a home wherein to lay their heads, because they would not subscribe to a new set of articles issued by him. Then going to the Queen and the minister, he obtained a new commission, with powers of inquisition and punishment more extensive than had ever before been granted. Whitgift himself drew up the articles of examination for the clergy who might be brought before the commission, and submitted them to Cecil, among others, for approval. His (the minister's) reply speaks volumes:—"I have read over your twenty-four articles, . . . and I find them so curiously penned, that I think the Inquisition of Spain used not so many questions to comprehend and to trap their priests." But the archbishop had put his hand to the work, and was determined to go resolutely on with it. So [in 1592, the Act, rightly stigmatised as "atrocious," was passed which subjected every one to imprisonment who did not, at least once in every month, go to the legal church; and, after imprisonment, if they did not conform, to banishment, from which if they returned they were to be put to death.

It has been frequently observed that Elizabeth executed no one on

account of religious opinions, but the observation is a mere juggle. To call heresy treason, or any other equally bad name, and then to punish the "treason" with a traitor's fate, wonderfully resembles religious martyrdom at all events; and such martyrdom was undoubtedly inflicted. But lest there should be any possible chance of doubting her readiness to inflict the last extremities of executive power on sufferers for conscience' sake, Elizabeth actually burnt two German Anabaptists who were guilty of the unspeakable crime of coming to England to tell Englishmen they believed Christ took not flesh from the body of the Virgin, that infants should be re-baptized, that no Christian man should be a magistrate, and that it is not lawful to take oaths. Connected with this affair, we may here say a few words on a very eminent Puritan—John Fox, the martyrologist—"the first man I have seen depicted with a broad-brimmed hat and band," says the Rev. Mr. Tyson, in Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes.' Fox was one who refused to subscribe to the articles of religion as finally settled, and this prevented him from rising in the Church above the prebend in Canterbury Cathedral, given him by Cecil. He had been an early sufferer for his opinions in exile in Germany, and returned, with the rest of the English exiles, on Elizabeth's accession. Elizabeth always respected him, and used, it is said, to style him "father." The veracity and honesty of his statements in his celebrated narrative of the sufferings of Protestants is unimpeached; though they may not be free from slight mistakes. No man of his time was held in higher regard for moral excellence. From recording the cruelties of the Catholics, Fox had learned, in some degree, the lesson of toleration, then almost unknown, and he laboured to instil it into others, including his sovereign. When Elizabeth was about to burn these two Anabaptists for errors of doctrine, as by law established, he wrote to her a Latin letter, beseeching for their lives. In this he ventures to say, "To roast alive the bodies of poor wretches that offend rather through blindness of judgment than perverseness of will, in fire and flames raging with pitch and brimstone, is a hard-hearted thing, and more agreeable to the practices of the Romanists than to the custom of the Gospellers." To save their lives at any price, he suggests all the variety of punishments that just fall short of it, and concludes, "This one thing I most earnestly beg, that the piles and flames in Smithfield, so long ago extinguished by your happy government, may not now be again revived." Elizabeth, however, had said, "Thus it shall be," and thus it was. The poor Anabaptists died—the only sacrifices of the kind that stained her reign, though many others were hanged for no greater crimes.

As we shall have occasion to enter still more largely into the progress of Puritanism in the next period, we shall conclude our present notice of it by an evidence of the extent to which its principles had spread during the reign of Elizabeth, as evidenced by its parliamentary power. When the House of Commons met in November, 1584, immediately after these proceedings of the archbishop had thrown the country into a greater ferment than ever, they began to pass bills for restraining the power of the Church. One had actually passed, when the Queen sent down her lord treasurer to tell them how highly she was offended by their daring to encroach on her supremacy, and attempting what she had already forbidden; and the Speaker was commanded to see that no bills of ecclesiastical reformation were exhibited, or, if exhibited, not to read them; and the House succumbed. How the first Charles would have liked to have been able to settle matters in this quiet off-hand way!

Among the engravings not yet noticed of the chapter upon which we are at present engaged, there are several illustrative of our public schools and colleges (pages 61, 64, 65, 68, 69), which will be most conveniently referred to in connexion with many others of a similar character belonging to the next period, where the subject of education will be treated of as a whole, in a chapter expressly devoted to it; and which chapter will then take the place of the usual ecclesiastical chapter. It can be hardly necessary to mention that we have now reached a point when Gothic architecture underwent something like a total eclipse. The religious history of the time, at which we have glanced in previous pages, is sufficient to account fully for this phenomenon. The style had been, from its very beginning, essentially a thing of the older form of Christian faith—had grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength—and therefore naturally declined when it declined, precisely because it was so intimately connected with it. Men stopped not to consider what were its inherent and abstract qualities, in order to see whether they were equally applicable to a reformed as to an unreformed system of worship—it was sufficient that in them they had,

according to their views, seen "idols" worshipped—had heard mass performed, and witnessed all the other rites and ceremonies which now became so loathsome to their eyes. Happily the Gothic had abstract qualities in it, too valuable and robust to be utterly ruined by any accidental circumstances. In the nineteenth century we see it on all sides reviving, and reproaching us, as it were, in the mute eloquence of its beautiful forms, for the neglect with which we have so long treated it.

In thus dismissing the ancient Gothic structures of Old England, we may observe that there will be found among our engravings, in addition to the long and magnificent series of buildings previously represented, engravings of many others; some chosen on account of their intrinsic importance, others as being the latest of the kind that were erected. Few of these require special notice. The ruins of Sempringham Priory, Lincolnshire (Fig. 1591), are chiefly interesting as reminding us that the village was the birth-place of the Englishman who founded a monastic order—Sir Gilbert de Sempringham—and who *was* a prophet in his own country, for here at his native place was the first Gilbertine house established. The Holy Cross or Abbey Church of Shrewsbury (Fig. 1592, here, in error, called Gloucestershire) forms the chief remains of a Benedictine house whose abbot sat in parliament, and wore those magical emblems of power, the sandals, mitre, and gloves. The house was especially famous for its connexion with the Welsh female martyr and saint, St. Winifrede, whose relics were brought to the abbey in the reign of Stephen, and became one of the chief causes of its subsequent wealth and prosperity. Alas! the proud abbots little dreamt that the day would come when their stately buildings should be sold to "a tailor of the town," and be pulled down by him for the sake of the value of the materials.

The present aspect of the interior of Holy Cross impresses one with the idea of a majestic simplicity. Among the interesting tokens of past splendour that have been preserved is a richly decorated stone pulpit. There is a curious passage in the history of the church, and one which is very apposite to the subject that has recently engaged our attention—namely, the stripping of the ecclesiastical edifices of all their adornments by the reformers. In the last century the impulse given in the two preceding centuries seems to have been fairly worn out at Shrewsbury, among the parishioners at least, though not in the mind of their spiritual guide. There was, prior to 1728, a picture of the Crucifixion in the church. The vicar of the day, desiring a revival, we presume, of the old feelings, and not considering that every one of the exciting motives of the early reformers had ceased to exist, began a new crusade against art by removing the picture. The parishioners remonstrated; and lampoons on both sides were circulated. The two here following present probably a family likeness to many of the lighter documents that were scattered about during the period of the growth of Puritanism. Thus ran the attacks upon the vicar, hinting apparently at a worse motive than mistaken zeal:—

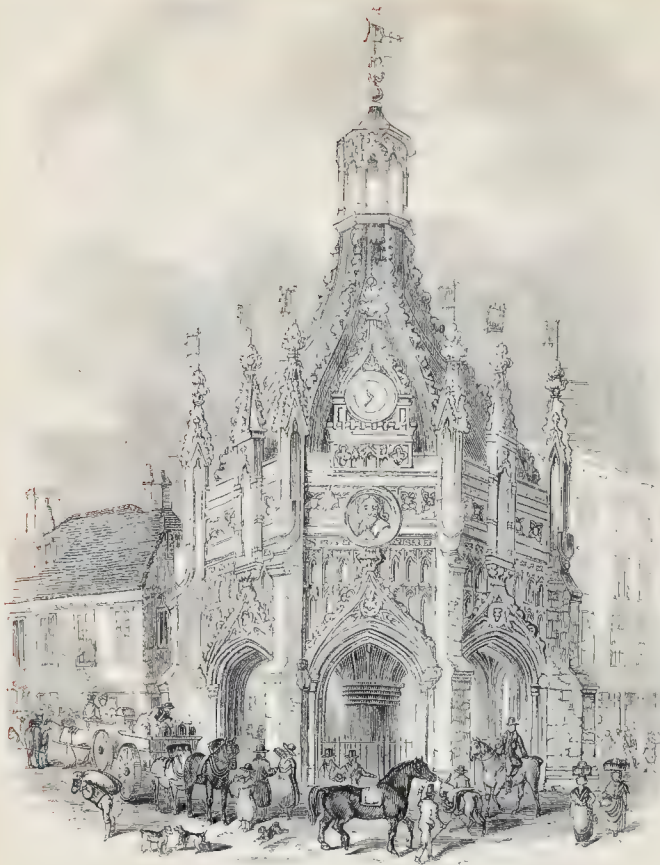
The parson's the man,
Let him say what he can,
Will, for gain, leave his God in the lurch;
Could Iscariot do more,
Had it been in his power,
Than to turn his Lord out of the church?

To this it was replied—

The Lord I adore
Is mighty in power,
The one only living and true;
But that lord of yours,
Which was turned out of doors,
Had just as much knowledge as you.
But since you becomen
This god of your own,
Cheer up, my disconsolate brother;
Though it seems very odd,
Yet if this be your god,
Mr. Burley* can make you another.

The South-Well, whose name is associated with one of the most interesting and venerable of our minster-churches (Fig. 1591), is a spring that rises about half a mile southward of the town of Southwell in Nottinghamshire, and is known as the "Lord's Well," forming another of those very numerous holy wells of the middle ages, which enjoyed such peculiar reverence that pilgrimages were made to them, and oratories often built over or near the spot, to receive the prayers and the offerings made by their worshippers. Southwell Minster would no doubt draw many of the faithful to its

* A painter or Shrewsbury.



1679.—Clichester Market-Cross.



1500.—Southwark in the Sixteenth Century.



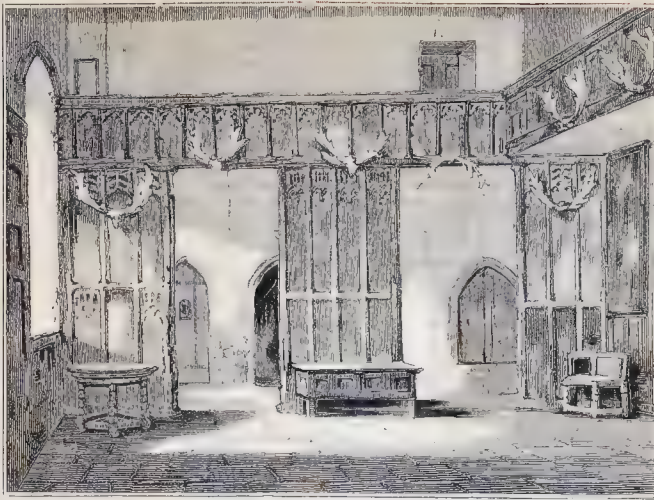
1662.—Remains of the Gate-House of Wolsey's College, Ipswich.



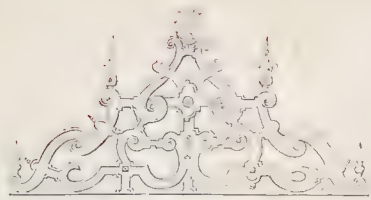
1673.—Market-Cross at Malmesbury.



1664.—Coventry Cross.



1665.—Interior of Irthorpe Hall



1665.—Sculpture, &c. (From Richardson's 'Elizabethan Architecture')



1661.—Wolaton, Northamptonshire.



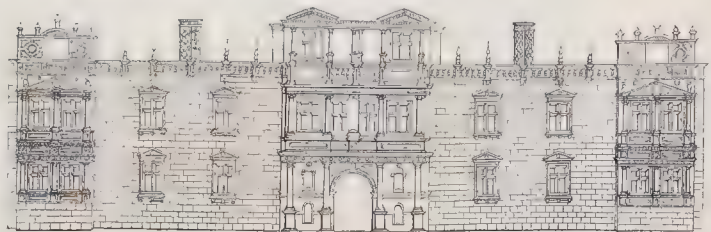
1668.—Ancient Gateway, Evesham



1669.—House formerly standing at the corner of Chancery Lane, in Fleet Street, Temp. Edward VI. (From Smith's 'Typography of London')



1670.—Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire.



1671.—Somerset House. (From the Original Collection of Drawings, by John Thorpe, in the Library of Sir John Soane's Museum.)

time-honoured altars by the fame not only of this, but also of the other wells within its precincts: these were, the Holy Well, on the right of the cloister—the Lady's Well, filled up in consequence of a clergyman being drowned in it one dark night—and St. Catherine's Well, still famed for rheumatic cures. The situation of Southwell is of a romantic woodland character. The town and Minster are surrounded with trees, and beautiful wood-crowned hills rise around, with the river Greet—famous for its trout—winding at their base. The founder of the Minster was no less a personage than Paulinus, the missionary sent by Pope Gregory to convert the idolatrous West Saxons, and who became Archbishop of York. With no ordinary sentiments one approaches a building like this, the oldest in England, with the single exception of St. Augustine's of Canterbury: venerable in its appearance, and rich in the accumulated associations of twelve centuries. And then the architecture—comprising all the different styles of Gothic art that have prevailed in England at different periods up to the fifteenth century;—what a field for study is there—Saxon pillars and arches, Norman doors and windows, decorated-English screens and chapter-houses! The entrance to the last is especially beautiful, revelling in foliage most exquisitely sculptured. There are three towers, which, with the nave and transepts, are all of fine bold Norman character, the central tower being very massive, the other two richly ornamented. The screen forms a kind of small cloister, in three divisions, ornamented with the most delicate and lavish fancy, and exhibiting extraordinary geometrical skill. The whole of this valuable remnant of antiquity is, we are happy to say, in excellent preservation, public subscriptions having enabled the guardians of the Minster to institute thorough repairs; which were but just in time, however—for the whole pile had long been decaying.

Before the Reformation there had been a long and brilliant period for Southwell; during which, a succession of monarchs, and nobles, and prelates, vied with each other in adding to its wealth and splendour, while the popes fenced it round with their decrees. All this ceased, never to be revived, under the religious policy introduced by the Tudor dynasty. First, Henry VIII. expelled its priests and dissolved its charities. But there were earnest friends of the ancient establishment at court, as well as in the county of Nottingham, and Cranmer in particular obtained the favour of a declaration that Southwell should remain the mother church of the county—which it still is. Then, in the following reign, the chapter was dissolved. To Edward VI., however, succeeded Mary, who restored the ancient establishment:—to last, as it proved, but for a short time in the Catholic form, for next came Elizabeth's new code of laws drawn up for a reformed chapter. After which, Southwell enjoyed an interval of repose, and still held a dignified position, as the only church in England, except Ripon (Fig. 1587, of late years made the cathedral of the new bishopric of Ripon), that was both collegiate and parochial. The desecrations of the edifice in the civil wars were just of the same kind as we have had to speak of in other great churches—arising of course from the facilities they offered for the temporary lodgment of troops, and the value of the lead and other materials in great emergencies. Some of the iron rings by which Cromwell's soldiers fastened their horses to the walls of Southwell Minster were remaining as late as 1793.

The tombs here which have survived all these ravages include two that we look upon with peculiar interest; one is a most ancient relic, placed under a circular arch, in shape exactly like a coffin; the other a large alabaster tomb and effigy of Archbishop Sandys, one of the numerous Reformed divines who fled to Germany on the accession of Queen Mary, and returned on Elizabeth's to play a conspicuous part in most of the great operations of her reign. Sandys was one of the commission by which Mary Queen of Scots was tried and condemned. He was engaged in a more honourable way as one of the translators of Parker's or the Bishops' Bible, but latterly obtained an unenviable notoriety as a persecutor of the Puritans, whose principles he had formerly professed.

We must not conclude this notice of Southwell, without alluding to the remarkable discoveries of bodies, one in the south aisle of the Minster, one in the vaults of the ancient Archbishop's palace in the Minster-yard: the former almost furnishes a parallel to the wizard of Scott's 'Lay'; it lies in the grave in cloth of silver tissue, with leather boots on, a wand by the side, and on the breast something like a silver cup with an acorn or bunch of leaves on its top. How long it had so lain there was no clue to discover, except that the skull was sufficiently thin and transparent to show that its owner must have lived at a very distant period. The teeth however were all sound, and so was even the stitching of the boots, though the leather tore like paper. The skeleton in the palace vault was also

entire—standing upright, booted and spurred, with military weapons at its feet. A strange spectacle! An axe was left in the cleft skull, having evidently given the death-wound. There had been previously a tradition that when Charles I. was in Southwell, and had his head-quarters in the palace, a deserter or spy had been thrust by some of his soldiers into a vault or well, and there slain. Does not the fact of the finding (in 1740) of the skeleton just named offer a terrible testimony of the truth of the tradition?

The high embattled tower of Bromley Church (Fig. 1616), with its turret at one corner, is visible over the quiet scenery of the Ravensbourne river, long before we approach near to the church itself. The entrance is an advanced covered porch, so common to our country churches. It is a Sabbath afternoon, and, before we enter that porch, the touching quietude and sweet solemnity of the scene around tempt us to linger and meditate awhile at our ease in the grave-yard where

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep

in their mossy graves, chequered by sunlight and shade of green trees.

There is a stone here on the outside of the church, with an inscription from Dr. Hawkesworth, the author of 'The Adventurer,' and 'Almorán and Hamet,' and the translator of 'Telemachus.' It is a memorial of a blacksmith's wife, Elizabeth Monk, who being childless, "an infant to whom and to whose father and mother she had been nurse (such is the uncertainty of temporal prospects) became dependent upon strangers for the necessities of life: to him she afforded the protection of a mother. Her parental charity was returned with filial affection, and she was supported in the feebleness of age by him whom she had cherished in the helplessness of infancy." This touching example of humble generosity and grateful remembrance is more salutary to the mind that will receive it, than many deeds of sounding note. We have few records of the virtues of the poor and lowly, and the rarity makes this peculiarly acceptable. In Bromley Church the writer of the inscription himself lies. A Latin memorial reminds us of the sorrows of a still greater man, Dr. Johnson, who here interred his beloved wife, three days after he had finally discontinued his 'Rambler,' in consequence of grief and sad foreboding.

Truly good men are unhappily too rare to be ever passed by in silence by those who earnestly desire to honour goodness as the quality that, above all others, really ennobles humanity. And such a man was William Gilpin, whose memory is for ever connected with the church of Boldre, in Hampshire (Fig. 1609), in which, in the spirit of Chaucer's poor parson—

Christes lore, and his Apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he followed it himself.

And if, unlike the poor parson, William Gilpin, in the early part of his career, desired wealth, and worked strenuously in his vocation as a schoolmaster till he had obtained it, we have, in the still flourishing schools of Boldre that he founded, delightful evidence of the unselfish and noble objects he had in view. He achieved those objects, and then he rested, as he had said he would rest, content. Having obtained the sum of ten thousand pounds, he returned to Boldre, and there commenced a life of active usefulness that has been only too much overshadowed by the growth of his literary reputation. But indeed it is not too much to say that Gilpin is one of the most delightful writers in the language. No one can have read his *Lives of the religious Reformers*—men doubly interesting to him, inasmuch as he not only revered them, but his own ancestors were among the number—without feeling the inexpressible charm of his simple style; whilst of his work on *Forest Scenery* it may be said, that he is one of the very few writers who impress us with the idea of his being equal to the subject. The grandeur and magnificence of external nature, the endless changes of its beautiful and deeply interesting phenomena, were familiar to his heart and mind, were evidently worshipped by him in the spirit of one who looks through Nature up to Nature's God, and were described by him, with the subtlest skill, in that style of mingled power and simplicity which is so characteristic of the great original whom he most deeply studied. But William Gilpin was not only a good schoolmaster, one of the best of pastors, and an original and charming writer; he drew also with such feeling and power, that when his very numerous sketches were sold, after his decease, they realised a sum far exceeding their previously estimated value: the proceeds were assigned, as he had directed, to the school. He lived, as one desires to see all such men live, to a good old age—eighty; and was



PAINTED SCREEN, ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

buried in the parish from which for many, many years he had hardly been absent a single day. His widow also lies in Boldre churchyard, expressing, in the inscription above, her hope "to be raised in God's good time, when it will be a new joy to see several of their good neighbours who now lie scattered in those sacred precincts around them." In the precincts of Boldre there was formerly a very remarkable natural curiosity, which Gilpin carefully examined and described; and, as a passing (though by no means peculiarly favourable) example of his picturesque style of composition, even in level passages, we extract his account of it. "A cottager who lived near the centre of the village heard frequently a strange noise behind his house, like that of a person in extreme agony. Soon after, it caught the attention of his wife, who was then confined to her bed. She was a timorous woman, and being greatly alarmed, her husband endeavoured to persuade her that the noise she heard was only the bellowing of the stags in the forest. By degrees, however, the neighbours on all sides heard it; and the circumstance began to be much talked of. It was by this time plainly discovered that the groaning noise proceeded from an elm which grew at the bottom of the garden. It was a young, vigorous tree, and to all appearance perfectly sound. In a few weeks the fame of the groaning tree was spread far and wide; and people from all parts flocked to hear it. Among others it attracted the curiosity of the late Prince and Princess of Wales, who resided at that time, for the advantage of a sea-bath, at Pilewell, within a quarter of a mile of the groaning tree. Though the country people assigned many superstitious causes for this strange phenomenon, the naturalist could assign no physical one that was in any degree satisfactory. Some thought it was owing to the twisting and friction of the roots; others thought that it proceeded from water which had collected in the body of the tree, or perhaps from pent air; but no cause that was alleged appeared equal to the effect. In the mean time the tree did not always groan—sometimes disappointing its visitants—yet no cause could be assigned for its temporary cessations, either from seasons or weather. If any difference was observed, it was thought to groan least when the weather was wet, and most when it was clear and frosty; but the sound at all times seemed to come from the roots. Thus the groaning tree continued an object of astonishment, during the space of eighteen or twenty months, to all the country around; and, for the information of distant parts, a pamphlet was drawn up, containing a particular account of all the circumstances relating to it. At length, the owner of it, a gentleman of the name of Forbes, making too rash an attempt to discover the cause, bored a hole in its trunk. After this it never groaned. It was then rooted up, with a further view to make a discovery; but still nothing appeared which led to any investigation of the cause. It was universally, however, believed that there was no trick in the affair; but that some natural cause really existed, though never understood." Who can say how much of the Grecian and other mythologies may not have originated in such accidental phenomena occurring among a highly-imaginative people? Assuredly, in the earlier periods of the world's history, the groaning tree of Baddesley would have been deemed a clear case of some imprisoned mortal or god.

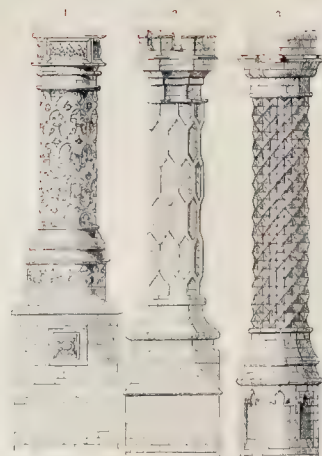
The character of this good pastor reminds us of another, who in his little village world obtained some reputation for his zeal, though his fame has hardly extended beyond his own precinct. Among our cuts will be found a representation of one of the smallest, quaintest, and most picturesque of parsonage-houses—Lynton (Fig. 1617), situated in the parish of that name, high up among the rocks of the north of Devonshire, which extend in a magnificent range from Exmoor to Morte Bay. The parsonage was built in 1560, and continued to be used till the commencement of the eighteenth century, when the incumbent, a man of some property, erected a larger house. That in so doing his heart was not puffed up with any unseemly pride is tolerably evident from his custom of riding about the lanes of the neighbourhood of the "Valley of Stones," on a Sunday, before service, to collect his flock together. Since his death the little parsonage has been again used; but a later vicar having built a still handsomer residence than the house we have mentioned (which has been pulled down), we see the new standing "in striking contrast with the old parsonage-house beside it, which is now called Ivy Cottage, and with its stone staircase and diminutive windows has an air of great antiquity inside; outside, geraniums in full blossom have been seen flourishing beneath its shade in the month of December." (*Penny Mag.*, 1844.)

For a third example of the parochial clergyman, let us pass to another and distant part of England, still more distinguished for its mountainous and sublime scenery: let us drop in fancy, as it were, on the bank of the Duddon, the river that for some twenty-five

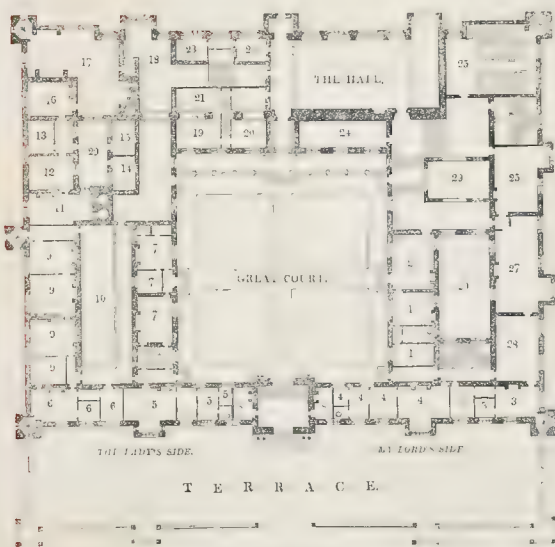
miles divides Cumberland and Lancashire; and which Wordsworth has, both in his prose and in his poetry, immortalized. Here in the secluded hamlet of Seathwaite, lived, as the curate of its chapel (Fig. 1619), "Wonderful Robert Walker;" and the circumstances of his life show there was some foundation for the title popularly accorded to him. Having been a "sickly youth," he was bred as a scholar, then became a schoolmaster, and finally curate of his own native place, Seathwaite, with the magnificent income of *five* pounds a-year, which was gradually increased to about fifty pounds: a cottage also was provided. He married, and his wife brought him some forty pounds. And these were all of what may be called the regular sources of income he possessed. Yet this man, with a family of twelve children, eight of whom grew up and were respectably educated, was munificent in his hospitality, charitable to the poor, and died, sixty years afterwards, worth two thousand pounds. Was he not indeed "wonderful" Robert Walker? Of course there was no magic or mystery in the business, but a great deal of patient industry and inventive intellect. He spun all the wool, and his family made all the clothes that were required; and he educated the parishioners' children while he spun. Then he aided his neighbours in the business of sheepshearing, haymaking, and other agricultural operations, where sudden accessions of labour are occasionally required, and of course they repaid him with interest, on the acre or two of ground that he had, and which he personally tilled. He was the scrivener of the neighbourhood, and its brewer; it may be noticed, that, when any one drank the ale in his house, he charged twopence a quart more for it than if taken to the usual place, an adjacent field—an exquisite little touch, as it seems to us, of the pastor-dignity that he wisely thought proper to observe amidst the many avocations that were, according to general notions, of a not very pastor-like nature. But to us the Swiss-like simplicity and homeliness of all this is delightful. And surely men like Robert Walker are, above all others, the men to understand truly the hearts and minds of their flocks, to sympathise with them; and in such understanding and such sympathy lies the grand secret of success with our fellow-men in all ages and climes. How the little chapel harmonises with the character of its former curate, may be seen at a glance in our engraving (Fig. 1619). It is a low oblong building, with an unpretending porch and belfry, the bell-rope hanging in primeval simplicity on the outside. Walker lies in the churchyard, with an inscription to his memory. In leaving Seathwaite we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing from Wordsworth a charming passage descriptive of the scenery around, approaching from Conistone, over Walna-scar, and descending into a little circular valley, through which flows the Duddon. He says, "This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the wayside. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed with birch-trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a consummation and perfection of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvisited region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine it would fill the spectator's heart with gladness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways—to be greeted by the milkmaid—to wander from house to house, exchanging 'good morrows' as he passed the open doors; but at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows—when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable—when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the chimneys—when the dark, mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming brook—then he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish



1673.—Holme Hall, Lancashire.—Front View.



1674.—Ornamental Brick Chimneys.—1. Flat Barren Maner House. 2. Hampton Court. 3. Lion College.



1674.—Plan of Buckhurst House, Sussex.



1677.—North Side of the Priory Church, Christ's Hospital.



1677.—House of the Professed. (From a drawing by Thomas Archer.)



1677.—Staircase at Claverton, Somersetshire. (From a drawing by Thomas Archer.)



1678.—House in the High Street, Straford.



1679.—John Shakespeare's House in Henley Street. (From an old Print.)



1681.—Chimney Corner of the Kitchen in Henley Street.



1682.—Old Houses, Evelham.



1680.—House in Henley Street.



1683.—House in Charlcoffe Village.



1685.—Interior of Old English Cottage.



1684.—Shottery Cottage.

what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing by his approach the quietness beneath him."

Reserving Stoke Church, and the several buildings, monuments, &c., connected with the career of William Shakspeare, for mention elsewhere, we close our ecclesiastical notices with a few words on Chelsea Church (Fig. 1620); not on account of its beauty, for it is very much the reverse, but on account of the deep interest that attaches to the man whose supposed mausoleum it is—Sir Thomas More. We say supposed, for there is good reason to doubt the statements of Weever and Anthony Wood, that his daughter Margaret buried the body here soon after the executioner had performed his bloody office on it. She is known to have removed the body of Bishop Fisher, More's friend and fellow-sufferer, from the place where it was deposited, to St. Peter's church in the Tower, in order that it might be near her father's; and it is hardly probable that she would have been able subsequently to remove the latter to Chelsea. The imprisonment she was subjected to, for obtaining by purchase the head of her beloved parent, speaks decisively as to this point. Poor Margaret!—she had, after all, the consolation of reflecting that, however much she had suffered in consequence of her filial desire to possess the melancholy relic, she was allowed at last to keep it in peace, and to cause it to be buried with her in the church of St. Dunstan, Canterbury.

But if More's body does not lie at Chelsea church, which is of course still very doubtful, it is certain that he intended to lie there, and erected for himself the beautiful tomb, still remaining, in which he was to be interred. It is a powerful testimony to the excellence of a life, when the owner, long before its probable close, can sit down to labours of this kind, not in a spirit of restless vanity to anticipate other men's praise, or in jealous alarm of their neglect, or worse than neglect, but in the honest desire to consider what he has been, and what, so far as time may permit, he ought yet to become. Such was More's spirit in penning the inscription, in Latin prose and verse, on his own monument. "Good reader," says he, in conclusion, "I beseech thee that thy pious prayers may attend me while living, and follow me when dead; that I may not have done this in vain; nor trembling may dread the approach of death, but willingly, for Christ's sake, undergo it; and that death to me may not be altogether death, but a door to everlasting life." There is one very remarkable and important passage in the inscription. More describes himself as not disliked by the good for a strict performance of his high duties, and as "dreaded only by thieves, murderers, and *heretics*." The friend who restored the inscription in the last century left out the word "*heretics*," and has been praised as "*judicious*" for so doing. The kindness and propriety of feeling is undeniable, but we doubt the judiciousness. History shows that More was to some degree a persecutor: there is no denying the fact—it was More's only blemish. But does not this inscription show, beyond question, another important fact—that More did only what he thought a sacred duty, and not to please any set of men, or in compromise of any principle, for purposes of temporary expediency? He erred, but it was the error of the age; and the "*judicious*" friend of More is, to our minds, he who shows how the error originated. Rightly looked at, there is nothing even in the dreadful persecutions of Baynham (before described) to make us love or reverence the *man* More one jot less than we are impelled to do by the knowledge of his, in every other respect, beautiful and noble career.

Sir Thomas More had a foreshadowing of his fate when his name was included in a bill for "*Misprision*" or concealment of treason—the treason being the prophecies of Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent. Cranmer, Latimer, and Cromwell had the task of investigating these prophecies. The result we may briefly state. The Holy Maid had been a sufferer from excessively severe fits, of an epileptic character, which her ignorant neighbours attributed to supernatural influence, and her delirious ravings were accordingly treasured up as prophecies. The chief place with which these prophecies were connected was the chapel of Court-a-Street, in Kent

(Fig. 1598). The king grew curious about this supernaturally gifted person, and showed her prophecies, as printed and circulated by her friends, to Sir Thomas More, who was so far from lending himself to the deceit or delusion, that he said he saw nothing in them worthy notice. "A right simple woman might speak it of her own wit well enough." After that, Henry had a private interview with the prophetess, who told him that, if he accomplished the divorce he was seeking, he would die an infamous death within seven months. When an illustrious character like More was to be smitten for a merely passive and respectful opposition to that measure, we cannot wonder that the poor creature who had the daring to utter such prophecies was instantly marked out for death. The Star Chamber sentenced her to appear in public at Paul's Cross on a Sunday, and declare herself an impostor, which she submitted to, probably in the hope of saving her life; but if so, she was soon disappointed: royal justice was yet unappeased; and this intrinsically worthless affair employed the High Court of Parliament. The bill of indictment included a number of persons who were supposed to have aided and abetted, or at least concealed, the "*treasons*" of which she was accused. One of these was More, as we have before stated; and there was another, afterwards More's fellow-prisoner and fellow-martyr, the venerable Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. It was thus Henry first attempted to frighten these eminent persons into an approval of the divorce and the suppression of the monasteries. More's name he afterwards withdrew, but Fisher had to compound with the Crown for his "*misprision*." Parliament was still sitting, when by its doom *seven* victims were drawn to Tyburn—the nun, and six of her friends.

There are many other objects of curiosity or interest in and around Chelsea church. There is an elaborate piece of sculpture here by Bernini, so well known for the bust of Charles I. The monument of Dr. Chamberlayne reminds us of a tragi-comical story not unworthy of mention. He was the author of a popular work on the state of England in 1668, and of various writings on religious and political subjects, but of nothing calculated to raise the admiration of his fellow-countrymen to any very high pitch. He had, however, it seems, works that were to astonish them, but not then—no, posterity only was worthy of the books he would bequeath to the world. So we read on his monument, first, and in order to challenge our respectful attention, that Dr. Chamberlayne was an "English gentleman, a Christian, and doctor of laws, descended from the ancient Norman family of the Earls of Tanquerville." And then comes the important announcement:—"He was so studious of good to all men, and especially to posterity, that he ordered some of his books, covered with wax, to be buried with him, which," says the writer, with delightful modesty, "may be of use in times to come." We are then told by the friend who erected the monument as a testimony both of respect and grief, and who is the author of the inscription, that it is not to be "*rashly violated*." Now this was a very pretty mystery to perplex living men, who naturally desired to participate in the concealed intellectual treasures of the tomb; but a century having elapsed, it was thought posterity might claim its own, and so in 1791 there was a project for opening the place of deposit, and seizing these Sibylline leaves. But, alas! their labours had been anticipated by Time, who had to injured the tomb, that nooks and crannies were opened for the admission of air: when the interior was examined, not a trace of the mystic volumes remained behind. What may we not have lost!

In the churchyard of Chelsea rest two men, each, in his path, admirable: Sir Hans Sloane, and Philip Miller, the author of the "*Gardener's Dictionary*"—a work that puts to shame all subsequent attempts of the same kind, so full is it of enlightened views, so rich in the facts of experience, and so plainly but popularly written. Here too rest Shadwell, the poet-laureate; Mossop, the actor; Dr. Kenrick; and Sir John Fielding, whose honourable name, suggesting as it does recollections of his half-brother the great novelist, must not make us forget his own reputation as a most able and active magistrate.

CHAPTER III.—POPULAR ANTIQUITIES.



AMONG the comprehensive series of illustrations of the costumes of Old England during the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, contained in pages 77, 80, 81, 84, we may select a few as suggesting special points of information or interest. In the right-hand figure of the engraving of general costume of the reign of Henry VII. (Fig. 1632), we perceive something of that blending of the male and the female

attire which characterised the fashionable dresses of the day, and which made Strutt complain that it was frequently impossible to discover to which sex the wearer belonged. Even the names of portions of the habit exhibit, to our eyes, the same kind of confusion. The author of the 'Boke of Kervynge,' quoted by Strutt, says to one of the officers of royalty, "Warm your sovereign his *petticoat*, his doublet, and his *stomacher*, and then put on his hose, and then his shoes or slippers, then straiten up his hose mannerly, and tie them up, then lace his doublet hole by hole," and so on. The first use of the word *petticoat*, in its present restricted sense, is said to be that contained in the following passage from the history of the famous clothier, Jack of Newbury, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII. His wife's maidens, who are employed in spinning, are described as arrayed

In *petticoats* of stamel red,
And milk-white kerchers on their head,
Their smock-sleeves like to winter's snow,
That on the western mountain flow,
And each sleeve with a silken band
Was fairly tied at the hand.

The elegant style of slashing (see also the same cut) now began to make its appearance. Camden, in his 'Remains,' tells a pleasant story of a shoemaker of Norwich, named John Drakes, who, in the time of Henry VIII., coming to a tailor's, and finding some fine French tawney cloth lying there, which had been sent to be made into a gown for Sir Philip Calthrop, took a fancy to the colour, and ordered the tailor to buy as much of the same stuff for him, and make him a gown of it, precisely of the same fashion as the knight's, whatever that might be. Sir Philip, arriving some time afterwards to be measured, saw the additional cloth, and inquired who it belonged to. "To John Drakes," replied the tailor, "who will have it made in the self-same fashion as yours is made of." "Well," said the knight, "in good time be it: I will have mine as full of cuts as thy shears can make it." And both garments were finished according to the order. The shoemaker, on receiving his gown slashed almost to shreds, began to swear at the tailor, but received for answer, "I have done nothing but what you bade me; for as Sir Philip Calthrop's gown is, even so have I made yours." "By my latchet!" growled the shoemaker, "I will never wear a gentleman's fashion again." ('History of British Costume.')

The female costume of Henry VII.'s reign has been smartly touched off by the poet-laureate of the day, Skelton, who, in his humorous description of a well-known hostess, gives us this picture of the dress of females of the middle class:—

In her furr'd flocket,
And grey russet rocket,
Her duke of Lincoln green;
It had been hers I ween
More than forty year,
And so it doth appear.
And the green bare threads
Look like sea-weeds
Withered like hay,
The wool worn away;

And yet, I dare say,
She thinks herself gay
Upon a holyday,
When she doth array,
And girdeth in her gates,
Stitched and pranked with plates,
Her kirtle Bristow red,
With cloths upon her head,
They weigh a ton of lead.
She hobbles as she goes,
With her blanket hose,
Her shoon smeared with tallow.

It will be remembered that Chancer speaks of the coverchiefs on the head of the Wife of Bath, observing,—

I durste swear they weighed a pound;

and that he alludes to her "shoes full moist;" so it appears that these customs at least had not changed from his to Skelton's time, except that the kerchiefs had grown more and more heavy, until, with a little exaggeration it must be owned, the satirist says

They weigh a ton of lead.

In the reign of Edward the flat cap makes its appearance (Fig. 1650), and, gradually descending from grade to grade, becomes at last eternally popular, if not eternally worn, upon the heads of the bold 'prentices of London. The general dress of the citizens at that time is preserved for us to our own day in the garb of the blue-coat boy of Christ's Hospital. Stockings of silk first made their appearance in England about the same time. Their novelty and value are shown very strikingly in the fact that Sir Thomas Gresham made a formal present of a pair to the youthful Edward. Elizabeth's reign witnessed the existence of the first pair of English manufacture, as it did also the manufacture of worsted stockings. Stow informs us that William Rider, apprentice to Thomas Burlet, at the foot of London Bridge, saw a pair of knit worsted stockings at an Italian merchant's, that had been brought from Mantua. He immediately borrowed them, made a similar pair, and presented them to the Earl of Pembroke. That was the first pair of worsted stockings knit in England. The next step was the invention of the stocking frame, connected with which is a somewhat tragical story. The inventor was William Lee, a gentleman and scholar. "Tradition attributes the origin of his invention to a pique he had taken against a townswoman with whom he was in love, and who, it seems, neglected his passion. She got her livelihood by knitting stockings, and, with the ungenerous object of depreciating her employment, he constructed this frame, first working at it himself, then teaching his brother and other relations. He practised his new invention some time at Calverton, a village about five miles from Nottingham; and either he or his brother is said to have worked for Queen Elizabeth. The other stocking-manufacturers used every art to bring his invention into disrepute: and it seems they effected their purpose for that time, as he removed from Calverton, and settled at Rouen in Normandy, where he met with great patronage; but the murder of Henry IV. of France, and the internal troubles subsequent to that event, frustrated his success, and he died at Paris of a broken heart. Stow says that Lee not only manufactured stockings in his frame, but 'waistcoats, and divers other things.'" ('History of British Costume.')

Among all the fashionable absurdities of the female dress in Elizabeth's time, the ruff and wings truly stand out the most conspicuous. The best examples of these novel enormities are to be found in the well-known portraits of the queen herself (see page 32). No ordinary skill or preparation was sufficient to produce these edifices of muslin—these fortifications of lace. Up to the second year of the reign holland had been used, and, when Elizabeth must have lawn and cambric, no one could starch or stiffen them. It was a case for extraordinary exertions, and extraordinary exertions were made; some Dutch women were sent for, who



1839.—LONDON: BAKER STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.



1859.—REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE.



1687.—ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE, VAUXHALL.



1691.—MARYLEBONE HOUSE.



1686.—GARDEN OF NEW PLACE.



1688.—CARTER'S HALL PASSAGE, WITH THE OLD TOWNHALL, OXFORD.



1092.—Charles II. in his Garden



1093.—Charles II. in his Garden



1094.—A Peep at Charlote.



1095.—Charlote House, from the Avon.



1096.—The College, Stratford.



1097.—Ancient Hall in Stratford College.



1098.—Leeds Castle Kent.

sufficed for a time, and until the advent of a greater artist in clear-starching, Mistress Dingham Vander Plasse, a Fleming, who in 1564 came to London, and rose immediately into high reputation, both as a professor of the art and a teacher. Her lessons were of course expensive; four or five pounds (of the money of the sixteenth century) a scholar, and twenty shillings in addition for instruction as to the making of the starch. Stubbs, who, in his 'Anatomy of Abuses,' attacks every change that does not please his very decided puritanical and unimaginative tastes, speaks with amusing severity of "this liquid matter which they call starch," wherein it appears "the devil hath learned them to wash and dive their ruffs." The starch it seems was made not only of different grain, as wheat, flour, bran, of roots and other things, but also of different colours, white, red, blue, and purple. But starch alone was not sufficient; there was also a "certain device made of wires, crested for the purpose, and whipped all over either with gold, thread, silver, or silk," in ringlets, called an "under-propper." Upon these were erected the "stately arches of pride"—the starched ruff row upon row, till we come finally to the "master-devil ruff," rich beyond measure in gold, silver, or silk lace, and which sparkled all over with suns, moons, stars, and other devices.

The male fashionables had their pre-eminent absurdity too—the wide breeches, of which Strutt quotes from the Harleian MSS. the following ludicrous memorandum:—"That over the seats in the Parliament-house there were certain holes, some two inches square, in the walls, in which were placed posts to uphold a scaffold round about the house within, for them to sit upon who used the wearing of great breeches stuffed with hair like woollucks, which fashion being left the eighth year of Elizabeth, the scaffolds were taken down and never since put up!"

Armour, in the reigns of the present period (see pages 77, 80, 81, and 84), is chiefly distinguished by the constant increase of splendour in its most important features. It became ribbed, and fluted, and otherwise adorned. Skill, fancy, and reckless expenditure, are fairly exhausted upon it. Among the valuable series of examples in the Armoury of the Tower we find the suits attributed or that really belonged to Henry VII. (Fig. 1394), Henry VIII. (Figs. 1409 and 1638), Edward VI. (Fig. 1475), and Sir Horace Vere (Fig. 1651). Of all these, Henry the Eighth's is by far the richest; showing that it was in his time the art of the armourer reached its climax. Alterations were subsequently made, one of which, the practice of russetting, certainly added to the superb effect of the armour, but on the whole nothing more truly magnificent, beautiful, and costly, has been seen in England than the suit that startles every visitor to the Armoury into enthusiasm, when he reaches the central recess of the room, and sees an effigy of bluff King Hal arrayed in it. This was presented to Henry by the Emperor Maximilian. The entire suits for both horse and rider are washed over with silver, and enriched with exquisite engravings of legends, devices, mottos and arms, or in some parts of still more important subjects, as on the breastplate, where there is a figure of St. George. On one of the joints is inscribed the German word *glück*, meaning good luck, and referring, it is supposed, to the marriage of Henry with Catherine of Arragon. Two incidental evidences of the claim of the suit to the high rank we have assigned to it are not unworthy of mention: it was so admired by the giver, as to have been either copied for or from a similar suit for himself, which is now preserved in the little Belvedere palace, Vienna, and so prized by the receiver, that he caused himself to be represented in one exactly corresponding with it in form and style, for his great seal (Fig. 1408). The russet armour, of which Edward the Sixth's suit presents an example, was produced by oxidising the surface of the metal, and then smoothing it. The russet, when inlaid with gold, as in Edward's suit, has an exceedingly rich appearance. It had also the advantage of being kept bright and clean with greater ease than the plain polished steel.

The principal heroes of Queen Elizabeth's Tilt (now Palace) Yard (Fig. 1567), we are told by Pennant, were Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, Master of the Armoury, and George Earl of Cumberland. Sir Henry constituted himself the queen's knight or champion in the martial sports, and made a vow to present himself armed at the Tilt Yard on the 27th of November in every year. Thus commenced the annual exercises of arms in this reign, for which Sir Henry formed a society of twenty-five of the most distinguished gentlemen of the court. In the thirty-third year of Elizabeth's reign the then aged knight resigned his office of president, and his proud title of the Queen's Champion, in favour of the Earl of Cumberland. The ceremony of resignation was in the most imaginative and exalted spirit of chivalry in its palmiest days. Edward III. and his knights

could not have resigned themselves more completely to its exciting illusions, than did Elizabeth, the veteran lord of the martial sports, and his gallant companions, on this occasion. Early on a morning unusually cheerful and sunny for the month of November, the citizens of London thronged to occupy the galleries erected for spectators in the Westminster Tilt Yard, where seats were ready to be had, if paid for in gold pieces. The best seats were let at very high prices, or set apart for the city and court dignitaries. There were several tiers of seats of varying degrees of honour, stretching entirely round the Tilt Yard. The appearance of these crowded galleries was exceedingly gay and splendid:—covered with coloured cloths fringed with gold; the feathers in the caps of the gentlemen everywhere in graceful and joyous motion with the play of the breeze; and their festival dresses, of all sorts of silk and satin materials, shining with gems and with gold and silver embroidery. The ladies, of course, were equally brilliant; and every here and there the partizans of the soldiery caught the bright rays of the sun. On this animating assemblage looked down the ancient Hall and Abbey; the shadowy form of the latter relieved by the glorious light that flamed in its Gothic windows. And the air breathed by the crowd was not of pent-up streets, but of fresh fields, and pastures, and gardens. Hark! there are bursts of martial music, and all eyes turn to the queen, who takes her place amidst the rapturous homage of her most "loving people." She sits opposite the entrance to the hall, in the "Queen's Gallery," under a rich canopy, and around her are gathered her most favoured courtiers and her beautiful maids of honour. The tilting begins. The combatants are habited in armour, richly engraved, and gilded, with grotesque and imaginative devices. Loudly the people applaud the well-run course; but the passion for war in earnest breaks out now and then in something very like murmurs because the sport is found to leave all the knights scathless. "Why, after all, this is but child's play, compared with the jousts of the knights of old!" some burley citizen or bold apprentice is heard to remark: and in the general feeling of that lamentable falling-off, chivalry is discerned to be dying away, and these brilliant shows are but transient revivals that usher in the final close of all.

The jousts being over, the queen's aged knight, who has now done his devoirs in her service for the last time, presents himself at the foot of the stairs leading to the queen's gallery. Just then, one of those cunning surprises takes place, without which no fête of that age would have been considered complete. The earth, as it were, suddenly opening, there appeared an extraordinary and most beautiful little chapel or temple of white taffeta set upon pillars of porphyry, arched "like unto a church," with many lamps burning in it, and the roof fretted with rich Gothic work and gilding. An altar appeared within, covered with cloth of gold, and lighted by two large wax candles in rich candlesticks. On this were laid "certain princely presents," Sir Harry Lee's parting memorials to the queen. Strains of enchanting sweetness issued from the temple as the aged knight drew near the throne, and Mr. Hales, "her Majesty's servant, a singer," of admirable voice and skill, accompanied the instruments with these touching verses, supposed to be addressed by Sir Henry to the queen:—

My golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,
(Oh, time! too swift, and swiftness never ceasing),
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth hath spur'd;
But spur'd in vain—youth waneeth by increasing—
Beauty, strength, and youth, flowers fading been,
Duty, faith, and love, are roots, and evergreen.

My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lovers' songs shall turn to holy psalms;
A man-at-arms must now sit on his knees,
And feed on prayers that are old age's alms.
And so from court to cottage I depart,
My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I'll teach my swains this carol for a song;
Blest be the hearts that think my sovereign well,
Curs'd be the souls that think to do her wrong!
Goddess, vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

The knight then laid his goodly gifts at her majesty's feet, and repeated the burden of the song, declaring that, although his youth and strength had decayed, his duty, faith, and love remained perfect as ever; his hands, instead of wielding the lance, should now be held up in prayer for her Majesty's welfare; and he trusted she would allow him to be her beadsman, now that he had ceased to incur knightly perils in her service. Elizabeth, in reply, paid him some well-merited compliments on his gallantry, and desired him still to attend the annual jousts to direct the knights. The new



ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WINDSOR.

champion was then presented and accepted. Sir Henry's esquires presented their master's armour at the foot of the throne, and, after he had himself put on a side-coat of "black velvet, pointed under the arms, and covered his head (in lieu of a helmet) with a buttoned cap of the country fashion," he assisted to invest the Earl with his own armour, and to mount him on his horse, amid thundering artillery, martial music, and cheers and huzzas from nobles and people.

Sir Henry Lee died in 1611, at eighty years of age. Scott has caught with delightful effect the leading traits of this amiable character, his enthusiastic loyalty, courage, and honourable feeling. And few who delight in that masterly delineation in Woodstock, will care much for the chronological inaccuracy of placing him in the reign of Charles II. instead of that of Elizabeth.

In the *Percy Reliques* there is a song belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century, which shows very picturesquely the domestic life of the reign of Elizabeth, while lamenting the changes that had taken place in the interval between the two periods. The song, in somewhat altered words, has recently become a second time highly popular. The version we are about to give, and which is made the subject of a series of engravings in pages 84, 85, was printed by Percy from a black-letter copy in the *Pepys Collection*. Thus it runs:—

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate (Fig. 1652);
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages,
This (who) every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen, nor pages (Fig. 1659),
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fille full of learned old books;
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks;
With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintained half a dozen old cooks (Fig. 1657);
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows,
And an old frieze coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum (Fig. 1653),
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak and man dumb;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but in his own grounds (Fig. 1655);
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he died gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assigned,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclined:
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command (Fig. 1654),
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping or care (Fig. 1656);
Who buys gaudy-coloured fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashioned hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coals nor wood,
And a new smooth shovel-board whereon no victuals ne'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new chaplain that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook to devise fine kickshaws and toys (Fig. 1658);
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour, bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestor's old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold,
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

VOL. II.

The cities of England generally, and especially that of London, pursued steadily their onward career through the whole of the earlier reigns of the period. But a still more rapid impetus was given in the prosperous era of Elizabeth. And their royal mistress was one of the first to congratulate her citizens on their commercial successes in her own pleasant ways: she either visited them, and so helped them to spend the fruits of their industry, or she condescended to borrow whatever she thought they had to lend, on her own terms. Thus, hearing how the good people of Bristol were thriving, she naturally desired to witness with her own queenly eyes the city of which such pleasant rumours were always flying about. She might think too she had done something personally to promote their prosperity. In 1558, immediately on her accession, she had granted them a charter confirmatory of their old privileges; and three years later exempted them finally from the charge of keeping the Marches of Wales. It was in 1574 that Elizabeth set out on her visit, calling on her way at Berkeley Castle, where the Lady Berkeley, sister of the Duke of Norfolk beheaded by Elizabeth for his presumed connection with the Queen of Scots, petitioned on her knees her Majesty's favour, in connection with some lawsuit then pending. "No, no, my Lady Berkeley," was the harsh reply, "we know you will never love us for [on account of] the death of your brother." This has been called a knowledge of human nature; to us it seems a knowledge only of the most worldly part of human nature. A generous act generously performed might have changed the whole current of the unhappy petitioner's thoughts. But such was state-wisdom under the Tudor dynasty. Magnificently, of course, did the corporation of Bristol receive their gracious virgin queen. The mayor's house was set apart for her accommodation; and thither she was led by the whole of the incorporated companies, with their gay banners flying, and the cheerful music ringing through the air. A pageant as usual formed a part of the reception proceedings, and the artist-poet was Thomas Chureyard. The main feature was Fame's address, who thus speaks of herself and the royal visitor:—

Nor fleet of foot, nor swift of wing, nor scarce the thought in breast,
Nor yet the arrow out of bow, nor wind that sell'd doth rest,
Compares with me, quick world's report, that some calls Flying Fame,
A burst of praise, a blast of pomp, or blazes of good name.
Thou only laud that kings do seek, a joy to catch estate;
A welcome friend that all men love, and none alive doth hate,
Salutes the Queen of rare renown, whose goodly gifts divine
Through earth and air, with glory great, shall pass this trump of mine.
And knowing of thy coming here, my duty bade me go
Before, unto this present place, the news thereof to show.
No sooner was pronounced the name, but babes in street gan leap;
The youth, the age, the rich, the poor, came running all on heap;
And clapping hands, cried mainly out, "O, blessed be the hour!
Our Queen is coming to the town with princely train and power!"

The still more elaborate pageant of a succeeding day deserves especial notice for its bearing on the commercial views of the time. In them Dissension strove to set Wars and Peace by the ears, urging upon the latter the "vanity" of prowling about for pelf; and that if they

Abide at home till cannons roar,
The plaster comes too late to salve the sore,

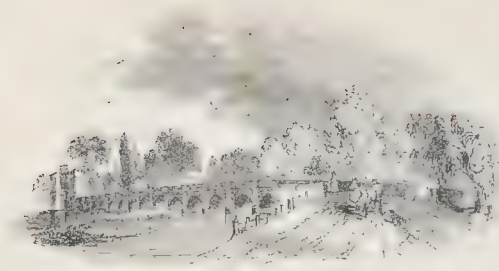
and exciting the former, by telling them,

Peace calls you rogues, and Swashing Dicks, that stand upon your braves,
A swarm of wasps, a flock of wolves, a nest of thieves and knaves,
That live by spoil and murders vile, and triumph still in blood.

No wonder Wars grow indignant to hear that they are thus vilified, and so the poet with proper discrimination makes them the first to advance to do battle at the instigations of Dissension. A tremendous attack takes place, and the fort of Feeble Policy is soon won. The main fort of Peace still holds valiantly out; but at last is so reduced to extremities, that a gentleman actually swims "over the water in sore danger, clothes and all," to obtain aid from the queen, who is thus perforce made one of the component parts of the pageant. Wars now begin to use persuasion; but the good soldiers of Peace shake their heads, wisely observing—

Our trade doth stand in civil life, and there our glory lies,
And not in strife, the ruin of states, a storm that all destroys,
A heavy bondage to each heart that freedom's fruit enjoys—

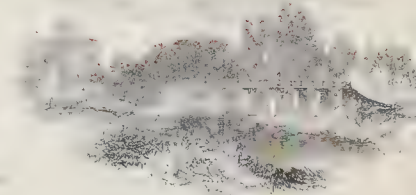
an admirable evidence of the good sense of the Bristolians; and very emphatically did the queen express her approbation of the sentiment of the pageant: at the conclusion she sent the soldiers two hundred crown-pieces. Here again Elizabeth was worthy of herself, her country, and her time. It is impossible to overrate the effect that such marked approbation of the growing desire for



1693.—Clifton Bridge, Stratford.



1703.—Portrait of Sir Thomas Gresham.



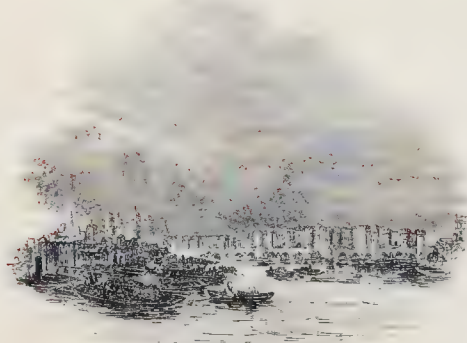
1706.—Toot-bridge above the Mill, Stratford.



1701.—Balford Grange.



1702.—Sir Thomas Gresham's Exchange, London. (From a Print in the Goldsmith Library.)



1705.—London, from Blackfriars, in the Sixteenth Century.



1706.—Court-Room, Barber-Surgeons' Hall.



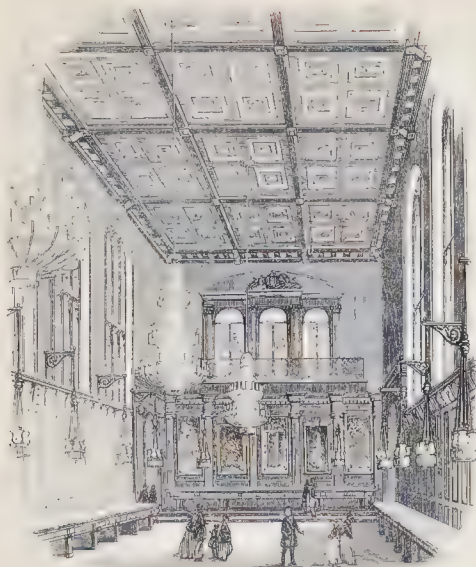
1704.—Portrait of Sir Thomas Gresham.



1707.—Mill at Arundel.



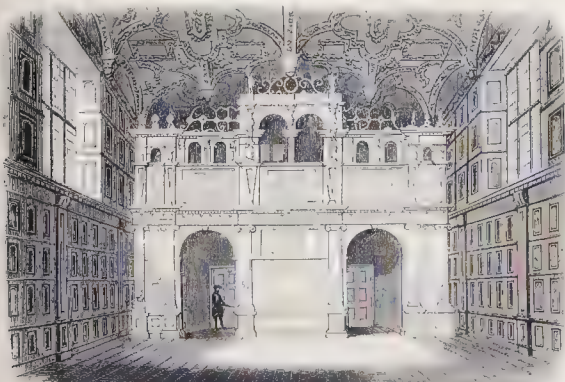
1708.—The Mill, Welford.



1701.—Hall, Threadneedle Street.



1701.—Merchants' Hall, Cheapside.



1711.—Exchange, London. (Old View engraved in Malcolm's History of London.)



1712.—Smithfield, 1654.



1777.—Wharf of the German Merchants of the Steel-yard in Thames Street. From Hollar's print in 1641.)



1714.—Public Washing ground, 1582. (Harleian MS. 3469.)

peace and peaceable pursuits must have had upon the trading and commercial interests of the kingdom.

But we must turn to London, and its Exchange (Fig. 1702), and the munificent founder of that Exchange, Gresham (Figs. 1703, 1704), for the most striking evidences of Elizabeth's consciousness of the best mode to make her native land truly great among the nations of the earth. During the reign of Edward VI. the Duke of Northumberland had been Gresham's chief patron and supporter in the arduous task then begun by that great financial reformer; and when the duke fell, in consequence of his attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, Gresham feared his fortunes had sunk too. But at the very first Council held by Elizabeth at Hatfield, where she was residing at the time of her accession, she received the merchant-prince most graciously; and even told him—conscious of the difficulties he had to contend with—she would keep one ear shut from his enemies, in order that it might be ever open to him: on that same occasion it was that Gresham tendered his memorable advice, first, that all the debased coin of the realm should be turned into fine, of a specific weight; secondly, that the Steelyard merchants should not be allowed the restoration of their "usurped" privilege; thirdly, to grant as few licences as possible; fourthly, to incur little or no debt beyond the seas; lastly, to keep her credit with her own merchants at home, as they were the men who would stand by her in her necessities. Much, indeed, does England owe of its present power and wealth, to the advice that day given by Gresham; for the whole of it, with the exception of the licences, was acted upon: his remarks became, subsequently, so many axioms in our financial system.

It is not, however, to be supposed that Elizabeth, who was so very fond of deciding matters by the summary process of saying it was her will, and therefore the thing was to be done out of hand, would immediately understand or appreciate all the subtleties of Gresham's commercial wisdom. So, even while she proceeded to carry out his views, she also allowed herself many little liberties that seem ludicrous enough now, and which sadly hampered Gresham in his movements. It was, for instance, a difficult matter for him to establish his sovereign's credit as a borrower at home, when she was already too well known there. Let us give an example or two.

One day the lord mayor comes to the ironmongers with her commands, that they prepare immediately the sum of 60*l.*, to be lent to her for "one whole year;" and this, says he to them, is to be taken "of the stock of your hall, and, if you have not so much in store, then you must borrow the same at interest, at the only costs and losses of your hall;" and of this they were to fail at their "peril!" But this is not the whole or the best part of the story. Having overfilled her coffers with the citizens' money, by such and similar means, she returned some of it; but how?—why, by loans varying from 50*l.* to 200*l.*, on security of gold and silver plate, or other equally satisfactory deposits; for which loans of money, to its proper owners, her Majesty charged *only* seven per cent. Poor citizens!—obliged to borrow back upon security, at seven per cent., the money they had lent for nothing, and without any security! The ludicrous injustice of the whole business can only be paralleled by the story told of the late Dey of Algiers, who is said to have been very fond of playing with his courtiers at whist for large stakes, but with one little peculiarity in the mode of playing the game: he always insisted upon his right to name the trump card, after looking at his own hand.

In other respects the citizens had cause to look with suspicion upon Elizabeth whenever she had aught to say to them concerning money. At one time she introduced lotteries, and desired her loving friends, the Companies, to avail themselves of the brilliant advantages they offered. The idea had been taken from the continental governments, but it does not seem that the speculators in her majesty's lotteries were as much fascinated as she was with them. There is a sly satiric couplet in the books of the Merchant Tailors of the time, which tells with quiet significance what their views were:—

One bird in the hand is worth two in the wood;
If we get the great lot it will do us good.

With regard to Gresham's other proposed reforms:—the debased coinage was restored under his own superintendence—an act in itself sufficient to immortalize him; and the Steelyard merchants did not recover their monopoly. We may here observe that the Esterlings, or Germans, had settled in England so early as the reign of Ethelred, and had been our earliest instructors in the art of commerce. Numerous privileges had been bestowed upon them, and for several centuries their monopoly was, like many other

monopolies, highly beneficial; but, by the reign of Edward VI. it was thought, and no doubt rightly, that the foreign commerce of England had grown too vast a thing to be any longer the exclusive property of any particular body of men, so their privileges were abolished; and Elizabeth, by Gresham's advice, confirmed that abolition. Their guildhall was on the banks of the Thames (Fig. 1713), not far from London Bridge, and contained two of Holbein's fine pictures—the Triumph of Riches and Poverty. There remains but to notice the matter of the granting of licences, and in them Elizabeth did not follow the judicious advice tendered her;—it was found too pleasant to have the opportunity of personally rewarding some favourite public servant, as a Leicester or a Raleigh—too convenient to have the opportunity of punishing one who had offended by declining to renew a grant, or even perhaps by withdrawing it, without waiting for the period of renewal. Elizabeth's treatment of Essex, in the matter of the licence for sweet wines, will not be forgotten by our readers. So this fruitful source of abuse was preserved, to be in later times the means of adding fresh fuel to the flames, when sovereign and people began to look with jealous and angry eyes upon each other. The licence system was worse than the lotteries, for it was a direct and positive infringement on the chief powers and rights of the Companies, for the most selfish purposes, and without the least regard to consequences. It was attempted with the leathersellers. Edward Darcy, a hanger on of the court of Elizabeth, held from her a patent to search and seal all the leather through England; and he found it, Strype tells us, "a very gainful business to him." No doubt he did, but the leathersellers did not find it equally so to them; and the whole body assumed a posture of determination to procure a revocation of the patent. The wardens of the Company were threatened—were imprisoned—but stood out manfully against the unjust innovation, until they had conquered it; though the snake was only scotched, not killed. Patents soon multiplied rapidly, until a list was read one day in the House of Parliament that included currants, salt, iron, powder, cards, calf-skins, felts, leather, ox shin bones, train-oil, and a host of other produce. Well might a member ask, "Is not bread among the number?" and reply, after the astonished response, "Bread!" "Yes, I assure you, if affairs go on at this rate, we shall have bread reduced to a monopoly before the next parliament." The system itself was bad enough—transferring important commercial powers from communities, respected and partially responsible, to single individuals; but it was made worse by the original patents becoming matters of sale. They were disposed of to the highest bidders, who, regardless of aught but their own private advantage, raised commodities to what prices they pleased, and so put "invincible restraints upon all commerce, industry, and emulation in the arts."

If, in passing through Lombard Street, the stranger pauses a moment before the banking-house of Stone, Martin, and Co., he may please himself by reflecting that he looks upon the site where stood Gresham's shop, with the grasshopper as a sign above, and that all about was the scene of the only Exchange known to the merchants of London during the early part of the reign of Elizabeth. If he then passes round to Cornhill, and looks upon the magnificent building recently erected there, he may further amuse himself by the reflections which that palpable evidence of the growth of the power of which Gresham may be said to have all but laid the foundation is calculated to call forth; and the building itself, as a building, is, we need scarcely say, but the representative of the one erected by Gresham. It did not accord with his notions of the dignity of English merchants to be obliged to meet in a narrow street, to be there "constrained either to endure all extremes of weather, viz. heat and cold, snow and rain, or else to shelter themselves in shops" (Stow): so he determined, in the liberality and princeliness of his disposition, to build a home for them. All he asked of his fellow-merchants was a site. With the assistance of Flemish materials, Flemish workmen, and a Flemish architect, who worked after a Flemish model (the Bourse of Antwerp), the edifice was raised, with shops round it as at present (Fig. 1702); and although for a time the circumstance that those shops were unlet caused Gresham some anxiety, Elizabeth soon settled the matter for him by the *édikt* given to the building by her visit in 1570, when she named it the Royal Exchange. Heywood, in a play on the subject, makes Gresham at the banquet (given by him to Elizabeth on the same day) produce a pearl of immense value, crush it to powder, and then drink it off in a cup of wine:

Here fifteen hundred pound at one clap goes!
Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks the pearl
Unto his queen and mistress; pledge it, lords.

And if the passage has no other value, it shows the notion that prevailed generally of Gresham's wealth and liberality. The building thus raised by him was burnt down in the great fire. We conclude our notice of it with a glowing description of its contents from the pen of one who wrote upon the effects of the dire calamity just mentioned, in a vein of no ordinary eloquence:—"How full of riches was that Royal Exchange!—Rich men in the midst of it, rich goods above and beneath! There men walked upon the top of a wealthy mine, considering what Eastern treasures, costly spices, and such-like things, were laid up in the bowels (I mean the cellars) of that place. As for the upper part of it, was it not the great storehouse whence the nobility and gentry of England were furnished with most of those costly things wherewith they did adorn either their closets or themselves? Here, if anywhere, might a man have seen the glory of the world in a moment! What artificial thing could entertain the senses, the fantasies of men, that was not there to be had? Such was the delight that many gallants took in that magazine of all curious varieties, that they could almost have dwelt there (going from shop to shop like bee from flower to flower), if they had but had a fountain of money that could not be drawn dry. I doubt not but a Mahomedan, who never expects other than sensual delights, would gladly have availed himself of that place and the treasures of it for his heaven, and have thought there was none like it." (Rev. Sam. Rolle.)

Among the few halls of the civic Companies that escaped the fire, there are two especially worthy of note—the hall of the Leather-sellers (Fig. 1711), a sumptuous specimen of internal domestic architecture of the age of Elizabeth; and the hall of the Barber-Surgeons (Fig. 1706), reminding us of the time when the pursuits of pharmacy and hair-cutting, surgery and the trimming of a beard, were considered to have some sort of practical connection with each other. The hall itself is one of the most charming little places, notwithstanding its antiquity, that London can boast of; nor need we be surprised at that, when we know Inigo Jones was concerned in its erection, and that it possesses the famous picture by Holbein (Fig. 1411) of the granting of the charter to the Company by Henry VIII. Holbein owed his favour at court to Sir Thomas More, in whom he found a most liberal patron, and in whose house at Chelsea he resided three years. More once invited Henry VIII. to his house, and had Holbein's best pictures displayed to advantage in the gallery. Henry, as Sir Thomas had expected, admired the pictures, and was then introduced to the painter, who was forthwith taken into the royal service, assigned a pension, and an apartment in Whitehall, where the king was forming a collection of pictures. Nor was this all; the pictures Holbein painted for the king were paid for separately. The blood-stained tyrant thus, as in many other instances, evinced his possession of one redeeming quality—an appreciation of the fine arts. He had already sought, by magnificent offers, to draw within his dominions the divine Raffaele and Titian, but failed; and he was now only the more delighted to do all that a king might do, to honour the genius of Hans Holbein. One of the painter's tasks was a design for the magnificent gate-house which Henry built before his palace, opposite the entrance into the tilt-yard. There is a story told of Holbein and the king, in which Henry shows to more advantage than perhaps anywhere else. Holbein was occupied at his easel when a nobleman of high rank, who forcibly intruded upon him, so roused his ire that he actually had the temerity to thrust his lordship down stairs. Reflection immediately succeeding impulse, he sought the king, and informed him of what had happened. Presently came the nobleman with his complaint; which, but for Holbein's promptness, would have been nearly certain to have cost the painter his patron, perhaps his life. Henry defended the painter, and charged his accuser not to contrive or adopt any mode of revenge, on pain of his high displeasure. "You have not now to deal with Holbein," Henry sternly remarked, "but with me. Remember that of seven peasants I can make as many lords, but I cannot make one Holbein."

Merchant Tailors' Hall (Fig. 1709) is modern, the old one having been swept away, with nearly all the other buildings of the same kind, in the fire: we may not therefore look upon the actual edifice in which so many of our older monarchs and nobles have been feasted up to the time of Henry VII., who sat down "openly there in a gown of crimson velvet of the fashion" of a member. But the present building has its recollections too, nor do we know that they will yield in interest to those of its predecessor. It was in this hall that James I. was greeted with "great and pleasant variety of music of voices and instruments, and ingenious speeches;" and where, to do him pleasure, such men as Ben Jonson assisted in the preparation of the poetical parts of the entertainment, and Dr. Bull

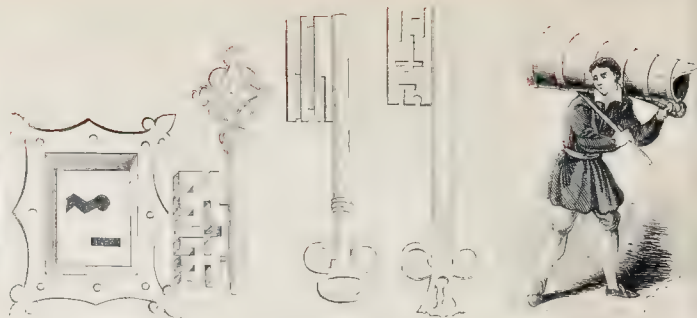
in the musical—the latter giving us, in perpetual remembrance of the occasion, the air of 'God save the King.' Mercers' Hall (Fig. 1710), of which Gresham was a member, is also modern. It stands upon a most interesting site. Here was the house of Gilbert Becket, a yeoman who, whilst following his Lord to the Holy Land during the Crusades, was taken prisoner by a Saracen emir, and confined in a dungeon. The emir had a daughter who saw and pitied the captive. Pity in this instance proved akin to love, and under the influence of these tender feelings she contrived to set him free. Gilbert returned to England, leaving his benefactress behind, pining in sorrow for his loss, which at last grew so insupportable that she determined to seek him through the world. She went to the nearest port, and embarked on the sea, the words "London" and "Gilbert" being all the directions she had to guide her. The first sufficed to convey her to the English capital; but when there she could only wander from street to street, repeating, with touching pathos, the other—"Gilbert!"—"Gilbert!" How the fond and single-hearted girl succeeded in finding Gilbert, the story sayeth not, but she did find him, and was rewarded for all her troubles—obtained the fruition of all her hopes. The yeoman welcomed her with tears of joy, had her immediately baptized (Fig. 508), and was then united to her in marriage (Fig. 509): the son of the fair pagan and the yeoman was the far-famed Thomas-à-Becket.

In connection with these leading Companies, it will not be out of place here to state that the shopkeepers of London generally exposed their wares open to the street until about the reign of Queen Anne. The shops themselves were small and dark, in consequence of the overhanging upper stories. In some parts of London a few of these ancient dépôts of metropolitan trade may still be traced. The old-clothes-shop of the present day will give a good notion of the sort of shop called a "frippery," as it existed in the time of the Plantagenets and Tudors; only the word "frippery" is hardly perhaps to be taken in the modern sense, but as applying to general clothing, often of a sufficiently substantial kind. Our engraving (Fig. 1718), of a print dated 1587, shows the shop entirely open at the front, a clothier at work, and garments hung upon lines for sale.

"Heaven be praised," says Malcolm, one of the historians of London, "that Old London was burnt!" and if his very unantiquarian enthusiasm in the cause of improved domestic arrangements ran away with his humanity and judgment, the remark still shows no less justly than forcibly the character of the streets and houses of the old city that were destroyed, and which were of course pretty much what they had been for centuries before. Holinshed admits that, during the reign of Elizabeth, London had a very mean appearance in comparison with most foreign cities. The foreigners who came over with Philip of Spain, during the reign of Mary, described the houses as built with "sticks and dirt." But in the general movement of the nation in Elizabeth's time, architectural art was not left behind. On all sides highly picturesque and beautiful edifices were seen to rise. We need only refer in passing to Marylebone House (Fig. 1691)—the ancient Manor House, Vauxhall (Fig. 1687)—the house formerly standing at the corner of Chancery Lane (Fig. 1669)—the Old Blue Boar, Holborn (Fig. 1690)—and Somerset House (Fig. 1671), that has been previously described: all, with the Exchange, belonging to the present period. As examples of the picturesque effect of a street in the olden time, when seen under the most favourable aspect, we may call attention to the views of Southwark (Fig. 1661) and of Bucklersbury (Fig. 1715); whilst, for a more comprehensive view of London, as a whole, we turn to another engraving (Fig. 1705), where the point of sight is from the old Black Friars. With the inn we have named is connected one of those remarkable incidents which, in themselves apparently trifling, determine the fate of empires. When Charles I. was in the hands of the Scots, he endeavoured to take advantage of the then very peculiar aspect of affairs to make terms, secretly, with the different parties who stood disunited among themselves, but all banded against him. Among the rest he entered into secret negotiations with Cromwell; and, had he been sincere, he might in all probability have saved his throne and life. It appears that one day, in the year 1649, when Lord Broghill was riding between Cromwell and Ireton, Cromwell said to him, that if the late king had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants, he would have fooled them all; and that at one time they really intended to close with Charles. Broghill asked a question or two, to which Cromwell freely replied, saying, "The reason why we would once have closed with the king was this: we found that the Scots and the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we;



1715.—"Bucklersbury in simple time



1716.—Keys of Dover Castle. (From a Woodcut in the Ragged Collection, Brit. Mus.)



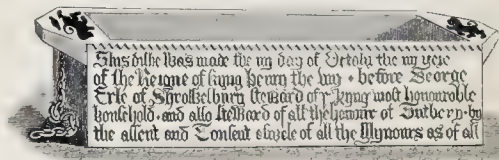
1718.—A. L. 1718



1719.—Watchman from London.



1722.—The Watch, with "crests" and



1720.—Miners' Standard Dish, Wirksworth, Derbyshire



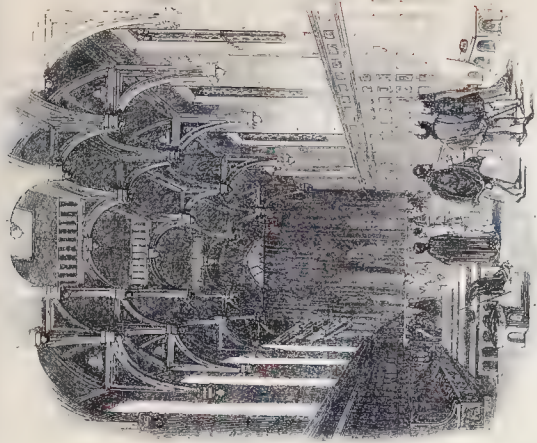
1721.—Conduit in West Cheap.



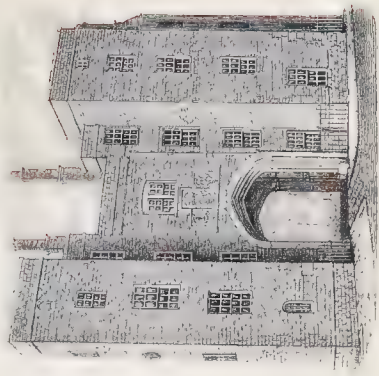
1723.—"Lantern and a whole candle light"
Hang out your lights! Hear!"



1724.—The Marching Watch.



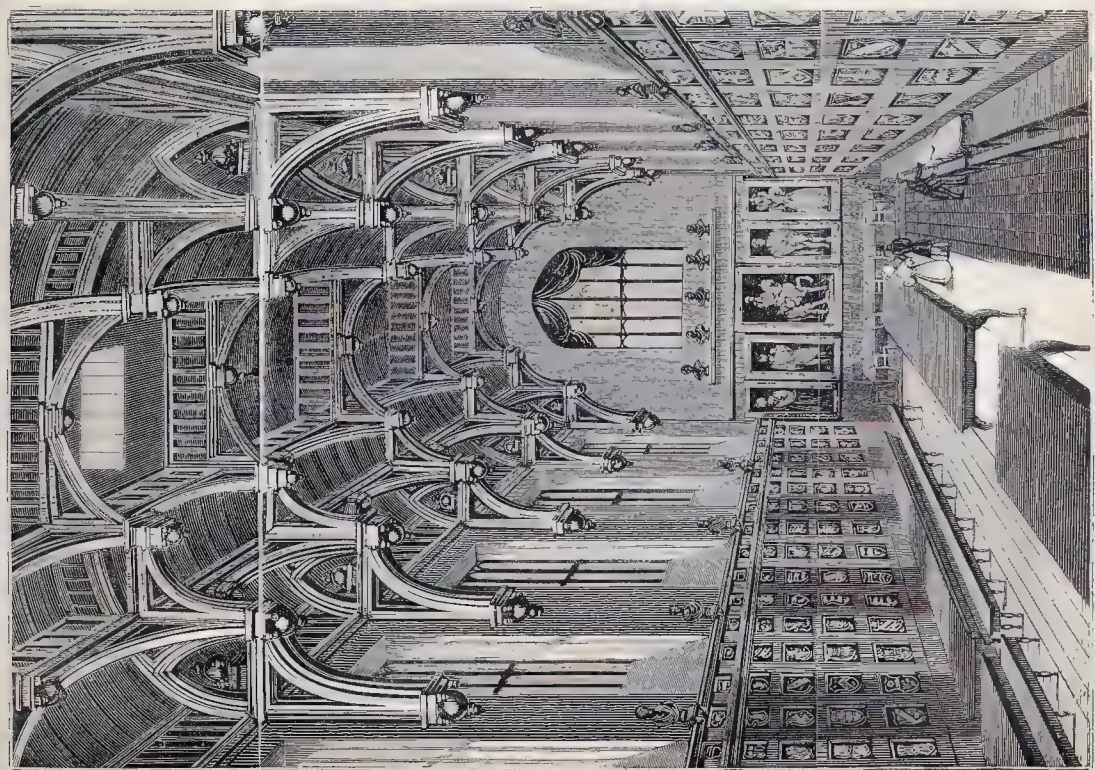
1727.—Middle Temple Hall



1728.—Lincoln's Inn Gateway



1731.—Sir Edward Coke



1726.—Middle Temple Hall.

and if they had made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch; therefore we thought it best to prevent them, by offering first to come in upon any reasonable conditions." Cromwell went on to say, that while he and his party were occupied with these thoughts, they received information from one of their spies, who was of the king's bedchamber, that their doom was decreed by Charles, as they might see, if they could only intercept a letter from the king to the queen, which letter was sealed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer would be that night at the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn, where he was to take horse for Dover. Accordingly, Cromwell, and Ireton, his son-in-law, disguised as troopers, with one trusty fellow with them, went to the Blue Boar, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till the man with the saddle came in, when they seized the saddle, ripped up the skirts, and there found the letter. In it the king informed the queen that he was now courted by both factions—the Scotch Presbyterians and the army—and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other. In further confirmation of the duplicity of Charles, as brought to light by intercepted letters, we have Richardson's statement, to whom, and to Pope and Lord Marchmont, Lord Bolingbroke said, that Lord Oxford had often told him that he (Lord Oxford) had seen, and had had in his hands, an original letter that King Charles I. wrote to the queen, in answer to one of hers that had been intercepted, and then forwarded to him, wherein she had reproached him for having made those villains too great concessions. These concessions were chiefly, that Cromwell was to be Lieutenant of Ireland for life; that an army should be there kept, which should know no head but the lieutenant; and that he should have a Garter. In the reply of Charles to the queen, he said, she should leave *him* to manage, who was better informed of all circumstances than she could be; but she might be entirely easy as to whatever concessions he should make them; for that he should know in due time how to deal with the rogues, who, instead of a silken Garter, *should be fitted with a hempen cord*. This letter Lord Oxford said he had offered five hundred pounds for. It was this letter which was seized at the Blue Boar. Cromwell, as soon as he had read it, took horse and went to Windsor. It had determined Charles Stuart's fate.

West Smithfield has, from very early times, been celebrated for three especial uses—as a place of execution, of martial and festive show, and as a horse and cattle market. It was the chief scene of Protestant martyrdom; previous to which, its fires were occasionally lighted for the immolation of some unfortunate individual supposed to have been guilty of sorcery. Here the celebrated "Witch of Eye" was burned in the reign of Henry VI. Most of the Plantagenet kings held tournaments at Smithfield; and none were more gorgeous or striking than the seven days' feast held by Edward III., in honour of Alice Perrers, his worthless paramour, designated on this occasion "The Lady of the Sun." As early as 1174, when Fitz-Stephen wrote, Smithfield was celebrated as a horse-fair. He says, "Without one of the gates, in a certain plain field, on every Friday, unless it be a solemn festival, there was a great market for horses, whither earls, barons, knights, and citizens repair, to see and to purchase." Our cut (Fig. 1712) of Smithfield in the Elizabethan period, shows it then retained its celebrity for the sale of horses; and who knows not that the same characteristic still remains?

The number of buildings erected in the course of the early part of Elizabeth's reign alarmed the government, and a proclamation was issued, forbidding the erection of any but houses of the highest class, within three miles of the city. Mandates of this nature are apt to excite a smile, seeing how small the London was that was to be thenceforth prevented from enlarging its boundaries, and seeing into how vast a thing the city has really swelled. But whilst we smile we may ask ourselves the question,—Since, in the nineteenth century, we are beginning to perceive that the let alone system of government is not by any means the perfection of government—and since, in reference to the very question before us, we are ourselves beginning to take very decided steps to check the evils found to result from leaving private cupidity or ignorance to build as they please—ought we not to inquire, whether our ancestors might not have had an inkling of the same truth that we now perceive, but without viewing, so clearly as we do, the true modes of carrying it into practical effect? In short, was it not that they interfered in a wrong way, rather than that they interfered at all, that made their legislation a nullity, and left it, though hardly with justice, a laughing-stock for those who only see their failure, and

do not care to inquire into its causes, or the true motives of those who failed?

The chief extension of London during the present period appears to have been westward, along the north bank of the Thames, where many of the nobility, as we have already seen, erected "fair and stately mansions," of which Northumberland House is now the last existing representative.

In 1532 an Act was passed for improving and paving the city. The streets of London are therein described as "very foul and full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noxious, as well for all the king's subjects on horseback as on foot, with carriages." To add to the "perilous" character here spoken of, the streets were narrow and crooked, rendered gloomy by day by the projecting upper stories and confined space, and perfect pits of darkness by night, relieved only by casual lights in the houses, or by the passing torches or cresset lights that attended the progress of passengers of consequence. Then the accommodations in the houses were often as bad as the accommodations of the streets without. Picturesque effect in construction was constantly obtained at the sacrifice of health and safety. Thatched roofs, and plaster and timber materials, were as favourable to fire, as the denseness of the buildings, and the pent-up rooms, into which the air could hardly penetrate, and where gloom and dirt prevailed, were favourable to disease; and we see the consequences of such arrangements in the continually-recurring conflagrations, that formed one of the popular objections to a residence in London—and in the fearful "plague," now happily known no more in the metropolis that was formerly seldom free from its ravages. The change that has taken place in respect to both these destructive calamities is calculated to encourage many of the best hopes of philanthropists as to the removal of the evils that still exist; fever, for instance, itself a "plague" of the most fearful character; but, being more regular and less obtrusive in its operations, though scarcely less fatal on the whole, does not excite half the attention that a plague ever commanded.

As, in tracing Gresham's metropolitan labours, we are naturally pleased to see that even thus early the fruits of commerce were made subservient to still higher tastes and enjoyments than the mere promotion of fresh commerce, so, in glancing over the chief provincial towns of England, we see that there too liberality and art were found in connection with the pursuits of the workshop, the counter, and the desk. Would we could perceive the corporations of the present day beautifying their towns, and promoting the tastes of their citizens, by the erection of such structures as the halls and market-crosses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries! And for what objects were they erected? Why, in some cases, these beautiful little temples, as they almost deserve to be called, sprang up in the midst of our towns merely for the shelter and accommodation of "poor market-folks, to stand dry when rain cometh" (Leland). And in them were admirably combined utility, benevolence, and ornament. Cobbett, speaking of Malmesbury in his 'Rural Rides,' says, "there is a market-cross in this town, the sight of which is worth a journey of hundreds of miles to see." (Fig. 1663.) It is an octagon, of stone, with flying buttresses. There is appended to it a decorated turret, also octangular, with a niche on each side, filled with figures in basso-relievo. "The men of the town made this piece of work," says Leland, writing in the reign of Henry VIII., "*in hominum memoriâ*"—that is to say, within the memory of man. Cobbett is scarcely less enthusiastic about the situation of the town, than the particular piece of architecture contained in it, that so struck his fancy. He says, "This town, though it has nothing particularly engaging in itself, stands upon one of the prettiest spots that can be imagined. Besides the river Avon, which I went down, in the south-east part of the country, here is another river Avon, which runs down to Bath, and two branches or sources of which meet here. There is a pretty ridge of ground, the base of which is a mile, or a mile and a half, wide. On each side of this ridge, a branch of the river runs down, through a flat of very fine meadows. The town and the beautiful remains of the famous old abbey stand on the rounded spot which terminates this ridge; and just below, nearly close to the town, the two branches of the river meet, and then they begin to be called the Avon. The land round about is excellent, and of a great variety of forms. The trees are lofty and fine; so that, what with the water, the meadows, the fine cattle and sheep—and, as I hear, the absence of hard-pinching poverty—this is a very pleasant place."

Chichester Market Cross is still more beautiful than that of Malmesbury; indeed, Mr. Britton considers it to be "the most enriched and beautiful example of this class of buildings in Eng-





HALL AT OCKWELLS, BERKSHIRE.

land;" and if the reader will turn to our engraving (Fig. 1660), he will, we think, give every credit to this judgment, for certainly it is difficult to imagine anything of the kind *more* rich or more beautiful. The form is an octagon. There is a large central column, from which numerous bold ribs spring upward to the vaulted roof. The walls are panelled, and have a parapet, pinnacles, and flying buttresses, and the whole is sustained on eight pier buttresses. The cross was erected by Bishop Story near the close of the 15th century. There are shields attached to the buttresses, on which his arms are impaled with those of his sovereign.

Many of our old English towns, we have had occasion elsewhere to remark, had their origin in religious establishments, founded by the early teachers of Christianity. Evesham, in Worcestershire, is one example of this religious creation, for which we are indebted to St. Egwin, Bishop of the Wicci, in the time of the Anglo-Saxons. An ancient legendary life of St. Egwin has a curious story relative to the foundation of St. Egwin's church. In the territory of the Wicci was a place called Hethelholme—wild—solitary—utterly destitute of cultivation—overgrown with brambles, and wrapped continually in the vapours exhaled from the marshy soil. St. Egwin obtained a gift of this unpromising place from Ethelred, King of the Mercians. A number of swine were kept by Egwin in the forest for his own use and for that of his religious associates. One of the four swine-herds appointed to look after those "pigs of the servants of God" going once too far into the wood, lost a pig which had hid itself in the thickets. While he was looking after it, he met three glorious virgins, all shining brightly as the sun, holding in their hands a beautiful book, and dancing. The swine-herd turned pale with fear and amazement, and hastened home to his master, who, delighted at the vision, went to the wood, and beheld the fair celestials whilst he was in the act of offering up his prayers. Our readers will readily anticipate that the interview was commemorated by the erection of the church. The name of Evesham or Eovesham was derived from the swineherd's name, Eoves. The inmates of the abbey attached to the church of St. Egwin did not always confine themselves rigidly to rules of self-mortification. An abbot who succeeded in 1213 was very unpopular for keeping the brethren many days on dry bread, and giving them bad small beer, instead of "the jolly good ale and old," which in old song our monks are said to have so well loved. The feast of the Holy Trinity was a very blithe time in Evesham Abbey and town. Then every monk had his capon and his quart of wine—the prior, his two capons and half-flagon of wine—the abbot, his three capons and whole flagon. When a death took place, the deceased did not lose his general allowance for a whole year afterwards, for though it could no longer comfort his body, it was considered that it might benefit his soul, by bestowing it on some poor person. And the thought, we are sure, carried a blessing with it, though not perhaps exactly in the way supposed.

The chief relics of the Abbey are the Abbot's Tower, and a gateway that formerly led to the Chapter House; the latter now opening upon a pleasant scene, —the cultivated land let out in allotments to the poor and industrious people of the town, and the former showing to us in the distance the church of Bengeworth (Figs. 1625, 1624). The Abbot's Tower, begun in 1533 by Abbot Clement Lichfield, is exceedingly beautiful, with arches most gracefully turned and richly wrought, the summit finished with eight pinnacles springing from an open embattled parapet. Its height is 110 feet, and this is all that remains of the once sumptuous house which had its sixteen altars, its one hundred and sixty-four gilded pillars, its chapter-house, cloisters, refectory, dormitory, buttery, treasury, almonry, granary, and storehouse, in addition to domestic buildings suitable for the accommodation of a family of some eighty-nine monks, with almost as many servants to wait upon them.

The town (Fig. 1622) stands on the pleasant banks of the ever-memorable river Avon. It has two principal streets, wide, and clean, and cheerful; and some very picturesque-looking antique houses (Fig. 1682). The vale of Evesham boasts a rich, luxuriant soil; and the extensive gardens near the town, which supply Evesham and other neighbouring towns and villages with fruit and vegetables, greatly enhance the beauty of the place. The corporation long possessed the power of trying and executing for all capital offences, except high treason. Even as late as 1740, a woman was burned in the town for petty treason.

The Guildhall of Chichester (engraved in page 296 of our first volume) affords a striking commentary upon the changes that the country has experienced. It was at first part of a castle built in the feudal days by Hugh de Montgomery, who was created Earl of Chichester and Arundel by the Conqueror. Next the castle

became a convent; the fourth Earl of Arundel having given it to the Grey Friars in 1233. Lastly, at the dissolution, Henry VIII. granted the whole to the mayor and corporation, who kept the chapel of the Grey Friars for their Guildhall, and let the remainder on lease. Two other buildings may be briefly dismissed: the old Town Hall of Oxford (Fig. 1688), burnt down at Christmas, 1834, and the exquisitely beautiful Cross of Coventry (Fig. 1664), which reminds us that the inhabitants of Coventry in the last century had not even the taste to admire what their forefathers had the liberality and taste to build, and so caused one of the finest pieces of architecture in the kingdom to be pulled down.

A group of country mansions and manor-houses, some of them suggesting recollections of no ordinary nature, may here engage our attention. Gray the poet opens his humorous descriptive poem, 'The Long Story,' with these spirited verses:—

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands;
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands.

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;
The seals and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

The grave Lord-Keeper here alluded to was Lord Chancellor Hatton, who resided in the fine old manor-house of Stoke Pogis, Buckinghamshire (Fig. 1689), where he was succeeded by Lord Chief Justice Coke, who entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1601; on which occasion he presented her with jewels upwards of a thousand pounds in value. The ancient pile that Gray describes was in great part taken down in 1789. What remains is of a delightfully picturesque character, and is seen rising from amidst groups of the most charming masses of green and bright foliage. There is still left the wide old kitchen, and a fire-place broad enough for the roasting of an ox, with heraldic sculpture about it. The manor and manor-house were sold by the Cobhams in the last century to William Penn, the son, we presume, of the eminent quaker. Lady Cobham inhabited it when Gray lived at his mother's cottage, about half a mile distant. The verses we have quoted arose from a visit which two ladies residing at the Manor House paid him at the cottage. Gray's admirable mother now lies in Stoke churchyard, with his aunt, who had lived with her, and shared the toils by which she was enabled to give her son a learned education. Gray placed over his aunt a plain flat stone, with an unpretending epitaph; and writing to his mother in her affliction, he says, "However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy." He himself now sleeps as easily and happily, and in the same churchyard, and by his mother's side, according to his particular desire. It is a solemn and secluded place, shadowed with funeral-looking trees, as yew, cypress, and dark pine.

Hark how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

It is said, and with very much probability, that this was the scene of the 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.' The 'ivy-mantled tower,' where

The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign,

applies to the tower of Stoke Church, a most venerable structure. The entrance is a massive wooden porch. The late Mr. John Penn, of Stoke Park, a descendant of the Penns of Pennsylvania, erected a monument to Gray, near the churchyard, in a garden. Lines from the 'Elegy' and from the 'Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College' are inscribed on its four sides.

Hulme Hall, Lancashire (Fig. 1672), may be looked on as a fair specimen of the very numerous timber-houses that form so conspicuous a class in the domestic architecture of Elizabeth's time. And most picturesque buildings they were, with their gable



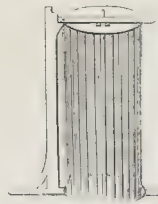
1729.—Lincoln's Inn Hall.



1730.—Inner Temple Hall.



1731.—Gray's Inn Hall.



1733.—The Whitting.



1732.—Clock at Hampton Court.



1734.—Man and Woman in Stocks.

'A stockee to staye sure and safely detainee
'Luxy, lewd leutersers that lawes do offend.'" (Harmans 'Caveat,' &c.)



1735.—The Brank.



1736.—Genings and Blunt.



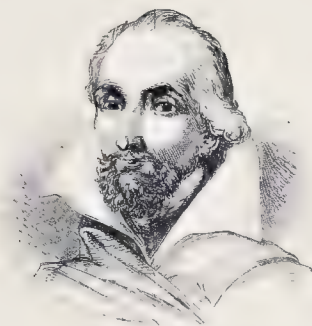
1737



1738.—Spenser.



1741.—Dryden.



1740.—Samuel Daniel.



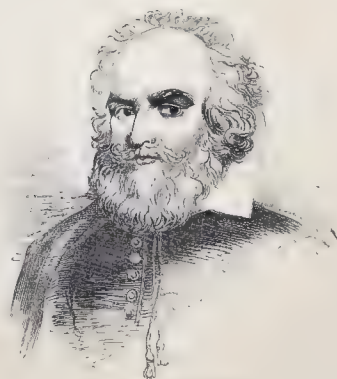
1739.—Spenser.



1742.—Jensen.



1743.—John Taylor.



1744.—George Chapman.

roofs, and numerous projections, their carvings and their pinnacles. Hulme Hall no longer exists. It was pulled down a short time since. Our engraving was taken just before its demolition. The place belonged to the family of Prestwick from the middle of the fifteenth to about the middle of the seventeenth century. A curious mystery may be said still to attach to the spot. The dowager Lady Prestwick, during the Civil War, encouraged her son, who belonged to the Royal party—but apparently had been wavering in his allegiance on account of pecuniary difficulties—to remain firm to the Royalist cause, saying she had treasure to supply him with. It was supposed she referred to some hidden stores about Hulme. But when she was dying she was speechless, and so, if she had a secret of the nature supposed, it was buried with her. Nothing remarkable has since been discovered at Hulme.

The bountiful and "home-keeping" country gentlemen of good estate in Elizabeth's time may be fitly represented by the "King of the Peak," as Sir George Vernon—the last male heir of the Vernon family in Derbyshire who inherited the manor of Haddon—was named by his country neighbours. He died in the seventh year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. His mansion, Haddon Hall, now the seat of the Duke of Rutland, was disposed around two irregular courts, and consisted of various suites of apartments, which were all completed nearly as we now behold them, in the reign of Henry VIII. The hospitable feasts of the King of the Peak would be held in the Hall (Fig. 1665), where there is a raised floor at the upper end, and two side galleries supported on pillars. The amount of good cheer that was in requisition for the table may be readily imagined, when we look at the magnitude of the culinary furniture in the kitchen—the two vast fire-places—the irons for sustaining a surprising number of spits—and the enormous chopping-blocks.

The hospitality of Haddon Hall has been frequently revived in the ancient spirit since Sir George Vernon died. The first Duke of Rutland kept seven score servants here, and his twelve days' feasts at Christmas will be long remembered. Two hundred couples have danced in the Long gallery within the present century. That gallery occupies the whole south side of the second court, and is floored with oak planks, said to have been cut out of a single tree which once grew in the garden. It is wainscoted also with curiously carved oak. But Haddon, like many other magnificent abodes, appears, on close examination, evidently built when *comfort* was not a peculiarity of art in household construction. The doors are very rudely contrived, except when picturesque effect is the object; few fit at all close, and their fastenings are nothing better than wooden bolts, clumsy bars, or iron hasps. To conceal these defects, and exclude draughts of air, tapestry was put up, which had to be lifted in order to pass in or out; and when it was necessary to hold back these hangings, there were great iron hooks fixed for the purpose. All the principal rooms, except the gallery, were hung with loose arras, and their doors were concealed behind.

The universal rage for building in the sixteenth century (felt by no one more than Henry VIII., who built, improved, or completed no less than ten palaces) caused a rapid development of the new style then in process of formation—the Tudor-Gothic. This style was in effect (as has been shown more fully in the previous period) the latest form of the ecclesiastical Gothic, but modified by the necessities and proprieties of a domestic residence. Thus, more light was required for a room than for the interior of a chapel or a church; so the fronts of houses became one vast expanse of glass. "You shall have sometimes fair houses so full of glass, that one cannot tell where to come to be out of the sun or cold." (Bacon.) Chimneys of all shapes and sizes, and some of them exceedingly ornamental (Fig. 1673), sprang up. But in Elizabeth's time a new element came into operation. Italian art was introduced. Henry VIII., in a spirit of rivalry with Francis of France, had sought to bring foreign artists to England; and though Raffaele and Titian declined the invitation, other eminent men from different parts did come; among them Holbein, the universal artist. Many of the chief buildings erected after the middle of the sixteenth century show the influence of the Italian architects.

Somerset House (Fig. 1671), already noticed, was built by John of Padua, and became, as the first Italian edifice erected in England, an example for others to follow. But the English architects did not servilely copy them or any other works. They preserved some of their own Tudor-Gothic tastes; they admired, and therefore added, something from the Italian; they also admired, and therefore also borrowed from Holbein and the German and Flemish schools, and the result was, unquestionably, magnificence.

As presenting, generally, a notion of the plan of Elizabethan mansions of the first rank, Buckhurst House, Sussex (Fig. 1674), may be usefully studied. This was built about 1560 by the author

of the glorious poetical Induction to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Lord Treasurer and Earl of Dorset. We regret to say, not only for the sake of the building, but for the associations connected with its author, that Buckhurst has long since disappeared. But magnificent as were these great mansions in their size, arrangement, and general aspect, there was little even in them that would harmonize with our notions of what the interiors should be to correspond with such exteriors.

Walpole justly observes, with regard to the mansions of the sixteenth century, "Space and vastness seem to have made their whole ideas of grandeur; the palaces of the memorable Countess of Shrewsbury are exactly in this style. The apartments are lofty and enormous, and they knew not how to furnish them. Pictures, had they had good ones, would have been lost in chambers of such height; tapestry, their chief movable, was not commonly perfect enough to be real magnificence. Fretted ceilings, graceful mouldings of windows, and painted glass, the ornaments of the preceding age, were fallen into disuse. Immense lights, composed of bad glass, in diamond panes, cast an air of poverty over their most costly apartments."

Hardwick, in Derbyshire, between Chesterfield and Mansfield, the property of the Duke of Devonshire, is one of the "palaces of the memorable Countess of Shrewsbury" here referred to. A strange story is told in explanation of this lady's building propensities. A tradition, recorded by Walpole, says the Countess was told by a fortune-teller that she should not die whilst she continued building; so she went on, erecting mansion after mansion, until her proceedings were arrested one winter by a hard frost, which rendered the workmen unable to continue their labours, and then she died. Two or three portraits of the Countess, or as she is more popularly called, Bess of Hardwick, are to be found here. The gallery (Fig. 1670) is of the amazing extent of 195 feet, and contains some interesting pictures; among them one of Mary Queen of Scots, whose residence as a prisoner in the mansion has given to it a still higher interest than is attached to the well-known Countess its founder. Mary spent a considerable portion of her long nineteen years of imprisonment at Hardwick, during which time she occupied some of her dreary hours by embroidering the black velvet chain-covers that are still preserved in the mansion. Indeed, one of the most delightful features of the place is its perfectly Elizabethan character. Everything remains unaltered from the days of the two queens—the oppressor and the oppressed. Mrs. Radcliffe's description of the place as she saw it in the close of the last century, remains, we believe, true to the letter at present. "The second floor," she writes, "is that which gives its chief interest to the edifice, as nearly all the apartments were allotted to Mary (some of them for state-purposes); and the furniture is known, by other proofs than its appearance, to remain as she left it. The chief room, or that of audience, is of uncommon loftiness, and strikes by its grandeur, before the veneration and tenderness arise, which its antiquities and the plainly-told tale of the sufferings they witnessed excite. The walls, which are covered to a considerable height with tapestry, are painted above with historical groups. The chairs are of black velvet, which is nearly concealed by a raised needle-work of gold, silver, and colours, that mingle with surprising richness, and remain in fresh preservation. The upper end of the room is distinguished by a lofty canopy of the same materials, and by steps which support two chairs. In front of the canopy is a carpeted table, below which the room breaks into a spacious recess, where a few articles of furniture are deposited, used by Mary: the curtains are of gold tissue, but in so tattered a condition that its original texture can hardly be perceived; this, and the chairs which accompany it, are supposed to be much earlier than Mary's time. A short passage leads from the state-apartment to her own chamber, a small room, overlooked from the passage by a window, which enabled her attendants to know that she was contriving no means of escape through the others into the court. The bed and chairs of this room are of black velvet embroidered by herself; the toilet of gold tissue; all more decayed than worn, and probably used only towards the conclusion of her imprisonment here, when she was removed from some better apartment in which the ancient bed, now in the state-room, had been placed."

"Sir Francis Willoughby," says Walpole, "at great expense, in a foolish display of his wealth, built a magnificent and most elegant house, with a fine prospect." The house here referred to is Woolaton Hall, Nottinghamshire (Fig. 1667), erected from the design of John Thorpe, one of the most eminent architects of his day. The interior is rich in works of art. Our space will only allow us to mention a single picture—a portrait of Sir Hugh Willoughby, who fell a victim to that ardent love of adventure which so char-

acterised the period. He fitted out three ships at the private expense of a society of merchants, who supported him in the enterprise; and set out, beguiled by that ignis fatuus, or rather, as we might say, by those *northern lights*, which still tempt men to subject themselves to the most terrible extremes of cold, and privation, and danger, in the hope of discovering a north-east passage. Having proceeded so far as Spitzbergen, the *Edward Bonaventure*, commanded by Captain Richard Chancellor, was separated from the other vessels by a gale; and soon after, Sir Hugh discovered land. He was unable to set foot upon it; but the place is supposed to have been either the coast of Nova Zembla, or the island of Kolgen. Sailing thence westward they came to the mouth of the river Arzina, in Russian Lapland. "This haven," says a journal of the expedition, printed by Hakluyt, and which subsequently found its way to England after the writer had perished, "runneth into the main about two leagues, and is in breadth half a league, wherein are very many seal-fishes and other great fishes; and upon the main we saw bears, great deer, foxes, with divers strange beasts; as ellans and such others, which were to us unknown, and also wonderful. There remaining in this haven the space of a sevennight, seeing the year far spent, and also very evil weather, as frost, snow, and hail, as though it had been the depth of winter, we thought it best to winter there. Wherefore we sent out three men south-south-west to search if they could find people, who went three days' journey, but could find none. After that we sent other three westward four days' journey, which also returned without finding any people. Then sent we three men south-east three days' journey, who in like sort returned without finding of people or any similitude of habitation."

Thus far we follow their proceedings to the month of October. Next, we learn from a will of Gabriel Willoughby, a kinsman of Sir Hugh, which also found its way to England (it is supposed through the Russians), that some at least of the party were alive in January, 1554; lastly, we discover from Anthony Jenkinson's account of a voyage to Russia in 1558, that the whole company had perished. Chancellor's ship, which had lost sight of the others, escaped for a time, but on its return towards England was wrecked, and all but a few seamen drowned. So that of the whole expedition, only a few of the crew of this one ship returned in safety. Whether it was through a want of fuel alone, or whether it was from being attacked, as has been supposed, with the scurvy, at the same time that they were suffering from other privations, that Sir Hugh and his men perished, we have no means of discovering. From the period of their entering the mouth of the Arzina—that "harbour of death"—and sending out their exploring parties, all is wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. The poet of the 'Seasons,' in his Winter, gives the most probable, as well as the most poetically tragical explanation, making due allowances of course for the artistical treatment of the subject that was necessary to his purpose.

Miserable they!

Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate,
As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd?)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these full regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Of old castles, as well as old churches, we take our leave in the present period. Their uses had passed away. Many of those built in imitation, to a certain extent, of the ancient castellated style, were but superficial imitations, calculated to please the still lingering military tastes of the owners, but utterly unsuited for the real war and tear of military defence. Indeed, Elizabeth, as well as her father, would no doubt like to have seen the man who would have ventured to have erected a real stronghold in her time. Power enough was reserved for the aristocracy, but it was to be henceforth the power of station and wealth only, whether exercised in public or in private life. So, although castles were erected, and strong ones too, no subjects were the builders. There were to be defences provided, not to facilitate internal warfare, but as a protection from foreign aggression. Henry VIII. caused a chain of fortresses to be raised for the protection of the northern and

eastern coasts—as Sandown (Fig. 1460), and others. To Elizabeth we owe the commencement of the castle named after herself at Jersey (Fig. 1585), in which Clarendon resided for two years, and wrote a large portion of his 'History of the Rebellion.' Mount Orgueil (Fig. 1536), also in Jersey, commandingly situated on a rocky headland that projects forward into the sea, is famous as the prison of Prynne, and the residence of Charles II. during a part of his exile. Upnor Castle (Fig. 1539), on the Medway, a little below Chatham—now completely in ruins—is distinguished as being one of the last, if not the very last, of those places of defence that were built on the old principles of fortification. Upnor is also distinguished by the fact that it fulfilled, on one important occasion, all that could ever have been hoped from it. The Dutch, under De Ruyter, in 1667, appeared suddenly at the mouth of the Thames, and Van Ghent, the vice-admiral, was despatched with seventeen lighter ships and eight fire-ships, to sail up the Medway. The port of Sheerness was taken, the stores destroyed, and again the Dutch moved on. Monk, Duke of Albemarle, made every disposition that the suddenness of the attack permitted. He sunk several vessels in the channel of the river, and drew a chain across; behind which he placed three large men-of-war, that had been recently taken from the Dutch. Van Ghent, however, swept on, favoured by wind and tide, broke the chain, and forced his way between the three ships, and then, leaving them in one tremendous blaze of fire, again advanced, with six men-of-war and five fire-ships, until he reached Upnor Castle. The gross neglects of this time of corruption prevented the valour of the English sailors being of use to their country. Upnor could only make a feeble resistance; and it was more from good luck than skill or courage in the defenders of their country that Van Ghent soon retreated. On his way back he burnt three ships, one of them commanded by Captain Douglas, who, in the general confusion arising from the unexpectedness of the attack, had received no orders to retire. So there he stayed, conscious that his destruction was inevitable. "It shall never be said that a Douglas quitted his post without orders," were the last words uttered by him. Soon after, ship, captain, and crew all perished.

We cannot better take leave of the general subject of castles, than with a few words upon a fortress that formed a most perfect example of the class in all its genuine strength, and sternness, and inconvenience for residence, and which, to the regret of those who like to have something better than mere descriptions of antiquity to rely upon, has been recently much damaged by fire. Naworth (Fig. 1459) stood on the edge of a ravine, had walls of enormous thickness, and was altogether in the style of a castle of the fourteenth century; when all such works were built with the expectation that occasions might arise to test their strength, and with more than expectation—the certainty—where castles like Naworth were concerned. To the strength of wall, and narrowness of window, that marked the exterior of such places, must be added, in order to combine their chief characteristics, the dungeons within for prisoners, and the fire-places of the hall, which were really of almost incredible dimensions. That of Naworth was seventeen feet broad. Scott has made the dungeons of the castle familiar to us. William of Deloraine, in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' says—

And when I lay in dungeon dark
Of Naworth Castle long months three,
Till ransomed for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave! it was long of thee.

The chief associations of Naworth are those connected with "Belted Will." The nobleman thus popularly designated was the son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, executed by Elizabeth, grandson of the poet Surrey, executed or murdered by Henry VIII., and brother of the Lady Berkeley that we have so recently mentioned as the unsuccessful petitioner to Elizabeth when the queen was on her way to Bristol. William Howard would have fared but ill had his fortunes entirely depended upon Elizabeth, who took and kept possession of his father's estates. But, in his fifteenth year, he was married to his father's ward, Lady Elizabeth Dacre, who brought him Naworth, and other large possessions, and thus in essentials restored him to the position of which he had been deprived. This marriage—so convenient—and between parties who were afterwards accustomed to say they could not at the time of their union "make above twenty-five years both together,"—could hardly have been expected to turn out also a happy one; but it did, and eminently so. Their prospects, it is true, were for a time clouded by an unjust claim to the estates; and, when that was legally overthrown, by Elizabeth's still more disgracefully unjust conduct in keeping them out of the rights solemnly awarded



1745.—Performance of a Dramatic Mystery at Coventry.



1745.—Itinerant Players.



1747.—The Swan Tavern.



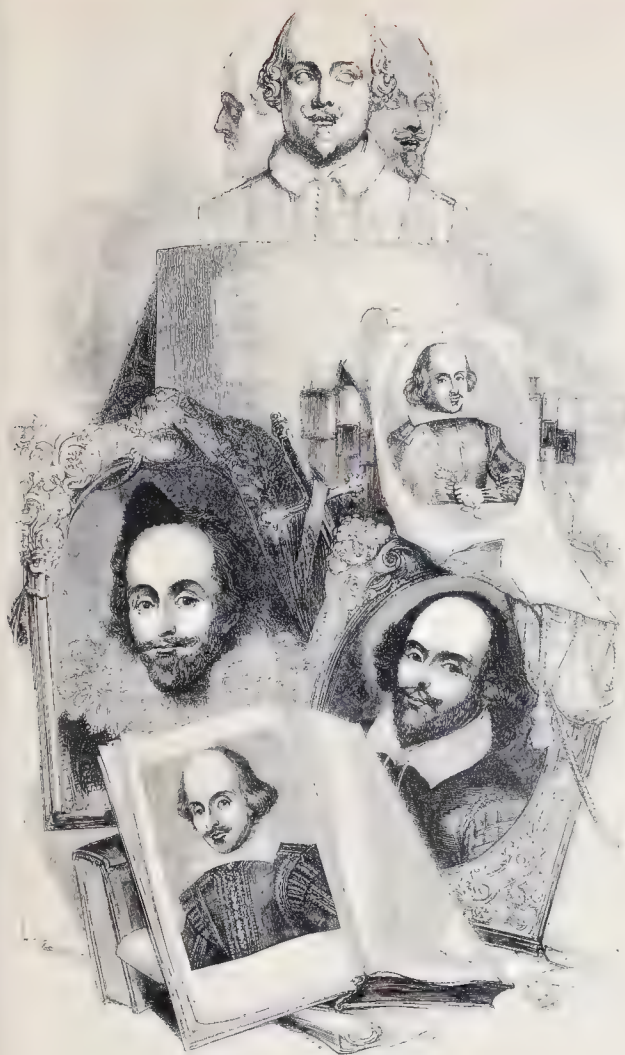
1748.—The Globe Theatre, Balsale.



1749.—The Paris Garden Theatre, Southwark.



1750.—Hall of the Middle Temple.



1751.—Portraits of Shakspeare.



1754.—The Swan Theatre.



1754.—The Swan Theatre.



1752.—View of the old Stage and Balcony



1758.—Richard Burbage.



1755.—Richard Burbage.

to them by the law. And she robbed them in the end of 10,000*l.* before she would consent to grant them their own. That was in the year 1601. Soon after she died; and then the fortunes of the Howards brightened. The son of Mary did not forget what the Duke of Norfolk and his children had suffered for Mary's sake. The elder brother's son, Thomas Howard (the collector of the famous marbles), was restored to all that had been lost, excepting only the ducal title; and William Howard was appointed to a post of honour in his own native county—the wardenship of the marches. It was in this position that his energetic—probably severe—measures obtained for him so dreaded a name that the Scottish mothers are said to have been accustomed to frighten their children with it. It is but right to observe that the constant incursions of the borderers from one country into the other had become just that kind of abominable nuisance, that every honest and sensible man in either country must have ardently desired to see put down. The causes in which border warfare had originated—hostility between England and Scotland—had passed away; and the whole business, and the actors in it, had become nothing better than so much robbery by so many banditti. So it was a conclusive day's work that caused any moss-troopers to be seized by the officers of Belted Will. The fact that they were moss-troopers was all that had to be proved, and they were then immediately sent off to Carlisle—the place where, as Fuller says, “the officer always does his work by daylight;” or, if that were inconvenient, why there was a grove of tall oaks in the vicinity of the castle, and there, after the fashion of *Le Petit André* in ‘*Quentin Durward*,’ their moss-trooping was brought to a close. A somewhat awful story is told, in connection with this judicial expedition, which we must hope is not strictly true, though it sounds likely enough. Belted Will was a scholar, and devotedly fond of his books. One day, when he was intently engaged with some favourite author, a trooper hastily came to him to report that a man of uncertain character from the Scottish border had been captured, and desired to know what they should do with him. Lord William, angry at the interruption, exclaimed, “Hang him, in the devil's name!” Soon after, however, he proposed to inquire into the case, when he found that the unfortunate captive had been hung out of hand, in literal obedience to the orders he had given. We naturally feel curious as to the choice of books by such a student. It appears that Homer's *Iliad*, Shakspeare's *Plays*, and Purchas's *Pilgrim*, with the works of Camden, Speed, and Raleigh, were among the contents of Belted Will's library. One book had the autograph of the venerable Bishop of Rochester, Fisher; given by him, probably, to a member of the Howard family. The contents of the castle at the time of its destruction were very varied, and—in an historical and antiquarian sense—valuable. The most attractive of all the curiosities was the belt, from which the Lord of the Marches derived his popular cognomen. Scott thus describes his appearance:—

Costly his garb, his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet shaped of buff,
With satin slashed and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur;
His cloak was all of Poland fur;
His hose with silver twined;
His Dilboa blade, by marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the borderers still
Called noble Howard, Belted Will.

The belt in question was of foreign manufacture, studded over with pieces of metal, so as to form a rhyming German distich, that expressed the admonitory truth to the weaver—powerful as he might be, there was One still more powerful.

Some witty, but, we believe, unknown writer, has said in reference to the cognizance of the Inner Temple—a winged horse, and of the Middle Temple—a lamb:—

As by the Templars' haunts you go,
The Horse and Lamb displayed,
In emblematic figures, show
The merits of their trade.

That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession;
The lamb sets forth their innocence,
The horse their expedition!

O, happy Britons, happy isle!
Let foreign nations say;
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay!

Another writer, professing to reply to this, has, with equal wit, enforced the same lesson, in a different manner:—

Deluded men! their holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems tend to show
Their clients, not themselves.

'T is all a trick, these all are shams
By which they mean to cheat you;
But have a care, for you're the lambs,
And they the wolves that eat you.

Nor let the thoughts of no delay
To these their courts misguide you;
'T is you're the showy horse—and they
The jockeys that will ride you!

Among the “haunts” here referred to, the part called the Temple Garden is at once the most interesting and the best known. “It is, indeed, the most elegant spot in the metropolis,” observes Charles Lamb,—a partial judge; but that very partiality, which made it his favourite “haunt,” adds a new charm to the Temple Gardens, to all the admirers of “*Elia*.” Yet in many respects the place is worthy of the lively attachment which he all his life expressed for it. The neighbourhood, even in its least attractive portions, is classic ground. On the one hand is Whitefriars, the “*Alsatia*” of our older writers, and in which are laid some of the most thrilling scenes of the ‘*Fortunes of Nigel*.’ On the other hand are the localities rendered memorable by the misfortunes of the Earl of Essex. The “*Silent Highway*” glides on before. Thousands of busy chirping sparrows flutter about the old trees by the river side, reminding one of the rookery introduced in Queen Anne's time by Sir Edward Northey, of which colonization Mr. Leigh Hunt remarks,—“It was a pleasant thought; supposing that the colonists had no objection. The rook is a grave, legal bird, both in his coat and habits; living in communities, yet to himself, and strongly addicted to discussions of *mean and tuum*.” As one walks here, varied and curious are the pictures that arise to the imagination of the long line of generations that have delighted to wander in the precincts of the Temple. Here have been exhibited all costumes, from the imposing robes and armour of the Knights Templars, and the rich vesture of the lordly priest, down to the cocked-hat and ruffles, satin small-clothes, and silk-stockings of the lawyers of the reign of George the Third; who at times, casting professional gravities aside, would here laugh and discourse with all the gaiety of heart of school-boys released from their tasks. Shakspeare, above all, has immortalized the Temple Garden by making it the scene of the origin of the factions of York and Lancaster—the place where the red and white roses were first plucked and worn as badges of the great houses that during so many years kept England in a flame.

Stow, writing in the reign of Elizabeth, describes the Inns of Court and Chancery at that time as “a whole university of students, practisers, or pleaders, and judges of the laws of this realm, not living on common stipends, as in the other universities it is for the most part done, but of their own private maintenance, as being altogether fed either by their places or practice, or otherwise by their proper revenues, or exhibition of parent and friends: for the younger sort are either gentlemen, or sons of gentlemen, or of other most wealthy persons. Of these houses there may be at this day fourteen in all, whereof nine do stand within the liberties of this city, and five in the suburbs thereof.” These fourteen were the four Inns of Court,—Inner Temple, Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn,—all still existing and flourishing, and ten Inns of Chancery, of which eight now remain. The Inns of Court were frequented by the sons of the nobility and gentry, at a cost of something like twenty marks per annum; while the Inns of Chancery were more especially occupied by the sons of merchants and others, whose means would not admit of the large expenditure we have named. The first were called *apprenticii nobiliores*, the latter simply *apprenticii*, or apprentices.

In the Inns of Court, as at present constituted, there are three bodies: the students; the barristers—the last of course chosen, in due course of time and study, from the first; and the benchers, or governing body, a kind of permanent committee selected from the barristers, and generally from those only who have become Queen's counsel. These benchers, or “ancients,” as they were formerly called, are armed with almost unlimited power for the governance of their respective inns. We will now take a brief glance at each of these establishments.

In the reign of Elizabeth the gentlemen of the Inner Temple were celebrated for their gallantry, accomplishments, and sumptuous hospitality. Many of the Privy Council of the Queen sat at

the splendid feast of 1561, celebrated in the Inner Temple Hall; and Elizabeth herself, on the 18th of January after, witnessed what is probably the oldest English tragedy, 'Perrex and Porrex,' performed before her at Whitehall by the "gentyll men of the Temple." These gentyll men seem to have been as famous for dance and song as for their histrionic powers. At their numerous revels, the order of merriment seemed to be this: after dinner the play was enacted; then one or more of the barristers sang carols or songs; and lastly, the judges and benchers led the dance round the sea-coal fire in the centre of the hall, escorted by the Master of the Revels (annually elected at Hallowe'en), and the rest of the company followed their example with hearty good will. As to the festival fare: at Christmas-day breakfasts, there was brawn, mustard, and malmsey; and at dinner the boar's head was presented, amidst the joyous sounding of minstrelsy. At the feast given to Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie, or, in common prose, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Gerard Leigh tells us there was such abundance of "tender meats, sweet fruits, and dainty delicacies, that it seemed a wonder a world to observe the provision; and at every course the trumpeters blew the courageous blast of deadly war; with noise of drum and fife, with the sweet harmony of violins, sackbuts, recorders, and cornets, with other instruments of music, as it seemed Apollo's harp had tuned their stroke."

The masques and plays of the Templars were often the productions of men of genius; sometimes fellows of the Society, sometimes regular dramatists. Decker, in his 'Satire' against Ben Jonson, says, "You shall swear not to bombast out a new play with the old lining of jests stolen from the Temple Revels."

Pennant refers us to the '*Origines Juridicales*' for the relation of other of the enjoyments of the Templars in those days, such as the humours of the three courtiers of the Lord of Misrule, and the hunting the cat and the fox round the hall, with ten couples of hounds. Of the doings of this Lord of Misrule, of whom we hear so much in connection with old English amusements, and especially among the generally grave lawyers, we have a glowing account from the Puritan Stubbs; who in this, as in various other passages, not only interests us in the things he condemns so abusively, but evidently enjoys them himself more than he would like to acknowledge. "First," says he, "all the wild heads of the parish convening together, choose them a grand captain (of mischief) whom they ennoble with the title of my Lord of Misrule; and him they crown with great solemnity, and adopt for their king. This king anointed, chooseth for him twenty, forty, threescore, or a hundred lusty-guts like to himself, to wait upon his lordly majesty, and to guard his noble person. Then, every one of these his men he investeth with his liveries of green, yellow, or some other wanton colour. And as though that were not gaudy enough, they bedeck themselves with scarfs, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold rings, precious stones, and other jewels; this done, they tie about either leg twenty or forty bells, with rich handkerchiefs in their hands, and sometimes laid across over their shoulders and necks, borrowed for the most part of their pretty Mopsies and loving Bessies. . . . Thus, all things set in order, then have they their hobby-horses, dragons, and other antics, together with their pipers, and thundering drummers, to strike up the devil's dance withal; then march these heathen company towards the church and churchyard, their pipers piping, their drummers thundering, their stumps dancing, their bells jingling, their handkerchiefs swinging about their heads like madmen, their hobby-horses and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng; and in this sort they go to the church (though the minister be at prayer or preaching), dancing, and swinging their handkerchiefs over their heads in the church, like devils incarnate, with such a confused noise that no man can hear his own voice. Then the foolish people, they look, they stare, they laugh, they flee, and mount upon forms and pews, to see these goodly pageants solemnized in this sort. Then, after this, about the church they go again and again, and so forth into the churchyard, where they have commonly their summer halls, their bowers, arbours, and banqueting-houses set up, wherein they feast, banquet, and dance all that day, and, peradventure, all that night too. And thus these terrestrial furies spend the Sabbath-day in the country."

The ancient hall of the Inner Temple is no more. The one built on its site (Fig. 1730), though not a very large, is a fine room; and as viewed when illuminated, with the judges and leading lawyers of England seated at one of their grand dinners on the "state," or dais, and the rising men, the students and ordinary practitioners of the law, at the long tables stretching down to the carved screen—it forms a striking picture. The members of the Inner Temple dine in the hall daily during Term-time. Among

the other contents of the hall is a full-length portrait of a great man, Coke (Fig. 1725), whose memory, if it be connected with some painful associations, suggests much more calculated to arouse our reverence and enthusiasm.

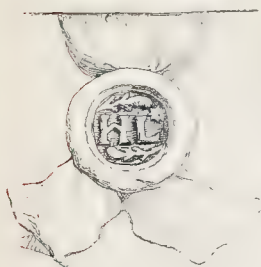
The common law of England, which, according to Lord Bacon "had been like a ship without ballast," owes much of its present form to Sir Edward Coke. His father was a benchler of Lincoln's Inn. Coke was first a member of Clifford's Inn, a dependent of the Inner Temple, which latter he entered in 1572. He was subsequently reader at Lyon's Inn, where, says Lloyd, in his 'State Worthies,' "his learned lecture so spread forth his fame, that crowds of clients sued to him for his counsel." Whilst reader of the Inner Temple, the plague drove him thence to his Suffolk mansion, at Huntingfield, when he was escorted as far as Romford by no less than nine benchers, and forty other of his fellow members of the Inner Temple. If we except his bigoted severity on some state trials, and his truly savage prosecution of Raleigh, we may safely assert, that, as a judge of long standing, we have never had one more generally admirable—and, without any exception, never one more learned, more indefatigable or energetic, more independent or uncompromising, when the powers above him would have turned him and his high office to their own selfish and despotic purposes. His standard of what became "an honest and just judge" was exceedingly lofty, and he scrupled not to offend any one, even the sovereign himself, to act up to it. As late as his seventy-ninth year, in the reign of Charles I., Coke was found in the English Parliament, boldly asserting and defending the constitutional rights of the people of England, and he was the foremost man concerned in framing the Petition of Right in 1628. One of his last public acts may stand almost as a parallel to Lord Chatham's celebrated appearance in the House of Parliament, when near his death, to pour out his passionate eloquence on a great national cause that strongly engaged his heart. Rushworth describes the aged Coke as "overcome with passion" at the prospect of the coming troubles, and as "forced to sit down when he began to speak, through the abundance of tears." But when the time-worn patriot *did* speak—to denounce the Duke of Buckingham as the cause of all the evil—who among the excited auditory would ever forget that spirited outburst of sorrowful indignation? His death took place in 1633, whilst he was in the act of repeating, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

The Middle Temple Hall, of course, would also have its "revels" and its plays; and they would partake of the same spirit and character as those in which their brethren of the other Temple delighted. But there is an incident of its histrionic history, the very recollection of which has, centuries later, become a matter of deep interest, from its connection with one of whom we know so little, that the commonest, and abstractedly most unimportant facts of his life, assume in our eyes an inexpressible charm. One of the Middle Temple students, John Manningham, kept a diary, or table-book, from Christmas 1601[2], to April 1603[4]; in which he notes, on Feb. 2, 1601—"At our feast we had a play called 'Twelfth Night, or What You Will,'" a brief record, of whose value, John Manningham, when he wrote it, would seem to have had little notion; or that those few simple words would cause his own otherwise obscure name to be written and spoken of in far distant times, and lend a permanent attraction to the hall where that record is preserved. The 'Twelfth Night,' it is supposed, was played by lawyers on that feast day, for the first time after its creation. Most likely the bard himself was present, and many a kindred spirit of the bright galaxy by which that golden age of English poetry was adorned. But other times came. Fancy, and feeling, and joyousness of heart, became profaned, polluted, in the reign of Charles II.; and we do not wonder to find the virtuous Evelyn, who had been elected one of the comptrollers of the Middle Temple revellers, retiring from the noisy scene, resigning his staff of office, and hastening away to spend the Christmas with his brother in the purer and soberer country scenes of his beloved Wotton. In 1668 he was tempted, it seems, to go to see the revels at the Middle Temple, but they pleased him no better than before. He speaks of them as "an old, but riotous custom," and as having "relation neither to virtue nor policy." Between such fantastic extravaganzas as the ancient revels, and the abstruse studies and grave pursuits of law, there appears to modern eyes a singular discrepancy. But the matter is simple and natural enough. The same human heart throbs beneath all bosoms, and precisely in proportion to the restraints placed upon its impulses in one direction, will be its efforts to escape from the thralldom in another. And it is one of the most melancholy of errors to endeavour to prevent this natural and most beneficial tendency. And as to the opinions of others, why it is fools only

Wm Shakespeare

William
Shakespeare

Wm Shakespeare



William
Shakespeare

Wm. Shakespeare
By the William Shakespeare

1700 - By the Shakespeare etc



1750 - Monument at Stratford.



1700 - Bust at Stratford



1700 - Dr. Johnson



1727 - Chancel of Stratford Church.



1701 - The Theatre, Golden Lane, Barbican



1762.—Edward Alleyn.



1763.—John Lowin.



1764.—Thomas Greene.



1765.—Thomas Sackville.



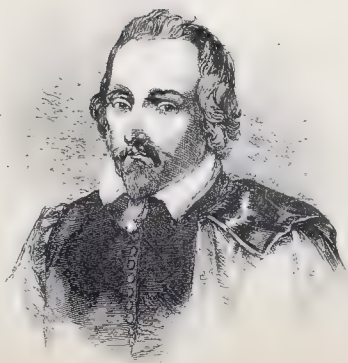
1766.—Benamont.



1767.—John Fletcher.



1768.—Nathaniel Field.



1769.—Philip Massinger.



1770.—Thomas Dekker.

who are imposed upon by that "mysterious carriage of the body" which is put on to "hide the defects of the mind."

The Middle Temple Hall (Figs. 1726, 1727) was completed in 1572, after ten years had been spent in its erection. It is the largest and most sumptuous of the halls of the inns of court. The arms of a great number of eminent lawyers who have received their legal education in the society are emblazoned on the windows. There is also much rich carving; but the principal feature of the place is the famous painting, by Vandyke, of Charles I. on horseback. The Hall abuts on the garden, where stands what was, until very recently, the only fountain in London—an object made familiar in our own day, through the pages of 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' to countless thousands who never saw, and are never likely to see the spot in question.

The well-known gateway of Lincoln's Inn (Fig. 1728) was built in the early part of the sixteenth century. The cost of its erection was nearly all defrayed by a member of Lincoln's Inn, Sir Thomas Lovell, who was a knight of the Garter, and the founder of Holywell Nunnery. The only memorials of him left are placed over the gateway. The Inn itself, next in importance to the Inner and Middle Temple, long maintained with these a rivalry of sports, as well as of professional honour. The Temple Master of the Revels was a Lord of Misrule; here, at Lincoln's Inn, he was "the King of the Cocknies" (Pennant), or, the King of Christmas-day. The dramatic nature of these sports presents some curious points. Assumed characters seem to have been so numerous as to require limitation in the unceremonious edicts of the Benchers; and "Jack Straw" and "all his adherents" they banished utterly, on pain of a forfeit of five pounds to every fellow offending by such personation. Pepys tells us that Charles II. visited Lincoln's Inn to see the Christmas revels of 1661, "there being, according to an old custom, a prince and all his nobles, and other matters of sport and charge." During the great contest of principles between the Puritans and the Royalists, there were many of the fellows of the learned societies of the law to whom the revels were distasteful, partly on account of their licentious disorderliness, partly through the gloomy prejudices of the "new learning" against all amusements. The celebrated Prynne was a member of Lincoln's Inn, and the lawyers of the different inns combined in a masque of more than ordinary magnificence to "confute" his famous book, the 'Histrio-Mastix,' for which he was tried. Lord Cottington remarked in the court, that "If Mr. Prynne should be demanded what he would have, he liked nothing; no state or sex; music, dancing, &c., unlawful even in kings; no kind of recreation, no kind of entertainment,—no, not so much as hawking: all are damned." There was pertinent truth in this. And there was searching wit, as well as truth, in the Earl of Dorset's remark in his speech—"My Lords, when God had made all his works, he looked upon them, and saw that they were good; this gentleman [Prynne], the devil having put spectacles on his nose, says that all is bad." And so, to remove those spectacles, and make Prynne see clearer, his enlightened, witty, eloquent judges proceeded to cover him with abuse, to fine him 10,000*l.*, to eject him from the bar, expose him in the pillory, doom him to everlasting bondage in prison, with no book but the Prayer Book, which his principles disavowed, and with neither pen, ink, nor paper; and to brand and mutilate him in a manner truly frightful. Yet, when Sir Simon d'Ewes visited him shortly after in the Fleet, he found the sufferer calm and firm, and even cheerful, the "rare effects of an upright heart and a good conscience." It might have been some manifestation of the spirit of Puritanism in Lincoln's Inn, which led to that remarkable order in the seventh year of James I., by which the under barristers were actually "put out of Commons, for example sake," for their not dancing on the previous feast of Candlemas, "when the judges were present;" and they were threatened, if the like fault were repeated, they should be fined, or "disbarred." Neither in size nor appearance is Lincoln's Inn Hall (Fig. 1729) equal to either of the Temple Halls; but it is, nevertheless, a handsome room. It was commenced in 1506. At the end is a painting by Hogarth, Paul preaching before Felix, which all Hogarth's admirers must regret he ever attempted. Many a brilliant name has its emblazoned escutcheon here: among the lawyers—Perceval, Canning, Brougham, Lyndhurst; and among the clergymen who have been preachers to the honourable society—Heber, Warburton, and Tillotson—names ever to be revered. But that which most of all strikes our attention in the Hall is the noble statue of Erskine, and while we look upon it, that affecting description of his, of his entrance upon his professional career, touchingly arouses our sympathies for the early struggles of genius. He was surrounded with pecuniary difficulties, when he rose to speak in public for the first

time. Overcome with confusion, he was about to sit down again. "At that time," he used to relate, "I fancied I could feel my little children tugging at my gown, so I made an effort—went on—and succeeded."

Gray's Inn Hall (Fig. 1731) is superior to that of Lincoln's Inn or the Inner Temple, and little inferior to the Middle Temple Hall. Its chief architectural attractions are its timber roof, carved wainscot, and emblazoned windows. It was completed in 1560. Some of the revels of the "practisers" of Gray's Inn seem to have drawn upon them evil report, especially on the "ferial" days. An order of the reign of Henry VIII., forbidding the fellows to depart out of the Hall during revels, until they are ended, under penalty of 12*d.*, seems to indicate pretty plainly the nature of some of their laxities—the students would be masquerading in the streets, as well as in the Hall. Indeed, we need little more information as to the sort of life they generally led, than the following memorandum in Pepys's 'Diary,' and the anecdote related by the great Cecil's old historian of his Gray's Inn days. Pepys says—"Great talk of how the barristers and students of Gray's Inn rose in rebellion against the benchers the other day, who outlawed them, and a great deal to do; but now they are at peace again." The gambling propensities of the members are strikingly illustrated in the anecdote of Cecil:—"A mad companion having enticed him to play, in a short time he lost all his money, bedding, and books to his companion, having never used play before. And being afterwards among his other company, he told them how such a one had misled him, saying he would presently have a device to be even with him. And with a long trouke he made a hole in the wall, near his play-fellow's bed-head, and, in a fearful voice, spake thus through the trouke: 'O, mortal man, repent! Repent of thy horrible time consumed in play, cozenage, and lewdness, or else thou art damned, and canst not be saved.' Which, being spoken at midnight, when he was all alone, so amazed him, as drove him into a sweat for fear. Most penitent and heavy, the next day, in presence of the youths, he told with trembling what a fearful voice spake to him at midnight, vowing never to play again; and calling for Mr. Cecil, asked him forgiveness on his knees, and restored him all his money, bedding, and books. So two gamblers were both reclaimed with this merry device, and never played more. Many other like merry jests I have heard him tell, too long to be here noted."

The plays of the lawyers were sometimes aimed at popular abuses. Thus, in 1527, John Roos, a student of Gray's Inn, and afterwards sergeant-at-law, gave deep offence to Wolsey by writing a comedy, that was acted here, reflecting on clerical arrogance and pomp; Roos was degraded and imprisoned for that offence. In the works of Beaumont and Fletcher there is a 'Masque of the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn.'

In old times, Gray's Inn, like the other Inns of Court, was famous for its Mootings, occasions when the barristers and students met to debate moot points of law in the form of imaginary cases, certain parties undertaking the plaintiff's case, and others the defendant's. In modern times debating societies have taken the place of the Mootings. Curran, a member of Gray's Inn, has given us an entertaining description of his *débat* at one of these societies:—"Upon the first occasion of our assembling, I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honour of being styled 'the learned member that opened the debate,' or 'the very eloquent gentleman who has just sat down.' All day the coming scene had been flitting before my fancy, and cajoling it: my ear already caught the glorious melody of 'Hear him! hear him!' Already I was practising how to steal a cunning sidelong glance at the tear of generous approbation bubbling in the eyes of my little auditory; never suspecting, alas! that a modern eye may have so little affinity with moisture, that the finest gunpowder may be dried upon it. I stood up—my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter; but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre; but, remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded almost as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet was it, to my panic-struck imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb; my friends cried 'Hear him!'—but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation; but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, upon coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow; or rather,

like poor Punch, as I once saw him, grimacing a soliloquy, of which his prompter had most indiscreetly neglected to administer the words." For some short time after the unfortunate aspirant was greeted with the appellations of "Orator Mum," or "Stuttering Jack Curran,"—but they were soon exchanged for others expressive of universal and ardent admiration of the most eminent orator that Ireland had yet produced. From the time of Demosthenes to the present, such has been the experience, in a more or less degree, of most of our men of genius.

As late as the middle of the last century, a number of petty punishments were in operation in this country that have been since entirely swept away. Of these some were highly ludicrous—some barbarously cruel. Drunkards were paraded through the town, wearing a tub instead of a cloak, a hole being cut out at the bottom for the head to pass through, and two small holes in the sides, through which the hands were drawn. This was called "the Drunkard's Cloak" (Fig. 1810). Soulds had their heads enclosed in a sugarloaf-shaped cap, made of iron hoops, with a cross at the top, and a flat piece of iron projecting inwards, that was laid upon the tongue; a string was attached behind, and by that the scold was led through the streets. The Brank (Fig. 1735), as this invention was named, seems to have been in common use, with minor modifications of form. Trifling offences were sometimes punished by the Whirligig (Fig. 1733), a round wooden cage turning on a pivot; the culprit being enclosed, and whirled round with such velocity that extreme sickness ensued—and thus it proved in reality a punishment highly distressing and dangerous, and therefore shamefully unsuited to the correction of slight aberrations. The Stocks are still, we believe, occasionally used, though the sooner they too become obsolete the better. They were founded on the same principle as the Drunkard's Cloak and the Brank—that of humiliating exposure; and women, as we perceive by our engraving (Fig. 1734), were equally liable with men. Harman's 'Caveat' mentions—

A stocks to staye sure, and safely detainee
Lazy leud leuteners that lawis do offend.

In this same 'Caveat, or Warning for Common Cursetors, vulgarly called Vagabonds,' whose author, a poor gentleman, had drawn it up "for the utility and profit of his native country"—we have a great deal of curious information of the wandering orders of the sixteenth century. Among these were the Rufflers, or sturdy beggars; the Upright Men, who were chiefly vagabond chiefs; the Priggers of Frances, or horse-stealers; the Abraham Men, pretended lunatics (hence the vulgar phrase of shamming Abraham); and the Counterfeit Cranks, who affected sickness. The same author gives an amusing, yet, properly considered, melancholy account of one of these latter worthies, whose portrait, besides that of an Upright Man, named Nicholas Blunt, trim and comfortable-looking (Fig. 1736), is given as an illustration to his 'Caveat.' The poor afflicted Counterfeit Crank, Nicholas Genings, while the 'Caveat' was going through the press, appeared under the author's lodgings at the White-Friars, where he hoped for gain from two or three great ladies. The author watched the proceedings of this man, penetrated his imposture, questioned him, and almost reduced him to confession; but at that critical point the Crank, not exactly liking his position, started off. He was taken, after a long and difficult pursuit, in the house of "an honest Kent yeoman," many miles from town. To make sure of him, he was stripped naked, and merely wrapped in an old cloak. But they must be cunning who could hold him even under such circumstances. He was presently running naked over the fields, and completely baffled his enemies among the metropolitan wilds of vagabondism. After two months, in a new disguise, Nicholas Genings re-appeared one New Year's Day in White-Friars. The author of the 'Caveat' again discovered him, and again he fled; but this time Genings was less happy in his exertions—being taken at Fleet Bridge, and lodged in Bridewell. He was pilloried at Cheapside, "went in the mill while his ugly picture was a-drawing, and then was whipt at a cart's tail through London," the said picture borne before him in procession. Then followed another period of confinement in Bridewell, and, after this purgatory, the miserable rogue was dismissed, on condition that "he would prove an honest man, and labour truly to get his living." Much likelihood of this result—for one so publicly marked and degraded! With all deference to our ancestors' wisdom, the means were hardly adapted to that end.

Few words are recalled with deeper interest than those which

speak so emphatically of the state of feeling among our ancestors,—than the two forming the almost magical phrase—*Merry England*;—and few, at the same time, excite a more painful sense of regret, incessantly reminding us, as they do, how little is left to us of the old things, or how little we have substituted of new calculated to keep alive the same genial and wholesome habit of enjoyment. It is a truly noble endeavour, that of making ourselves a great nation; but we violate the very first law of our nature, in not keeping ourselves, in the mean time, a happy nation. The clouds, however, we may hope, are in some degree passing away. And the very references to these past times, which are becoming more and more frequent, are the best auguries of the influences they are destined to exert on future ones. We could not, if we would—nor is it at all desirable, if we had the power—revive the exact modes in which the cheerful temperaments of our forefathers developed themselves; but there was, nevertheless, much in those modes that should be restored to us. The poetry of an old English May-day, the overflowing hospitality of an old English Christmas, or the picturesque splendour of the old English trade festivals,—why should we not adapt these to our own peculiarities of thought and opinion?—why should we not make these, among other of the "red-letter days" of the Calendar, as typical as ever of the glow and sunshine of genuine national happiness?

The times of Elizabeth are those which more especially have obtained the appellation to which we have referred: let us, then, take a rapid glance at the most important of the occasions on which merry England delighted to exhibit itself. And what can we begin with but May-day? The delicate green of the young leaves is everywhere refreshing the eye with its beauty, and gladdening the heart with its promise of the more luxuriant, sunny, shade-checked world of embowering foliage to come. Already begin the old games of the battle of Summer and Winter. The youth are divided into two troops, "the one in winter livery, the other in the gay habit of the spring." Of course the victory is to the Spring, and is celebrated with triumphant carrying of green branches and May flowers, and singing aloud songs of joy, of which the burthen is to the effect—"We have brought the summer home." May-day Eve comes. At midnight the people assemble, divide into companies, and go to the woods, groves, and hills, and there spend the first hours of the dawn; now bathing their faces with the dew of the grass—a sovereign recipe for rendering them beautiful—now collecting branches of trees, chiefly of the birch; laden with which they return, singing loud, as Chaucer says, "against the sunne sheen." "But the chiefest jewel they bring from thence is the May-pole, which they bring home (Fig. 1782) with great veneration; as thus:—they have twenty or forty yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied to the tip of his horns; and these oxen draw home the May-pole; . . . which they covered all over with flowers and herbs; bound round with strings, from the top to the bottom; and sometimes it was painted with variable colours, having two or three hundred men, women, and children following it with great devotion. And, thus equipped, it was reared, with handkerchiefs and flags streaming on the top; they straw the ground round about it; they bind green boughs about it; they set up summer halls, bowers, and arbours hard by it; and then fall they to banquetting and feasting, to leaping and dancing about it." Is not this a charming description of a most charming incident?—yet is the writer—Stubbs—Puritan Stubbs. It is true he says something about a "stinking idol" and a "heathen" custom; there his Puritanism exhibits itself, and perhaps the more sourly on account of a kind of instinctive consciousness of the seductiveness of the subject, and of his own treatment of it. Could we desire a more satisfactory evidence how deeply the poetical nature of a May-day had sunk into the people's hearts, than these curious practical contradictions on the part of its Puritan denouncer? If Stubbs was not a lover, however unwillingly or unconsciously, of the beautiful custom his intellect teaches him to condemn, we will never again trust to the animating spirit of an author. With what unctio does he not enter into the details of the proceedings! The sweet nosegays tied on the tips of the horns was surely a superfluous adjective for him and his object; and those summer halls and bowers he speaks of, have a sound that reveals plainly enough how the Puritan's spirit revels in them, whatever may be the unlikelihood of seeing him bodily there. Well—

The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup,
I'll drink to the garlands around it,
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A Pleasant Grove of New Fancies, 1657.



1771.—Richard Pynson, died 1529.



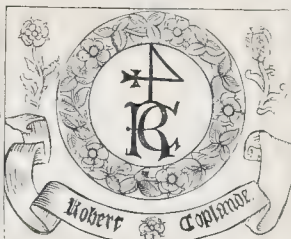
1772.—John Day, died 1584.



1777.—The Wake.



1771.—Wynkyn de Worde, flourished 1492—1500.



1774.—Robert Copland, died 1510.



1778.—The Fair.



1776.—Thomas Berthelet, died 1555.



1776.—Robert Wyer, flourished 1527—1542.

1771 to 1776.—Marks of the early English Printers.



1779.—Bringing in the Yule Log on Christmas Eve.



1780.—Bringing in the Bull's Head at Christmas.



1781.—Plough Monday: Dance of Bessy and the Clown.



1782.—Bringing in the May-pole on May Morning.



1783.—May Day.



1784.—Milk-maid's Dance, with pole of Plate, on May Day.



1785.—Playing at Bucklers.—Maid dancing for Garland.



1786.—May-pole before St. Andrew Undershaft.

Let us suppose the scene to be London; where the most famous of the May-poles was the one of St. Andrew, on Cornhill, called "Undershaft," on account of the great height of the shaft or pole, which soared above the steeple (Fig. 1786). On that spot, now so covered with houses, the masquers and mummers then played their pranks, the music filled the air with its sweet and joy-inspiring sounds, and the vicinity everywhere presented the aspect so delightfully described by Herrick in the line—

Each field grew a street, each street a park:

so luxuriantly was every dwelling enclosed in the green riflings of the neighbouring woods. There, too, year by year, was exhibited the loveliest and most poetical of all the May-day scenes; and which has been thus described by a delightful but little known poet,—

I have seen the Lady of the May
Set in an arbour (on a holy-day)
Built by the May-pole, where the jocund swains
Dance with the maidens to the bagpipe's strains,
When envious night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngsters, one by one,
And, for their well performance, soon disposes
To this a garland interwoven with roses;
To that, a carved hook or well-wrought scrip;
Gracing another with her cherry lip;
To one, her garter; to another then,
A handkerchief cast o'er and o'er again:
And none returneth empty that hath spent
His pains to fill their rural merriment.

Browne's *Pastorals*, 1625.

Next the Lord of the May leads the wilder revels of the night;—carried too often to excess: till morris-dancers and crowd are dispersed by the rising of another day, upon faces, whose wan appearance tell plainly that the springs of enjoyment are, for the present, exhausted.

Among the adjuncts of May-day one of the pleasantest sights was that presented by the Milkmaid's Dance. Many a fair, fresh, cleanly-looking group, in the prettiest and gayest of country costumes, with bright scarfs and ribbons, and garlands, came dancing (Fig. 1784) before their customers' doors, with one of their number in the centre, supporting a brilliant pyramid of May flowers, and polished silver cups, tankards, and salvers, borrowed for the occasion.

It seems that even now there are nooks and corners of England where May-day still preserves a kind of supremacy and honour. In many of the villages of Surrey, we are told that, "During the last few days of April, the village children go about the meadows, and, collecting all the cowslips they can find, form them into garlands, chaplets, &c., and on May morning they assemble, and, uniting in bands, carry their garlands, arranged commonly on two hoops crossed vertically, and fixed on poles, about the neighbourhood; and very pretty they look. They have nosegays of other flowers also, but cowslips (or paigles, as they call them) are the chief; and with these their bonnets and caps are also trimmed. We have seen some of these little processions that looked as charming as those troops of Italian children carrying flowers, which Mr. Uwins paints so delightfully."—(Thorne's 'Rambles by Rivers'.)

From spring, in all its youthful prime, let us turn, if only for the sake of the contrast, to winter; and mark, while our ancestors did all they could to enhance and to enjoy the "spirit of life in everything," that so characterises the one season, how they ameliorated the rigour of the other, and made it, if "frosty," also "kindly." And here again bursts out the enthusiasm of the poet, who made it his pride and his pleasure to

Sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,

and the thousand other things that made life in his day so much more full of nurture for the poet's existence than in our own. And what, after all, is the poet's spirit but the very flower and essence of the spirit of the nation to which he belongs? Whatever is good for him will assuredly, in a lesser or greater degree, be good for us all. Herrick thus bursts out in his 'Christmas Ceremonies':—

Come, bring, with a noise [of music],
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts desiring,
With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and,
For good success in his spaulding,

On your psalties play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-teending.
Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a-shredding,
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that 's a-kneading.

The more sober prose writers of the period confirm the truth of the picture of Christmas domestic life here given. No old custom sounds more cheering to the heart of the comfort-loving English than the burning of the Yule-log on Christmas-eve, that used to be attended with such ceremony and blithesomeness. First, there was the bringing the ponderous mass into the hall (Fig. 1779) with procession of retainers and servants, with lights flaring in all directions, with uproarious shouts and glee, that moved the very souls of the highest and meanest present, with beating of drum, and blowing of trumpet, and breathing of flutes. Then there was the critical lodgment upon the hearth, happily capacious enough for the mightiest log, and whose chimney gaped wide to receive and welcome the flood of flame and sparks that full soon set at nought all radiance but their own. A goodly sight; and in itself enough to inspire the whole community that gambolled, and danced, and ate, and drank, and masqueraded in its glorious presence. The use of the Yule-block is supposed to have originated in partly the same notion as the fires in the open air of midsummer (to which we shall presently refer), with the difference only of being made within doors. Christmas-day comes, and fresh enjoyments come with it.

From the ancient tract 'Round about our Coal-Fire,' we are able to follow pretty accurately the forms of the more substantial parts of the great entertainment in the mansions of many of the country gentry. With the first faint dawn of the wintry day, the tenants and neighbours of the worthy landholder entered his hall. Woe betide the cook-maid, if, early as it is, she has not got the hackin, or great sausage, boiled; in that case two young men take her by the arms, and run her round the market-place for her laziness. However, she was generally prepared, and so were all those whose duty it was to give the tenants and neighbours their first Christmas cheer. The strong beer was broached, and the black-jacks went plentifully about, with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. From the daybreak so hospitably begun, to the final close of the Christmas holidays, the great table was kept constantly covered. "The sirloins of beef, the minced pies, the plum-porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plum-puddings, were all brought upon the board: every one eat heartily, and was welcome, which gave rise to the proverb, 'Merry in the hall when beards wag all.'"

The far-famed boar's-head was anciently the first dish on Christmas-day, wherever it was conveniently to be had. It was carried up to the principal table (Fig. 1780) with great ceremony, whilst a carol was sung. In a set of Christmas carols, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, we have the following jovial strains:—

A CAROL, BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.

*Caput Apri deferro,
Reddens laudes Domino.*

The Boar's Head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily,
Quæstio nra.

The Boar's Head, I understand,
Is the chief service in this land;
Look wherever it be fande,
Servite cum cantico.

Be glad, lords, both more and lasse,
For this hath ordained our steward
To cheer you all this Christmase,
The Boar's head with mustard.

But there is yet a third festival that must be described; one of so imposing a character that it drew an English monarch privately into London to witness and enjoy, as an ordinary spectator, all its spirit-stirring pageantry. "On Midsummer-eve, at night, King Henry came privily into West Cheap of London, being clothed in one of the coats of his guard." (Stow, 1510.) This was when Henry, as Cavendish says, was "a young, lusty, and courageous prince, entering into the flower of pleasant youth;" and when his amusements were of a healthy, tasteful, imaginative kind,—"shooting, singing, dancing, wrestling, casting of the bar, playing on the recorders, flute, virginals, and in setting of songs and making of ballads." (Hall.) On such occasions, the atmosphere appeared to be "all in flame," owing to the light of the numerous bonfires; and

The wakeful shepherd by his flock in field,
With wonder at that time far off beheld
The wanton shine of thy triumphant fires
Playing upon the tops of thy tall spires.

Richard Nicolls, 'London Artillery.'

The fires and lights that formed so prominent a feature of the festival of St. John the Baptist, are supposed by the late Dr. Milner, the Roman Catholic bishop, to have been suggested by that well-known and beautiful metaphor, "He was a bright and shining light" (John v. 35); and by John's "bearing witness to the light" (John i. 7). The ancient homily on the subject says, "In worship of Saint John the people waked at home, and made three manner of fires,"—a bone-fire, a wood-fire, and Saint John's fire. The first fire was to drive away dragons and disease; "the second fire was made of wood, for that will burn light, and will be seen far; for it is the chief of fire to be seen far, and betokening that Saint John was a lantern of light to the people." The blaze would be seen afar off, "especially in the night, in token of St. John's having been seen from far in the spirit by Jeremiah. The third fire, of bones, betokeneth John's martyrdom, for his bones were burnt," by the Emperor Julian, according to the homilist; who had the body disinterred for the purpose, and "cast the ashes in the wind." Other authorities have suggested different origins for the custom, as the Druid fires, and the Pagan worship of sun and fire: the sun at the feast of St. John attaining the highest place in the zodiac.

On this as on other festivals London seemed to be turned into one continuous wood or garden; but, it appears, that some particular plants enjoyed especial favour on Midsummer-eve. No wonder, when we consider that many of them were to be the book of fate to many a pair of lovers. The poet of the time says, the

Young men round about with maids do dance in every street,
With garlands wrought of motherwort, or else with vervain sweet,
And many other flowers fair, with violets in their hands,
Where as they all do fondly think, that whosoever stands,
And through the flowers behold the flame, his eyes shall feel no pain.

The orpine appears to have been also a highly treasured plant, commonly under the name of Midsummer-men. "The people of the country delight much to set it in pots and shells on Midsummer-even, or upon timber, slates, or trenchers daubed with clay, and so to set or hang it up in their houses." Lovers had another mode of divination in connection with it. Two plants were stuck up, and if they bent towards each other, the persons whom they represented would be united in marriage; if the contrary way, the lovers' hopes would be blighted. Branches of green birch, and lilies, were also in great request for Midsummer-eve decorations.

Another feature of the time was indeed delightful, for the warm unselfishness of spirit in which it must have originated, and in connection with which alone it could have continued to exist. The

Tables set were plentifully spread,
And at each door neighbour with neighbour fed;
Where modest mirth, attendant at the feast,
With plenty, gave content to every guest;
Where true good-will crowned cups with fruitful wine,
And neighbours in true love did fast combine;
Where the Law's pick-purse, strife 'twixt friend and friend,
By reconciliation happily took end. —*Nicolls.*

But the grandest part of the festival was the Marching Watch (Fig. 1724). These comprised about two thousand men, some mounted, some on foot; some called "demilances," riding on great horses; some gunners, witharquebuses and wheel-locks; some archers in white coats, bearing bent bows and sheafs of arrows; some pikemen in bright corselets; others billmen, with aprons of mail. The Cresset train (a pitchy rope in an iron frame, raised high on a shaft) (Fig. 1722), amounted also to nearly two thousand men, each cresset having one to bear it, and one to serve it. The Constables of the Watch made an imposing part of the pageant, each with his glittering armour and gold chain, his henchmen following him, his minstrel before him, his cresset-bearer by his side. In the rear of all these passed the City Waits, then came the morris-dancers, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, and the rest. The Mayor with his train, his sword-bearer, henchmen, footmen, and giants, came after the morris-dancers; and then came the sheriffs. The windows facing the streets were opened wide, and

Kings, great peers, and many a noble dame,
Whose bright, pearl-glittering robes did mock the flame
Of the night's burning lights, did sit to see
How every senator, in his degree,
Adorned with shining gold and purple weeds,
And stately mounted on rich trapped steeds,

Their guard attending, through the streets did ride,
Before their foot bands, graced with glittering pride
Of rich gilt arms, whose glory did present
A sunshine to the eye, as if it meant,
Amongst the cresset lights shot up on high,
To chase dark night for ever from the sky. —*Nicolls.*

The Setting of the Watch of Midsummer-eve, seems to have meant the stationing of these armed and mailed ranks, singly or in groups, about the streets of the city, to guard it during this night alone. In the 31st of Henry VIII. the king abolished the Marching Watch, and the cost of the great pageant was to be devoted to a substantial standing watch, for the safety of the city. So, instead of harnessed constables, London had the watchman with halberd and lanthorn (Fig. 1723) calling to the sleeping inmates of the houses to hang out their lights, as they were ordered to do on dark winter evenings. From Queen Mary's reign to the Commonwealth this watchman added a bell to his halberd and lanthorn (Fig. 1719). Dekker seems to have had considerable objections to these disturbers of the public peace: a bellman, he says, is "the child of darkness; a common night-walker; a man that had no man to wait upon him, but only a dog; one that was a disordered person, and at midnight would beat at men's doors, bidding them (in mere mockery) to look to their candles, when they themselves were in their dead sleeps."

According to Milton's 'Penseroso,' the bell had rather a contrary effect from what might seem intended:

The bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

And so, step by step, do we get down from the picturesque men of the old Midsummer-eve, to the comfortable looking and useful, but not at all picturesque, policemen of our day.

As the close of the festival draws nigh, the youths who

Thus till night they danced have, they through the fire amain
With striving minds do run, and all their herbs they cast therein,
And then with words devout and prayers they solemnly begin,
Desiring God that all their ills may there consumed be;
Whereby they think through all that year from agues to be free.

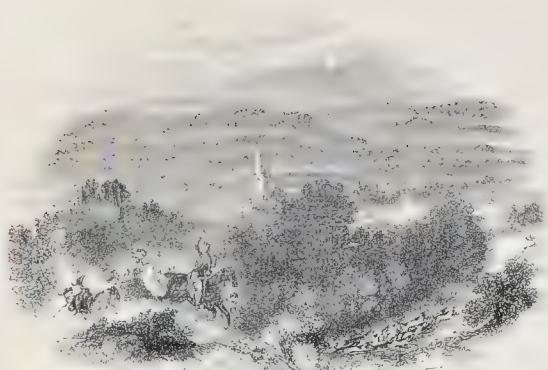
The Popish Kingdome.

And so ends Midsummer-eve.

Such then were May-day, Christmas, and Midsummer; such, with modifications suited to their origin and seasons of observance, were Easter and Whitsuntide. But our ancestors would have looked upon the year as dull indeed if these were all the holidays it brought them in its revolving course. Not only must every period have its own particular festival, but also every apostle and saint, every trade and calling, we might almost say every city, town, or village. Wakes, and fairs, and feasts—Plough Monday, Shrove Tuesday, Holy Thursday, Good Friday,—but indeed there is no end to the list of holidays observed with more or less of enthusiasm by the English in the olden time. But numerous as these were, not only had their mirth-loving spirits stomachs for them all, but even the regular undistinguished working-days of each week must be made to yield time for the cultivation of enjoyment. Here is a picture of London streets a few centuries ago:—

In the days of Fitz-Stephen the city youths were wont to use their bucklers like fighting men; and the city maidens were often in the fine evenings "dancing and tripping till moonlight" in the open air. These customs continued to the time of Stow, who says, "The youths of this city also have used on holidays, after evening prayer, at their masters' doors, to exercise their wasters, and bucklers; and the maidens, one of them playing on a timbrel in sight of their masters and dames, to dance for garlands hanged athwart the streets" (Fig. 1785); and he adds, "which open pastimes in my youth, being now suppressed, worse practices within doors are to be feared." Truly, we think they are.

It will not be necessary for us to go into any lengthened details of the numerous holidays above named; but there are particular features of some of them not unworthy of notice. There is, for instance, the grotesque dance of Bessy and the Clown, and their followers (Fig. 1781), on Plough Monday; the primary object of which, like most other of the revels of the poor, was to collect money. And whoever refused to aid in furnishing the means of convivial enjoyment for the poor ploughmen, was pretty sure of a tangible evidence of resentment in the soil of his threshold being ploughed up, when practicable, by the plough that the dancers dragged about. Bessy was a ploughman dressed as an old woman; the Clown figured in a fox's skin, or that of some other animal, with the tail hanging down his back. The ploughmen who drew the plough were generally "gallant young men," in white shirts, uncovered by coat or waistcoat, but decorated with a great number



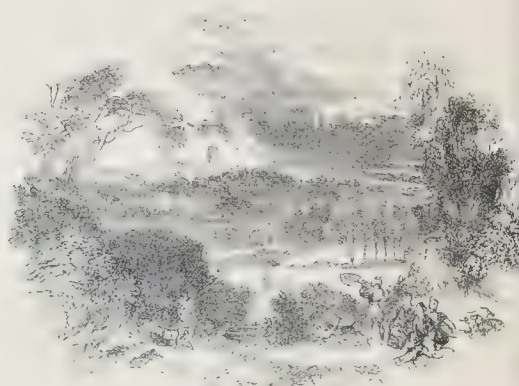
1787.—Hawking



1788.—Hawking



1790.—Hawking



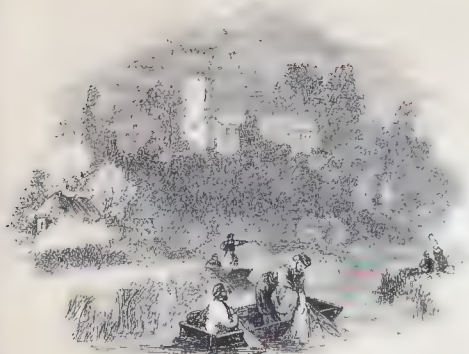
1791.—Hawking



1791.—Hawking



1792.—Cross-bowman.



1793.—Fishing.



1794.—Otter-hunting.



1795.—Hunting.



1796.—Bear-baiting in the Seventeenth Century.



1797.—Carved Hunting-Horn of the Sixteenth Century, belonging to Earl Ferrers.



1798.—Christmas.



1799.—Barley-break.

of ribbons folded into roses. As many as twenty young men would be in the yoke of one plough.

Shrove Tuesday, again, had its own especial source of amusement, and a very discreditible one it was. "He also would to the threshing of the cock" (Fig. 1807), says a manuscript life of the fourth Lord Berkeley, preserved at Berkeley Castle, a proof that this ancient barbarity, the chief distinguishing feature of Shrove Tuesday, was by no means confined to the plebeian vulgar. "In our wars with France, in former ages," says the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1737, "our ingenious forefathers invented this emblematical way of expressing their derision of, and resentment towards that nation [the Latin name for a cock, 'Gallus,' also signified a Frenchman]; and poor Monsieur at the stake was pelted by men and boys in a very rough and hostile manner." Sir Charles Sedley's epigram implies another origin: in it he says—

Mayst thou be punish'd for *St. Peter's* crime,
And on Shrove Tuesday perish in thy prime.

But there is yet a third account by an old German author, Cræuenstein:—"When the Danes were masters of England, and lorded it over the nations of the island, the inhabitants of a certain great city, grown weary of their slavery, had formed a secret conspiracy to murder their masters in one bloody night, and twelve men had undertaken to enter the town-house by a stratagem, and seizing the arms, surprise the guard which kept it; and at which time their fellows, upon a signal given, were to come out of their houses and murder all opposers: but when they were putting it in execution, the unusual crowing and fluttering of the cocks, about the place they attempted to enter at, discovered their design; upon which the Danes became so enraged that they doubled their cruelty, and used them with more severity than ever. Soon after they were freed from the Danish yoke, and to revenge themselves on the cocks, for the misfortune they involved them in, instituted this custom of knocking them on the head on Shrove Tuesday, the day on which it happened. This sport, though at first only practised in one city, in process of time became a national diversion, and has continued ever since the Danes first lost this island." As late as 1759, the 'London Daily Advertiser' records the exertions of the justices of the city and liberty of Westminster to suppress the Shrove Tuesday sport, the result being, that "few cocks were seen to be thrown at, so that it is to be hoped this barbarous custom will be left off." The hope is happily realised. But we must not forget that the Puritans were the first to oppose (on principle) all such inhumanities. Cock-fighting was hardly less prevalent. The flag that used to float over the theatre to tell that one of Shakspeare's dramas was in the act of performance, was often opposed by the counter-attraction of another flag, placed over some building near, to indicate the combat of a main of cocks.

Another custom, over whose extinction we also have reason to rejoice, was the brutish exhibition of bear-baiting (Fig. 1796). For this our forefathers do not appear to have been willing to wait the recurrence of any particular season or holiday: they must have it at all times of the year. How much Elizabeth partook of the then national ferocity, as well as of the national courage and talent, is strikingly exemplified in her well-known partiality for this amusement: witness the Kenilworth entertainments. Fashion is not nice when monarchs lead the way. This detestable sport grew in high favour with the nobility and gentry. Bear-gardens abounded in London; and, to heighten the luxury, it was served in various modes. Sometimes the bear was hoodwinked, and thus surrounded with a circle of men, who roused it into frenzy by lashing it with whips.

The ceremonies on Palm Sunday (Fig. 1811) have been so completely described by a versifier of the time, that we cannot do better than quote his account:—

Here comes that worthy day wherein our Saviour Christ is thought
To come unto Jerusalem, on ass's shoulders brought;
When as again these Papists fond their foolish pagans have,
With pomp and great solemnity, and countenance wondrous grave,
A wooden ass they have, and image great that on him rides.
But underneath the ass's feet a table broad there slides,
Being borne on wheels, which ready drest, and all things meet therefore,
The ass is brought abroad and set before the church's door:
The people all do come, and boughs of trees and palms they bear,
Which things against the tempest great the parson conjures there,
And straightway's down before the ass upon his face he lies,
Whom there another priest doth strike with rod of largest size:
He rising up, two lubbers great upon their faces fall,
In strange attire, and loathsomely, with filthy tune they bawl:
Who, when again they risen are, with stretching out their hand,
They point unto the wooden knight, and singing as they stand,

Declare that that is he that came into the world to save
And to redeem such as in him their hope assured have;
And even the same that long ago, while in the street he rode,
The people met, and olive boughs so thick before him strewed.
This being sung, the people cast the boughs that down are cast;
Some part upon the image, and some part upon the ass;
Before whose feet a wondrous heap of boughs and branches lie:
This done, into the church he straight is drawn full solemnly:
The shaven priests before them march, the people follow fast,
Still striving who shall gather first the boughs that down are cast;
For falsely they believe that these have force and virtue great,
Against the rage of winter storms, and thunder's flashing heat.
In some places wealthy citizens, and men of sober cheer,
For no small sum do hire this ass with them about to bear;
And mannerly they use the same, not suffering any by
To touch this ass, nor to presume unto his presence nigh.

When as the priests and people all have ended this their sport,
The boys do after dinner come, and to the church resort:
The sexton pleased with price, and looking well no harm be done:
They take the ass, and through the streets and crooked lanes they run,
Whereas they common verses sing, according to the guise,
The people giving money, bread, and eggs of largest size.
Of this their gains they are compelled the master half to give,
Least he alone without his portion of the ass should live.

Nyogorpus, translated by Burnaby Googe.

Truly here were holidays and amusements enough to make any country "merry," but they were by no means all. The whole classes of field and of military sports, in which men from the highest down almost to the lowest ranks of society participated, yet remain to be noticed. Exhilarating to all hearts was the sound of the hunter's horn, heard

From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Or even of its poetical echoes in song:—

The hunt is up, the hunt is up (Fig. 1787),
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up;
The birds they sing.
The deer they fling;
 Hey nonny, nonny—no;
The hounds they cry,
The hunters they fly;
 Hey trollo, trollo.
The hunt is up.—*Howe.*

This, again, was a sport greatly enjoyed by Elizabeth, as we learn from an interesting anecdote. Once visiting Berkeley Castle while the Earl was absent, she found on the estate a noble collection of deer; and, consulting only her own royal will, instigated by the Earl of Leicester, forthwith proceeded to hunt them down with such hearty energy, that, in one day, there fell no less than twenty-seven prime stags. The Earl of Berkeley, on his return, was greeted with the tidings of the reckless slaughter of the valuable animals he had preserved with so much care. Highly exasperated, he at once broke up his enclosures, and dissolved his hunting establishment, resolved, at least, that her Majesty should take no more such liberties with his property. Soon after, he was warned by a friend at court that the Queen was indignant against him for what he had done, and that the Earl of Leicester had an eye to the Berkeley estates, and their owner's head. This recalled him to a more prudent course, and saved him.

There was one sport exclusively confined to the noble and wealthy orders of society—hawking—which chiefly flourished and declined during the present period. To a people who found habitually much more of pleasure than of pain or annoyance in the overcoming of difficulties, and who retained much of what our phrenologists would call the destructive principle, no sport could be more attractive than this, especially when it comprised the additional gratification of a splendid spectacle. The meeting of gallants and ladies (Fig. 1788) afforded an admirable opportunity for the exhibition of fine dress. The galloping over hill and dale in the invigorating breeze, and amid country scenery, was highly exhilarating and delightful; and the many daring and dexterous feats which had to be accomplished, in order to follow the course of the hawk and its prey during the aerial chase and combat, gave full exercise to courage and energy. The sport required no less resolution when followed on foot: with the aid of a hawking-pole desperate leaps were taken over hedge and ditch. In making one of these leaps Henry VIII. nearly perished; his hawking-pole broke, he fell short in the mud, and his dread Majesty had to be indebted to the ready help of a footman to save him from being smothered. But these are trifles to your true sportsman. He was not smothered—that's enough; so on he goes with greater zest than ever from the excitement of the check. Oh,

"T is royal sport! Then, for an evening flight,
A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
In such a place flies, as he seems to say,
See me, or see me not! The partridge sprung,
He makes his stoop; but vaulting breath, is forced
To caveller; then, with such speed, as if
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes
The tumbling bird, who even in death appears
Proud to be made his quarry.—MASSINGER.

But the nobility began to find one serious inconvenience attending the sport—it was very expensive. Good falcons sold excessively high, and a large establishment had to be kept up for their care and training. The Grand Falconer in his full dress, with the falcon on his wrist (Fig. 1789), was a most poetical-looking personage; and his assistants, bearing the perches for the hooded birds, slung from their shoulders, no less so. But poetry too often must yield to convenience. The fowling-piece in its use required no such costly apparatus, and there was a novelty besides in the sort of skill it demanded: so from this time the sport that had existed since the days of Alfred—a favourite with most of the gentle-born and chivalric spirits of England—fell into disuse.

In hurling (Fig. 1795)—a game chiefly enjoyed by the middle and lower classes—it was when parish matched with parish that there came the "tug of sport." Then the ball was driven "over hills, dales, hedges, ditches,—yea, and thorough bushes, briars, mires, pla-shes, and rivers."

Otter-hunting, now exceedingly rare, was formerly an animated sport among watermen, the dwellers near the rivers, and sportsmen—such as Izaak Walton and his friends. Izaak most animatedly describes the search—"Look! down at the bottom of the hill there, in that meadow, chequered with water-lilies and lady-smocks; there you may see what work they make: look! look! you may see all busy; men and dogs; dogs and men; all busy." Every place of possible concealment in the banks was examined—and at last the otter was found. Then barked the dogs, and slouted the men! Boatmen pursue the unlucky animal on the water. Horsemen dash into the shallower parts (Fig. 1794). The otter swims and dives to escape them, but the dogs are thoroughly trained, and all her arts are fruitless. She perishes in their grasp in the water, or is run up a bank and despatched by the huntsmen's spears.

One of the most amusing of the military sports was that which was in great favour in London during Easter holidays, the water-quintain (Fig. 1806), already described in a former period. We may here add, that it appears to have been most popular about the reign of Henry II.; but Stow describes it as in existence so late as the reign of Henry VIII.: "I have seen also in the summer season, upon the river of Thames, some rowed in wherries, with staves in their hands, flat at the fore-end, running one against another; and, for the most part, one or both of them were overthrown and well ducked."

Archery, till the beginning of this period, remained the popular military sport, forming, as it still did, a most efficient, and therefore most popular, instrument of actual warfare.

The memorable victory of Flodden Field speaks trumpet-tongued of the might of the English bow as late as the reign of Henry VIII. But the days were now at hand when its fame was to exist but in bygone records, when as a national weapon it was to cease entirely from the land. This change took place about the close of the reign of Elizabeth, previous to which the cross-bow (Fig. 1792), so long prohibited by statutes and penalties, had for some time almost superseded the use of the regular bow, except occasionally in the chase, or when the other was used for exercise and amusement. And even that use soon ceased. Stow in 1598 exclaims, "What should I speak of the ancient daily exercises in the long-bow by citizens of the city, now almost clearly left off and forsaken? I overpass it. For, by the means of closing in of common grounds, our archers, for want of room to shoot abroad, creep into bowling-alleys, and ordinary dicing-houses, near home." Only four years before this was written, in 1594, there existed in Finsbury Fields alone, no less than one hundred and sixty-four archers' targets, set up on pillars, crowned with some fanciful device. The Finsbury archers gradually degenerated in skill, and were often satirized. Thus D'Avenant:—

Now leen attorney, that his cheese
Ne'er pared, nor verses took for fees,
And aged proctor, that controls
The feats of Puck in court of Paul's,
Do each with solemn oath agree
To meet in fields of Finsbury;
With loins in canvass bow-case tied,
Where arrows stick with mickle pride;

With boots pinned up, and bow in hand,
All day most fiercely here they stand,
Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clymme:
Sol sets for fear they'll shoot at him.

At Mile End the gorgeous archery festival took place annually, which was known as Prince Arthur's Show (Fig. 1805); the "prince" being formally recognised under that title by Henry VIII., who, going once to see the performances, was so pleased, that he even confirmed by charter the "famous Order of Knights of Prince Arthur's Round Table or Society." The prince was rivalled in a friendly way by another potentate of similar pretensions and standing—the Duke of Shoreditch, whose train, at the annual festival in 1583, contained three thousand archers skilled to ply "the grey goose wing." There were on that occasion no less than nine hundred and forty-two chains of gold worn by the company. A wedge of gold was presented to the "duke" by a "marquis," whose page flung to the populace glistening spangles from a box. The creation of the first Duke of Shoreditch happened thus: his real name was Barlow, and he was a member of the king's body-guard. In an archery match at Windsor, when all the competitors had shot except Barlow, Henry cried to him, "Win them, and thou shalt be duke over all archers." Barlow surpassed the best of the previous shots; and the king, asking him where he resided, and being told Shoreditch, immediately named him Duke of Shoreditch.

Riding at the ring (Fig. 1809) superseded the joust, as being the most graceful, and the safest also, of chivalric exercises. The skill consisted in careering gracefully at a small ring suspended nearly on a level with the rider's eyebrow, sending the point of the lance through the circle, and (the fastening readily yielding) bearing it off as a trophy. This favourite courtly amusement was reduced to a regular science by the end of the period. We may here transcribe Ascham's views of what in the sixteenth century were the accomplishments required for the complete English gentleman. They are "to ride comely, to run fair at the tilt or ring, to play at all weapons, to shoot fair in bow, or surely in gun; to vault lustily, to run, to leap, to wrestle, to swim, to dance comely, to sing, and play of instruments cunningly; to hawk, to hunt, to play at tennis, and all pastimes generally which be joined with labour, used in open place, and in the daylight, containing either some fit exercise for war, or some pleasant pastime for peace;" and these "be not only comely and decent, but also very necessary for a courtly gentleman to use." And with this we conclude our notices of the materials that went to the building up of the fabric of England's mirth and enjoyment, in the days when she was called the "Merry," believing, as we do, that whatever forms may be chosen, the spirit of that mirth and enjoyment must be revived. "In England," says M. Léon Faucher ('Manchester in 1844'), "the bow is perpetually on the stretch; and hence the sole danger which can menace such a nation."

We have seen in preceding pages some evidences of the eventful and magnificent character of the Elizabethan era. A monarch executed on the scaffold, an Armada defeated, a new religion permanently established, are but the foremost among the mighty crowd of incidents that make the political history of the time so full of interest. And the domestic phenomena of the country presents a corresponding grandeur of development. Never in the history of the world, before or since, did great men spring up so numerously; and deeply gratifying it is to add, not in the majority of cases for mere temporary purposes. The very circumstances that made so many of them less individually important in a worldly point of view while they lived, was but one of the necessary conditions of the splendour of the immortality that awaited them, when the patronising "lord" would be forgotten, or only remembered in connection with his "humble servants"—the poor players, when even the powerful intellect of royalty, and the deep sagacious lore of the statesman, would be remembered and admired chiefly as important influences that had been; whilst the men who amused their leisure hours would be daily and hourly moving and guiding the world. Oh, never should the great poet or artist forget, even in his hours of deepest gloom, the wonderful compensations that are in store for his every pang of disappointment or humiliation. And on the other hand, never should the world forget to test the character of its worship of all the powers that be, by occasional retrospections, which may serve to show it how little it has understood the powers that were to be. It is not admiration, still less is it worldly state and splendour, that our intellectual monarchs demand; it is the apprehension of the Beautiful, and the reverence for the Good, that they themselves feel beyond all other men,



1800.—Instructor. (From a Painting by T. G. S.)



1800.—A Knotted Garden.



1802.—D. W. M. G. S.



1803.—Danks's Horse.



1804.—The Well.



1805.—Arthur's Show.



1806.—Water Quintain.



1807.—Cock-fighting. Strove Tuesday.



1808.—Wrestling.



1809.—Tilting at the Ring.



1810.—The Drunkard's Cloak.



1811.—Palm Sunday. Procession of the Wooden Ass.



1812.—Quintain. (From Pluvéal.)



1813.—Tilting. (From Pluvéal.)

that should in some modified form be extended towards them: it is in such a spirit they study Nature, and the Creator of Nature, and become worthy of their "calling;" it is in such spirit we should study them, with the certainty of raising ourselves in the scale of intellectual and moral being as our reward for so doing.

It is no new but always a pertinent remark, that when above all such men as those who make illustrious the latter part of the sixteenth century, one is seen to rise, towering far above his fellows, we have at once the best general illustration of the stupendous intellectual altitude of William Shakspeare. Looking then upon his presence in the sixteenth century as the most distinguishing characteristic of it, let us, by the aid of the very complete series of engravings given in our work, follow his steps with as much accuracy as the known facts or received traditions permit; leaving untouched the merely probable in the speculation, as out of place in these pages. Of course we begin at Stratford-upon-Avon; then, that is to say, about the middle of the sixteenth century, one of the pleasantest of old English towns; composed as it was in a great measure of timber houses, often picturesquely beautiful (see an example still remaining in the High Street: Fig. 1678), and situated generally each in its little garden. Stratford derived its name from the *street* or road upon which it stood; and the *ford* across the Avon, which had, before the days of bridges, to be crossed by the primitive mode of wading through it on foot, or by the assistance of a trusty horse. A wooden bridge at last marked the advancing progress of civilization, and then, in due course of time, a stone one (Fig. 1699); still known by the name of its liberal founder—Clopton, an alderman of London.

At Stratford, on the 23rd of April, the poet was born; and tradition says in the room of the house in Henley Street (Figs. 1679, 1680, 1681), which is known to have then belonged to his father, an alderman of Stratford. In the early part of the present century a butcher held the premises, who put up the following inscription:—

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN IN THIS HOUSE.

N.B.—A HORSE AND TAXED CART TO LET.

This unseemly juxtaposition of facts no longer exists. We now read simply—

THE IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN IN THIS HOUSE.

There ought not to be, but there is, much to create painful sensations in the contemplation of this building. As we trace its history, and reflect upon its present position, we are compelled to ask ourselves if the poet, the idol, as he has almost been esteemed, of his countrymen, has, after all, met with any of those attentions which can alone show the unselfish character of our enthusiasm. There is little merit in going to see 'Othello' performed, or in sitting down to read 'As You Like It.' Nor do hosts of commentators make better evidence of the reality of a nation's love and respect. Nine-tenths of them have been but too anxious for their individual glorification to be able to spare any corner of their own hearts for genuine enthusiasm; how then should they excite such feeling in the heart of their readers? But, let us ask, what have we done to show, in a quiet, earnest way, the truth and depth of our reverence for his memory? What national holiday, or feast, commemorates his birthday—brightest as it is in the calendar? What national monument have we to show? What measures have we taken for the security even of the very house that pilgrims have come from the most distant parts of the world to visit, or of the other relics of his presence in his birthplace? Answer the recorded facts of the last half-century.—There was at the garden of New Place, the poet's own residence, a noble mulberry-tree, planted, says an old tradition, by his own hand. Generation after generation of the most distinguished men of their time had sat under its shade, enhancing, if aught could enhance, the value of its associations. That tree was coolly cut down, in 1756, by the clergyman who then had possession of New Place, in order that he might save himself the trouble of showing it to visitors. And when the very just indignation of the people of Stratford was exhibited towards the author of this outrage, he pulled down the house itself, in which Shakspeare had lived and died. We mention this at present merely for the sake of illustrating the question—what may not be the fate of the house in which the poet was born? *That* yet exists; but it is to our minds saddening and humiliating to have it to say—there is not the smallest security that it may not be pulled down to-morrow. Already strange tricks have been played there. We have seen within the last twenty-five years, an alleged descendant of Shakspeare—one of the Harts—a poor old woman, ejected from the house, where she had been accustomed to obtain a lucrative and

very fitting livelihood (in the absence of a better provision being made for her); and we have seen that same person, when so ejected, covering the entire walls of the room with whitewash where the poet was born, in order to obliterate the names with which the whole surface was scribbled over—forming, unquestionably, the richest and most interesting series of autographs that ever were collected into one place. The poor creature had a natural feeling of the injustice done to her, direct and indirect, but not enlightenment enough to consider the true character of the mode in which she exhibited her resentment. The whitewash has been partially removed; but, we repeat, the house itself may be pulled down to-morrow, for aught the nation has done to avert such destruction. It may seem a bold, even a wild, speculation, but we really must ask, would it be impossible for this empire, on which the sun never sets, to purchase that little tenement in Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon?

Shakspeare's father has naturally been the subject of a great deal of industrious inquiry—since his position, character, and attainments must have so materially influenced the early history of the poet. Aubrey's account of both is delicious for its absurdity. "The poet's father," he says, "was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style, and make a speech. There was at that time *another* butcher's son in this town that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural wit, his acquaintance and coetarian, but died young"—of course, what was the use of their both living? It was altogether, we think, a very graceful act of this other embryo Shakspeare to go quietly out of the way. And, by-the-by, what a capital verification is here afforded of a popular theory; that Nature, when she wants great men, will bring them forth. In the sixteenth century she wanted a Shakspeare so badly, that she made two, lest one might be unkindly nipped in the bud. Making them both butchers too! Can there be a doubt as to her determination? Rowe says Shakspeare's family were of "good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment." A passage from Harrison's 'Description of England' (as has been shown in 'William Shakspeare: a Biography') appears to explain these and other apparently contradictory statements. He complains that men of "great port and countenance are so far from suffering their farmers to have any gain at all, that they themselves become graziers, butchers, tanners, SHEEPMASTERS, woodmen, and *denique quid non*, thereby to enrich themselves, and bring all the wealth of the country into their own hands, leaving the commonalty weak, or as an idol with broken or feeble arms, which may in time of peace have a plausible show, but, when necessity shall enforce, have a heavy and bitter sequel."

It is certain, at all events, that when John Shakspeare, the father, wooed Mary Arden in the neighbouring village of Wilmecote, and was married to her (probably) in the church of Aston Cantlow (Fig. 1305), he was a man of substance; and that five years later he gloried in a coat-of-arms, granted by Heralds' College, on account of services rendered by his great-grandfather to Henry VII., possibly on the field of Bosworth.

Let us now glance at the neighbourhood of Stratford—those scenes where the boy-poet spent so many and the most important years of his life. Much of what he afterwards poured forth for the delight and instruction of mankind, had there been first hived up in his ever-busy brain. There is nothing grand in the scenery of the neighbourhood—nothing remarkable for lofty beauty; but independent of all associations, the scenery possesses the charms of an undulating and richly-wooded surface, in the very highest state of cultivation, and exhibits much even of the picturesque and romantic on the banks of the river that glides through it; for we must not read too literally D'Avenant's poetical statements, that in consequence of the departure of the poet from the scene

The piteous river wept itself away
Long since, alas!

The Avon is indeed the holy of holies, as it were, to that great natural temple in which the poet chiefly performed his own worship of Nature as her high-priest.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.

"This pencil take," she said, "whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."—GRAY.

In all probability the poet has himself described his own beloved river in the exquisite and well-known passage in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona':—

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays.

How much of interest, as well as of beauty, the Avon, from Kenilworth to Evesham, comprises, is strikingly shown by the mere enumeration of the places comprised within that range:—Guy's Cliff, famous in legendary romance; the proud and magnificent Warwick Castle; the precipitous scenery of Fulbroke and Hampton Wood; the romantic Hatton Rock, with the confined current rushing swiftly at its base; the pleasingly picturesque scenery of Stratford; the bold and striking marl-cliffs of Bidford; the luxuriant irregularity of Charlecote, and many a sweet tranquil spot, whose loveliness is as yet unknown to fame. Then, again, if the reader be an artist, we commend him heartily to the Avon below Charlecote (Fig. 1694). If he have the true feeling of his art, there is a place to enjoy it. There is a study of models, not *from* but *in* Nature—of beautiful forms, and lights, and shadows, and expression, that might inspire another Gainsborough—or an English Claude Lorraine. The fisherman, or the pilgrim to the localities of Shakspeare—whose boat glides noiselessly under the overhanging boughs, may furnish points of unity amid the rich variety of wooded banks, cultivated slopes, flat grassy meadows, long ranges of willow or alder trees, islands of sedge, and lowly homesteads, about which the very peace of Heaven seems to brood. To this part of the Avon may aptly apply the description in the following lines:

Thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with the embattled sedge;
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fringed,
Thy surface with reflected verdure tinged.

Thomas Warton's *Musody*, written near Stratford.

"Eight villages," it has been noticed, "in the neighbourhood of Stratford, have been characterised in well-known lines by some old resident, who had the talent of rhyme. It is remarkable how familiar all the country people are to this day with the lines, and how invariably they ascribe them to Shakspeare:—

Piping Peabworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
Dudging* Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
Beggary Broom, and drunken Bidford."

William Shakspeare: a Biography.

With the last-mentioned place tradition has connected the poet's movements still more closely. About a mile from Bidford (Figs. 1701, 1793) there was, until within the last twenty years or so, a crab-tree (Fig. 1791) long known as Shakspeare's crab-tree. The story runs to the effect, that the young poet was one of a party who accepted a challenge for a drinking-bout from certain toppers at Bidford, and was in the course of the contest so overcome, that when he set out on his way homeward he was unable to proceed any farther than the crab-tree, and there accordingly he laid him down, and was sheltered by its branches from the night dews. It is a silly story, first told by a silly old twaddler, Samuel Ireland, and may fairly be given over to the goodies.

No other portion of the biography of such a man as Shakspeare can have half the interest that attaches to the period of his youth; that all-important period, between boyhood and manhood, when the mighty business of culture is going on, and when, in the poet's earliest works, the flower of the poet's mind becomes apparent, and tells us what the fruit, under favourable circumstances, shall be. Unhappily all this portion of Shakspeare's career is wrapped in an obscurity that is even denser than the cloud that hangs over his life generally. We do know many things with tolerable certainty that relate to his family, marriage, fortune, and the general tenor of his subsequent career; but here we have nothing but traditions to guide us, most of them probably containing some truth, and most of them, no doubt, disguised by a great deal of fiction. We must,

* Sully, in dudgeon.

however, make the best of them. And we shall find that, on the whole, they show that the boy-poet led in all probability the very life outwardly that was best fitted for him—a desultory, roving, changeable life, that gave ample scope to the free growth of the wonderful inner life, of which not even himself, much less others, could have had any adequate conception. Rowe, as we have seen, states that the poet's father "had so large a family, ten children in all, that, though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment." He adds, "He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where it is probable he acquired what Latin he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language." The free-school here mentioned would no doubt be the grammar-school of Stratford (Figs. 1603, 1608). But, if another tradition be true, there was a school in which the poet was a teacher, instead of a scholar. "Though, as Ben Jonson says of him, that he had but little Latin, and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country" (Aubrey). But we have not yet exhausted the list of pursuits in which he is said to have been engaged; to the butcher, glover, wool-dealer, and school-master, must be added that of an attorney's clerk, and a gardener or florist; both these last avocations being attributed to him by particular persons, on the ground of his minute knowledge of their technicalities, as well as of their spirit. Lastly, these traditions conduct us to the very threshold of the edifice of his fame—the theatre. "This William," adds Aubrey, was "naturally inclined to poetry and acting;" and "began early to make essays at dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low." Here we at last rest on something like a trustworthy foundation. At the time Aubrey especially refers to, when the poet was about eighteen, there can, we think, be no doubt that he was inly communing with himself on the gigantic and sublime task that lay before him, the creation of a new drama, and from the humblest of materials,—the pageants (Fig. 1299) and the mysteries (Fig. 1745) he was no doubt accustomed to see repeatedly at Coventry, and the rude plays which the itinerant companies performed in some large barn, town, or gentleman's hall (Fig. 1746).

But it is ever a fearful and perilous thing for youth to leave its home, to launch forth upon the wide world; and especially with one in whom the domestic affections and ties were so strong as they must have been in William Shakspeare. As yet, therefore, he lingered at Stratford; and about the same time entered into an engagement that must have appeared to ordinary eyes likely to keep him for ever there, by compelling him to adopt one or other of the ordinary modes of obtaining a livelihood. Let no visitor to Stratford fail to visit also Shuttery, the "prettiest of hamlets," and the place where the poet wooed and won his bride. Here were doubtless poured forth in all the intensity of reality the overflows of a spirit, whose mere reflex, or second self, sufficed to the production of a 'Romeo and Juliet.'

We have described a May-day, with its central picture of the May-Queen in her arbour;—but let us imagine Shuttery to be the scene (Fig. 1783), Anne Hathaway to be the lady of the May, and William Shakspeare among the dancers; and what a combination is there not presented to our gaze! Yet it is likely enough that Shuttery has more than once witnessed that combination: for she was eminently beautiful, and he one who could not be otherwise than a chief actor in all such sports.

Shakspeare's marriage-bond, discovered a few years since, describes his wife as "Anne Hathaway, of Stratford, in the diocese of Worcester, maiden." The Hathaways had been settled forty years at Shuttery. In an action against Richard Hathaway, 1576, John Shakspeare, the father of the poet, appears in a precept as his bondman. Lady Barnard, the grand-daughter of Shakspeare, makes bequests in her will to the children of Thomas Hathaway "her kinsman." To these facts, tradition adds, and has done so for many years, that at the cottage represented in our engraving (Fig. 1684) Anne Hathaway lived. It is a rustic, homely relic of Old English picturesqueness—with thatched roof, and time-worn timber beams, with tall trees about it, and pleasant pastures. Within is preserved a very ancient carved bedstead, that has been handed down from descendant to descendant, time out of mind. Other relics were purchased from the cottage by David Garrick at the Stratford Jubilee. A chair—called Shakspeare's courting-chair—was taken off by Mr. Samuel Ireland; and thus, to gratify particular individuals, has this interesting place been stripped of its most precious memorials.

Let us now pass to Charlecote. The beautiful stream glides past
S 2

the mansion. It is not greatly changed from what it was in the days of Elizabeth. The picturesque outlines—the smooth emerald lawns—irregular banks—and abundant foliage of trees—some of which, for aught we can tell, may be old enough to have once attracted the gaze of the great bard himself—these, and the graceful deer, so admirably suited by Nature to tenant such a scene—make up a whole, of which the eye scarcely ever wearies, whilst the memory of the traditions that connect Shakspeare with Charlecote adds an inexpressible charm (Figs. 1692, 1693, 1695).

An extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London." (Rowe's Life of Shakspeare.)

Rowe, it will be observed, states the ballad, is "lost." Half a century after he wrote this, Oldys, the antiquarian, says, "There was a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford (where he died fifty years since), who had not only heard from several old people in that town of Shakspeare's transgression, but could remember the first stanza of that bitter ballad, which, repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preserved it in writing; and here it is, neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very courteously communicated to me." The stanza, first published by Capell, seventy years after Rowe wrote, corresponded word for word with that of Oldys. It is as follows:—

A Parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an ass;
If Lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscall it,
Then Lucy is Lowsie, whatever befall it.
He thinks himself great,
Yet an ass in his state,
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Sing Lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

The entire ballad, says Malone, was afterwards "found in a chest of drawers that formerly belonged to Mrs. Dorothy Tyler, of Shottery, near Stratford, who died in 1778, at the age of eighty."

The additional stanzas are these:—

He's a haughty, proud, insolent knight of the shire,
At home nobody loves, yet there's many a hymn feare.
If Lucy, &c.
To the sessions he went, and dyd sorely complain,
His park had been robed, and his deer they were slain.
This Lucy, &c.
He said 't was a ryot, his men had been beat,
His venison was stole, and clandestinely eat.
So Lucy, &c.
So haughty was he when the fact was confess'd
He sayd 't was a crime that could not be redress'd.
So Lucy, &c.
Though lucas a dozen he paints in his coat,
His name it shall Lowsie for Lucy be wrote;
For Lucy, &c.
If a juvenile frolick he cannot forgive,
We'll sing Lowsie Lucy as long as we live;
And Lucy the Lowsie a libel may call it:
We'll sing Lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

Mr. Thomas Jones, who dwelt at Tarbick, a village in Worcestershire, a few miles from Stratford-upon-Avon, and died in 1703, aged upwards of ninety, remembered to have heard from several old people at Stratford, the story of Shakspeare's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park, and their account of it agreed with Mr. Rowe's; and they added, the ballad was stuck upon the park gate, which exasperated the knight to apply to a lawyer at Warwick to proceed against him. Mr. Malone is of opinion that the ballad is an entire forgery; the same belief is expressed in 'William Shakspeare,' with the difference, that the first stanza is an old, the rest a modern forgery. Mr. De Quirce urges that the first was a "production of Charles the Second's reign, and was applied to a Sir

Thomas Lucy, not very far removed, if at all, from the age of him who first picked up the precious filth: the phrase 'parliament member' we believe to be quite unknown in the colloquial use of Queen Elizabeth." To this it has been added, "Sir Thomas Lucy, who was on terms of intimacy with the respectable inhabitants of Stratford, acting as arbitrator in their disputes, was not very likely to have punished the son of an alderman of that town with any extraordinary severity, even if his deer had been taken away. To kill a buck was then an offence not quite so formidable as the shooting of a partridge in our own times." ('William Shakspeare.')

There is one particular series of incidents in the history of Stratford, that, could we trace their exact consequences, would be found, we think, to have had the most momentous influence on the character and fortunes of the poet. We have already alluded to the pageants and mysteries, and the performances of the itinerant players; all of which, there cannot be a question, a youth of Shakspeare's tastes, situated in such a locality (Coventry is but a few miles from Stratford), must have been familiar with. But there were representations that can be connected with still greater certainty with the poet's experience, the Bailiff's Plays (Fig. 1753) at Stratford. The books of the corporation show payments made by them for dramatic performances, on many different occasions: some referring to the time when the William Shakspeare of fifteen or sixteen years of age might have sat to witness them; and some referring to the year when the father of that same William Shakspeare was himself the bailiff, or patron of the players. Those who know the seductions of the histrionic art to the young of all classes, however well or ill qualified to succeed in it, will see how greatly these circumstances were calculated to set on fire the spirit of a highly-imaginative youth; how calculated to turn all his as yet untried and undetermined energies into the direction they suggested; how, in short, they may have originated, fostered, and matured the histrionic and dramatic aspirations of William Shakspeare: for let it never be forgotten, that he was an actor as well as a poet; and that whilst we have no evidence that can for an instant be relied on to show that at any time of his life he had ceased to honour the actor's calling, we have unanswerable testimony to his sense of its lofty value, in the well-known passages of Hamlet, where the true mission of the Stage is pointed out, in words that will last as long as the art itself. He must be bold, indeed, who will say that *that* is not a noble mission. Perhaps the actor does not fulfil it:—then make him. Displace the unworthy; and let better men step into their places. Of all vulgar errors, one of the most absurd, mischievous, and we might almost say cruel, is that which constantly seeks to depreciate the character and position of a body of men, and then turn round upon them and complain that they are not—what you would not let them be.

But who were those players at Stratford? Why, in one word the best in the kingdom; another important circumstance in the history of the poet. Between 1569, when his father was bailiff or chief magistrate, to 1580, we find that no less than seven distinct companies were engaged in the performance of the Bailiff's Plays. These were, the Queen's Players; her favourite the Earl of Leicester's; the Earl of Worcester's, the Earl of Warwick's, Lord Strange's, the Countess of Essex's, and the Earl of Derby's. It may be necessary here to state, that in Shakspeare's time all such companies found it both advisable and necessary, for the purposes of existence and protection, to place themselves under the wing of great personages, and were then known accordingly by the names of their respective patrons. Hence do we preserve at this day at our principal theatres the title of Queen's Servants.

We have referred to the presence of the Queen's Players at Stratford; this was in the year 1587: only two years later we find Shakspeare a salaried member of that very company, performing, of course, with them in the metropolis, and already so far advanced upwards that he was also become a shareholder in the concern. How in so short a space so much was achieved, is a question of no ordinary moment. He appears to have been at Stratford so late as 1585, as under that date the register records the births of two of his children; yet within four years, that is to say by 1589, we find him occupying the position described. What were the steps that enabled him to begin public life so favourably as these circumstances imply he did, and to advance so rapidly when he had entered upon it? The tradition related by Pope, and recorded by Johnson, saith:—

"Coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play; and when Shakspeare fled to London from

* We may here correct an error connected with Sir Thomas Lucy's monument (Fig. 1627). It is not, as there stated, at Stratford, but at Charlecote.

the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will Shakspeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakspeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakspeare was summoned, went immediately to present themselves,—"I am Shakspeare's boy, Sir." In time, Shakspeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakspeare's boys."

In 'William Shakspeare' it is conjectured that the Blackfriars Theatre might have had Shakspeare's boys to hold horses, though not Shakspeare himself, in order to accommodate the visitors to his theatre, perhaps to draw some additional pecuniary profit to himself, and to afford a guarantee by his name for the security of the horses—when horse-stealing was one of the commonest of occurrences. It is at all events, we think, clear that this horse-story affords no explanation of Shakspeare's position among the Queen's players at the age of twenty-five. But let us now see whether the real facts are not, after all, tolerably clear. First, there can be no doubt that by that time the poet must have produced some of his plays; and if he had done so, we need seek no other explanation of his early success. Nashe alludes to 'Hamlet' in the very year in question, 1589, and if there be a remote possibility that he did not refer to Shakspeare's earliest version of that tragedy, but to some older production, there can be none whatever, we think, that the passage in Spenser's 'Thalia,' written in 1591, refers to the illustrious poet. From the tenor of that passage it will be perceived, indeed, that he had not only found time to grow famous, but to suffer one of those temporary obscurations that the greatest men in all pursuits have been liable to.

Where be the sweet delights of learning's treasure,
That want with comic sock to beautify
The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure
The listeners' eyes and ears with melody;
In which I late was wont to reign as queen,
And mask in mirth with graces well beseen?
O! all is gone; and all that goolly glee,
Which went to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid a-bed, and no-where now to see;
And in her room unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow brows and grizzly countenance,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.
And him beside sits ugly Barbarism,
And brutish Ignorance, yerept of late
Out of dread darkness of the deep abyssen,
Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate;
They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
And the fair scene with rudeness foul disguise.
All places they with folly have possessed,
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain;
But we have banished, with all the rest
That whilom went to wait upon my train,
Fine Counterfessance, and unbarfoul Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, decked in seemly sort.
All these, and all that else the comic stage,
With season'd wit, and goolly pleasure graced,
By which man's life in his likeliest image,
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;
And those sweet wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despis'd, and made a laughing game.
And he, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter, under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late.
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also dead, and in dolour drent,
Instead thereof, scoffing Scurrility,
And scornful Folly, with Contempt, is crept,
Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaldry,
Without regard, or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learned's task upon him take.
But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
Than so himself to mockery to sell.

This, to our mind, is one of the most valuable documents we

possess for the Shaksperian biography. From this, then, we learn that there had been genuine comedy in existence; but the false—the abusive—the shameless—the worthless, had driven it forth: a madness of licentiousness had possessed the stage under Robert Greene and his wild companions, and "pleasant Willy," true to his own godlike nature and mission, retired. There were at that time in existence, in all probability, the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'The Taming of the Shrew,' the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and others which he afterwards revised. We know that ten years after there were in existence nine of his comedies, besides eight histories, or historical plays, and three tragedies; all of which must have been written in nine years!—according to the common and absurd theory that represents Shakspeare beginning to write in 1591.

It is not difficult, then, to see in these circumstances, though, as it were, darkly and afar off, how the poet began public life; but we can even put our finger upon what were, in all probability, the very agencies that first connected the unknown William Shakspeare with the flourishing Servants of her Majesty. Among these were Thomas Greene, John Hemyng, and Richard Burbage. Thomas Greene was a comic actor, who obtained such celebrity that one play, not written by him, was emphatically called his—*Greene's Tu Quoque* (see his portrait, Fig. 1764). He, too, was a poet. Speaking of himself he observes, in a passage the authenticity of which has been questioned, but hardly, we think, on sufficient grounds,—

I prattled poetry in my nurse's arms,
And, born where late our Swan of Avon sung,
In Avon's streams we both of us have lav'd,
And both came out together.

At a much later period (1614) Greene notes, in his memorandum book, "My cousin Shakspeare coming yesterday to town, I went to see him how he did." But Hemyng—also an honoured name, for it is that of one of the two literary executors of the poet, to whom we are indebted for the first complete edition of his plays—Hemyng is also said to have been the poet's fellow-countryman, and even to be of the very same hamlet of Shottery from whence Shakspeare took his bride. Lastly, and this perhaps is the most important of the whole, there is reason to believe that Richard Burbage (Fig. 1755), the son of the head or manager of the company of the Queen's players, was an intimate friend of the young poet before the name of either had been trumpeted forth through the world of England as the rivals, respectively, in dramatic literature and the histrionic art, of the greatest men of antiquity. It was said of Burbage and Shakspeare, "they are both of one country, and indeed almost of one town." These words occur in a letter from Lord Southampton, introducing Burbage and Shakspeare to the protection of the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, when threatened in some way by the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London (Mr. Collier's 'New Facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare,' 1835). In 'William Shakspeare' it is imagined that Burbage and Shakspeare first went to London together. However that may have been, it is highly probable that they began life together, under the guidance of Burbage's father, and it is certain that they long continued it together. Burbage himself became manager of the London Blackfriars theatre, in connexion with Hemyng, and continued the intimate friend of the poet to the latest hour of Shakspeare's life. They were, it is supposed, nearly of the same age, and their course ran parallel—the one the greatest actor, the other the greatest poet of the English stage. Richard Burbage was one of the three professional friends mentioned in Shakspeare's will; and it is to be remembered that the actor's reputation was chiefly founded on the writings of the poet, his friend: a circumstance he never forgot. Two of his daughters were named Juliet, and hence it is supposed that Romeo was originally performed by Burbage. In Richard III. he was greatly admired. Bishop Corbet tells us, in his 'Iter Boreale,' that his host at Leicester

When he would have said King Richard died,
And called "a horse, a horse," he Burbage cried.

Some of the other characters in which he most excelled are mentioned in the anonymous elegy that, after lying long in MS., was first published in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1825, a copy of which, quoted by Mr. Payne Collier in 'Annals of the Stage,' contains the following lines:—

He's gone, and with him what a world are dead;
Which he revived to be revived so;
No more young Hamlet, old Hieronymo,
King Lear, the cruel Moor, and more beside,
That lived in him, have now for ever died.

The elegy thus concludes:—

And thou, dear earth, that must enshrine the dust,
By heaven now committed to thy trust,
Keep it as precious as the richest mine
That lies entombed in the rich womb of thine;
That after times may know that much-loved mould
Fro others' dust, and cherish it as gold.
On it be laid some soft but lasting stone,
With this short epitaph endorsed thereon,
That every one may read, and reading weep:
" 'Tis England's Roscius, Burbadge, that I keep."

Phillpot's additions to Camden's 'Remains' dismiss the gifted actor more briefly—"Exit Burbadge."

With three such friends, then, as Greene, Hemynge, and Burbadge, all supposed to have been intimate with Shakspeare in their youth, all so qualified to appreciate his dawning powers, and to give immediate opportunity for bringing them to the test, we can attribute but little weight to the effects of the deer-stealing incident, if ever so true; and we must smile at the absurdity of the idea that William Shakspeare's first introduction to the London theatre was in the position of a mere holder of horses at its doors. Rowe's narrative, on the other hand, is, in all probability, true when it states he was first received into the company in a very mean (by which is meant a very humble) rank; for it implies nothing more than this:—A young poet of twenty-one, strongly spoken of by a friend in the company, desires to be admitted. He has probably been driven somewhat hastily and prematurely to adopt the vocation of an actor as an indispensable condition of his obtaining a livelihood whilst his writings as an author are gradually brought forward, and under such circumstances can neither expect himself, nor desire others to expect for him, anything but a humble certainty for the present; accompanied, however, by ample and most important opportunities for the future. When these opportunities arrive, no one knows better than he the value of the

tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

and never was man better prepared for a venture. He is eminently successful. Such, it seems to us, was in truth the transit of William Shakspeare, from utter obscurity into the full blaze of a reputation that, with only very slight periods of eclipse, has ever since that time grown brighter and brighter, until its radiance now spreads over and illumines no inconsiderable portion of this vast globe with its many and widely-differing peoples, each possessing its own literary galaxies, but which even to themselves appear pale in the comparison.

Let us now glance at the different theatres with which the poet became connected. The *début* both as actor and poet was made probably at the Blackfriars; which stood on the spot now known as Playhouse Yard, and situated upon that mean thoroughfare of bye but busy lanes that lead, by a shorter route than the principal one, from the middle of Ludgate Hill to Blackfriars Bridge. The place is miserably dull and dingy-looking, and one can hardly fancy it could ever have been the scene of such brilliant intellectual displays. The Blackfriars was one of the private theatres, which differed from the public ones in these particulars:—they were entirely roofed over, instead of having, as in ordinary cases, the stage only covered; there was a regular pit, instead of a mere inclosure; the performance took place in them by candlelight, in which feature they alone anticipated the modern custom; and lastly, in them, as devoted to the amusements of the higher classes of spectators, a seat on the stage could be obtained as a matter of right; though this last custom prevailed also in a lesser degree at all the theatres. The stools on the stage were hired at sixpence each. Two companies performed at the Blackfriars, the one that Shakspeare belonged to, and the other consisting of children, who were denominated the children of the Chapel. It was by these youthful players that Ben Jonson's 'Case is Altered' and his 'Cynthia's Revels' were performed. It is to them, doubtless, that the passage in 'Hamlet' applies: "There is, Sir, an airy of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't; these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages (so they call them), that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither."

• The preliminary chorus to 'Henry the Fifth' we find the poet located in another theatre:—

Pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: Can this Cockpit hold

The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden *O*, the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?

In the words the "Cockpit" and the "Wooden *O*," the Globe Theatre (Fig. 1748) is described, which was erected about 1593, in consequence, probably, of the increasing prosperity of Shakspeare's company. This, notwithstanding the poet's purposed depreciation of the building, from an artistical desire to elevate the imaginations of the auditory to the height of the argument that was about to engage their attention, was, as the audience of course knew well enough, the largest and finest theatre that had been yet built in the metropolis. And within its walls took place, it is to be presumed, the first performance of all those works which belong, or are supposed to belong, to the full maturity of the poet's genius, as 'Lear,' 'Macbeth,' 'The Tempest,' the Roman plays, and 'Henry the Eighth.' A serious accident marked the introduction of the last-named piece. In a letter from Sir Henry Wotton to his nephew (June, 1603), he writes—"I will entertain you at present with what hath happened this week at the Bankside. The king's players had a new play, called 'All is True,' representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII., which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order, with their Georges and Garters; the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while, to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very grounds. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that perhaps had broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale." In the original stage directions to Shakspeare's 'Henry the Eighth,' Act i. Scene 4, we read "drums and trumpets, chambers discharged," which, with the mask at Cardinal Wolsey's house, attests the play that Sir Henry Wotton speaks of as 'All is True' to have been really that of 'Henry the Eighth.' 'All is True' may have been the first title, and this idea is strengthened by the prologue, which earnestly impresses the *truth* of the story. That it was also called 'Henry the Eighth' we know by a letter to Sir Thomas Puckering, from Thomas Lorkin, descriptive of the event told by Sir Henry Wotton, the destruction of the Globe. It is there expressly called 'Henry the Eighth.' The accident seems to have been turned to profitable account, by the improvement of the building, in its re-erection the following year.

Where before it had a thatched hide,
Now to a stately theatre is turned.—*Taylor, the Water-Poet.*

In the passage we have quoted from Sir Henry Wotton, the extraordinary pomp and majesty "even to the matting of the stage"—his curious comment on the Georges and Garters and embroidered coats—the clumsy management of the cannons—and the *thatched* theatre—shows how comparatively unfamiliar were those who first witnessed the representation of the most wonderful series of plays the world has seen, with those costly and laboured contrivances to which in our day the soul of the art has been sacrificed. Poetry, wit, passion, humour, wisdom, could be relished by our ancestors without them. Burbadge and Thomas Greene could move all hearts to tears or laughter without them; and though there can be no objection to add all kinds of appliances that the skill of the painter, the decorator, the carpenter, and the mechanist can devise, if properly subordinated in an artistic spirit, there is every objection to our having these things given us in the place of the other; as too many managers have done of late years. One illustration of the stage economy of our ancestors is delightful for its almost infantine simplicity. In Greene's 'Pinner of Wakefield' two parties are quarrelling:—"Come, Sir," says one; "will you come to the town's end, now?" "Ay, Sir, come," replies his adversary. And in the next line, having, we may suppose, made as distant a movement as the narrow stage admitted of, he continues, with amusing faith in the imaginative power of the audience,—"Now, we are at the town's end, what shall we say now?" As to the scenes—in Shakspeare's early days they would seem to have been often dispensed with altogether. Sir Philip Sidney ridicules "Thebes written in great letters on an old door." An important part of the old stage was the balcony (Fig. 1752), with windows

facing the audience. Here sat the first Juliet; here the court beheld the play in 'Hamlet;' and here, when the balcony was not wanted for the piece, the gallants or dramatic authors that hovered about the stage would sit to view the performance.

Among the other theatres of London which obtained considerable popularity may be noticed the Paris Garden (Fig. 1749), which was used for bear-baitings as well as for the performance of plays; and the Fortune (Fig. 1761), built by Alleyn the actor (Fig. 1762), and founder of Dulwich College, whose history proves how completely he made it worthy, in a pecuniary sense, of its name.

From this brief glance at the state of the drama in the metropolis during Shakspeare's time, we return to the poet's history. Whatever the cause of the eclipse that we have referred to, as obscuring his reputation, it was but for a moment; and about, or at least immediately after, the accession of James to the throne, we find him in his right position, as the "observed of all observers." The first theatrical performance before James in England was by Shakspeare's company, purposely sent for to Wilton by the king, whilst the public theatres were closed, from fear of increasing the plague by "concourse and assembly of people." Malone says, "King James bestowed especial honour upon Shakspeare." His authority seems to have been chiefly the Advertisement to Lintot's edition of Shakspeare's poems. "That most learned Prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William Davenant, as a credible person now living can testify." The story is partially corroborated by the known fact, that the poet's plays formed the staple amusement of the court.

Let us now follow him into his retirement (about 1604) at the place so associated with all his early hopes and struggles, and joys and sorrows—Stratford—the place that was evidently, from first to last, tenderly endeared to him. Here, or in its neighbourhood, he, and his wife, and his children were born; and here had one of the last died. Here too he had closed the eyes of a beloved father and mother; where else should his children perform the like office for him? So he purchased, as early as 1597, a house in Stratford; the best one, it is said, in the town. Sir Hugh Clopton had been its builder in the reign of Henry VII., and in his will it was described as the "great house." It was also, as Dugdale informs us, a "fair house, built of brick and timber." It was called New Place, and here no doubt the poet had his knotted garden (Fig. 1801), and luxuriated in that most useful as well as delightful of all recreations to the student—horticulture. "His garden was a spacious one. The Avon washed its banks; and within its enclosures it had its sunny terraces and green lawns, its pleached alleys and honeysuckle bowers (Fig. 1686). If the poet walked forth, a few steps brought him into the country. Near the pretty hamlet of Shottery lay his own grounds of Bishopston, then part of the great common field of Stratford. Not far from the ancient chapel of Bishopston, of which Dugdale has preserved a representation (Fig. 1611), and the walls of which still remain, would he watch the operation of seed-time and harvest. If he passed the church and the mill, he was in the pleasant meadows that skirted the Avon in the pathway to Ludington. If he desired to cross the river, he might now do so without going round by the great bridge; for in 1599, soon after he bought New Place, the pretty foot-bridge (Fig. 1700) was erected, which still bears that date." ('William Shakspeare.') Tradition will have it, that the estate was purchased by means of the assistance of Shakspeare's chief patron and friend, Lord Southampton, the nobleman who was so deeply concerned in Essex's revolt. To him 'Venus and Adonis,' or a sketch of it, the first poetic work given by Shakspeare to the world, most likely before he left Stratford, was dedicated. In the letter before mentioned, written by the earl to the Chancellor Ellesmere, he thus, after speaking of Burbage, continues, "The other is a man no whit less deserving favour, and my especial friend, till of late an actor of good account in the company; now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English plays, which, as your lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Queen Elizabeth, when the company was called upon to perform before her Majesty at court at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Majesty King James also, since his coming to the crown, hath extended his royal favour to the company in divers ways and at sundry times. This other hath to name William Shakspeare; and they are both of one county, and indeed almost of one town: both are right famous in their qualities, though it longeth not to your lordship's gravity and wisdom to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the public ear. Their trust and suit now is, not to be molested in their way of life, whereby they maintain

themselves and their wives and families (being both married and of good reputation), as well as the widows and orphans of some of their dead fellows." Another paper was found with the letter, referring to negotiations for the purchase and sale of the Blackfriars, and containing the following:—

"Item. W. Shakspeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse, £500, and for his four shares, the same as his fellows Burbidge and Fletcher, viz. £933 s6 d8 . . . £1433 s6 d8"

From all this we see, first, that whilst it is highly probable the Earl of Southampton would have assisted the poet in the way presumed by the tradition, it is still more probable that the poet did without that assistance, having such ample resources of his own. The letter tells us that he had retired from the stage; but we know that he still continued to do, what was in every way of infinitely more important—write for it. A Diary found two or three years ago, in the library of the London Medical Society, has some facts of considerable interest respecting the poet's later years. The writer was the Rev. John Ward, vicar of Stratford, the date from 1618 (thirty-two years after the poet's death) to 1679. Referring to Shakspeare, he says "he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year: and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a year, as I have heard."

There is a notion yet lingering in too many corners of this civilized world, that poets require to be half starved in order to be induced to sing. Those who have chiefly given it credence are little aware how in so doing they expose themselves. We may doubt as to the applicability of their ideas to the poets, but we cannot doubt of the character of the mind in which such ideas originate. In short, they tell us, though quite unconsciously, that they have no faith in goodness and greatness; and that is all they can tell us. But how did the poet use the latter years of a life thus placed beyond all fear of poverty? Why, the very first work of his full leisure was that one, which was unquestionably the sublimest of all his productions—'Lear.' His latest works were 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Caesar,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra,' the commencement, it is supposed, of a new and grand series of dramas, suddenly cut short by what we must consider his premature death, at the age of fifty-three. This event must have been as unexpected as it was premature, for only a month before he describes himself in his will as being in "perfect health and memory (God be praised!)" The Diary before mentioned has these few but weighty words—"Shakspeare, Drayton (Fig. 1741), and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting; and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted." This was on the 23rd of April; the birth-day was also the day of death. He left a wife and two children. His real estates were bequeathed to his eldest daughter. It was the object of Shakspeare by this will to perpetuate a family estate. In doing so, did he neglect the duty and affection which he owed to his wife? He did not. His estates, with the exception of a copyhold tenement, expressly mentioned in his will, were freehold. His wife was entitled to dower. She was provided for amply, by the clear and undeniable operation of the English law"—(Life of Shakspeare—Penny Cyclopædia).

It was a sad day in Stratford—that 25th of April—which was chosen for the poet's burial. We know not who were present, but cannot doubt but that Stratford had seen few such occasions. As the mourners passed through the beautiful church avenue their own grief must have been controlled by the overpowering and most sublime reflections forced upon them, that they were then representing the sadness and desolation of a world. Onward to the church moves the procession; and as the final service proceeds, thoughts of the scope and character and permanency of his writings will intrude, and suggest that, after all, such a death is but a kind of mockery—a submission to the letter of the terrible law of the great King of Terrors, but a triumph over its spirit. There should be another word than death for the cessation of the mere bodily life of a great poet.

Beneath the well-known bust (Figs. 1758, 1759) in the scarcely less known chancel (Fig. 1767), we read the verses commencing—

Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast.

Near the monument, on the floor, is a flat stone, bearing the lines—

Good Friend for Jesus sake, forbear
To digg t—e Dust Enclōsed He.r.e.
Bless be t—e man $\frac{1}{2}$ spares t—es stones,
And curst be he $\frac{1}{2}$ moves my Bones.

It is probable that this stone did not originally belong to the poet's monumental relics; but presuming that it did, we think we can furnish a proof, that we do not remember to have seen yet given, that they were not Shakspeare's, leaving their un-Shaksperian character in style, thought, and feeling quite out of the question. *The very same verses have been used elsewhere*, and therefore there can be little doubt they formed a part of the regular stock in trade of the sexton in the seventeenth century. We have ourselves, within the last few months, either seen them on an ancient monumental stone, or transcribed from some such stone, in the pages of a topographical work; we forget which: but we are certain as to the fact, and that they were applied to some obscure person.*

Near Shakspeare's monument is that (by the same sculptor) of John Combe (Fig. 1626); a name made familiar to us by Aubrey's story. "One time," he says, the poet was at a tavern at Stratford when "an old rich usurer was to be buried. He makes there this extemporary epitaph:—

Ten in the hundred the devil allows,
But Coombes will have twelve, he swears and vows:
If any one asks who lies in this tomb,
'Hoh!' quoth the devil, 'tis my John o' Coombe."

If such an epitaph were written at all by the poet, we may depend upon it that it was at a very different time than Aubrey speaks of—probably in the presence of its subject, and as much for his mirth as that of any one else. The Clopton monument (Fig. 1628) is also in Stratford Church.

We conclude by referring the reader to the portraits (Fig. 1751) and autographs of Shakspeare. Of the last it is necessary to state, in explanation of the alteration of the mode of spelling the poet's name here adopted, that it has been shown in the 'Pictorial Shakspeare' that all the six authentic autographs (Fig. 1756) spell the name as it is there spelled.

It is of course quite out of the question that we should here attempt to notice individually Shakspeare's rivals in the dramatic art, who were almost as wonderful for their number as for their respective excellences. The imagination indeed recoils from the attempt to weigh and estimate the amount of intellectual wealth that was then devoted to the service of the stage. Put Shakspeare aside—forget him, if that be possible—and we should only be a little less filled with wonder and admiration at the powers of such men as would still remain—Marlow, Ben Jonson (Figs. 1742, 1760), Beaumont and Fletcher (Figs. 1766, 1767), and Massinger (Fig. 1769); or, could they be also put aside, and their very existence ignored, still a fresh host of men, each a giant, would step forth to challenge our respect and admiration:—A Dekker (Fig. 1770), a Chapman (Fig. 1744), a Ford, a Webster, a Field (Fig. 1768), and others of almost equal mental calibre.

If this spontaneous and mighty combination of minds to found our English drama is calculated to impress us with a deep sense of its grandeur and incalculable importance, there is another combination of the same men that suggests visions of an atmosphere, almost too brilliant and delightful for this working-day world. What would not one give to have listened, for but one hour, to the conversations at the Falcon Tavern (Fig. 1747) by the Bankside, when its usual circle of guests was complete! Here took place the "wit-combats" of which Fuller speaks, between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson: "which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow, in his performances. Shakspeare, like the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention." We have a slight example of the genial spirit of their mirth, in the 'Merry Passages and Jest's' compiled by Sir Nicholas Lestrange:—

"Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children; and after the christening, being in a deep study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and asked him why he was so melancholy. "No, faith, Ben (says he), not I, but I have been considering a great while, what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my godchild; and I have resolved at last." "I prythee, what?" says he. "I'll faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a dozen good Latin [or latten, an inferior metal] spoons, and thou shalt translate them." In answer to this pleasant bit of satire on Ben's excess of learning, would come no doubt a tremendous broadside against Shakspeare's

want of it; for to have "little Latin and less Greek" would be no learning at all in the poet-scholar's eyes. Another of these places of convivial meeting was the Mermaid; and one of the actors has himself recorded the character of the performance in lines that show at the same time how well he must have played his own part. Beaumont (Fig. 1766), then scarcely sixteen, writing to Jonson, says—

Metinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Hold up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And have resolved to live a fool the rest
Of this dull life; then when there had been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past, —wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly,
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty;—though but downright fools, mere wise.

It is to be remembered that there were others equally qualified to share in and to promote these wit-combats besides the dramatic writers, and whose claims were most readily admitted. The chief actors, of course, found a place. Men like Burbage and Lowin (Figs. 1755, 1763) were an honour even to such a time. Then there were the poets, some or other of whom were no doubt constantly to be found among the illustrious assemblage. Surrey (Fig. 1737), of whom we have before spoken, was of an earlier date; so was Ascham (Fig. 1737), nor perhaps would it have comported with his grave but still genial character, or his position at the right hand of monarchs, to have visited the Mermaid or the Falcon, had he been alive; but there were Spenser (Figs. 1738, 1739), and Drayton (Fig. 1741), and Daniel (Fig. 1740), and the Water-Poet (Fig. 1743); above all, there was Herrick, one of the most delightful whenever he does not think proper to make himself one of the most disgusting of poets. He too has recorded, in his own way, in an epistle to Jonson, his impressions of these extraordinary meetings:—

Ah, Ben!
Say how, or when,
Shall we thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

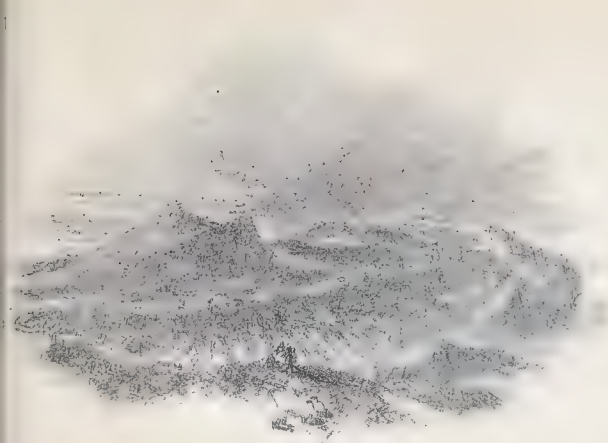
My Ben!
Or come again
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.—Herrick.

The Printers may fitly find place in immediate proximity to the men whose writings their art did so much to preserve for the delight and instruction of posterity. Wynkyn de Worde was the friend, associate, and successor of Caxton. No less than four hundred and eight books are ascribed to his press. Robert Coplande was an assistant of de Worde's, and himself dabbled in poetry. Pynson, also (as supposed), an assistant of Caxton, became the first King's Printer. Berthelet, Wyer, and Day were all men eminent in their vocation. The last named, John Day, was the chief printer of the Reformation. It was from his press that Fox's 'Book of Martyrs' issued; or, as the fact has been paraphrased—

He set a Fox to write how martyrs ran
By death to life. Fox ventured pains and health
To give them light; Day spent in print his wealth.

The marks of all these men will be found among our engravings (Figs. 1771—1776). Day's mark is poetically expressive of the day-spring of the Reformation: a sun rising over a landscape, and a sleeper being awakened with the exclamation, "Arise, it is day!"

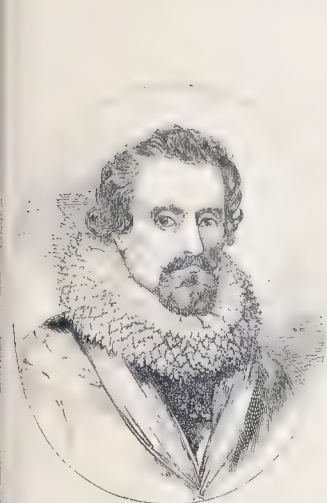
* On the authority of J. S.



1814.—Edinburgh in the Seventeenth Century.



1815.—Holyrood House.



1816.—James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England.



1817.—Edinburgh, as it appeared during the early part of the Seventeenth Century.
(From a Print of the period.)



1818.—Western Front of Holyrood Palace.



1819.—Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I.
(From a Painting by Cornelius.)

BOOK VI.

THE PERIOD

FROM THE

ACCESSION OF JAMES I. TO THE END OF THE STUART DYNASTY.

A.D. 1603—1688.

CHAPTER I.—ANTIQUITIES OF THE CROWN AND STATE.



THOUGH not in himself, when familiarly known, a very romantic character, there had been much in the past history of James VI. of Scotland, to invest him with the hues of romance in the eyes of those over whom he was to reign with the title of James I. of England. He was the son of Mary Queen of Scots, and Darnley, and was born in the castle of Edinburgh, in 1566; and the circumstance that he should be called, in right of Mary, to reign over two great kingdoms, when she had been sent to the scaffold for only, at the most, desiring to do so, was calculated to strike forcibly upon the popular imagination. The same may be said of the kind of life he had led in his early years—so full of portentous events—and mysteries! The father murdered only a few months after his birth; the mother made prisoner, and compelled to abdicate in his favour; himself crowned at Stirling when he was but little more than a year old;—to become the constant subject of intrigue and violence on the part of the ambitious nobles, who desired to obtain possession of the boy-king, in order to carry on the government in his name, perhaps even to put him altogether out of the way, after the fashion in which his father had been spared any further trouble in the cares of the world. Bothwell, we may be sure, had he succeeded in his attempts to induce the honest and estimable Earl of Mar to resign his youthful charge, would not have been very scrupulous, not even for Mary's sake, in ridding himself of such a formidable obstacle to the crown. But the Earl was inflexible, and kept James safe at Stirling through one regency after another. His education, in the mean time, was chiefly conducted by George Buchanan (Fig. 1737) and three other eminent Scottish scholars, under the general superintendence of the Earl of Mar's brother, Alexander Erskine.

As the boy grew in years his position became modified by that growth; not only inasmuch as those who desired to use him for their own purposes could now profess that he was able, in some degree, to administer the affairs of the nation, but also, that the youthful monarch no doubt really began to have his own wants and wishes in state matters. Unhappily there was then about him no one who was both honest enough and powerful enough to tell him of his incapacity, and compel him to leave the business of the government in the hands of capable and properly appointed ministers. Some such effect was aimed at, in all probability, as well as the preliminary removal of a tyrannical and unprincipled minister (Morton), by a body of the Scottish nobles, when, in 1578, they assembled in solemn council, and requested James to take the government into his own hands; but that attempt failed from the papistical tendency of some of the members of the government that succeeded Morton's: so the unpopular minister regained his power, increased, by the failure of his adversaries, a hundredfold. James, too, was now placed in his hands; and, for a time, everything smiled upon the Earl of Morton. But youthful royalty is seldom lacking in zeal to use prematurely the powers that it knows are to be eventually confided to it; James's personal

character began to exhibit itself. And a fearful succession of dangers and calamities was the consequence.

First, the twelve-year-old monarch must have his favourites. One of the earliest was Esmé Stuart, of the Scottish and royally connected house of Lennox, but born in France, where he was known as the Lord D'Aubigny. James made him also Lord Aberbrothick, Earl of Lennox, Duke of Lennox, Governor of Dumbarton Castle, Captain of the Royal Guard, First Lord of the Bedchamber, and Lord High Chamberlain. Another favourite was Captain James Stuart, son of Lord Ochiltree. He, it appears, was made of sterner stuff than Esmé Stuart, and wanted something more substantial than honours or even wealth. It was well known that Morton, the chief minister, had been concerned in the murder of Darnley, but it was little anticipated that any man was to be found to charge him with the crime even in the very council-chamber. But this, Captain Stuart, acting on a preconcerted scheme with James, did; and before Morton could recover from his surprise at the attack, he was a prisoner. Trial quickly followed upon arrest, and execution upon trial. The guilty Morton was sent to his last account, and the two Stuarts succeeded to his power. The boy-king and his favourites, then, for a time, revelled in the exercise of a perfectly uncontrolled despotism.

If the people of Scotland had been inclined to bear patiently such a state of things, the nobility were not; in fact it would be difficult to tell what state would have been agreeable to men who all desired to be masters. What Chaucer applies to love, they applied to government—

Each man for himself, there is none other:

and a pretty state of confusion their tumults and struggles produced! Something now was to be done, and it was not long before the old policy was determined upon. In Scotland everybody's panacea for improvement in the affairs of government was—Catch the king. So the Earls of Mar, Glencairn, and Gowrie, with many others of the nobility, took council together, and the result was, James was caught in the castle of Ruthven, where he had been invited by the Earl of Gowrie, a son of the Ruthven who murdered Rizzio. This enterprise is known in Scottish history as the Raid of Ruthven. As to the favourites, the one—Esmé Stuart, Duke of Lennox—was banished, and soon after died in France; the other—James Stuart, created by James, Earl of Arran—was imprisoned. Queen Elizabeth, we may observe, was very busily engaged at this time in supporting the views and movements of the conspirators, who also received the sanction of a Convention of the National Estates. Behold the boy-king once more in effect a prisoner—his aspiring wings clipped—and the nation for a while at peace, and enjoying apparently a nearer approach than they had long known to good government. Truly a wretched state of things to James and his personal friends! How shall they alter it?

He is at Falkland, one of the three summer palaces of royalty; Linlithgow (Fig. 1822) and Perth being the others. If he could but escape to the castle of St. Andrews (the ruins of which—Fig. 1824—attest to a later time their original strength), he might defend himself until his name—the "king's name"—should build him up a "tower" of greater "strength" in the shape of a powerful army of his subjects. He made the attempt—it was successful: the

infamous Arran was recalled; the Earl of Gowrie, notwithstanding a distinct promise of pardon, was sent to the block; and all the other sharers in the Raid of Ruthven were declared guilty of high treason. James at the age of seventeen, was again in possession of an unbridled sovereignty, a circumstance of which his favourite Arran enjoyed substantially the benefit. The King's character was becoming more and more developed, but in directions that could excite no feeling of alarm in the breast of the most ambitious minister—provided only he remained the favourite. Two illustrations of his character here offer. James became a pensioner of Elizabeth; and to please her wrote a letter to his unhappy and imprisoned mother in such unfeeling terms, that she, in her anguish, threatened to leave the load of a parent's curse upon his head.

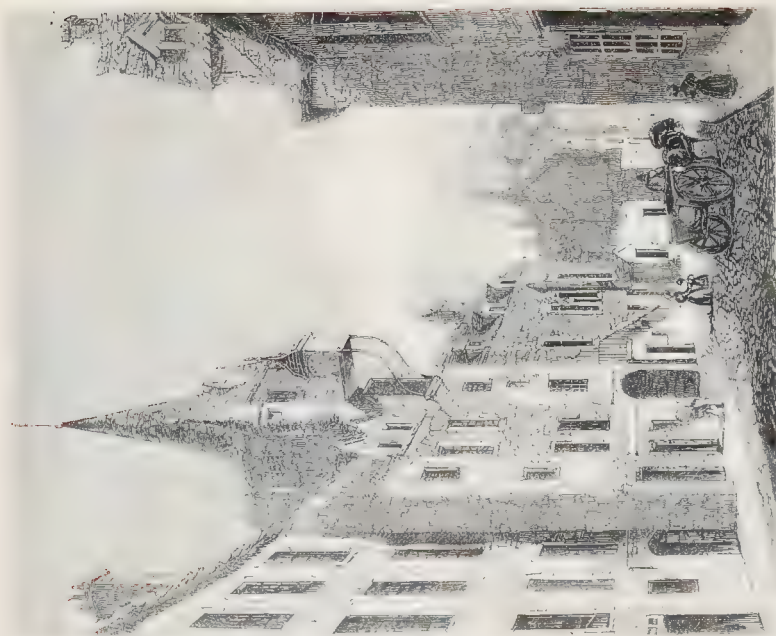
Unfortunately for James's minister, the sole contingency on which depended the loss of power happened—another favourite arose. This was the Master of Gray, quite as well qualified as himself, by an inter want of honesty of purpose, or true dignity of feeling or behaviour, to fill the coveted post. Arran acted with shrewdness,—he appeared to honour, even while he got rid of, the unpleasant intruder, by giving him the appointment of ambassador to England. But there, the shrewd English politicians gained over the ambassador to their own views, among which was the destruction of Arran, who was not even esteemed valuable enough to play the part of an English tool. While, therefore, the Master of Gray returned to bask in the sunshine of his gracious young sovereign's favour, a body of ten thousand men, headed by the lords concerned in the Raid of Ruthven, entered Scotland in 1585, and advanced to Stirling, where James and Arran were lying. There was no help for it; the one must fly—the other make the best terms he could. All this was peculiarly unpleasant to James—his will thwarted, his favourite gone; but then he remembered he had another favourite, and he was consoled; he began to think of the grandeur of the prospect that dawned upon him from England, and he was content. True, his mother was beheaded on the scaffold, soon after, by his very kind friend and ally, Elizabeth; and that affair naturally excited a little uneasiness, and demanded a little bluster; but Elizabeth was considerate enough to make allowance for both—and then all was right. Excellent woman!—she neither stopped the pension nor prevented his accession to the throne. But no doubt he thought to himself: What dangers had he not escaped from! Like Parolles he had much reason to be thankful that he was not "great of heart." The worst was, that his favourite had acted with too keen an insight into his ultimate wishes, had been too zealous and indiscreet in his labours; for he allowed it to become known that he had actually forwarded the execution he was sent to stay; so it was indispensable that he should be dismissed and disgraced.

James is thirty-three, and he must have a bride, since no very eligible personage offers to fulfil the vacancy left by the Stuarts, and Arran, and the Master of Gray, in the king's heart. His chosen queen was the second daughter of Frederick II., King of Denmark; who set out for Scotland, but the elements drove her back to Upslo in Norway, and there James joined her. Queen Anne (Fig. 1819) is described in very different colours by her friends and by her enemies; the one holding her up as a restless intriguer, not only in politics, but in gallantry; the other as a person deserving of high respect. One of the many strange incidents that mark the history of James, and by which his years might almost be counted, arose out of her bridal voyage. It was said that various persons—witches—had raised the storm, by which the Queen's life had been endangered on the seas; these were taken up, examined, and *tortured*, when they stated that Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, a grand-on of King James V., had employed their art for the raising the storms in question. Stuart was accordingly committed to prison, a circumstance that seems to have raised in him a spirit of revenge, fostered, perhaps, by another spirit that required no raising—the spirit of ambition. Once more the king was to be caught—even in his chief palace of Holyrood (Figs. 1815, 1818). On the night of the 27th of December, in 1591, the daring Earl made a forcible entrance, by the aid of his retainers, and after setting fire to several apartments, nearly reached the King's chamber, before any alarm was given; then, however, he was compelled to retreat. His pretence was that of expelling the Chancellor, Mairland, from the King's council, but his real object was shortly made apparent by another failure to seize James at Falkland, and lastly, by his success in that object, on the 24th of July, 1593, when he appeared suddenly at Falkland from England, broke into the palace, and made James his prisoner. He then demanded a pardon, and the dismissal of Mairland; both of course were granted, and Bothwell remained minister paramount for his period of "brief authority."

With one other incident of James's Scottish history we conclude Vol. II.

these preliminary notices:—Shortly before James came to England a singular and still mysterious tragedy took place in Scotland, which rendered the names of Falkland and Perth (Fig. 1826;—or St. Johnstoun, as Perth was commonly called) memorable all over the three kingdoms. There was a published account sent abroad from the hand of James himself, headed, "A discourse of the unnatural and vile conspiracy attempted by John, Earl of Gowrie and his brother, against his Majesty's person, at St. Johnstoun, upon Tuesday the fifth of August, 1600, printed at London by Valentine Sims." James was staying at Falkland at the period when the narrative commences; "and being daily at the buck-hunting (as his use is in that season) upon the fifth day of August, being Tuesday, he rode out (Fig. 1823) to the park, between six and seven of the clock in the morning, the weather being wonderful pleasant and seasonable. But before his Majesty could leap on horseback, his Highness being now come down by the querry, all the huntsmen, with the hounds, attending his Majesty on the green, and the court making to their horses, as his Highness' self was, Master Alexander Ruthven, second brother to the Earl of Gowrie, being then lighted in the town of Falkland, hasted him fast down to overtake his Majesty before his on-leaping, as he did." The Master of Ruthven and his brother were both highly popular young noblemen, sons of the Earl of Gowrie, who was beheaded for the Raid of Ruthven, and grandsons of the Ruthven who assisted in the murder of Rizzio. Alexander, "bowing his head unto his Majesty's knee (although he was never wont to make so low a courtesy), drawing his Majesty apart, he begins to discourse unto him, but with a very dejected countenance, his eyes ever fixed upon the earth." A countryman, he said, had been found near Perth the evening before, who had "a wide pot, all full of coined gold, in great pieces," hidden under his cloak. The man was lodged in Gowrie Castle, and the King was earnestly requested to come and examine him there. A pot of gold was certainly a very likely bait for a king so sorely in need of gold as James was. However, he refused to go, and rode away after the hounds; but he could not forget that tempting pot of gold, and so, musing and wondering, he called Ruthven back, and said he would go with him to Perth after the chase, which lasted from about seven of the clock in the morning until eleven and more, being one of the greatest and sorest chases that ever his Majesty was at." The buck slain, James, Ruthven, and a few attendants rode to Perth (Fig. 1826), Ruthven hastening first to warn the Earl of his coming. James's fears seem to have been excited on the road, by the "raised and uncouth staring and continued pensiveness" of the Master of Ruthven, whom he imagined to be somewhat beside himself. Those fears increased when the Earl met him from the castle with four-score of servants and friends, who were mostly armed, whilst James's servants were few and unarmed. The Earl had only had a few minutes to prepare for his coming, and having been in the midst of his dinner, had ridden out in haste with such a train as could be collected on the instant.

On reaching Gowrie Castle, James was annoyed by having to wait a full hour for his dinner, and when it did come, it was very indifferently furnished forth; the "sorry cheer" being excused on the plea of the suddenness of the King's coming. His Majesty being sat down to his dinner—such as it was—he observed that the Earl stood very pensive, and with a dejected countenance, at the end of the table, often whispering over his shoulder "one while to one of his servants, and another while to another; and oftentimes went out and in." The King was, after dinner, conducted by Master Alexander Ruthven to a distant part of the castle, to see the man with the treasure. He was led "up a turnpike (winding stairs) and through two or three chambers, Master Alexander ever locking behind him every door as he passed." Presently they entered a little study, called the "gallery chalmers," where there indeed stood a man, but certainly no prisoner, for he had a dagger at his girdle. Master Alexander locked "the study door behind him; and at that instant, changing his countenance, putting his hat on his head, and drawing the dagger from that other man's girdle, held the point of it to the King's breast, avowing, now that the King behoved to be in his will, and used as he list; swearing many bloody oaths, that, if the king cried one word, or opened a window to look out, that dagger should presently go to his heart; affirming that he was sure that now the King's conscience was burthened for murdering his father." James reasoned with him on the enormity of the offence, and promised, "if he would spare his life, and suffer him to go out again, he would never reveal to any living flesh what was betwixt them at the time." Moved, the young man then put off his hat, and promised that his life should be safe. He went out to bring in the Earl his brother, leaving the king in the



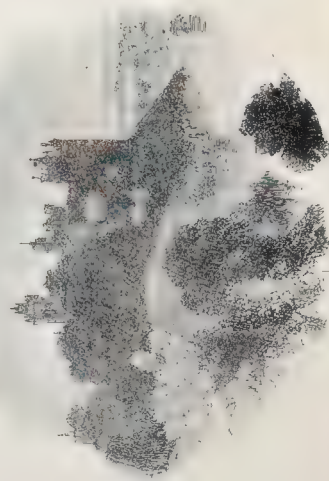
St. James's Hospital, Dublin.



St. James's Hospital, Dublin.



St. James's Hospital, Dublin.



St. James's Hospital, Dublin.



1820.—Castle of St. Andrews.



1601.—James I. (Thomas Farnham by Van Dyke.)



1826.—Dunfermline and Vicinity.



1601.—James I. (Thomas Farnham by Van Dyke.)



1601.—James I.



1829.—Glamis Castle.

charge of the man (the Earl's steward), who had stood "trembling and quaking, like one condemned." He declared himself ignorant of his master's purpose, and said that he had been locked in the closet just before the King came, without his leave being asked. Alexander Ruthven returned, told James that he must die, and proceeded to bind his hands with a garter. Breaking from his gripe, James seized the hand which Ruthven already had laid upon his sword, and the two at the same moment of time clasped each other's throats, Ruthven having two or three of his fingers in the king's mouth, to prevent him from crying out. In this terrible position, James is said to have exclaimed to his assassin:—"Albeit ye bereave me of my life, ye will nought be King of Scotland, for I have both sons and daughters." He managed to drag Ruthven to the window, where his piercing cry, "I am murdered," reached some of his servants, whom the Earl had attempted to mislead, by saying to them the King had departed by a back way. Sir John Ramsey was the first to save his master, and hence became his especial favourite. Finding a private entrance of the "Blak Turnpike," or secret stairs, with the door standing open, he hurried up, stabbed the Master of Ruthven with his dagger, and thrust him out at the door, just as Sir Thomas Erskine and Sir Hugh Herries were also coming up to the king's rescue, who finally despatched him on the stairs. After these, came up the Earl of Gowrie, who was instantly "stricken dead with a stroke through the heart, which Sir John Ramsey gave him." The alarm had been caught by others, and the Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Mar, and their company, were forcing the doors with hammers. The Earl of Gowrie was Provost of Perth, and his mysterious death occasioned a great outcry in the town. The people of Perth uttered "most irreverent and undutiful speeches against his Majesty," and gathering about the place, cried out, "Bloody butchers! traitors! murderers! Ye shall all die! Give us forth our provost! Woe worth ye greencoats! woe worth this day for ever! Traitors and thieves! that have slain the Earl of Gowrie." So far was the popular feeling from sympathising with James, that they believed him "a doer, and not a sufferer." (Galloway's discourse before the king.) The clergy (remembering the Presbyterian tendencies of the Ruthvens) refused to read James's 'Discourse' from their pulpits, and one, Mr. Robert Bruce, a distinguished minister, when urged to bend, said that though he respected his Majesty's account of the affair, he would not answer for believing it. He was deprived and banished. Under these circumstances, that man was most loyal who blackened most the character of the Earl of Gowrie. At the judicial investigation, Master William Reid deposed to certain magical characters found in his lord's pocket after his death; that he always kept the characters about him; and that in his opinion it was for no good. One James Weimis of Bogy had had conversations with the Earl on mysterious subjects: the Earl had spoken of serpents made to stand still at the sound of one Hebrew word; of an Italian necromancer with whom he had had dealings; of a man who had been hanged after his prediction of the event. Weimis had counselled the Earl to beware with whom he did communicate such speeches, who answered that he would communicate them to none except great scholars. The truth was, the Earl and his brother were men of rare cultivation of mind, literary and scientific; they had added all the various knowledge that could be obtained by travel to such accomplishments as Scotland then afforded. The excellence and refinement of their characters would perhaps have continued to outweigh the king's account in the estimation of most, had not other evidence accidentally corroborated much if not all of his story, nine years after it was published. Various motives have been ascribed to the brothers by various writers, but chiefly personal ambition. The attempt has partly been traced to the contrivance of Elizabeth, with whose ambassador, Sir Henry Neville, the Earl of Gowrie had contracted an intimate friendship in Paris, and from whom he had received marks of especial favour. On this supposition, the real object would have been once more to catch in order to coerce James, and thus be able to control his government—the very object effected by the Raid of Ruthven sixteen years before, which had also been instigated by Elizabeth. The conduct of James at that time was not likely to have been forgotten by the sons of the earl, who had been put to death for his share in the "Raid," after James had formally pardoned him. It has been supposed that some of the incidents of this Gowrie conspiracy were made use of by Shakspeare in his 'Macbeth.' Glamis Castle (Fig. 1825), the traditional scene of the murder of Duncan, is in the neighbourhood of Perth. But this tragedy, and the reflections and suspicions created by it, were gradually forgotten, as a new and extraordinary state of things opened upon the two neighbouring countries, in the approaching union by the "golden link" of James's crown.

One of the most peculiar positions in which England has ever been placed with regard to the regal succession, was when, on the death of Elizabeth, a foreign king succeeded to the throne, and who was not foreign only, but the head of a people between whom and the English people there had been constant and bitter hostility for many centuries. And that the event in question was as important and beneficial as it was peculiar, is shown most forcibly, when we turn our eyes from the present relations of Scotland and England, to look on the similar relations of Ireland with this country. Had we not obtained Scotland in just the way we did, though at the cost of letting Scotland appear to obtain us, we should probably have seen there the same melancholy results that Ireland exhibits. Ought we not as a nation to draw from these facts their most transparent moral, that in politics there is a something infinitely worse than a "blunder"—namely, a disregard for the rights of other nations; and that the crime brings with it its own punishments of disappointment, suffering, and humiliation, to all parties. We have not had the miserable gratification of being able to say we conquered Scotland, and therefore, in truth, in the best of senses, we have conquered her; that is, wherever our own religion, morals, literature, art, science, or knowledge of government have been superior, that superiority has taken possession of the minds of the people, and produced its natural consequences. On the other hand, we have conquered Ireland, in order to show our extreme moral weakness; we have neither been able to impart to her our own civilization, or knowledge, or prosperity, or point out to her a way to work out such social requisites for herself. Is it not then high time that all such conquests should be treated as suicidal; as conferring ruin on the one hand—deep mortification and disgrace, too often the preliminaries of ruin, on the other?

It cannot either be said that it was owing to the great enlightenment of the monarch whose destinies called him to preside over the two nations, under circumstances seemingly so critical. We have already seen enough of James's character to be satisfied on that point. All the subtler and deeper influences that unite or divide nations were left for the most part to take their own course as far as King James was concerned. One thing only was expected from him, that he should not hand over his new kingdom as a prey to the courtiers and greedy expectants of all kinds of the old one; but James understood no such niceties; and England was not spoiled at the beginning of his rule by the indulgent fulfilment even of that humble expectation. On the contrary, the prodigality with which he distributed the honours and riches that flowed into his hands, among his Scottish favourites or companions and followers, completely disgusted the people of this country at the very outset. But the course of affairs had determined that James could be their king without dishonour, and the English government that he ought to, and should be—so they acquiesced.

James at this eventful period was in his thirty-seventh year. Let us pause for one moment to glance at the person of the monarch who was to hold such a conspicuous position in the eyes of the European world. He was by no means a handsome man. On the contrary, his appearance (Figs. 1816, 1825) is described as having been as unprepossessing and as undignified as can be well conceived. His legs were too weak to carry his body, his tongue was too large for his mouth, he was goggle-eyed—with eye-balls ever rolling, yet vacant,—he was slowly and dirty in his dress, ungainly in his carriage, and displayed the pusillanimity of his nature by all sorts of contrivances against assassination, one of which was the wearing his doublet so thickly wadded as to be dagger-proof. We may complete the picture by the addition of the traits which Bacon's account of his impressions of James the first time he saw him furnishes:—"Your lordship shall find a prince the furthest from vain glory that may be, and rather like a prince of the ancient form than of the later time: his speech is swift and cursory, and in the full dialect of his nation, and in speech of business short, in speech of discourse large. He affecteth popularity by gracing them that are popular, and not by any fashion of his own; he is thought somewhat general in his favours; and his virtue of access is rather because he is much abroad, and in press, than that he giveth easy audience; he hasteneth to a mixture of both kingdoms and nations, faster, perhaps, than policy will well bear. I told your lordship once before my opinion, that methought his Majesty rather asked counsel of the time past than of the time to come."

The hollowness of mere worldly ties could scarce find a better illustration than the eagerness with which several of Elizabeth's eager courtiers hastened to Edinburgh to her no less eager heir to communicate the "glad tidings" of her decease. One John Ferrour afterwards claimed to have been prime messenger, but that honour seems rather to have belonged to one of Elizabeth's

own relatives, Sir Robert Carey, son of Lord Hunsdon, who was on the watch in Richmond Palace the night of the Queen's death, when his sister, Lady Scrope, stole from the deathbed of the Queen to tell him that all was over. Before Cecil and the other lords of the Council had time to collect their thoughts, Sir Robert had taken flight. A journey to the sister kingdom was not then quite so easy as at present, and, with all his speed, Sir Robert did not enter Edinburgh until the night of the 26th of March—Elizabeth having expired at three o'clock of the morning of the 24th. Until the official report arrived, James amused himself with guarding the precious secret. The official report took four days more to reach Edinburgh. It was sent by the Council, among whom the son of the great Cecil had sat as chief. James had been proclaimed, and generally accepted by the English nation. What a relief for the longing heart of the poor Scottish king! Doubts and fears, an undistinguishable throng, must have been harassing his spirits, lest, after all, the golden dream might turn out an illusion. He must have recollected that no less than thirteen or fourteen claims to the succession had been talked of before now; and he would have often shivered at the name of Arabella Stuart (descended, like him, from the eldest daughter of Henry VII.); and often have trembled at the thought of the descendants of the favourite sister of Henry VIII.—Mary, wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk—to whom Henry's will had bequeathed his crown, in case of his own children—Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth—leaving no heirs. Happily for James some doubts hung over this will; and Sir Robert Cecil—zealous servant!—had secured the dangerous Arabella,—whilst all the other diverse claims seemed to be forgotten, or set aside as by common consent. In case of tumult, too, Sir Robert Cecil had given the country a sample of the prompt determination with which any opposition to the new Sovereign would be put down, by arresting eight hundred persons in two nights, and sending them to serve on board the Dutch fleet—under the convenient appellation of “vagabonds;” and thus, all dangers past, James the Sixth of Scotland was in addition James the First of England.

Not happening to have the strongest head in the world, the absolute assurance of his good fortune almost turned it. Farewell now to all the thousand ills which he had endured whilst wearing the barren name of King in Scotland, without being allowed to do as he liked in his government, without money to spend, often without even personal freedom. He was going now to a far different state of things. He would now do exactly as he chose. He would be absolute King. He would have an endless store of wealth. In fact, there hardly seemed a limit to what he would have, or what he would do. If the blessing of this change seemed almost too great for belief, there was tangible evidence before him in the money sent by Cecil for his journey to London, and without which he would have had to stay where he was.

But, though the English Council were awaiting his august presence in the most agreeable of humours, they found themselves rather in an awkward dilemma when James sent to ask for the Crown jewels of England for his Queen! They felt themselves obliged to delay complying with this request. Well, no matter, James could go, if his wife remained behind; and so he prepared to take leave of Edinburgh, and think only thenceforward of London.

Few men could have left such a place, and their birth-place, without some feeling of regret, but James was excusable even if no such feeling had place in his mind. It had been connected, in his mind, with too many horrors: the murder of Rizzio before his mother's eyes, and the repeated attempts on his own person, had probably left him little relish for the natural beauties of the city. The Edinburgh, too, of the beginning of the seventeenth century was a very different thing from the Edinburgh of the middle of the nineteenth. It was anything but a “city of palaces” when James was familiar with it.

Our engravings of Edinburgh (Figs. 1814, 1815, 1817, 1821)—which exhibit the city in the time of James—will suggest to such of our readers as are acquainted with Auld Reekie the principal alterations that have been made in the appearance of the city since that time. We see in them, also, a building that reminds us of one of the host of persons who prepared to accompany James, and were scarcely less anxious than himself for a sight of the promised land. We refer to George Heriot, the “Jingling Gordie” of Scott's ‘*Fortunes of Nigel*,’ and the King's goldsmith, whose previous and subsequent career we may here dismiss in a few words. He was descended from a family of some consequence, the Heriots of Tra-brown, in East Lothian. George Heriot followed his father's trade, and had flourished so well in it, that, in a space of ten years, his accounts against James's queen for jewels, &c. had amounted

to nearly forty thousand pounds. Like most of his order at that time, Heriot was a banker as well as a goldsmith, and ministered to the necessities of the needy great, receiving plate and gems for security. From these united sources his wealth grew, until, in 1624, when he died, he left—after providing for all who had any just claim on him—between twenty-three and twenty-four thousand pounds in trust with the Edinburgh magistrates, for building an “Hospital and Seminary for Orphans,” in imitation of Christ's Hospital in London: and thus arose one of the noblest establishments in Great Britain. The building (Fig. 1820) forms a conspicuous feature in the chief views of Edinburgh.

On the 6th of April James set out for Berwick, where he made his first halt, wrote to thank the Council for their money—told them he meant to enter York in state progress in “solemn manner,” and desired them to send thither “all such things as they in their wisdom thought meet,” hinting that their coming to meet him would be agreeable, though he did not press this, “the journey being so long;” and he desired them to consider whether it would be more honour for the deceased Queen to have the funeral finished before he came, or to wait and have him present at it. This was an indirect mode of telling the Council that he wished all that melancholy business done with as soon as possible; so Queen Elizabeth was speedily consigned to her tomb in Westminster, in the presence of fifteen hundred voluntary mourners clad in deep black. One could hardly wish the great Queen to have been better attended. In Henry VII.'s Chapel now lie her remains, in strange juxtaposition with those of her “sister” of Scotland; the monuments of the two—so like in their appearance (Figs. 1562, 1575)—looking for all the world just as though they had been indeed sisters in love during life, and now in death were not to be divided. To return to Elizabeth's successor at Berwick: in the exuberance of his delight, he actually mustered courage to fire off a great piece of ordnance in his own honour. From Berwick, after having written to ask for all that he could think of that would embellish his regality—coaches, horses, litters, jewels, stuffs, and a Lord Chamberlain, “which was very needful,”—he travelled on by exceedingly slow stages (banqueting wherever he could with the English nobility or gentry) to Newcastle, which he reached *seven* days after quitting Berwick. At Newcastle a bright idea occurred: he would have coins of his own. It had been the custom in England for “his progenitors” to have “some new monies made in their own name against the day of their coronation.” So he wrote to have new coins of gold and silver prepared. Settling his arms, quarterings, and mottoes, furnished him with some more pleasant employment. In two days after leaving Newcastle, he reached the house of Sir William Ingleyby at Topcliff, when he sent off *another* letter to the Council, chagrined at their not coming and bringing him the crown jewels. Then he went on to York, at the rate of about fifteen miles a day. No child, luxuriating over some unaccustomed delicacy, ever spun out its enjoyment with greater ingenuity and zest than James in this progress. At Topcliff he was gratified by a secret conference with Secretary Cecil. Three days of banqueting and parade were spent at York, where he knighted no less than thirty-one persons—a prerogative of his dignity that he greatly delighted in, having already knighted fourteen before he came to York, and conferring the same honour on eighteen more at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, and eight when he came to Newark Castle. At the latter place the intoxicated King—for so we may style him with strict propriety—not content with making one of his prerogatives ludicrous, exhibited another—the most awful that can be placed in the hands of a mere mortal—in a light that must directly have opened the eyes of many to the unfitness of the new sovereign for his position.

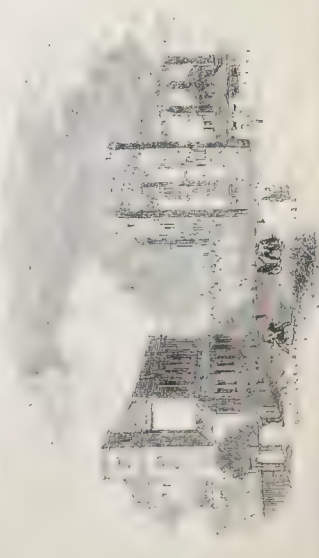
Stow says, “In this town, and in the court, was taken a cutpurse doing the deed, and being a base pilfering thief, yet was all gentlemanlike in the outside: this fellow had good store of coin found about him, and, upon examination, confessed that he had, from Berwick to that place, played the cutpurse in the court. The king, hearing of this gallant,”—ordered him—to be examined or tried?—No; but to be hanged up forthwith; and hung he was! James's opinion of his own omnipotence he expressed in words as well as in deed: “Do I make the judges?” he is said to have joyously exclaimed to some of his English counsellors. “Do I make the bishops? Then, God's wounds! I make what likes me law and gospel.” On the road between Newark and Belvoir Castle the sapient King knighted four persons, and *forty-five* at Belvoir. Another amusement had been added by this time, equally characteristic—hunting along the road; but as James, with all his prerogatives, and his courtiers' care in bolstering him up, could not manage to ride even tolerably, he got a fall, though, observes



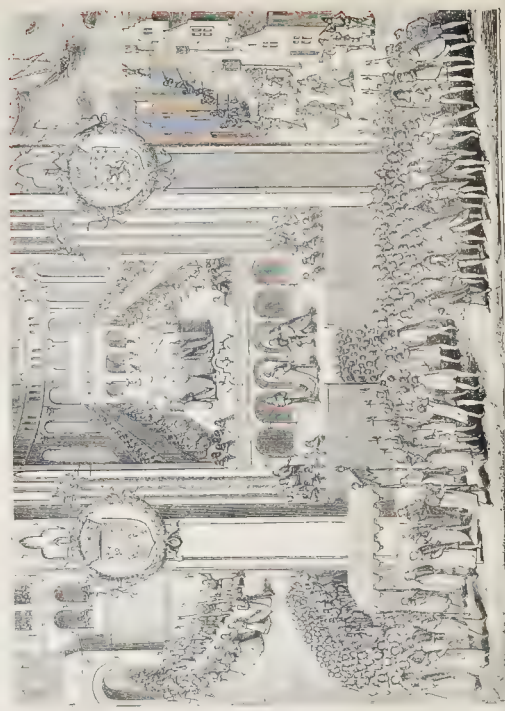
1822.—St. James & Lake and City, W. de la Roche. (From an engraving of the Village of Chateaux.)



1823.—Barrington House, W. de la Roche. (From an engraving of the House of Barrington.)



1823.—Barrington House, W. de la Roche.



1823.—Barrington House, W. de la Roche.



1835.—Print of Garnet's Straw.



Bates. R. Winter. C. Wright. J. Wright. Percy. Fawkes. Catesby. T. Winter.
1838.—The Gunpowder Conspirators. (From a Print published immediately after the discovery.)

now lord out of the. conc i beane ~~now~~ To some of youere friends
i haue acaer of youer preseruation thesfor. Fivonell...
adnose yowe as vathe tender youer lyf to derisio some.
effense to shift of youer attendance at This parliament
for god and man halthe concurred to punishe the wick ednes
of This tyme and I thinke not slighte of this aduertisement
but rethere youre self into yotire contri wherare yowe...
maye expect the event In justt for I ho wyse there be no
apparance of anni For yet i saye they shall receyue a terrible
blow This parliament and yet they shall not scie who
hunts them This comenct is not to be a continued because
it maye do youe good and can da yowe no harme for the
dangere is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter
and i hope god will give yowe the grace to make good
use of it to whose holy protection i commend yowe

1838.—Fac-simile of the Letter to Lord Montagu.

To the right Honorable
The Lord Montague

1839.—Superscription of the Letter.

Guido faukes

Guido

1840.—The Autographs of Guido Fawkes,
before and after torture.



1837.—Garnet's
Straw.



1841.—House of the Conspirators at Lambeth. (From an old Print.)



1842.—Vault beneath the Old House of Lords. (From an Original Drawing.)

Cecil—surely with covert satire—in relating the accident, “It is no more than may befall any other great and extreme rider as he is, at least once every month.” Behold his Highness then at last at Theobalds Park, Cecil’s sumptuous seat, where four days were spent in receiving the homage of all the Lords of the Council, kneeling, (a gratification sufficient surely to deserve the making of twenty-eight more knights,) in the remodelling of a new Cabinet by Cecil, and in the enjoyment by James of luxuries and elegancies to which he had lived a stranger until this progress, and which had filled him with astonishment at every English gentleman’s house that he visited. After a journey of five weeks, James at last came in sight of London: and how did he take possession of his new capital—the nucleus of all the greatness of the kingdom he was called to reign over? Truly—thus: after being met at Stamford Hill by the lord mayor and aldermen in scarlet robes—“From Stamford Hill to London was made a train with a tame deer, that the hounds could not take faster than his Majesty proceeded.” After this ludicrous first presentation of himself to the metropolitans, he stopped at the Charter House at six in the evening, and there made another bevy of new knights.

James was crowned on the 25th of July; and a Dutch print of the time, copied in our engraving (Fig. 1831), shows us, as clearly as if we were present, all the different stages of the ceremony. In more antique times it would have been considered that the occasion was accompanied by evil omens. The weather was unusually dull and rainy; and the plague raged so violently that the people were forbidden to go to Westminster (Fig. 1832) to see the shows and pageants. Nor was it long before events took place that might have satisfied the believers in such evil portents that they had not been mistaken.

When Cecil so managed matters that James, on his way to London, spent four days at Theobalds (Fig. 1843), he rightly considered he had succeeded in avoiding all opposition to his own private views—that in a word, he had completely outmanœuvred his rivals and enemies; especially Raleigh and Lords Grey and Cobham:—and so they found. The two lords were left without a chance of promotion; and Raleigh was deprived of whatever posts he held, the government of the island of Jersey alone excepted. At the same time great dissatisfaction was felt by the Catholic and the Puritan bodies on account of James’s faithless violation of the promise he had given of toleration. And now began various plots and projects, which were, it seems, ultimately reduced into two—the “Bye” and the “Main.” As to the object of the “Bye,”—first and foremost it appears the poor king was once more to be caught; for the English conspirators seem to have taken a fancy to that custom of their Scottish brethren in revolt. He was then—just as in Scotland—to be compelled to change his ministers, grant toleration, and a free pardon to all the plotters. Much more than this was charged against the persons concerned; but, in cases of failure, that is so commonly done, that we need take little notice of such allegations. The “Main” was undoubtedly a very grave affair, having for its aim the elevation of Arabella Stuart to the English throne. Here Cobham was the chief actor; although it was suspected a more able and dangerous person, Raleigh, was behind the scenes. And as it chiefly for his sake that we refer to these plots, we shall simply premise that they were discovered—it is supposed through the common medium, a treacherous confidante—and that Grey, Cobham and many others were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. Raleigh was tried separately; and few historical trials have excited a deeper or more permanent interest.

He was charged with conspiring to kill the king—to raise a rebellion, in order to change religion and subvert the government—and for these purposes to incite the king’s enemies (especially the Spaniards) to invade the realm. Certain overt acts were then alleged, showing, if true, that Raleigh and his confederates of the “Main” intended to put Arabella Stuart in the place of James. The trial began at eight in the morning, and lasted till eleven at night. Raleigh at the time laboured under great disadvantages; he had irrevocably offended the sovereign, whatever the issue of the present trial; and, on the other hand, he knew the people felt no sympathy with him. He had been at once proud and rapacious. But the genius and better nature of the man so shone out on this eventful day, that the feelings of his countrymen generally seem to have been completely changed as they heard how virulently he was attacked, and how gallantly he defended himself. The chief evidence produced against him was a confession by Cobham, which charged Raleigh with being the first mover of the plot.

Coke—(would it were possible to forget altogether his share in the proceedings of the day, for they have dimmed eternally an illustrious name!)—Coke began in a manner that showed the spirit of

the prosecution, by referring to the horrible intentions of the “Bye.” “I pray you, gentlemen of the jury,” interposed Raleigh, “remember I am not charged with the ‘Bye,’ which was the treason of the priests.” Coke replied—“You are not, but it will be seen that all these treasons, though they consisted of several parts, closed in together, like Samson’s foxes, which were joined in their tails, though their heads were separated.” Presently Coke grew heated, and not satisfied with the charges in question, must add others calculated to inflame the minds of the jury. Raleigh, he said, was “a damnable atheist,” the “most vile and execrable of traitors.” “You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly,” returned the prisoner. But Coke continued—“I want words to express thy viperous treasons.” “True, for you have spoken the same thing half a dozen times over already,” was the witty reply of the self-possessed Raleigh.

If, in this fierce conflict of debate, where life depended (on the one side) upon a successful parry to every thrust, Sir Walter interested all present, and in fact obtained an advantage over his prosecutors by making them lose their temper, he rose to a still higher point, whenever he could, without interruption, address himself directly to the business of defence. “I was not so bare of sense,” he observed in one part, “but I saw that if ever this state was strong and able to defend itself, it was now. The kingdom of Scotland united, whence we were wont to fear all our troubles; Ireland quieted, where our forces were wont to be divided; Denmark assured, whom before we were wont to have in jealousy; the Low Countries, our nearest neighbours, at peace with us; and instead of a lady [Elizabeth] whom *Time had surprised*, we had now an active king, a lawful successor to the crown, who was able to attend to his own business. I am not such a madman as to make myself in this time a Robin Hood, a Wat Tyler, or a Jack Cade.” The poetical elegance and delicacy of the thought expressed in the three words we have italicised, was perhaps never surpassed; and they become the more beautiful when we reflect that there was no courtier-like need for such delicacy in referring to Elizabeth’s age, since she was no longer living to show either pleasure or displeasure at the allusion.

In answer to some compliment to Cobham, who, according to Coke, had been drawn into evil by Raleigh, the latter said Cobham was “a poor, silly, base, dishonourable soul.” And certainly the evidence that followed was conclusive as to the truth of the statement. The prisoner produced a letter written by Cobham in the Tower since his arrest for the plot, completely exonerating Raleigh before “God and his angels.” Coke, in answer, produced another letter, written by Cobham only the day before, repeating the charges he had first made. Raleigh, in explanation, said, that Cobham’s wife had urged him to save himself by accusing his friend; and immediately demanded that his accuser should be brought before him. It makes one shudder to think of the treatment experienced at that time by all men whom a government chose to call traitors:—the demand was made in vain. Again it was urged. “My lord,” said Raleigh earnestly, “let Cobham be sent for; I know he is in this very house! I beseech you, let him be confronted with me! Let him be here openly charged upon his soul—upon his allegiance to the king, and if he will then maintain his accusation to my face, I will confess myself guilty.” Still in vain was the demand made. The crown lawyers would not notice it, but endeavoured to bear him down by a torrent of words. But there they failed. “I will have the last word for the king,” exclaimed Coke. “Nay, I will have the last word for my life,” was the reply. “Go to!—I will lay thee upon thy back for the confidentest traitor that ever came to the bar.” This was too much for some present who could interfere. Cecil reproved Coke, and said he was harsh and impatient. Hereupon the great attorney-general sat down. Raleigh was found guilty, and sentenced to death, with all the usual barbarities. The intelligence was immediately taken to James, and the feelings of the messengers show very strikingly how Raleigh had that day won “golden opinions” from nearly all present. “The two first that brought the news to the king were Roger Ashton and a Scotchman; whereof one affirmed, that never any one spoke so well in times past nor would do in the world to come; and the other said that, whereas when he saw him first, he was so led with the common hatred that he would have gone a hundred miles to have seen him hanged, he would ere he parted have gone a thousand to have saved his life. In one word, never was a man so hated, and so popular in so short a time” (Sir Dudley Carleton).

Monday was fixed for Raleigh’s death. A window in his prison opened on the castle-green of Winchester, through which he may have beheld some of his fellow-sufferers pass by on their way to the scaffold, perhaps even have dimly discerned the “bloody handling” to which they were subjected; and have endeavoured to familiarise

himself, by that terrible example, with the horrors of his own impending execution. Two priests went first, who died boldly, notwithstanding the fiendish barbarities inflicted upon them. George Brooke, a gentleman, followed. He was dressed in a black satin suit, a richly-worked nightcap, and black damask gown: for the possession of this last article the sheriff and the headsman could not help quarrelling, even upon the scaffold. Markham and the Lords Grey and Cobham were also to die the same day. But, as their time arrived, the condemned men, and the spectators who came to watch their dying pangs, found a series of the most extraordinary and fantastic surprises prepared for them; such as could have issued from no brain but that of King James.

Markham, after taking his last farewell of his friends on the scaffold, was respite for two hours, on pretence that he was badly prepared for Heaven. Lord Grey, after going to the scaffold like a bridegroom, supported on each side by two of his best friends, and attended by a troop of young noblemen, and after having made his last supplication to God, and whilst waiting the death-signal, was taken away—because King James would have Lord Cobham go before him. Lord Cobham—who it was afterwards conjectured was deeper in the mystery than most people—came up to die with a show of bravery most unexpected by those who knew the character of his mind. But he, like Grey and Markham, was respited, and they were brought back to confront him. No wonder they looked strangely and wildly upon each other, “like men beheaded and met again in the other world;” for Grey and Markham, if not Cobham also, believed the others dead. The scene was most dramatically got up.

“Now all the actors being together on the stage (as use is at the end of a play), the sheriff made a short speech unto them, by way of interrogatory, of the heinousness of their offences, the justness of their trials, their lawful condemnation, and due execution there to be performed; to all which they assented: then, said the sheriff, see the mercy of your Prince, who of himself hath sent hither the countermand, and given you your lives. There was then no need to beg a *plaudite* of the audience, for it was given with such hues and cries that it went from the castle into the town, and there began afresh.” All this was very prettily contrived for effect—but the three lives would have been lost if James’s messenger had only arrived an hour later, or if James had not bethought him that the respite had gone off without his signature, and just sent for it back in time.

The reprieve of these men involved of course the reprieve of Raleigh. But James was not sagacious enough to do more, and endeavour to attach to his interests the men he had spared from the scaffold, by a frank pardon, and a restoration to their position and estates. Raleigh, the poet-warrior—discoverer—statesman, so fitted by nature and education to become one of the foremost men of his time, had a really useful public career been opened to him, was left to pine away in long captivity in the Tower, a place that it might reasonably have been supposed would have proved but a more lingering agency of death to one distinguished for the activity of his character and the vivaciousness of his disposition. But adversity does indeed, like the fire, only purify and make more rich the true metal. Whatever doubt or difference of opinion may exist concerning the other portions of Raleigh’s career, there can be none as to the elevation and beauty of his life during his thirteen years of bondage in the great State Prison. He seems, in the truest spirit of wisdom, to have looked about him on all sides in order that he might gather together what remained to him of consolation and enjoyment; and as for the rest, why he obtained all that he desired from the depths of his own hitherto unstudied nature, where he found a thousand springs of solace and delight, that in the turmoil of the world he had left uncared for. Never before could the affection of his wife have appeared so precious to him as now that she shared his hours of loneliness and bondage. It was in connection with her that he had first known what it was to be a prisoner (Fig. 1533) within these gloomy walls. He had secretly carried on an intrigue with her—while she was as yet but Elizabeth Throckmorton, a maid of honour to the Queen; but when it was discovered that she ought to have been Lady Raleigh—for that offence the virgin Queen threw Raleigh into the Tower. Yet he married the object of his love, and was after a time set at liberty. In the Tower one of their two children was born. There, also, Raleigh became an ardent student.

Mrs. Hutchinson, in the fragment of autobiography attached to her Life of her husband, Colonel Hutchinson, says, “Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin, being prisoners in the Tower, and addicting themselves to chemistry, she (my mother) suffered them to make their rare experiments at her cost, partly to comfort and

divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines to help such poor people as were not able to seek physicians.” Raleigh was, like most scientific men of his day, an alchemist, and a believer in the philosopher’s stone. Nay, he was satisfied he had discovered a remedy for disease, and when the Queen was ill she agreed to try the illustrious prisoner’s medicine, and received, or fancied she received, benefit from it. That circumstance alone must have led Raleigh’s friends, if not himself, to hope for a pardon; but though Prince Henry, the King’s eldest son, joined his mother in petitions for grace, James was inexorable. But to study merely for his own improvement was not the extent of Raleigh’s prison aspirations. He considered he possessed high literary powers, as the author of the answer to Marlowe’s “Come live with me and be my love” well might. The verses, thus commenced, have been attributed to Shakspeare, and are worthy of him; and the answer in question, beginning with the words

If all the world and love were young,

are worthy of *them*. The subject that Raleigh was bold enough to undertake was a ‘History of the World,’ one of the most gigantic schemes ever seriously proposed and attempted to be carried out by one man. Its immediate purpose was to instruct the young Prince we have named, who had won the heart of Raleigh, as well as of his countrymen generally, by the precocious nobility of his disposition, his talents, and accomplishments, and perhaps in no slight degree also by his utter dissimilarity to the character of his father. More personal reflections would also have their effect on Raleigh—the Prince had said that none but his father would keep such a bird in such a cage. The first part alone of the work was accomplished; which, commencing with the creation, ended about a century and a half before the Christian era. Why he there ceased is explained in the following passage, which shows us at the same time the lofty character of portions of the book that was prematurely brought to a close:—

“O, eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words—*Hic jacet!*”

“Lastly, whereas this book, by the title it hath, calleth itself the ‘First Part of the General History of the World,’ implying a second and third volume, which I also intended, and have heven out; besides many other discouragements persuading my silence, it hath pleased God to take that glorious prince (Henry) out of the world to whom they were directed.”

Prince Henry, who whilst a mere child gave every sign of future greatness, died on the 6th of November, 1612, before he was nineteen. Our engraving (Fig. 1844) of him, and the young Lord Harrington (to whom his dignified father afterwards gave a grant for the coining of base farthings in brass, instead of the 30,000, that he claimed for attending the King’s daughter to the Rhine at her nuptials), well expresses the spirited and martial character of which he gave so many striking indications. Once, as he was tossing his pike, the French ambassador asked him if he had any message for the King of France. “Tell him what I am now doing,” was the significant reply, in the spirit of a young Harry the Fifth. His early appreciation of superior minds was shown in his enthusiasm for such men as Raleigh. He was devout also, and became the hope and pride of the Puritans, who had this rhyme commonly in their mouths—

Henry the Eighth pulled down the abbeys and cells,
But Henry the Ninth shall pull down bishops and bells.

Like his mother, Prince Henry availed himself of the medical skill of Raleigh. One of the last cordials that he took, a few hours before he died, was sent from Raleigh’s prison.

During a part of his thirteen years of confinement, Raleigh did not suffer from any pecuniary troubles, his estate having been assigned in time to trustees for the benefit of his family. But James having taken a fancy for a new minion, young Robert Carr, nothing would do but he must confer on him that fair estate of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, which Raleigh had taken such pride and pleasure in, and with such lavish cost had adorned with orchards, gardens, and groves, “of much variety and great delight.” This unprincipled alienation James was enabled, with Chief Justice Popham’s assistance, to accomplish, by taking advantage of the omission of some slight technicality in the deed. Raleigh, however, determined to appeal directly to Carr. “For yourself, sir,” said he, “seeing your fair day is now in the dawn, and mine drawn to the



181.—Hall at Hinton St. George. (From an Original Picture at Hinton St. George.)



1844.—Prince Henry and Lord Harrington. (From an old Picture at Earl Guildford's, Wroton.)



1845.—Procession of James I. on the Thames



1846.—York House



1847.—Cobham Hall.



1848.—Earl and Countess of Somerset. (From a Print of the period.)



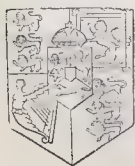
1819.—Palace Yard. (From H. Var.)



1851.—Wolsey's Hall, Hampton Court.

James I.

1852.—James I. (From a letter to his son Charles, while on his Spanish love-making expedition, beginning, "My deare babe," (Harleian MSS. No. 6957.)



1853



1854.—Procession of James I. to St. Paul's, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and many of the nobles, on Sunday, March 26, 1620.

evening, your own virtues and the king's grace assuring you of many favours and of much honour, I beseech you not to begin your first building upon the ruins of the innocent; and that their sorrows with mine may not attend your first plantation." He continues, "I therefore trust, sir, that you will not be the first who shall kill us outright, cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse of them that enter the fields of the fatherless; which, if it please you to know the truth, is far less in value than in fame." The favourite had not nobleness of heart enough to forego the prize from considerations merely of abstract justice or generosity: he took no heed of the letter. Lady Raleigh then threw herself, with her children, at the King's feet, and implored him to spare the remnant of their fortunes. But James was unmoved. "I maun ha' the land—I maun ha' it for Carr," was his characteristic exclamation; and the beautiful, noble-hearted woman, was turned away with her children, despoiled of all. But yet a heavier misfortune awaited her, and one that assumed the cruellest shapes in which evil can assail us—promise of good: her husband's death on the scaffold was to be brought about as a consequence of her husband's liberation from his long imprisonment in the Tower. Raleigh had before found life when he had expected death; he was now to find death when his heart and mind were all newly awakened to the pleasures and prospects of life. In one of his bold voyages he had visited Guiana, in South America, the fabled El Dorado, or Land of Gold, of the Spaniards, which, though discovered by them, was left unconquered, and without any European settlement. Raleigh, if he did not find whole cities of gold and silver and precious metals, yet did find some signs of a gold-mine near the banks of the Orinoco. His enterprising spirit, and his desire for the liberty so long denied, induced him to propose to Secretary Winwood an expedition to secure and work that golden mine, which he was confident would yield exhaustless treasure. He undertook, with the aid of his friends, to fit out the ships and provide for all expenses, asking only his liberty, and an ample commission. Winwood recommended James to accept the offer. James, then almost destitute of money, caught at it eagerly; but he was soon chilled, on reflecting that Spain claimed by papal bull all these regions. No matter that the claim was of a disputable nature—James was too cowardly to like meddling with it, when war might be the consequence. He thought with Hudibras,

Alas! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.

But James could not forget El Dorado—nor Raleigh, whom he now began to talk of as a brave and skilful man. The release from prison was gained by some noble friends of Raleigh, through the favourite that succeeded Carr—Villiers, whose uncle, Sir William St. John and Sir Edward Villiers, received 1500*l.*, and then Raleigh came forth from the Tower.

This extraordinary man seems to have recovered immediately some of his old haughty asperity, likening himself to Mordecai, and the fallen Somerset (Robert Carr), whom he had left in the Tower, to Haman; which coming to James's ears, revived the prejudice against him in the royal mind, through which he had suffered so long and grievously. This prejudice and fear of the Spaniards, still kept James undecided about the expedition, on which Raleigh had now staked his every earthly hope. But at last he plucked up courage to consent, and Raleigh was permitted to prepare for the expedition. In the meantime "the old sentence still lies dormant against him, which he could never get off by pardon, notwithstanding that he mainly laboured in it before he went; but his Majesty could never be brought to it; for he said he would keep that as a curb to hold him within the bounds of his commission and of good behaviour." (Howell's *Letters*.) Raleigh induced many gentlemen of quality to venture their properties and persons upon the design; a debt of 8000*l.* was paid to him; Lady Raleigh sold her estate of Mitcham for 2500*l.*; and at last, on the 28th of March, 1617, the energetic adventurer set sail with fourteen vessels, having pledged his word to the King and the Spanish ambassador that he would not sail for any Spanish possession, but only for that country over which England could claim a right by priority of discovery and consent of the natives; and that there should be no hostile collision between him and the Spaniards, except in self-defence. Had that pledge been more carefully observed, all might have gone well.

At the very outset the ships were driven by a storm into the Cove of Cork, where they lay near four months. After that they had a long and arduous voyage before the land of Guiana was reached. Forty-two men had been ill and died, on board the admiral's ship alone; others were disabled. Raleigh himself had been at the point of death, and was obliged, it is said, to remain at

the island of Trinidad, being incapable of walking; whilst he sent another, with his gallant son, in command of five ships up the river, to "the star that directed them thither"—the mine of gold. Yet in good hope he wrote to his wife from Guiana: "To tell you that I might here be King of the Indians, were a vanity. But my name hath still lived among them here. They feed me with fresh meat, and all that the country yields. All offer to obey me."

No braver leaders than Captain Keymis and young Raleigh could have been chosen: Keymis was devoted to Raleigh, and had suffered much for his sake. He knew the mighty hazard of the present enterprise; but he was deficient in prudence to guide it. Perhaps Raleigh himself—with that moral defectiveness that remains a serious blemish on the brightness of his fame—was paying slight regard to his promise to James not to enter into collision with the Spaniards. It seems probable that he had fixed himself at the island of Trinidad to prevent them from following Captain Keymis. The latter was ordered, if he found the mine "rich and royal," to plant himself beside it, of course at any hazard; if not, to bring away a basket or two of gold-ore to pacify the King. Keymis found a Spanish settlement—St. Thomas—and landed between it and the mine. It was a perilous juxtaposition, that of the Spaniards and these determined eager men. The Spaniards surprised Keymis in the night, and put many of his people to death; and the next day the town of St. Thomas was assaulted by the English. A desperate fight took place, and among the slain on one side was a near relation of the Spanish ambassador in England, Gondomar, who was watching Raleigh's enterprise with great suspicion; and on the other, the brave young son of Raleigh, who was cut down at the head of his own company of pikemen. His fall maddened the English party, and they seemed to have stopped at no atrocity. They drove the Spaniards away, set the town on fire, and then searched for treasure, but, luckless at all points, they found no more than two ingots of gold and two empty refining-pots.

More disasters followed, and Keymis returned to the island of Trinidad to meet the bitter upbraidings of his chief, who told him he must leave it to himself to answer for his conduct to the King and State. Keymis then shut himself in his cabin, and committed suicide. To complete the confusion, the crews mutinied; and Raleigh was left with only five ships and a few desperate adventurers, who urged him to enrich himself and them by following the example of the Drake and Cavendish school of heroes. Raleigh was strongly tempted; and though he refused at first, and sailed with "brains broken" (his own expression) to Newfoundland to get his ships refitted, he was soon obliged, by a fresh mutiny, to promise to intercept certain treasure-galleons. They were *not* intercepted, however, and Raleigh—poor in all senses—returned to Plymouth to be once more a state prisoner.

His men foretold that if he returned his ruin was certain: but he persisted; for the Earls of Pembroke (Fig. 1862) and Arundel were bound for his return, and he must discharge those friends from their engagement. So were his motives explained by his younger son, Carew, many years after his father's death. And how was that death compassed? Raleigh, it is true, had brought no gold, and he had offended most grievously the Spaniards; but James could not send him to the scaffold on either ground; and the Spanish ambassador would be satisfied with nothing less than his destruction. In brief, they must revive the *old sentence*!—and this was actually done, and Raleigh's death-warrant signed, with an interval of thirteen years and upwards between it and the condemnation. A more flagrantly unjust act was never committed. Not even this treatment broke down Raleigh's fortitude. He had prepared himself to be "equal to either fortune;" and since the worst had come upon him, he would even accept it patiently. He spent the last night at the Gatehouse, Westminster. There he took his leave of his wife. She had one consolation to speak of even at that time—his body had been granted to her. "It is well, Bess," said he, "that thou mayest dispose of that dead, thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive." How calm, how wonderfully calm he was during this terrible night, we may gather from the fact that he could moralize, in his finest vein, on the nature of the life he was about so suddenly to leave.

The following verses are understood to have been written on a fly-leaf of his Bible the night before the execution:—

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust:
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.

The scaffold was erected in Old Palace Yard, Westminster (Fig.

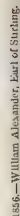
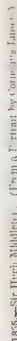
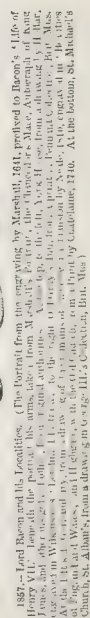
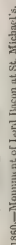
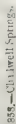
1849), on the morning of the 29th of October, 1618. The spectators—a vast number—included many of the chief men of the day. Sir Walter, who had been with difficulty brought to the scaffold through the press, having cheerfully saluted the assembly, and being about to make his farewell speech, observed, that as he wished to be heard by the three noblemen whom he perceived seated at a window—Arundel, Northampton, and Doncaster, he would strain his voice. “Nay,” replied Lord Arundel, “we will rather come down to the scaffold;” which immediately he and several other lords did, whom Raleigh saluted one by one with as composed an air as if he were receiving them in his own private dwelling, in happiness and security. We can give but a meagre outline of his speech. He replied to all the charges against him—except those relating to his conduct against the Spaniards, which he passed over in utter silence. Not so that heaviest charge against him with the public, if not with the King—his part in the death of Essex, for which there is little doubt he had at times suffered much remorse. He tried to palliate his conduct—“It doth make my heart to bleed to hear that such an imputation should be laid upon me; for it is said that I was a prosecutor of the death of the Earl of Essex, and that I stood in a window over against him when he suffered in the Tower, and puffed out tobacco in disdain of him. I take God to witness that I *had no hand in his blood*, and was none of those that procured his death. I shed tears for him when he died; and as I hope to look God in the face hereafter, my Lord of Essex did not see my face when he suffered; for I was afar off, in the Armoury, where I saw him, but he saw not me.” Unhappily there is a letter of Raleigh’s still in preservation, urging Sir Robert Cecil by the most strenuous arguments to press Essex “down”—not to “relet” toward him, and to have no fear of consequences. It is *possible*, however, and we would fain hope it was so, that his ingratitude to Essex was simply that of having, as he said in his last speech, belonged to a “contrary faction;” and therefore helped to “pluck him down,” without intending to have Essex put to death. “My soul,” said Raleigh, “hath many times since been grieved that I was not nearer to him when he died; because, as I understood afterwards, he asked for me at his death, to have been reconciled unto me.” The sheriff would have delayed his execution a short space, offering, as the morning was sharp, to take him from the scaffold, to warm himself by a fire. “No, good Mr. Sheriff, let us dispatch,” answered Raleigh, with admirable firmness; “for within this quarter of an hour mine ague will come upon me, and, if I be not dead before then, mine enemies will say that I quake for fear.” After a most admirable prayer, he rose up, clasped his hands, and said, “Now I am going to God.” He calmly took leave of the assembled gentlemen; and, in bidding farewell to the Earl of Arundel, entreated him to desire the King that no scandalous writing to defame him might be published after his death. Then he turned to the block, poised the axe, felt its edge, and, smiling, said—“This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases.” He knelt down, and adjusted his neck to the block; and, rising, told the executioner he would himself give the signal by raising his hand, and then, said he, “Fear not, but strike home!” He then again laid himself down, but was requested to alter the position of his head. “So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies,” remarked he. He gave the signal; and finding that the executioner hesitated, he exclaimed, with the most surprising fortitude—“What dost thou fear? Strike, man!” Two blows dismissed the intrepid and gifted Raleigh to his final rest. He was then in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

We append to these notices of Raleigh a few words upon his ungenerous enemy, Carr.

In Scotland, James had once a beautiful boy as page, Robert Carr or Kerr, of the border family of Fernyherst. Carr had been early taught to expect that his personal charms, with gay dress and accomplished manners, would make his fortune at court. To gain the manners, he was sent to the usual finishing-school, France; and, on his return, ere yet of age, an accident threw the fortune in his way. At a grand tilting-match at Westminster, Carr, as esquire, to Lord Dingwall, had to present his lord’s shield to the King, when his horse threw him, and his leg was broken. The King became his chief nurse and doctor, and, shortly, his school-master too, giving him a Latin lesson every day. Carr being knighted and made a gentleman of the bedchamber, James went about the court hanging on his neck or his arm, pinching his cheek, smoothing his ruffled garments, or gloating on his face. He was loaded with presents from court suitors. The favourite he had supplanted, Sir Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery (Fig. 1864), brother of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was one of his bosom friends. “But, above all, was Sir Thomas Overbury, his Pythias” (Weldon)—a man of abilities superior to Carr, and who

would have been moderate, if the swarm of court flatterers would have let him. Carr soon rose to be Viscount Rochester, member of the Privy Council, Knight of the Garter, Lord Chamberlain, and, in effect, Prime Minister, whilst the favourite’s favourite performed the duties of State Secretary. Among the ladies of the court, by whom Rochester was greatly admired, was one supremely beautiful, witty, and fascinating, married to the son of Queen Elizabeth’s victim, Essex. At the period of that marriage Lady Frances Howard was but thirteen, her husband fourteen. They were kept apart four years—an interval that proved fatal to Essex’s influence with his bride. Whilst he was on the Continent, the lovely girl was attracting admirers in the profligate court of James. Her chief counsellor was Mrs. Turner, almost as beautiful and fascinating as herself, who had been her early companion, as a dependent in her father’s house, and was now a physician’s widow, gay and dissolute. The Countess conceived a passion for Rochester, and Mrs. Turner assisted her to gain his love, by means of puppets, pictures, enchanted papers, and magic spells, furnished by a conjuror at Lambeth. Whether Rochester was influenced by these arts, or by the “magic natural” of her beauty and wit, Overbury was soon employed in penning to her ardent love-letters, and in contriving stolen interviews. The Countess next resolved, at the expense of her own eternal infamy, to get a divorce from her husband, on a disgraceful pretext, in order to wed with Rochester. Here Overbury, to save his friend from such dishonour, spoke boldly to him of the “baseness of the woman.” Rochester told his mistress this, and she vowed Overbury’s destruction. She offered 1000*l.* to Sir John Wood to kill him in a duel. Her friends tried to get him sent on a mission to Russia: he declined it; and then Rochester, enslaved by the charms of the Countess, denounced his friend to the King as insolent, disobedient, and intolerable, both to himself and the sovereign. Overbury was sent to the Tower; its lieutenant was removed, and a dependent of the Countess and Rochester put in his place. During several months three kinds of poison, procured by Mrs. Turner, were administered to Overbury in small doses in medicines, soups, and other food. He died—it was said of an infectious disease—and was hastily buried in a pit within the Tower. The next day the Countess gained a sentence of divorce: and then the delighted monarch of all England and Scotland celebrated her second shameful marriage with royal pomp, creating Rochester Earl of Somerset for the occasion. Whether Somerset knew much or little of the murder, he was a changed man after his friend’s death. James, not liking that change, had the murder sifted. The actual perpetrators, including the fair Mrs. Turner, were hung at Tyburn: the actual authors were more leniently dealt with. Both were imprisoned: and, as we have seen, the Earl was in the Tower when Raleigh left it in triumph to conduct his ill-fated expedition. After a few years’ confinement they retired into the country—the dream of passion over—to reproach and hate each other! Somerset was allowed by James 4000*l.* a year: and it seems *certain* that the motive of all this unwonted liberality to a fallen favourite was, however startling it may sound, some *dreadful secret*, by which Somerset, if driven to desperation, might have irretrievably ruined his sovereign in the eyes of the world. The portraits of the Earl, and the “beautiful devil” the Countess, will be found among our engravings (Fig. 1848).

If the reader will turn to the engraving of a group of men in another page (Fig. 1836), he will look upon the chief actors in one of the most extraordinary plots ever devised by suffering and desperate men to relieve themselves of an intolerable load of political oppression and wrong—no matter at what cost—whether of life, honour, or even of the cause itself for which they struggled. Popular notions of history are too often but of a doubtful character, to say the best of them: here they cease, indeed, to be doubtful, because they are so clearly wrong. That a great, nay, a stupendous crime, was meditated, is beyond question, and so far our Fifth of November observances do not mislead the young and ignorant. But how is it that equal care has not been taken to show that those against whom the crime was directed were in a great measure the real authors of it, and ought therefore to share in the odium that attaches to the whole transaction? If such observances—tending, as the one in question does, to perpetuate divisions and jealousies, and heart-burnings between man and man—must be maintained, let us at least take care that some spirit of equal justice shall be contained in them. The Gunpowder conspirators paid a fearful penalty for their unaccomplished treason: there is no need, nor is it very honourable to blacken their motives and life in addition. Let us look at them as they were—not as they have been painted by prejudice, and bigotry and fear; and then alone shall we be able to obtain from the fearful tragedy of life in which they were the actors its important

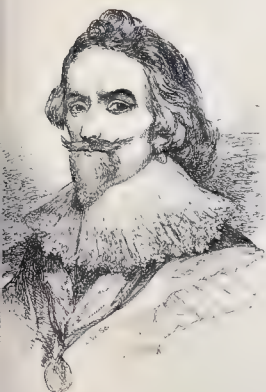




1861.—William Drummond.



1862.—William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.



1864.—Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery.



1863.—Drummond—(From a Portrait by Cornelius Jansen.) Hawthornden—(From an Original Drawing.)



1865.—Knowle House and Park, Kent.

and ever useful moral. A brief glance at the names and histories of the men contained in that remarkable group will show us how little their characters agree with the common notion of them—that they were but so many blood-thirsty ruffians. The principal figure, with his hand on his sword, a chain over his shoulder, and who wears a dress of gentlemanly fashion, was the chief contriver and sustainer of the plot—not the famous Guy, but Catesby, a gentleman of family and fortune. The ruling passion of his being is seen not only in this attempt, but in his previous support of the rash Essex on the ground that the Earl had promised liberty of conscience. When that hope failed, he had striven by intrigues at the principal Catholic courts of Europe, those of France and Spain, to secure the same great end; but failing utterly, disappointment rankled in his breast, and influenced him to adopt at last the bloody and unscrupulous project of blowing up King, Lords, and Commons at one blow. By the side of Catesby are the two men who first embraced his scheme: Guy Fawkes, who is on the left; and Thomas Winter, who is on the right of the spectator. To Winter, Catesby first opened his plan. He was a gentleman of Worcestershire, but had spent much of his time abroad as a soldier of fortune in the Low Countries, and, what was of great importance to Catesby, had long acted at the court of Spain as a secret agent of the English Catholics. At first he recoiled in disgust and horror from the proposal; and though subsequently he was swayed by the master-mind to his purposes, he agreed only on the condition that one more effort should be made to induce the King of Spain to mediate between James and his Catholic subjects. The effort was made failed—and left Winter as “bloody, bold, and resolute” as Catesby could have desired. Fawkes, the vulgar melodramatic monster of the popular creed, was also a soldier of fortune, and had obtained in that vocation both respect and credit. His mind appears to have been chiefly remarkable for a quiet determination of purpose that was so irrespective of all personal consequences as to approach very high to heroism; indeed, had his judgment but have guided him into an equally dangerous and unsuccessful, but good course of action, he would have deserved emphatically the title of a hero. It may be added that the birth, manners, and appearance of Guy Fawkes were those of a gentleman. He was induced to join the plot through the instrumentality of his old friend and associate, Thomas Winter. The figures whose heads alone are visible in the centre of the picture represent the two next who joined: their names are John Wright, esteemed one of the best swordsmen of his time; and Thomas Percy, a distant relation of the great house whose family name he bore, and who was the steward to the head of the house, the Earl of Northumberland. Percy was one of the most violent of the whole set. When James was about to become King of England, Percy had been sent by the English Catholics to Scotland to ascertain how he was disposed to deal with them. James, then in a mood to promise anything likely to help him to his wishes, gave him word that he would tolerate the Mass, albeit “in a corner.” Percy and those who sent him were completely deceived, and Percy in consequence thirsted for vengeance. Despising the caution of his confederates, it was he who, at a meeting at Catesby’s lodgings, before the Gunpowder Scheme was propounded, opened the terrible subject of debate by the fiery exclamation—“Well, gentlemen, shall we always talk, and never do?”

Before opening the particulars of his scheme to the four earliest confidants, Catesby demanded from all a solemn oath of secrecy. A few days after they met at a lonely house in the fields, beyond St. Clement’s Inn, and there the oath was accepted by each, on his knees. Thus it ran:—“You shall swear by the blessed Trinity and by the sacrament you now propose to receive, never to disclose, directly or indirectly, by a word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof until the rest shall give you leave.” Catesby then told them his plan of blowing up the Houses of Lords and Commons by gunpowder on the first day that the King should be present in the parliament. They all then went up stairs to another apartment, where they found a Jesuit missionary, Father Gerard, who administered the sacrament. There is reason to doubt whether the objects which were thus solemnized were made known to Gerard.

The three remaining personages of the engraving joined the conspiracy later. The one holding the paper in his hand, with the words “The Oath” inscribed on it, is Robert Winter, a brother of Thomas; next to him on the one side, is Christopher Wright, a brother of John Wright, and on the other is Bates, Catesby’s servant, who was suspected by Catesby to have discovered some inkling of what was going on, and who was therefore at once taken into the confidence of the party, in the hope of binding him to them. And he justified his master’s confidence in him—such as it was. These are all the conspirators who figure in the engraving; but

there were others who were drawn into the same dreadful business as it progressed; namely, Robert Keyes (or Kay), a poor Catholic gentleman, who undertook the care of the house at Lambeth (Fig. 1841), where the combustibles were guardedly collected in small quantities at a time; John Grant, a Catholic gentleman of Warwickshire, who had been plunged into profound melancholy by the treatment he had received on account of his religious views; and three other gentlemen, admitted on account of their pecuniary ability to furnish the supplies of horses, ammunition, &c., that were to be provided to aid the insurrection that was to burst out immediately the grand blow was struck:—these were Ambrose Rookwood, long a bosom friend of Catesby, whose chief motive for joining the conspiracy was a romantic determination to share his dangers and aims; Sir Everard Digby, also a dear friend of the arch-conspirator, a young man of great wealth, and of an enthusiastic disposition, who yielded only after a severe struggle with his feelings, and love for his wife and two children; and lastly, Francis Tresham, son and heir of Sir Thomas Tresham—a gentleman who, in his own pathetic words, had suffered “full twenty years of restless adversity and deep disgrace, only for testimony of his conscience.” Had the conspirators but stopped before admitting this—the last man who was admitted—the scheme would in all probability have succeeded, and have been followed by consequences too momentous even for us to venture to give them shape or name. But Tresham was related to Catesby, he was able to furnish the immense sum of two thousand pounds to the common stock, and so his character—that of a fickle, mean-spirited, untrustworthy man—was overlooked, he was admitted, and England in consequence (according to all probability) saved from the infamy that some of her misguided sons strove to attach to her.

And what a lesson for bigotry does not this Gunpowder Conspiracy form, in whatever way it be read. None but bigots of the worst description, though for a time placed in the position of sufferers, could have devised such a scheme of relief; none but bigots revelling in the plenitude of power could have inflicted wrongs capable of driving their fellow men to such wild extremities. And what have either gained by their conduct? What could either have gained by it, had the issue been different? Is there a single Catholic living who thinks the plans of Catesby and his companions have, or could have, promoted his faith—devoted as they were to its service? Is there a single Protestant who can gratify himself by the reflection that the purity and strength of his own individual belief, or its prosperity generally with his fellow men, can be traced to any of those numerous repressive laws against Popery, that have been passed from the days of James I. to our own. Look where we will, through all history, the result is the same; force may keep down the belief you would encourage, but can never promote it; whilst the endeavour often transforms men into fiends, the world into a hell. Were this the popular as it is the real moral of the Gunpowder Treason, it would be well that the Fifth of November custom should be most sedulously and religiously guarded from falling into disuse.

It is an inquiry that rises almost instinctively to the lips, as we weigh again and again the awful character of the deed they meditated—did the conspirators exhibit no irresolution of purpose—no symptoms of their desire to avoid these bloody conclusions? Alas! If they could once form and commence the project, the state of things was such as effectually to prevent any hesitation in going on with it. Look but for one moment at the influences at work upon their minds during that interregnum of their labours, when, Percy having purchased a house adjoining the parliamentary buildings, they were waiting impatiently to commence operations, but were delayed by its being taken possession of for a short time for the transaction of some public business. At the previous Lancashire assizes, six seminary priests and Jesuits were tried, condemned, and executed for simply remaining within the realm. As though that horrible evidence of the treatment that Catholic priests were in future to expect in England were not sufficient, their whole flocks were told they could be swept at once into the meshes of a similar law, if they heard mass from a Jesuit or seminary priest.

What the Catholics of England thought of all this, we may best judge by asking ourselves what we—Protestants—should feel if we saw our spiritual advisers executed on the scaffold because they persisted in attending to their duties, and if we were further made aware that we should be guilty of felony for only listening to them and receiving their ministrations. But there were men among the Catholics who had little sympathy with the movements of Catesby and Guy Fawkes—men who allowed their indignation to take a proper channel. We may imagine the interest with which the conspirators, during the pause of which we have spoken, would

watch the effect of an appeal to the justice and good feeling of the government. There may have been in more than one breast the thought—If that appeal be successful, we must retrace our steps.

It was Mr. Pound, a Catholic gentleman of Cheshire, who caused the appeal to be made in the form of a petition to James, complaining of the persecution to which his co-religionists were subjected, and more especially of the recent proceedings. The answer was a summons to the Star Chamber! followed by imprisonment in that place of torture second only to the Tower, the Fleet Prison; the pillory twice, where he was to have been nailed by the ears, but that a majority of one or two thought—perhaps because the criminal was so *very* aged—he should be spared his ears; and, lastly, a fine of one thousand pounds. This is in truth no romance, though it looks like it; the event took place in England, and not where we might be supposed to look for such scenes—in some far-off barbarous land. It was scarcely necessary after that to tell the conspirators that more priests were being hunted down—that fines were multiplying daily against those who held any connection with them—or that the sword of the law was about to receive a keener edge in *next parliament*; they had already in their determinations disposed of that parliament: it might meet, but should never separate: it should fall at once into a common ruin with the walls and roofs that gave it shelter. No sooner was the house in Westminster at liberty, than Catesby, and the four gentlemen he had first drawn into his scheme, re-entered it one dark night of December. They kept close, afraid of attracting notice by going abroad, and had prepared a quantity of provisions such as would keep—hard eggs, dried meats, and pasties. The walls to be pierced was found of tremendous thickness (three yards, and of stone)—too much, indeed, for the few gentlemanly though resolute hands that laboured at it. The number of conspirators—five—was therefore augmented by the introduction of Keyes and C. Wright. “All which seven,” said Fawkes subsequently, “were gentlemen of name and blood; and not any were employed in or about this action (no, not so much as in digging and in mining) that was not a gentleman. And while the others wrought I stood as sentinel to decry any man that came near; and when any man came near to the place, upon warning given by me they ceased until they had a notice from me to proceed; and we seven lay in the house, and had shot and powder, and we all resolved to die in that place before we yielded or were taken.” A prorogation of parliament, now announced, caused them to cease for a time their labours, and disperse; it being agreed that they should neither meet nor associate in public, nor correspond by letter on any point whatever connected with the plot. By the time they recommenced working they were ten in number. “Their ears were acutely sensible to the least sound—their hearts susceptible of supernatural dread. They heard, or fancied they heard, the tolling of a bell deep in the earth under the Parliament House, and the noise was stopped by aspersions of holy water” (*Pictorial England*). One morning they experienced a greater alarm: there was a sudden rushing sound heard over their heads. They thought they were discovered: but Fawkes, ever the first where danger was most imminent, went to reconnoitre, and found that the sound proceeded from a coal cellar occupied by one Bright, who was now selling off his stock preparatory to his removal. As the experienced eye of Fawkes ranged over the place, he saw at once its superior fitness for their purpose, as compared with the place they were then excavating. The cellar or vault (Fig. 1842) was situated immediately beneath the House of Lords, and could they obtain possession of it they might bring their severe task to an immediate termination. So the vault was hired, and the combustibles speedily placed in it. Many barrels of gunpowder were conveyed from Lambeth by night, the iron crowbars and other tools used by the confederates were thrown among them, in order to widen the trench, and then the whole was carefully concealed by faggots. Lumber also was scattered about to give the place as natural an aspect as possible for the locality and purpose to which it was ostensibly devoted. By May, 1605, all was completed.

The preparations for the insurrection then engaged attention. Fawkes went to Flanders, to endeavour to secure foreign co-operation before the blow was struck; and Sir Edward Baynham to Rome, to be ready, when all was over, to explain to the Pope that the conspirators' object was the establishment of Catholicity. The other chief confederates spent the spare interval of time in collecting horses, arms, and powder—the material, in short for equipping suddenly a Catholic army. As the day of meeting of the parliament approached, it was finally arranged that the mine should be fired by a slow match, by Fawkes, who would then have a quarter of an hour to escape. On the same day Sir Everard Digby was to have ready a large body of Catholic gentry at his seat in Warwickshire,

assembled on the pretence of hunting, to form the nucleus of the insurrection. Lastly, as they wanted one of the King's sons to become, under their auspices, the future king, Percy was also on the same day to seize the Prince Henry, and bear him off; or if he accompanied his father to the house and was destroyed, then the Duke of York, afterwards Charles I., was to be taken instead.

And now arose a momentous question. Most of the confederates had dear friends or relations in parliament—were these to perish? The agitation of this question almost shook the resolution of the conspirators. Tresham had two Catholic brothers-in-law in the Upper House, Stourton and Mounteagle; Percy was nearly related to the Earl of Northumberland; Keyes' heart bled for Lord Mordaunt, his benefactor, who had given food and shelter to his destitute wife and children; and there was one, the young Earl of Arundel, whose safety all were anxious to secure. Catesby tried to argue down these weaknesses. Most of the Catholics, he was of opinion, would be absent, since they could not hope to prevent the passing of new penal laws against their religion. “But with all that,” added the remorseless and determined chief, “rather than the project should not take effect, if they were as dear unto me as mine own son, they also must be blown up.” This was unpalatable enough to several of the conspirators; but the danger of giving any specific warning to so many persons was evident; and it was agreed, though reluctantly, that no express notice was to be given, but that all should be at liberty to use such persuasion upon general grounds as they thought likely to be most successful. But there was one who remained unsatisfied by this arrangement. Catesby, Thomas Winter, and Fawkes were together at White Webbs, three days after the first agitation of the business, when Tresham unexpectedly appeared, and required, in passionate terms, that Mounteagle should be warned. They refused, and high words ensued. Seeing they were determined, he desired the plot to be deferred, as he could not yet furnish the money he had promised. Tresham then went away; and, there can scarcely be a doubt, opened to the nobleman in question the tremendous secret, and advised with him how it might best appear to come from some other quarter. So ten days before the opening of parliament Mounteagle suddenly appeared at his mansion at Hoxton, where he seldom visited, ordered a supper to be prepared, and, as he was sitting at it, about seven in the evening, his page presented him a letter, that he said he had just received from a tall man, whose features he could not distinguish in the dark. Mounteagle opened it, and, seeing it had neither date nor signature, tossed it to a gentleman in his service, desiring him to read it aloud. The letter, of which we give a facsimile (Fig. 1838), does not, it will be seen, point out the exact nature of the danger that threatened the “parliament;” though the words “a terrible blow,” and “they shall not see who hurts them,” go as near to the truth as its author dared venture in order to keep up the character assumed—that of a man who desired to save Mounteagle, but also to coopeal and help to carry out the project that endangered him.

Mounteagle directly rode off to Whitehall, and, the King being absent—he was hunting at Royston—showed it to Cecil and several other ministers. Cecil and Suffolk were the real interpreters of the mysterious epistle, though they chose to flatter the King by ascribing the discovery—that it was meant to blow them up with gunpowder—to the “divine spirit” by which he was inspired when they laid it before him on his return; “thereby miraculously discovering this hidden treason.” By Cecil's advice the “devilish practice” was not to be interrupted till the last moment—the conspirators were to be allowed “to go on to the end of their day.” They, too, had their warning, if they would have taken it. And this matter should not be overlooked in judging of Tresham's conduct; for in all probability due warning to them formed a part of his plan. Mounteagle's gentleman communicated to Thomas Winter the delivery of the letter to Cecil. Winter apprised Catesby, who at once pronounced that Tresham had betrayed them. His having absented himself several days made this all the more probable. He, however, promptly attended the summons of Catesby and Winter; and it says much for his courage that he dared to hold so perilous an interview. Fixing their searching eyes on his countenance, they accused him of the letter, and were prepared, if he exhibited fear or confusion, to stab him to the heart on the spot. He was firm and steady in his denial; and they were silenced and disarmed—if not perfectly convinced. And Tresham may have hoped that all danger was thus averted both from the victims of the plot and the agents. How could he suppose the last would go on under such circumstances? But he knew them not. Having succeeded in throwing aside all the ordinary feelings of humanity, they had become but so many incarnations of one idea, and could no more put that idea aside than they could bid their busy brains to cease to work or



1865.—Thirty-shilling piece.



1866.—Fifteen-shilling piece.



1867.—Sovereign.



1869.—Half-sovereign.

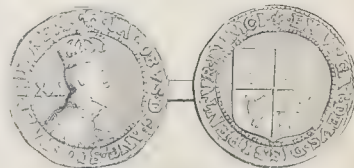
1866 to 1869. Gold Coins of James I.



1670.—James I. lying in state. (The hearse and decorations designed by Inigo Jones.)



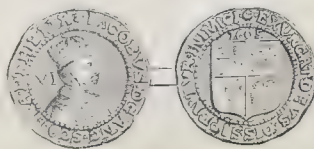
1871.—Crown.



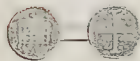
1872.—Shilling.



1873.—Half-crown.



1874.—Sixpence.



1876.—Halfpenny.



1874.—Twopenny.



1677.—Charles I. (Painted by Vandyke as a model for the Bust sculptured by Bernini.)



1678.—Queen Henrietta Maria. (From a Painting by Vandyke.)



1679.—Great Seal of Charles



1680.—House at Portsmouth in which the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated.

Charles I

1681.—Charles I. (H. vi. MS. No. 6998.)



1682.—Charles I. and Armour-bearer. (Vandyke.)



1683.—Charles I.

their hearts to stop their life-supporting pulsations: it had become everything to them. So even now that they knew the secret was all but made public—they would go on; merely first satisfying themselves that the cellar had not been searched, by sending Fawkes, as yet ignorant of the letter, to examine it. He found all as he had left it; and then Catesby and Winter excused themselves for having placed him in such danger without a warning; but he coolly replied, he would have gone just as readily if he had known all; and he undertook to return to the cellar once every day till the 5th of November—and he kept his word with astonishing nerve through the doubtful and anxious time that followed. On Sunday the 3rd of November, Lord Mounteagle's gentleman informed the conspirators of the importance attached to the letter by King James. One cannot but pity and sympathize with the sufferings of Tresham, from whom, no doubt, this second warning also came. He saw all the men to whom he had so solemnly pledged his honour that he would preserve their secret and promote their object, going almost wilfully to the scaffold, in consequence of his faithlessness to them. Seeing both these warnings fail, the very same evening that the second had been given he appeared, during an interview with Thomas Winter, in great agitation and distress, and he said, too, *that to his certain knowledge they were all lost men, unless they saved themselves by immediate flight.* That very night, as usual, Fawkes went to keep watch in the cellar! There was time and opportunity for all to have been saved, but the precious interval was desperately thrown away. Even Tresham, whom the other conspirators suspected of being in communication with their adversaries, neither sought flight nor concealment. The fiery Percy insisted on their keeping their ground to see the result of Monday, the last day before the terrible event, on the afternoon of which John Wright and Catesby were to ride off to join Sir Everard Digby at Dunchurch.

That Monday did bring with it an event that would have spoken trumpet-tongued to any men less determined—less infatuated than these Gunpowder conspirators. In the afternoon of the 4th the Lord Chamberlain Suffolk and Lord Mounteagle went to the old House of Lords. They stayed some time in the Parliament Chamber, and then descended to the vaults and cellars, pretending that some of the King's stuffs were missing. Opening the door of the conspirators' vault, they saw, standing in a corner, "a very tall and desperate fellow." The Chamberlain carelessly asked him who he was. He replied, he was a servant to Mr. Percy, and stated that he was looking after his master's coals. "Your master has laid in a good stock of fuel," said Suffolk; and he and Mounteagle left the place without saying more. What next? Why, Fawkes, hurried off to tell Percy, and then returned to the cellar! His reasoning to himself was, no doubt, simply this—He had undertaken to guard the cellar, and at the appointed time to fire the train; it was their duty to withdraw him if it was indispensably necessary that he should be withdrawn. They did not do so; and, for aught he knew, they had still a hope of success; so he stayed. Had such gallant self-sacrifice but been exhibited in a noble cause, there would have been no bounds to the world's admiration. And—strange obliquities of human nature!—he thought his conduct had that indispensable quality; the "light that led astray" was indeed to his eyes a "light from heaven."

All this while, what, let us ask, did the government really know? More, we think, than was professed from a mere perusal of the letter. Mounteagle, like Tresham, may have stipulated for secrecy as regarded any information given by him; and it is only on such an hypothesis that we can understand why the examination just mentioned should be left to so late a period. If the ministers knew all, they could afford to let the conspirators play on their game as long as possible, and they would desire to pursue that policy in order to entrap and obtain evidence against them, without using their secret sources of knowledge. But if they knew no more than the letter told them, they might have mistaken the mode of destruction intended—which might, after all, burst out upon them from some unexpected quarter—and, at all events, the delay at such a critical time might give the conspirators time to escape. We have no doubt, therefore, that Mounteagle, while holding open ample opportunities for their escape, did really furnish the government with information as to the essentials of the plot.

Midnight came, and Fawkes thought, as all seemed quiet, he would look forth. He stepped out from the cellar, and in an instant found himself pinioned, and in the presence of a company of armed men, under the command of Sir Thomas Knevet, a magistrate of Westminster. He was searched, and matches and touchwood found upon him. Going into the cellar, a dark lantern was found behind the door. The party went on, removed the faggots, and the whole business in all its horrors stood revealed to them but too plainly, in

the sight of the six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder that were ranged along the wall. They questioned Fawkes, who was as frank as he had been courageous. He at once avowed his purpose to Sir Thomas, adding "that if he had happened to be within the house when he took him, he would not have failed to have blown him up, house and all!"—a pleasant assurance for the listeners!

Fawkes was taken to Whitehall, and into the royal bedchamber, where he was confronted with the King and Council, who did not half like his appearance, bound though he was, for his looks darted scorn and defiance, and his voice was bold, his answers keen and cutting as a two-edged sword. To the questions put to him he answered, his name was John Johnson, he was servant to Mr. Percy. He was sorry he had not succeeded in his purpose. The King asked how he could have the heart to destroy his children and so many innocent souls that must have suffered. "*Dangerous diseases require desperate remedies,*" replied Fawkes, and that, no doubt, was the substance of the delusive arguments by which the infatuated men had supported themselves throughout. One of the Scottish courtiers inquiring why so many barrels of gunpowder had been collected, Fawkes replied, "One of my objects was to blow Scotchmen back into Scotland." He was pressed to name his accomplices, but answered with quiet contempt, "he could not make up his mind to accuse any." In subsequent examinations he was tried by temptations, as well as threats, to betray his accomplices, but remained unalterably firm in his refusal. His intellectual self-possession also continued as striking as ever. When told it was useless to deny their names, as their flight had discovered them—"If that be so," was his apt reply, "it would be superfluous for me to declare them, seeing by that circumstance they have named themselves." He readily confessed all his own guilt—said he was ready to die—but rather wished ten thousand deaths than to accuse his friends. Whilst in that frame of mind, on the 8th of November, he signed his deposition with a bold and steady hand. What passed during the next two days is shrouded in darkness; but we can more than guess at the nature of its fearful mysteries. The "gentler tortures" were to be first used upon him, "*et sic per gradus, ad ima tenditur*;"* and so God speed you in your good work." Such were the instructions issued by James to the Keepers of Fawkes. How the mandate was obeyed may be best understood from an examination of the signature on the 10th instant, of the same man who had signed so boldly on the 8th. The contrast (Fig. 1840) suggests horrors too appalling for the imagination to dwell upon. And as there is a limit to the extremest powers of endurance, Fawkes's tormentors appear to have succeeded in discovering it, and so making him confess to a certain degree what had passed. But it appears that even then he did nothing really calculated to injure any one, as the other conspirators by their conduct declared themselves openly to the world, when they learnt that Fawkes was taken.

Percy and Christopher Wright rode off (Catesby and John Wright having already gone) to the gathering at Dunchurch; Rookwood and Keyes, being little known in London, waited to see what turn affairs might take. In the morning, going abroad, they saw horror and amazement on every countenance, and then they knew that all was over. Keyes fled at once. Rookwood—the last to linger—waited till noon, to gain more intelligence, then mounted, and in little more than six hours rode a distance of eighty miles. His route lay at first over Highgate Hill and Finchley common, and he was crossing the latter when he overtook Keyes, and they rode side by side as far as Turvey in Bedfordshire, where Keyes parted from him. Rookwood dashed on to Brickhill, and there overtook Catesby and John Wright. The three soon after overtook Percy and Christopher Wright, and all five swept along over hill and down as fast as some of the fleetest horses in England could bear them. Two or three of the party even threw their cloaks into the hedge to ride the lighter. Escape was easy at one of the sea-ports. But they still hoped. The second part of their plan might succeed, though the first had failed. The entire Catholic party might yet be induced to aid them.

In the mean time, Sir Everard Digby, having assembled his party at Dunchurch on the 5th of November, rode off to Ashby Ledgers, to hear what was the result of the plot. That evening, the five fugitives from London, covered with sweat and half dead with fatigue, appeared before the house of Lady Catesby, and burst into an apartment where a party of expectant Catholics (including Winter and Digby) were sitting down to supper. When Rookwood and the rest had told their tidings, a rapid consultation was held, and bold and vigorous measures at once decided on. The note of war was to be sounded through the land, the Catholics resident on

* And thus by degrees we may proceed to extremities.

the route to Wales were to be summoned instantly to join them. But, at starting, all Sir Everard's guests at Dunchurch forsook the cause, on hearing what the plot had been, and especially that it had failed. They stole away privily in the night, leaving none to aid, except a few servants and retainers. The conspirators were, however, no longer able to retrace their steps, and some of them would not if they could. They still resolved to raise the country, or lay down their own lives, of which they had grown sufficiently weary.

Riding through Warwick, they carried off some cavalry horses from a stable, leaving their own tired ones in their place. At Grant's house of Norbrook they were joined by a few servants. On the third night after leaving London they reached Holbeach, on the borders of Staffordshire, and rested at a house belonging to one Stephen Littleton. Every rational hope was by this time cut off—"Not one man," as Sir Everard Digby afterwards observed, "came to take our part, though we had expected so many;" and in despair he forsook his companions, with the professed intention of hastening some expected succours. Scarcely had he left, before some gunpowder placed before the fire to dry exploded, and seriously injured three or four of the conspirators, among whom was Catesby. No wonder they began at last to lose their self-possession and confidence. Rookwood and others, "perceiving God to be against them, prayed before the picture of Our Lady, and confessed that the act was so bloody, as they desired God to forgive them." Presently the house was surrounded by the whole *posse comitatus* of the county, with Sir Richard Walsh, the sheriff, at their head. But though these men now began to tremble from the fear of God, they defied man even in this their last extremity. They were called upon to surrender, but the call was an idle one. Fire was set to the house by one body of the assailants, whilst an attack was made upon the gates by another. The doomed men—doomed in their own determination as well as by their conduct—presented themselves fearlessly, sword in hand, to the assailants. One of them, Thomas Winter, was disabled by a shot in the arm. With a nobility of feeling on the part of the criminal, that can be acknowledged without lessening our horror of the crime, Catesby cried out to his helpless friend, "Stand by me, Tom, and we will die together." And as he said, so it was. Whilst—standing back to back—Catesby defended both, two bullets shot from the same musket, severally gave them their death-wounds. Catesby was just able to crawl into the house on his hands and knees, seize the image of the Virgin that stood in the vestibule, clasp it fervently, and that was all. The two brothers, John and Christopher Wright, and Percy experienced the same merciful end; though Percy lingered until the next day. All the other conspirators were taken into custody either there or elsewhere, and the executioner finished what the provincial sheriff had begun. We need not excite the loathing of our readers by a description of the sort of execution that the Christian governors of England in the seventeenth century enforced: suffice it to say, that no words the language affords can be too strong to express its brutality. Yet consistent to the last, the miserable men bore their tortures with exemplary patience and fortitude. The place of execution was the west end of St. Paul's churchyard. The fate of Tresham is remarkable. Before the day of trial he died in the Tower, not without exciting suspicions among the people of England who were of his own creed that he had been foully dealt with.

Comprehensive as was this destruction of the men who had themselves aimed to destroy on such a gigantic scale, the affair—and the excitement caused by it—was not yet at an end. It was supposed that the Jesuits, who had been only recently introduced into England, were privy to the plot. Henry Garnet was then the Superior of the Order; a post for which he was eminently qualified, not only in the opinion of his friends, but of his enemies; though there might be some difference in the minds of the two as to the character and value of the particular qualifications required. The great lawyer Coke, when Garnet was tried, eulogized his fine natural gifts, and said he was "by birth a gentleman, by education a scholar, by art learned, and a good linguist." For several years he had followed various occupations in the neighbourhood of London in order to disguise the real one. He had been concerned in the treasonable intrigues with the king of Spain just before Elizabeth's death, and was suspected of other seditions, but had purchased a general pardon at James's accession. He continued, however, to associate with disaffected Catholics, including many of the nobility. The regard in which he was held by them was carried to the extremest enthusiasm. Lady Anne Vaux, for instance, after her father's death followed his fortunes with romantic devotion. Such a person representing such an Order, capable of the most profound craft, and actuated by a restless spirit of intrigue and ardent fanaticism, was certainly to be feared by such a government as that which was oppressing the

Catholics. It is very difficult to fathom the real extent of the Jesuits' connection with the plot, but there is no doubt that many of the Order in England and on the Continent were aware of it. As to Garnet himself, it is certain that very shortly before the plot was discovered he was with a company of persons most actively engaged in it, on a pilgrimage to St. Winifred's Well, in Flintshire; and at the very time when Fawkes was preparing to fire the deadly train under the Parliament House, Garnet was in the neighbourhood of the general rendezvous of the conspirators at Coughton. A proclamation of attainder against Garnet, Greenway, Gerard, Oldcorne, and three other Jesuits having been issued, Greenway and Gerard fled to the Continent. What had become of Oldcorne and Garnet no one could or would tell.

About that time Humphrey Littleton, being condemned to death at Worcester for only harbouring two of the conspirators, told the sheriff of Worcester, in order to save his life, that some of the priests mentioned in the royal proclamation were at Hendlip Hall, near Worcester. Sir Henry Bromley with a sufficient force was sent to make search. He first surrounded the mansion; but as Mr. Abingdon, the owner (a brother-in-law of Lord Mounteagle), was absent, there was of course little or no resistance, and he took possession and commenced a rigorous scrutiny. Mr. Abingdon soon returned, and, regarding the lives of his friends (Oldcorne was his domestic priest) more than his own, or than truth, denied solemnly that any such persons were hidden there, and offered to die at his own gate if any such should be found in his house—or the shire. Sir Henry, however, pursued his scrutiny, for the intricacy of the building kept his suspicions alive. It was full of the most extraordinary hiding-places. No less than eleven secret "conveyances" came to light: "all of them having books, masonry stuff, and popish trumpery in them, except two that had apparently been discovered before, and so were distrusted." A manuscript now in the British Museum details the singular discoveries made in the course of the protracted search, which was unattended by any decided result until the fourth day, when, "from behind the wainscot in the galleries" came out of their own accord two persons, who proved to be Garnet's confidential servant Owen, and Chambers. It was directly believed that their superiors were hidden in some other part of the building, and four days more were spent in minute examination of the edifice. But after all, the Jesuits might have remained secure, had they not been driven forth, like Owen and Chambers (who had had but one apple between them for several days), by want of food. They came out of a chimney—from a secret entrance curiously covered over with brickwork, and made fast to planks of wood, and coloured black like the other parts of the chimney. The place of concealment within seems to have been supplied with light and air from a funnel that appeared externally as a chimney. Such nourishment as candles, broths, and warm drinks had been attempted to be conveyed to the Jesuits through a quill or reed passed through a hole into the chimney of a gentleman's chamber. This curious old mansion seems to have been built in great part for the express purpose of concealing distressed Catholics. It was pulled down in the present century. A view of it will be found among the illustrations of the *Popular Antiquities*.

It was a striking evidence of the respect felt for Garnet even by his enemies, that they did not put him upon the rack. But whatever unusual mercy they exhibited towards him, was more than compensated for by their infamous treatment of his unfortunate companions. We need but give one example.

Nicholas Owen, Garnet's confidential servant, whose fidelity to his master formed his only crime, refused to give evidence against him. The ruthless barbarity of the State engines was employed to force him. He was suspended by his thumbs from a beam, and endured the torture without flinching in his constancy; but being told to expect the rack on the following day, he in the interval complained of illness; and before he was to be again tormented, as he sat down to dinner, on a chair that his keeper had the humanity to bring him, he besought the man to make his broth hotter on a fire in an adjoining room. The keeper complying, found him, when he came back with the broth, lying on the floor with straw pulled over him, his countenance pale and ghastly. The poor fellow, to avoid the coming agony, and keep unsullied his fidelity, had actually rent open his body with a blunt dinner knife, and so he died. Such were the scenes hidden from the public eye by the blood-stained walls of the "Towers of Julius." Truly they should be called (not "London's," but) England's "lasting shame."

Since force would not succeed, there was another tried and much-esteemed agency—fraud, to experiment with: the keepers of the Tower were equally adepts at both. Garnet's keeper pretended



1891.—Old Star Chamber, Westminster; pulled down after the late fire of the Parliament House.



1895.—Cheapside, with the Procession of Mary de Medici on her Visit to Charles I. and his Queen. (From La Serres' "Entrée Royale de la Reine Mère du Roy," 1638.)



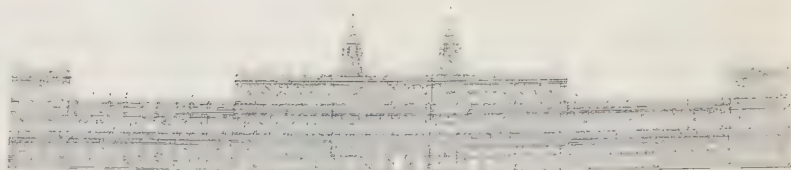
1898.—St. Giles and the Old Tron Church, Edinburgh, in the time of Charles I. (From an old Print.)



1897.—Cecil, Earl of Salisbury—after Zuccherus. Prynne—old Picture of the Prynne Family. Ireton—Anonymous Print. Pym—Print by Vander Gucht. Wentworth, Earl of Strafford—Vandyke.



1899.—Medal struck in honour of the Earl of Essex, bearing on one side a Portrait of the Earl, and on the other the two Houses of Parliament; the King presiding in the Lords, and the Speaker in the Commons. Engraved from the Parliamentary series executed by Simon, the celebrated Medalist of the period.



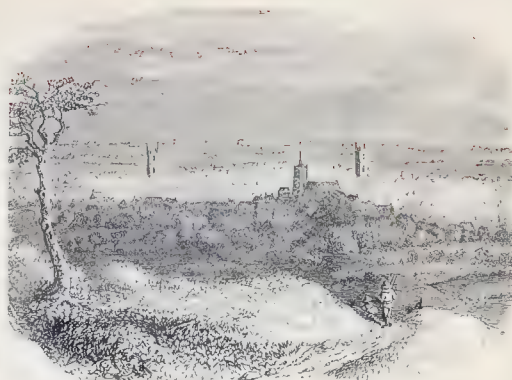
1899.—Design of Inigo Jones for Whitehall. The front towards the Park



1899.—The front towards Charing Cross.



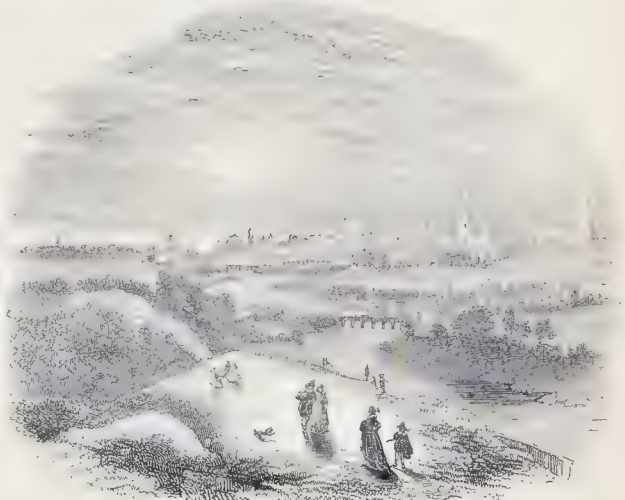
1891.—York. Micklebar Gate, with the arrival of a Royalist Baggage-train.



1897.—Reading, from Caversham Hill. (From an Old Print.)



1892.—Castle of Hull, temp. Charles I. (From an old Plan of the Town.)



1894.—Dublin, temp. Charles I.



1895.—Plan of Oxford, with the Lines raised for its Defence by Charles I. (From the Old Print by Anthony Wood.)



1898.—Oxford. (From a Drawing by Hollar.)

to venerate him as a martyr, and offered to convey letters to his friends. He conveyed them in reality to the council. The Jesuits, however, were not to be caught in so commonplace a trap as this. Then Oldcorne was put in an adjoining cell, and the keeper showed a concealed door through which they could converse, but recommended extreme caution. This time the Jesuits were scared. They spoke of how they should arrange their defence. Garnet said he must needs confess that he had been at White-Webbs in Enfield Chase with the conspirators, but he would maintain he had not been there since Bartholomew-tide; adding, "And in truth I am well persuaded that I shall wind myself out of this matter." Other things Garnet said connecting him with the conspirators—little conscious that all the while Cecil's secretary and a magistrate were taking notes of every unguarded word. It was chiefly on the oaths of these "spials set on purpose" that Oldcorne and Garnet were put to death. They boldly denied the "spials'" testimony, till the rack extorted confession from Oldcorne, who was executed with a brother priest, Strange, and several other persons. Garnet's statements in the Tower are reported contradictorily by the Catholics and the authorities concerned. When shown Oldcorne's examination, he said, his friend might accuse himself falsely, but he would not do so. Then, say the Catholics, he was led to the rack, and made sundry admissions to escape torture: the authorities say, these admissions were made by him freely, when he saw it was useless to persist in denial. The admissions, however gained, sound like the truth, though not perhaps all the truth. When Fawkes went to Flanders, Garnet had recommended him to Baldwin the Jesuit. Catesby at one time asked him in general terms if a design meant to promote the Catholic faith were lawful, in which it would be necessary to *destroy a few Catholic friends together with a great many heretical enemies*. Garnet answered—"In case the object were clearly good, and could be effected by no other means, it might be lawful among many innocents to destroy some innocents." After this it is not easy to have much sympathy with the "martyred" Jesuit—one is more inclined to pity the men who were deceived by such guides. Garnet also admitted that he had long been necessary to the plot, which had been disclosed to him by Greenway, who had learned it under the sacred seal of confession from Catesby and Thomas Winter: but, added Garnet, he had done his best to dissuade the conspirators from their design. Garnet's trial took place in Guildhall. James was present in one corner—the Lady Arabella Stuart in another. Coke spoke forcibly for hours. Garnet could evidently have done the same, but was not permitted. So rude, indeed, were the interruptions that James declared the Jesuit had not had fair play. He "carried himself very gravely and temperately," and the audience were charmed in spite of themselves. His defence essentially was this:—The laws of the church did not permit him to reveal any secret obtained in the confessional; but that what he could do he had done—namely, strove to prevent the execution of the plot. From that defence, and beyond the admissions already specified, he could not be moved. But they were enough in the opinion of the jury—or rather in the opinion of the government, for political juries in those days had no opinions: Garnet was found guilty, condemned, and (after some delay in the vain hope of further avowal) executed.

Surely at last this dreadful business will begin to disappear from the public gaze, and leave the angry feelings aroused by it to fall back into their more usual and placid state? Far from it. From the Jesuit's ashes sprung up a new wonder—a professed miracle. The first who announced it to the world was one Wilkinson, a tailor, who said that, as he stood near the place of Garnet's execution, there was cast towards him—"how, he knew not"—an ear of straw that had been put in a basket with the martyr's head and quarters. This sacred straw he afterwards delivered to a Mrs. N., a matron of singular Catholic piety, who enclosed it in a bottle, which being rather shorter than the straw, it became slightly bent. A few days afterwards, showing the bottle to a certain noble person, that person, looking attentively, said—"I can see nothing in it but a man's face!" Mrs. N. and Wilkinson, in astonishment, themselves then examined the ear of straw again and again, and distinctly perceived a human countenance. The fame of the miracle rapidly spread both in England and on the Continent. The face improved with keeping. It expanded and grew sublime. A crown of sunlike rays encircled it. A cross appeared on the forehead. An anchor came out of the ears at the sides. (Figs. 1835, 1837.) We seldom find the privy councils of that period acting so sensibly as in respect to this notorious imposition—for such they *proved* it to be—and then left all parties concerned in it to suffer the only suitable punishment—universal contempt. In concluding these notices of the Gunpowder Conspiracy we have, alas!

yet to mention its worst feature—the effect upon those who were to have gained so much by it. We have already shown that one of the predisposing causes of the plot was the rumour that the penal sword was to receive a yet keener edge in the ensuing parliament: but the feelings and thoughts of those who had so desired to whet it were now a thousand times more bitter and relentless and oppressive than ever. Truly the sword was sharpened. Laws inflicting every conceivable kind of injury and humiliation on the Catholics were passed by immense majorities; and the only wonder is that they did not at last do what so many of their most enthusiastic spirits desired—break out into open war, and at once die, or relieve themselves from the worse than Egyptian bondage in which they were placed. But the truth was, they were weighed down—lowered in their own estimation (though they, as a body, were perfectly guiltless)—by the gigantic wickedness of the Gunpowder Plot, and became in consequence an unresisting prey.

In the house lately occupied by Messrs. Roake and Varty in the Strand, is preserved a part of an old ceiling, that probably others like ourselves have gone on a pilgrimage to see—as the last remnant of the interior of a mansion famous on many accounts, but especially for its connection with one of the greatest of Englishmen, Francis Bacon. It was in York House (Fig. 1846) that Sir Nicholas Bacon, Elizabeth's Lord Keeper, was residing at the time of the birth of his son; and it was there, in all probability, the latter spent those years of early boyhood which exhibited such striking traits of what the manhood was to be. As the future philosopher was made evident in incidents like that of the boy leaving his playmates to inquire into the cause of an echo in St. James's Street, so was the future courtier as remarkably revealed when, in answer to Elizabeth's question as to his age, the reply was—"I am just two years younger than your majesty's happy reign." Even the courtier's reward was foreshadowed by the same incident; the queen, in expressing her pleasure at Francis's address and wit, called him her "young Lord Keeper." In these pages we can only glance at the steps by which the rise of such a man, in his twofold character, was accomplished. We may refer at the commencement, once for all, to the engraving (Fig. 1857), which exhibits Bacon's portrait, and the different localities with which the great epochs or events of his life and career are connected. Of York House we have already spoken. Beside it is shown Old Gray's Inn (Fig. 1857), where, after spending some years at the University of Cambridge, and experiencing the overthrow of his brilliant prospects in consequence of his father's sudden death, Bacon entered as a student; determined, no doubt, to work his way upward to the eminence he desired, through all opposing obstacles, since he could no longer hope to reach it by the more facile path that his birth and position had promised to open to him. It is surprising how Bacon's example could ever have been cited by those who would inculcate the doctrine that lofty poetical and philosophical genius is incapable of that drudgery which the pursuits of life too frequently demand; still more extraordinary is it that Bacon's own biographers should fall into the same misconceptions. It is an undoubted fact, that while his mind was teeming with projects of the loftiest character in connection with literature and philosophy, he was at the same time so earnest a student of the law that in his twenty-second year he was called to the bar—obtained almost immediately a considerable practice—was made a bench in his twenty-fourth year—counsel extraordinary to the queen in his twenty-eighth—Lent double reader to his Inn in his thirtieth year, in which position he gave to the world a work on a difficult subject, the 'Statute of Uses,' which is still of authority. These advancements, rapid as they were, exhibit all the characteristics of an elevation depending not upon favour, but upon true merit, exhibited in the legitimate way. It was only natural that after such a connection Bacon should feel a warm and unfading attachment to Gray's Inn; and the feeling has been as warmly and permanently reciprocated. The memory of his last visit is carefully cherished there. The house in which he lived was burned down in 1676, but No. 1 of Gray's Inn Square stands upon its site. The walls of the chambers on the north side of the staircase are covered with the wainscot rescued from the fire. In the garden a very few years ago were some trees that he had planted. The books of the Society abound with his autographs. Bacon had not, as we have seen, relied much on his friends and connections to aid him in the earlier stages of progress; but as the nephew of Lord Burleigh, and the cousin of the Cecils, he could hardly avoid hoping that when he had thus entitled himself to honour and promotion, both would be cheerfully granted. But

although he was humble, if not servile, in his attention to them, they disappointed him in his every hope; having, perhaps, no sympathy with his intellectual character, and certainly looking on him with jealousy on account of his friendship for Essex. How the real ignorance of the "practical man"—just when he is most pluming himself upon his penetration, and upon his knowing so much—appears, from the representation of the Cecils to the queen that Bacon was a *speculative*—therefore a dangerous individual in the realities of business! Bacon had his errors, and worse, in the management of business, as we shall subsequently see; but it was from no incapacity to transact worldly business in a worldly manner: in truth he became only too worldly. In justice to the Cecils, it must be stated, they did appear to do something for their able kinsman: they procured him the reversion of a post worth 1600*l.* a-year when it fell to him—just twenty years later. Bacon observed upon the gift—it "mended his prospect, but did not fill his barn."

Turning from the Cecils in hopelessness, Bacon joined himself still more closely than before to the fortunes of Essex, and asked of him the office of Attorney-General. Essex tried his utmost; but the Cecils were too influential: and the generous earl, deeply mortified, wrote thus to Bacon—"You fare ill because you have chosen me for your mean and dependence. You have spent your time and thoughts in my matters. I die, if I do not somewhat toward your fortune. You shall not deny to receive a piece of land, which I will bestow upon you." Bacon accepted an estate at Twickenham worth 2000*l.* But he knew the world, and advised his benefactor not to turn all his estates thus into obligations, like the Duke of Guise, in France, for he would find many bad debtors. We fear few men ever found worse than did Essex in Bacon himself. The latter deserted him at his utmost need—appeared as counsel against him—employed his talents in magnifying his crimes—and after the earl's execution, to please the queen, wrote 'A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert Earl of Essex,' printed by authority. There is certainly one excuse to be urged for this conduct: Bacon probably throughout fulfilled the odious task intrusted to him *less* harshly and vindictively than any one else would have done: it appears that the first draught of the Declaration just mentioned was reckoned by the queen and her advisers much too mild; and the former observed, "I see old love is not easily forgotten."

It was not until the accession of James that Bacon found he was at last about to achieve the high fortunes he desired, and for which he worked so hard—publicly by honourable means—privately by those flatteries, and intrigues, and solicitations, of which the less said the better for those who do not love to dwell upon the dark side of so illustrious a character. He was first knighted—then made a King's Counsel—next Solicitor-General—and still he climbed the ladder: he obtained, in succession the appointments of a joint Judgeship of the Knight Marshal's Court—Attorney-General—member of the privy council—and, at last, of the office of Lord Keeper: the dream of early ambition, fostered perhaps by Elizabeth's royal lips, was realized. There still remained, however, an Alp beyond all these Alps—the Lord High Chancellorship; and that too was obtained on the 4th of January, 1618. Here, as in all the other cases we have mentioned, the man was worthy of the office: but did not, unhappily, obtain it because he was worthy. The ready pliancy with which he could previously promise James to make the post subservient to the sovereign's will and pleasure, had doubtless much more to do with his success. James even, it should seem, was a little uneasy lest he should carry his sycophancy to unnecessary lengths; for in his advice to Bacon at the time he placed the seals in his hand, he told him not "to extend the royal prerogative too far." This, for James, is rich indeed. Let us now pause a moment to glance at Bacon's position at the commencement of the most eventful year of his life—a year, indeed, so eventful, all things considered, perhaps hardly any other man's life affords. He had now obtained the highest honour the State could give. His literary reputation was established, and steadily advancing, though his great work was yet to appear. Once more he was in the home of his father, and residing there in the enjoyment of higher rank and magnificence than that father had known. It was also, as we have seen, his birthplace; it was a scene in every way calculated to hold one of those solemn birthday-festivals from which as from a height men generally are accustomed to look back on the past, to gaze forward into the future. And few such birthdays have been seen as that of Bacon at York House (Fig. 1846), when he celebrated his sixtieth year, amid a splendid galaxy of genius and talent, and rank, and wealth, and power. Ben Jonson was one of the guests—and a delighted one, as he has taken care to record in some of his verses.

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All things, he says, seemed to smile about the old house—"the fire, the wine, the men,"—and Bacon seemed to him the most enviable of mankind. He was

England's High Chancellor, the destined heir,
In his soft cradle, to his father's chair,
Whose even thread, the Fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.

And now, having achieved all those personal objects on which he had so long set his heart; having dazzled the eyes of his contemporaries with the splendour of his abilities, his success, and the magnificence of his tastes and modes of life, which made York House remind many of York Place and its owner (Wolsey), he next addressed himself to a task that was to make him appear even still more illustrious in the eyes of posterity. The same year that beheld his elevation to the Chancellorship, and the holding of the feast on his sixtieth birthday, the 22nd of January, beheld also the publication of his immortal work, the '*Novum Organum*.' What a lesson to those who would achieve reputation is afforded by the growth of that production! It was, in strict truth, the labour of a lifetime. Even "whilst he was commorant at the university, about sixteen years of age (as his Lordship hath been pleased to impart to myself), he first fell into the dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle; not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe all high attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way, being a philosophy (as his Lordship used to say) only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the life of man. In which mind he continued to his dying day." (Dr. Rawley, Bacon's chaplain and biographer.)

The rejection of the old system was, very naturally, accompanied by a desire for a new one, which, step by step, year by year, Bacon proceeded to build, undiverted by the pressure of his weighty business, unseduced by the reputation that his other writings from time to time brought him. One illustration of the man of genius, in his glorious workshop, we must give:—Twelve separate times was the '*Organum*' copied, in consequence of the constant revision it underwent! When the book was published, it realized what the ardent young author had, some forty years before, said to himself it should be; and therefore then called it—"The greatest birth of time."

Bacon, if he was not the author of the Inductive Philosophy, was the first to unfold it; to show its infinite importance, and to induce the great body of scientific inquirers to place themselves under its guidance. (Professor Playfair.) He turned the attention of philosophers from speculations and "contentions" upon remote questions, and fixed it upon those productive of works for the benefit of "the life of man." He first showed philosophy its proper objects, the promotion of human happiness and the alleviation of human suffering. The key to this philosophy is contained in the famous aphorism that commences the '*Novum Organum*':—"Man, who is the servant and interpreter of nature, can act and understand no further than he has, either in operation or in contemplation, observed of the method and order of nature." In the same work Bacon observes, "Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts, and not opinions, to reason about; and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world." Truths these, that may be justly called divine, as calculated to teach us the all-important knowledge that nature, which is but the visible manifestation of the Deity, is, and must eventually appear, harmonious in its working; and that the discords of human life are the result of ignorance of its laws. In the few sentences we have quoted, Bacon has given us a solid foundation for the erection of that greatly improved and infinitely happier state of being, that men in all ages have dreamed of.

With the publication of the '*Organum*' Bacon's life should have ended. How different then had been our views of him! less true, unquestionably—perhaps less useful, but a thousand times more satisfactory and gratifying. About the time to which we refer, rumours flew abroad impeaching the integrity of the Lord Chancellor. Soon after, the rumours were strengthened by the fact that a Committee of the Lower House (which, for the first time, was beginning to undertake the correction of popular abuses with a high hand) began to inquire into the proceedings of the law courts, and ended by recommending proceedings against the Lord Chancellor: "a man endued with all parts, both of nature and art, as that I will say no more of him, being not able to say enough." So spake Sir Robert Phillips, who reported for the Committee to the Lords. There were laid to Bacon's charge by the Commons no



1597.—Bishop's House, Exeter, as it appeared before its recent demolition.



1595.—Manor-house of Hampton, and Church where John Hampden lies interred.



1633.—Puritans destroying the Cross in Cheapside. (From a Contemporary Print in the Pennant Collection, Brit. Mus.)



1600.—Newbury Castle in the distance. (From an old Print.)



1591.—Sermon at St. Paul's Cross on Good Friday. (From a Drawing in the Pepysian Library. This Cross was erected about 1450, and remodelled in 1595.)



1602.—Basing House after the Siege.

Gen. Cromwell commanded by you to this
 service, I think my self bound to ac-
 quaint you with the good hand of God
 towards you, and us, we marched yesterday
 after the King who went before us
 from Laurence to Haverbarrow, and quan-
 ked about six miles from him, this day
 we marched towards him, then drew out
 to meet us, both Armies engaged, we,
 after 3. hours fight, very doubtful
 at last routed his Armie, killed and
 took about 5000. very many Officers

I wish this action may begeth thankfulness,
 and humility in all that are concerned in it,
 that venting his life for the liberty of
 his country, I wish the Lord God for the
 liberty of his conscience, and you for the
 liberty the fight for, for this the rest
 who is

your most humble servant

June. 14. 1645.
 Haverbarrow.

Oliver Cromwell

1901.—Fac-simile of a portion of the Letter written by Cromwell to Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons, announcing the Victory of Naseby. (Engraved from the Original in the Harleian Collection of MSS. British Museum, No. 7502.)



1904.—Anderson's Place, Newcastle. The House in which Charles was delivered to the Parliamentary Troops. (From an Original Drawing made before its demolition in 1836.)



1905.—Obelisk on Naseby Field. Erected to commemorate the Battle. (From an unpublished Lithograph.)



1906.—Uxbridge. Showing, to the right, the House (called the Treaty House) in which the Commissioners held their sittings.



1907.—Plan of City and Suburbs of London, as it appeared fortified in 1643.

less than twenty-two distinct acts of bribery and corruption. The prosecution was encouraged by the king and Buckingham, as the latter wanted the seals for his minion, Bishop Williams.

Here is one of the cases:—

A gentleman named Aubrey, who had been almost ruined by expenses and delays in the course of a suit in Chancery, was advised by some of the hangers-on of the Chancellor to make him a present. The unfortunate suitor had not the means, but obtained a hundred pounds with great difficulty from a usurer; and Bacon received the sum thus gained, some of his dependents assuring the gentleman that all would go well. He relied on these promises, which proved deceptive. "A killing decree" plunged him in despair, and he exposed the whole transaction. This example may suffice; but there were worse cases even than this one. Bacon could not deny them. And so "this poor gentleman, mounted above pity, fell down below it; his tongue that was the glory of his time for eloquence (that tuned so many sweet harangues), was like a forsaken harp hung upon the willows, whilst the waters of affliction overflowed the banks. And now his highflying orations are humbled to supplications, and thus he throws himself and cause at the feet of his judges before he was condemned." (Sir Arthur Wilson.) He said, he understood some justification had been expected from him, but the only justification he should make should be out of Job: "I have not hid my sin, as did Adam, nor concealed my faults in my bosom." Extenuating circumstances he left to their "noble thought," and submitted himself wholly to their "piety and grace." This to them as judges; but addressing them as peers and prelates, he also told them a story out of Livy, to show that the questioning of men in eminent places hath the same effect as their punishment: adding, "My humble desire is, that his majesty would take the seals into his hands, which is a great downfall, and may serve, I hope, in itself, for an expiation of my faults." A distinct confession to all the charges specially brought against him was required, and Bacon did not refuse it. He felt he had fallen so low already that he could hardly fall lower. A deputation waited on him, to know whether this second complete acknowledgment was his voluntary act. He replied with tears, "It is my act—my hand—my heart. Oh, my lords, spare a broken reed." His prayer was so far granted, that he was excused from publicly appearing in court to hear the judgment passed on him,—a fine of forty thousand pounds, imprisonment in the Tower during the king's pleasure, incapability in future of any office of state or seat in parliament, and banishment from within twelve miles of the court. The king's object being to degrade him from his position, the other parts of his sentence were eventually remitted. And thus Bacon bade farewell to the court, where it had been fortunate for his fame if he had never come.

And what was the secret impulse to the commission of all this guilt, so likely from the first to bring with it all this degradation and ruin of one who should have been in all things, as he was in much, one of the noblest of God's creatures?—The weakness, too common with men of genius and taste, an unbounded love of magnificence, that cannot stoop to square its wants with its means. In the cases to which we refer, and we confine our observations solely to these, it matters little what the amount of attainable wealth is, it will still be found insufficient. Double the income to-day, the expenditure will be trebled or quadrupled to-morrow. During the latter years of Bacon's life he possessed, even in his adversity, an income of 2500*l.* a-year; yet when he died he was 22,000*l.* in debt. He was himself thoroughly conscious, when too late, of his error. One day, while the charges against him were in process of examination, as he entered his house, the superbly-habited menials rose to receive him. "Sit down, my masters," was the bitter remark, "your rise has been my fall." It was the same year (1618) that witnessed the elevation to the Chancellorship—the prosperous birthday—the publication of the work, hardly overrated in being called the greatest birth of time—that also witnessed the charges of corruption, the humiliation, the fall, and the punishment.

It is pleasant to be able to reflect that a world of goodness must have existed after all in Bacon's heart and mind, or he would not have kept so many friends by his side at such a crisis. We are told, that as Prince Charles was returning from hunting, "he espied a coach, attended with a goodly troop of horsemen;" and on inquiry learned that these horsemen were friends of the Chancellor, escorting him voluntarily to his retreat at Gorhambury. Charles smiled, and said, "Well, do we what we can, this man scorns to go out like a snuff."

After a short and fitful fever of ambitious hopes to regain his position by constant prayer and flatteries, directed to the prince just

named, among others, Bacon trusting that as "his father the king had been his *creator*, so he his son, would be his *redeemer*," he settled down into peace at last, in the quiet and lovely solitudes of Gorhambury, near St. Albans (Fig. 1837), where his father had built a splendid mansion. Scientific pursuits, and the society of his friends, became thenceforth everything to him. Hobbes, then a young man, was among his friends and ardent admirers. Bacon, it is said, "was wont to have him walk with him in his delicate groves, when he did meditate; and when a notion darted into his lordship's mind, Mr. Hobbes was presently to write it down, and his lordship was wont to say that he did it better than any one else about him: for that many times when he read their notes, he scarce understood what they writ, because they understood it not clearly themselves." (Aubrey's 'Lives of Eminent Persons.') The manner of his death had a kind of poetical fitness and beauty about it. Travelling, says Aubrey, in his carriage, when snow lay on the ground, Lord Bacon began to consider whether flesh might not be preserved by snow as well as by salt. He determined to make the experiment, and, alighting at a cottage near Hlighgate (Fig. 1837), bought a hen, and stuffed it with snow. This so chilled him, that he could not return home, and went to the Earl of Arundel's house at Hlighgate. The earl was absent, and the domestics in charge of the place, while intending to show Lord Bacon every respect, unfortunately put him into a damp bed, which decided his fate. He died in a few days, having previously written a letter to the Earl of Arundel, in which he compared himself to the elder Pliny, "who lost his life by trying an experiment about the burning of Mount Vesuvius." Bacon adds, that his own fatal experiment "succeeded excellently well." In his will he wrote, "For my burial, I desire it may be in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans; there was my mother buried, and it is the parish church of my mansion-house of Gorhambury, and it is the only Christian church within the walls of old Verulam." This church is drawn at the foot of the localities in the engraving (Fig. 1857). In the same document also occurs these impressive words—"For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages." Bacon's faithful friend and secretary, Sir Thomas Meantys, erected a monument to his memory (Fig. 1860), and was himself buried at his feet.

Two or three other eminent men of James's reign may be here noticed; and among them the author of what has been styled "one of the most extensive works of the kind which the history of the civilized world can anywhere furnish. I question," continues the writer of this passage, "if the celebrated aqueducts in ancient Rome equalled in magnitude, most assuredly not in extent, the beneficial effects of this undertaking." The work thus spoken of is the formation of the New River by Sir Hugh Middleton, the subject of Jan-en's noble picture (Fig. 1855). Here again is enforced the truth of which we have spoken in our notices of Bacon, that the bearing up against, in order ultimately to triumph over, difficulties and disappointment, is one of the conditions of the accomplishment of any great undertaking, and in itself forms to our mind a greater and more truly glorious thing than the special object achieved can possibly be. He began in 1608. He had to bring his river from the springs of Chadwell (Fig. 1858) and of Amwell, in Hertfordshire, by a circuitous way that extended an ordinary route of nineteen miles to thirty-eight; he had to deal with every variety of soil, "now oozy and muddy, and now rocky and hard," and with all kinds of surfaces, so that whilst one while he had to make his trench descend thirty or forty feet, in other places "it required a sprightly art again to mount it over a valley in a trough between a couple of hills, and the trough all the while borne up by wooden arches, some of them fixed in the ground very deep, and rising in height above twenty-three feet." He had to make innumerable drains, sewers, and bridges; he had to do all this when mechanical and engineering science were far below their present state; he had at the same time to soothe the jealous and influential persons along his route, who could be soothed, or oppose them by every means in his power, when nothing but sturdy opposition would do; he had to complete all by a given (short) time; lastly, and worst of all, he had, in addition to his other difficulties, to contend against a lack of funds; and that cause stopped him when nothing else could, and when he had thrown his own splendid fortune, without a sigh as to its fate, into the undertaking, and had induced friends to do the same. The city to its disgrace he it said, refused to help him; and then King James did: not be it observed, from any absurdly Quixotic desire to aid in a work that should be a glory to his reign, but because he was admitted to a share of all the profits that were in the end to be realized. Middleton was not mistaken in that view, although, unhappily for him, the prosperity of the New

River Company dated from a period many years later than he had anticipated. It was only in the nineteenth year after completion (1613) that any dividend was declared; that dividend amounted to just 11*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.* per share. A share has since that time sold for 14,000*l.* Still there is reason to hope that Sir Hugh (he was knighted by James—one of the few examples of the king's wisely conferring that honour) lived to see and to share in for a brief time the success of the great work of his life.

The death of Prince Henry was the means of raising to notice one of the most genuine poets of Scotland, and the first and best of that country who composed in pure and classic English, namely, William Drummond of Hawthornden (Figs. 1861, 1863), who wrote an elegy on that prince, which Milton afterwards partly imitated in 'Lycidas,' and which no less an authority than Ben Jonson pronounced "all good." Five years later, the same eminent dramatist honoured Drummond by going to Scotland on foot to visit him, and staying at Hawthornden three weeks. The scene of that memorable visit is as poetical as heart could desire. It still remains little changed. The house is very ancient, and exhibits all the picturesque variety of mullioned windows, clustered chimneys, and gable roof. It is planted on the edge of a tremendous cliff of limestone, from which another cliff is divided only by the river that flows between. Both are richly covered with woods. On the face of one of the precipices is a ledge leading to a hollow cavern, containing an old table and a seat. Here Drummond composed the 'Cypress Grove,' after a dangerous fit of illness. The rock contains other nooks still more singular. There are four small rooms, excavated, according to tradition, before the time of Wallace and Bruce, who found shelter in them during their distresses. Two are dark, and one is lighted by a hole in the wall, which appears externally as though a stone had merely fallen out by accident. It is a long and toilsome descent to the river, but the view there obtained richly repays the trouble. Its passage is romantically obstructed by fallen rocks, more or less hid in the stream, which chafes and bubbles and brawls, as if enlured with a living spirit. The purple heath is everywhere conspicuous among the foliage of trees, bushes, and wild plants, that clothe every recess of the lofty and overhanging rocks. Such is and was Hawthornden, where Drummond was born, wrote, lived the greater part of his lifetime, and died in 1649. His fine sensibility seems to have been at once his bliss, his inspiration, and his bane. Love and Sorrow formed the wings of his Muse. His betrothed died on the eve of their wedding-day, and the melancholy induced in consequence was poured out in song:—

Do not disdain, dear ghost, this sacrifice,
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
My offerings take, let this for me suffice,
My heart a living pyramid I'll raise;
And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
Thine shall with myrtle and these flowers be seen.

Later in life his feelings were strongly engaged in the cause of Charles I., and he exerted his literary talents in his favour. The execution of Charles, after Drummond had been compelled to supply his quota of men to serve against him, plunged the poet again into a melancholy, and shortened his days. The moral of the history of this too tender and unworldly spirit Drummond has himself given:—

Love, which is here a cure
That wit and will doth mar;
Uncertain truce, and a most certain war;
A shrill, tempestuous wind,
Which doth disturb the mind,
And, like wild waves, all our designs commove;
Among those powers above
Which see their Maker's face,
It a contentment is, a quiet peace.
A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest,
Eternal joy, which nothing can molest.

Inigo Jones's first patron was William Earl of Pembroke (Fig. 1862), who, charmed with his talent for drawing, sent him abroad to study. On the Continent, Jones, found himself in a new world; he became a follower of Palladio, and sought to ascertain the elements of ancient art, and to apply them with taste to modern wants and usages. The old orders of architecture were as yet utterly unknown to his countrymen, so were the Italian modifications of them, except as mere ornaments. He resolved to introduce Italian art on the principles of Palladio into England—by which he created here a new epoch. Twice Jones visited Italy, pursuing

his studies there, conversing with its great men, and exploring its ruins. In the interval between these visits he was at the court of Christian IV. of Denmark, or inventing those famous masques with Ben Jonson for the amusement of the court of James, which have shed the charms of poetry and imagination over what was in many respects one of the most unpoetical and unimaginative of courts. Subsequently the dramatist and the architect quarrelled, and "Surly Ben" was severe upon him in the satirical characters of In-and-In Medley and Lantern Leatherhead. Jones's chief offence seems to have been his having prospered in the world, and the satire wounded most the hand that penned it.

The fame of Inigo Jones has been rendered immortal by his designs for the erection of a new royal palace (Figs. 1889, 1890), that would have been the grandest in existence had it been finished according to the plans that have been bequeathed to us, bating some errors which have crept in most likely from the hands of those who have issued the designs since their author's death. Three years after James's accession he had removed the "old, rotten, slight-built Banqueting House" erected by Elizabeth at Whitehall, and in its stead built another "very strong and stately, being every way larger than the first: there were also many fair lodgings new builded and increased." In 1619 this "fair Banqueting House," was consumed by fire, and then Inigo Jones was employed to design the new palace in question. Its proposed dimensions were startling: the exterior buildings were to have measured 874 feet on the east and west sides, 1152 feet on the north and south, and there were to have been seven courts within. The Banqueting House (Figs. 1915, 1916) was the only part the artist was allowed to finish; but he could not have left us a better evidence of what he meant the whole to become. The following note is published by Pennant from Walpole, as showing the trifling pay which was given to Jones whilst engaged in superintending the erection of the Banqueting House:—"To Inigo Jones, surveyor of the works done about the king's houses, 8*s.* 4*d.* per diem, and 46*l.* per ann. for house-rent, a clerk, and other incidental expenses." Even on such a scale James could not support the expense; and James's successor lived in too troubled times to undertake so vast a work.

In drawing to a close our notices of the reign of James, we may make a few observations upon the personal character of that monarch. The many different aspects under which we have had occasion to look at him, bring out in strong relief the chief traits of his character. Such are his constitutional timidity—his unmanly love of favourites—his utter want of feeling, not only for them when he was tired of them, but for his nearest and dearest relatives, witness his conduct to his mother—his busy, meddling, prying propensities—his abilities, which are generally acknowledged—his want of prudence and dignity, that made even his best friends secretly ashamed of him—his taste alike for true magnificence, as shown in the delightful masques of Whitehall, and for empty show, as is made evident in the numerous pageants and processions by water (Fig. 1843) and land (Fig. 1854), in which we find him so often engaged—his appreciation of eminent men, such as Shakspere, Bacon, Ben Jonson, Jones, shared, however, it must be owned, by men of the calibre of the king's "philosophical poet," William Alexander, Earl of Stirling (Fig. 1856)—his insincerity, of which the Catholics had especially painful evidence—and, lastly, his despotic words, principles, and acts, which falling like seed upon the hearts and minds of the people of England, gave birth, like the teeth of Calmus, to a most portentous progeny of armed men, mutually bent on each other's destruction, in the time of James's son and successor. To complete the picture of this sovereign's character, however, we must add a few words upon the last feature of it—his love of despotism; and upon some traits not yet noticed, relating to his personal and mental tastes. When Christian IV., King of Denmark, paid a visit to England in 1606, a feast was given to James and him at Theobalds (Fig. 1843), by Cecil. Two facts may suffice to show the spirit of these domestic enjoyments under the eye of the British Solomon: both monarchs got so drunk, that James had to be carried to his bed by his courtiers; whilst Christian, on the way to his room, missed his proper route, and found the way into the apartments of the Countess of Nottingham, whom he insulted in the grossest manner. The effects of such examples were truly lamentable. An eyewitness of this very entertainment says—"Men who had been shy of good liquors before, now wallowed in beastly delights; the ladies abandoned their sobriety, and were seen to roll about in intoxication." (Harrington.) As to the traits of the king's mental tastes that we have not yet mentioned, it would be unpardonable to forget James the author, in James the anything else. And such an author! the variety of whose writings are as



1908.—Newark Castle. (From an original Drawing.)



1909.—Remains of Colchester Castle. (From an original Drawing.)



1910.—Carisbrook Castle, in its present state. (From an original Drawing.)



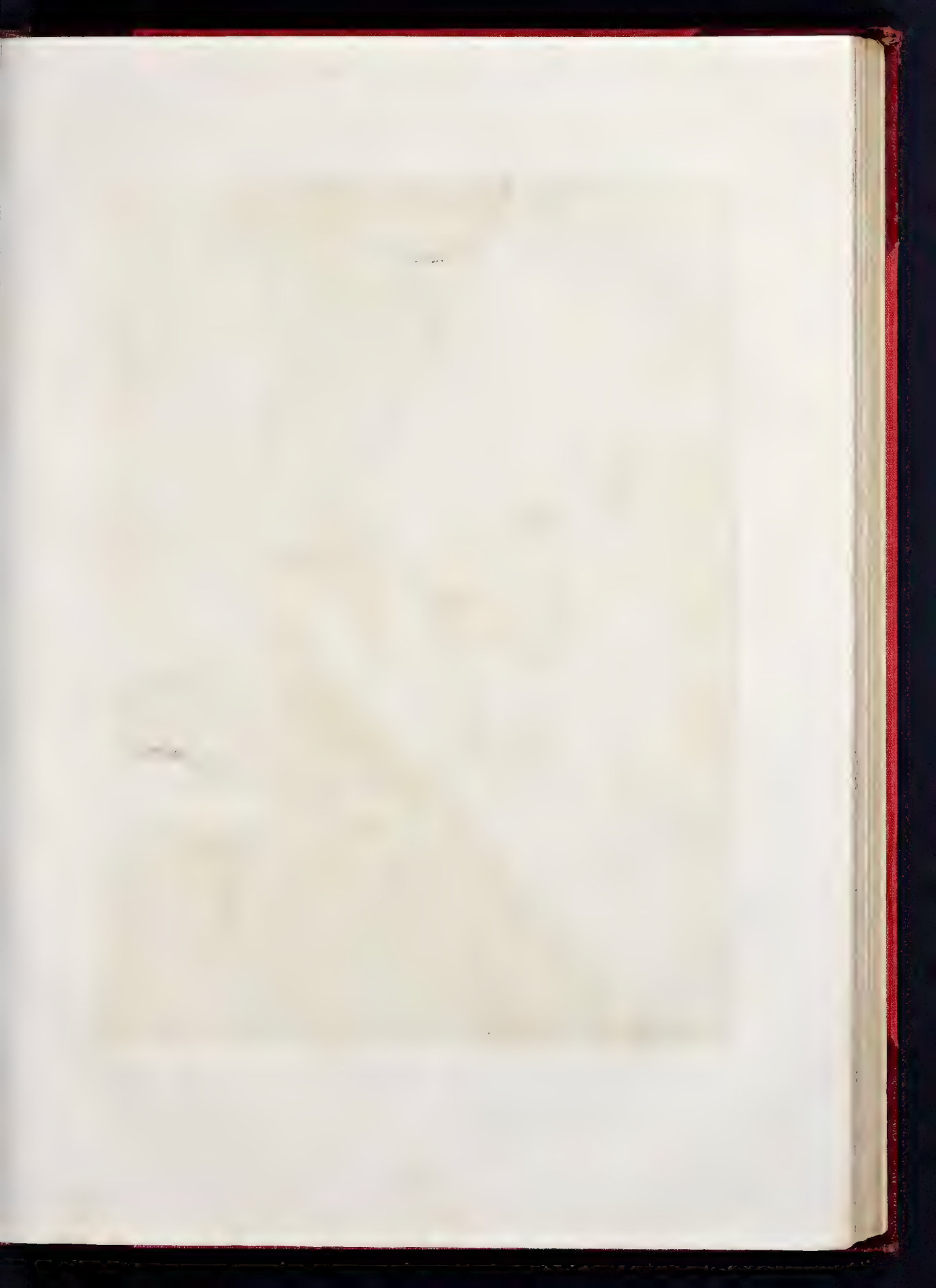
1911.—Carisbrook Castle; showing the window from which Charles I. attempted to escape.



1912.—Trial of Charles I. (From a Print in Nelson's Report of the Trial, 1684.) A, the King; B, the Lord President Bradshaw; C, John Lilie; D, William Say; Bradshaw's assistant; E, Andrew Broughton; F, John Phelps; Clerks of the Court; G, Oliver Cromwell; H, Henry Marten; the Arms of the Commonwealth over them; I, Coke; K, Dorislaus; L, Aske; Counsellors for the Commonwealth. The description of the plate ends with these words:—"The papers of this mock tribunal is thus represented to your view by an eye and ear witness of what he heard and saw there."



1913.—Bristol in the Seventeenth Century.





WHITEHALL CHAPEL.



1914.—"The George." a, upper side; b, under side; c, upper side, naked, showing a portrait of Henrietta Maria.
(From the original print by Hollar.)



1916.—Banqueting-room; from the Inner Court.



1917.—Twenty-shilling Piece.



1918.—Ten-shilling Piece.



1919.—Angel.

1917 to 1919.—Gold Coins of Charles I.



1915.—Eastern Front of the Banqueting-room, Whitehall.



1920.—Oxford Crown.



1921.—York Half-Crown.



1922.—Shilling.

remarkable as their extent. Was he not at one time "a prentice in the divine art of poetry?" Did he not at another time have such "fruitful meditations" on a part of the revelation of St. John, that he could not keep the results from the world? Was not his name one of the literary strongholds of the believers in witchcraft, and of those who opposed the introduction of tobacco? Was he not, in fine, the historian and expounder of his own life, and government, and views, in his publications on the Gowrie Conspiracy, the 'Laws of Free Monarchies,' the 'Apology for the Oath of Allegiance,' the 'Remonstrance for the Right of Kings,' and the 'Discourse of the Manner of the Discovery of the Powder Treason?' It would be superfluous, after this, to speak of James's learning, or the displays of it that he so delighted in. And here let us notice what we may not have another favourable opportunity for so doing—the greatest act, all things considered, of his government—the translation of the Bible, which was begun and completed under his auspices, and really suggested, to his credit be it said, by himself. Early in his reign a conference of divines of different opinions had been held at Hampton Court, (Fig. 1851), in which much was said of the imperfection of the then existing translations. "I wish," observed James, "some special plans were taken for a uniform translation, which should be done by the best learned in both universities, then reviewed by the bishops, presented to the privy council, and, lastly, ratified by royal authority, to be read in the whole church, and no other." The suggestion thus made was caught up, and carried out in the spirit and manner proposed. Forty-seven of the best biblical scholars undertook the great labour of love, who presently divided themselves into six classes, each undertaking a portion of the Scriptures. The system then pursued was admirably calculated to develop individual ability and check individual biases or errors. Each member of a class translated the whole of the portion set apart to his class; then the class met, and revised as a body their separate versions. One general version was next agreed upon by the class, which was subsequently revised by each of the other classes. Two of the classes sat at Cambridge, two at Oxford, and two at Westminster. It should be observed, however, that the translators were not left as perfectly free as they should have been, in order to produce a perfectly accurate and faithful translation. They were directed to make as few deviations as possible from the Bishops' Bible, then the one in common use, and they were to keep in the old ecclesiastical words—such as church: both circumstances that theological disputants of more zeal than learning should bear in mind when they battle upon the narrow ground of single sentences, phrases, or even as is often the case, upon single words. Three years were spent in the undertaking—namely, from 1607 to 1611. Among the few men engaged who have obtained any great celebrity for their other writings or lives, was included the admirable Bishop Andrews, whom we have mentioned in an earlier part of the work as buried in St. Mary Overies. The Bible thus completed was printed by Robert Barker in 1611.

The further illustration that we wished to give of James's character cannot be better conveyed than in a passage from one of his speeches, delivered at Whitehall to the members of both Houses of Parliament. We must premise that they had declined to vote sufficient funds to support James's extravagant expenditure; and when Cecil attempted to supply the deficiency by imposing duties on various kinds of merchandise on the authority of mere orders in council, they became at once clamorous in their complaints of the illegality, and resolute in their determination to put a stop to it. And now for the speech: "Kings are justly called gods," said James; "for that they exercise a manner or resemblance of divine power upon earth; for if you will consider the attributes of God, you shall see how they agree in the person of a king. God hath power to create or destroy, to make or unmake, at his pleasure; to give life, or send death; to judge all, and to be judged nor accountable to none; to raise low things, and to make high things low, at his pleasure; and to God both soul and body are due. And the like power have kings: they make and unmake their subjects; they have power of raising and casting down, of life and death; judges over all their subjects, and in all causes, and yet accountable to God only. They have power to exalt low things, and abase high things, and make of their subjects like men of chess—a pawn to take a bishop or a knight, and to cry up or down any of their subjects as they do their money. And to the king is due both the affection of the soul and the service of the body of his subjects." All that might be very true: but the Commons decidedly objected to the earthly divinity's taxing currants and broadcloth.

There was one, however, who listened to all these assertions of the right divine of kings with a deep conviction of their truth; and whilst perhaps impatient at their broad and straightforward avowal,

was secretly determined, when his time should come, to proceed with greater subtlety and determination in the same path, and doubting not but his efforts would be attended with greater success. That was Prince Charles, the heir-apparent to the throne. And at last the time—too often, we fear, anxiously looked for by princes in Charles's position—did come; his father died at Theobalds on the 8th of April (new style), 1625; and before the breath was well out of his body, his successor heard (no doubt with a kindling of the blood that no grief could overpower) the Knight Marshal proclaiming Charles I., King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. Charles's life seems to have been prolific of omens: perhaps the most striking of them all was the blunder made by this Knight Marshal, Sir Edward Zouch, who, according to the letter-writer, Howell, called Charles the rightful and dubitable heir; but he was set right by Mr. Secretary Conway, and then said *indubitable*."

At first the usual promise, though in fainter tones, was given by rumour, of the future excellence of the King. His father's funeral was magnificently conducted (see our engraving of the Lying in State, Fig. 1870); and many saw in that circumstance a devoted son's pious care. Then, too, the court buffoons and jesters were dismissed; and the courtiers, awed by the example of their head, put on an air of decorum, which was refreshing to the eye, if too superficial to excite any deeper sentiment. The zealous piety of the young monarch was loudly spoken of; and one supposed evidence of it received with peculiar gratification by many—he was to drive away all recusant Papists. Lastly, he was to pay the debts of his father, mother, and brother, even at the cost of disparting some of his parks and chaces. There was one awkward fact to counter-balance all this supposition: he *might* perform these good things; but in the mean time he *had* taken to the councils of the sovereign the profligate friend of the prince—Buckingham; the "Steenie" who had accompanied "Baby Charles" in his romantic expedition to Spain some years before, in order that he might see and converse with his proposed bride, and prevent the delays of the diplomatists. That match was hardly broken off, before a treaty with France was negotiated for the hand of Henrietta Maria, sister of Louis of France. Only three days after Charles's accession, he ratified the conditions of the treaty, and sent Buckingham to bring the Queen home to her future subjects. Charles met her at Dover Castle. "The King took her up in his arms, kissed her, and talking with her, cast down his eyes towards her feet (she seeming higher, than report was, reaching to his shoulders), which she soon perceiving discovered, and showed him her shoes, saying to this effect: 'Sir, I stand upon mine own feet: I have no help by art. Thus high I am; and am neither higher nor lower!' She is nimble and quick, black-eyed, brown-haired, and, in a word, a brave lady." (Fig. 1878.) The *couleur de rose* that beautifies all new governors in the eyes of the governed, gave Henrietta Maria so many charms, that they even made her—a bigoted Catholic, with some twenty-nine priests and other religionists of her persuasion in her train—appear as half ready to embrace Protestantism. All these misconceptions were but too soon to be removed. Charles, it was found, had all his father's political and religious views, with talents and means peculiarly his own to promote them: whilst, as if to throw fresh elements of discord into affairs already but too full of them, his Queen, so far from becoming a convert to the episcopal notions of her husband, or the growing puritanical ones of a large portion of the people, exhibited her attachment to the creed of her fathers in modes more ostentatious than was necessary, or could be warranted by any abstract desire to maintain the rights of conscience. Whitehall swarmed with Catholic priests, and catholic friars ran in and out the Queen's private chamber with a licence that was somewhat unseemly, to say the least of it. Here was cause enough to make Charles odious in the eyes of Protestant England, had there been nothing else to excite divisions between them.

The whole religious policy of our government was based upon the principle that it alone professed the truth, and that other religionists, basing their faith upon falsehood, were to be dealt with in the severest repressive spirit. And yet the head of that government, who was bound to enforce laws against the Catholics which would have appeared cruel beyond measure even to those who originated and approved of them, if they had not been satisfied they were just and necessary on the ground above stated, this King, the chief of a Protestant League, had married a Catholic! Either, then, men thought he had no faith in the principle upon which these repressive laws were based, and every penal punishment inflicted through their operation was frightfully unjust, and Charles at the same time a hypocrite to profess to believe in them; or he had knowingly committed a great outrage upon his conscience, and the consciences of the people of England, for mere purposes of state

expediency; and at the same time given a heavy blow to the very existence of such laws for the future:—the Queen a Catholic, how could Charles carry on the persecution of Catholics? Had the people then known all, they would have been indeed exasperated. Charles had actually sworn to the French King not to enforce these penal laws. But here—and thus early—came into play one of Charles's chief characteristics, one upon which he much valued himself, and which, in the end, led him in all probability to the scaffold—his skill in management; in other words, his insincerity and double dealing. So when, as if to test him, his first parliament conjured him to put these laws in execution,—instead of stating what he had pledged himself to, he returned a gracious answer, which was necessarily, therefore, a deceitful one. Such was the state of feeling when Charles was crowned, amid ceremonies as remarkable for the punctual performance of all due splendour and solemnities as for the absence of everything like popular enthusiasm. Let us now glance at two or three incidents that may serve to show the practical effect of Charles's conduct and views upon the conduct and views of his subjects.

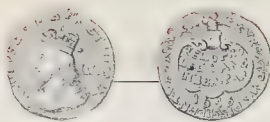
It is the opening of the second session of parliament, and Charles in person addresses the members in a short speech, remarking that he is no orator, but desires to be known by his actions. Here-with he refers them to the Lord Keeper, Sir Thomas Coventry. Sir Thomas, duly warmed by the consideration that he is the King's mouth-piece, expatiates upon the condescending goodness of the King, in actually admitting, nay inviting, his subjects to conference and counsel with him. The Commons listen, and immediately after proceed to divide into sections and standing committees, in order to canvass grievances, and bring the King's favourite, the detested and incompetent Buckingham, to punishment. Sixteen capital abuses are presently charged against him, including monopolies, prodigality, and malversation; and, above all, the illegal levying of the duties of tonnage and poundage, without the consent of parliament. Some recent degradations of the English flag, by unsuccessful expeditions on sea and land, are also laid at the door of the "great delinquent." Charles sees an impending petition for impeachment, and anticipates it by a message. "I must let you know, that I will not allow any of my servants to be questioned among you, much less such as are of eminent place, and near unto me," &c. Again the answers are startling—the stoppage of the question of supplies, and more vigorous progress with the accusation against Buckingham; and again Charles sends to the House. He is growing heated and impatient. Words of fearful and dangerous import are spoken to the Commons by the Lord Keeper, conveying threats that disobedience will be followed by dissolution. Two members are also required to be punished for their insolent discourses in the House. To prevent the possibility of mistake, Charles himself once more addresses the Commons, bidding them remember that parliaments are altogether in his power for their calling, sitting, or dissolution; and repeating the threat of how he will use that power, if they do not please him. What answer now? The Commons retire to deliberate; they lock the door of the House to keep out all intruders, and place the key in their Speaker's hands. The business grows too serious to be continued, for the present at least; so the King draws back, in order again to advance by another mode—conciliation; but the Commons remain firm, and Buckingham is impeached. Immediately after the failure of this attempt to prevent the Commons from fulfilling one of the most important of their duties, the King subjected himself to a similar defeat in a quarrel with the Lords, caused by his arresting one of their members on some paltry pretence. The Lords asked for him once, twice, and then stopped all business until their request was granted. Charles was obliged to give him back to the House out of the Tower. Yet scarcely had he recovered from the first sting of that humiliation before he arrested two members of the Lower House, Eliot and Digges, with no other effect than again to be compelled to give them up, by the Commons also refusing to proceed with any business till satisfaction were given. The impeachment of Buckingham proceeded. The charges were made, even the defence was begun, when a message, still more decidedly menacing, was sent down, demanding a subsidy without delay or condition. The Commons immediately proceeded to prepare their answer; and that preparation was an answer to Charles. He dissolved the Parliament—his second in two years—and before it had passed a single act.

And now the country learned what were the "other resolutions" Charles had threatened to take. He and his favourite devoted all their skill and energy to the business of raising supplies; for the one wanted money, and was apparently not unwilling to test the extent of his power in raising it; and the other naturally grew more and more devoted to his master, as he saw that he was his

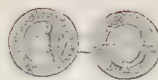
sole defence from the attacks of the people's representatives. So duties were levied upon imports and exports; exactions connected with the religious dissentients from the Established Church were rigorously enforced; voluntary loans were sought, and London was especially honoured by a demand for 120,000*l*. All these not sufficing, forced loans on a gigantic scale were adopted, on the pretence of assisting the Protestant cause in the Low Countries. Every person was to contribute according to his rating in the last subsidy, and to be paid out of the *next*;—a hopeful prospect; yet those who refused were imprisoned, if rich; marched off to serve in the army or navy, if poor. Among the former was John Hampden. These were but unhappy subjects for Charles to have to talk over with his third Parliament, when he would think proper to summon it; and matters were made worse by the failure of another of Buckingham's foreign expeditions, that for the relief of Rochelle; yet he still proceeded to add fresh subjects of grievance, even to the very last moment. The writs for a third Parliament were issued in January, 1628, and it was to meet on the 17th of March; in that short interval the King managed to do three things, all most damaging to his cause. He sent out commissioners to collect more money, and to inform the people that the meeting of Parliament would depend upon their success; but was obliged to recall them on account of the general excitement. He then imposed some new mercantile duties on his own authority, which the very judges were obliged to declare illegal; and so there, too, he was compelled to retrace his steps. Lastly, he entertained the plan of bringing over some thousands of foreign mercenaries, which, reaching the ears of the people, roused them to such a pitch of excitement, that they determined to send to the House men more decidedly democratic than before. So that in effect Charles had, as compared with the state of things during the previous session, prepared more and weightier causes of quarrel for the consideration of a much more hostile and determined Parliament. It was that Parliament which the Lord Keeper thus addressed: "If this" (the grant of supplies) "be deferred, necessity and the sword may make way for others. Remember his Majesty's admonition; I say, remember it." It was that Parliament also which, with such men as Sir Thomas Wentworth and Pym (Fig. 1887), Coke, Eliot, and Selden, at its head, wrung from Charles a document that may be ranked, in practical importance, with our old Magna Charta—we refer to the famous PETITION OF RIGHT. Its essentials may be thus described: commencing with a reference to the statute of Edward I., which declared that no tollage nor aid could be levied without the consent of Parliament; and with a similar reference to the Act of the 25th year of Edward III., which declared that thenceforward no person should be compelled to make any loans to the King; and to other laws of the realm, making provision against benevolences;—they proceeded to complain of the recent violations of all those unquestioned laws, and of the imprisonment and injuries inflicted upon those who had refused to submit. Invoking Magna Charta, they then continued to show that by that charter it had been enacted that no freeman should suffer in person or property, except by the lawful judgment of his peers; and yet divers persons had been of late imprisoned without any cause shown, and when they had been brought before the justices by writ of habeas corpus, had been detained by Charles's special command and returned to prison, still without any charge being made against them. Lastly, omitting some minor matters, they complained of the establishment of martial law among the troops destined for the continental wars, which they probably had a fear might be only a preparatory step to the declaration of martial law over the people at large, and which, they alleged, already had been the instrument of much injustice. They ended by praying that all these practices should cease. And after some ineffectual attempts to evade giving his decided sanction, Charles found himself compelled to assent. And thus one of the greatest and most bloodless victories was achieved for the people of England. The Commons immediately gave the King five subsidies, and for a moment all looked well. It was but for a moment. A warm remonstrance from the Commons to the King on the subject of Buckingham's conduct, again offended him. But a still more important question arose. It appears that he had secretly determined to keep the power of levying the tonnage and poundage duties, which had not been expressly mentioned, but by implication, founded on their character and the recorded opinions of Parliament, which were virtually included in the Petition of Right. If but one single tax were left free from the control of the people's representatives, not only was the principle violated, but who could tell but that an able and determined sovereign, like Charles, might ultimately manage to make that tax, like Aaron's rod, capacious enough to swallow up all the others? So, while the Commons prepared to pass the bill



1917.—Shilling.



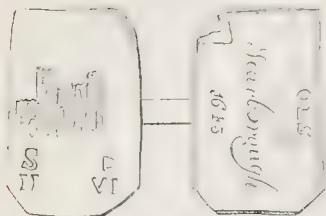
1922.—Twopenny.
1922 to 1926.—Silver Coins of Charles I.



1927.—Penny.



1928.—Halfpenny.



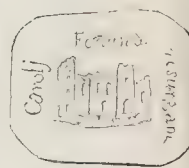
1927.—Scarborough Halfpenny.



1929.—Newark Shilling.
1927 to 1930.—Siege Pieces of Charles I.



1929.—Bristol-Castle Shilling.



1930.—Wolverhampton Shilling.



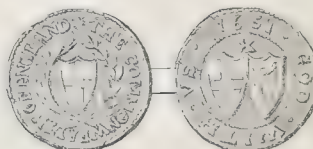
1931.—Arms of Commonwealth.



1932.—Great Seal of the Commonwealth.



1933.—Twenty-shilling Piece.



1934.—Ten-shilling Piece.



1935.—Crown.



1936.—Shilling.



1937.—Sixpence.



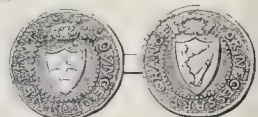
1938.—Twopenny.



1939.—Penny.



1940.—Halfpenny.

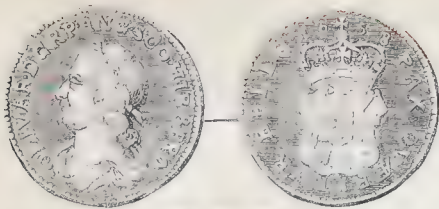


1941.—Pewter Farthing of Commonwealth.



1942.—Copper Farthing of the Commonwealth.

1935 to 1940.—Silver Coins of the Commonwealth.



1936.—Silver Crown.



1944.—Silver Shilling.



1945.—Silver Sixpence.

1946.—Copper Farthing.

1943 to 1946.—Coins of Oliver Cromwell.



1949.—The Protector Oliver Cromwell. (From a Painting by Van Dyke)
Picture in the British Museum.



1950.—Oliver Cromwell's Wife. (From an Anonymous Print of the Period
in which she is styled "Protectress and a Drudge.")



1947.—City of Worcester. (From an old Print.)

Oliver I

1948.—Oliver—Protector.
(From a Patent dated 5th July, 1655. Harl. MSS. No. 7502.)



1951.—At top—View of Worcester. (From an old Print.) The battle was fought on the foreground meadows. In the centre, the flight of Charles before the Parliamentary Soldiers; designed from various contemporary portraits of Charles II, Harrison, Lilburne, Bradshaw, and others. At the bottom, the old wooden house, in the Corn-market, Worcester, in which Charles lodged.

authorizing the levy of those duties for a year, they also prepared a remonstrance against the King's previous conduct in levying them without their consent. That remonstrance Charles did not choose to receive; he suddenly prorogued the House. And the mighty questions at issue were again left in a state calculated to stir and inflame men's minds to a height so dangerous, that we can only understand the King's conduct by supposing that he had seen from the first their true meaning and antagonism, and was determined to try to decide them at any cost in his own way.

Buckingham, however, was no longer to aid him in this task. A new expedition, that was to reverse all former defeats, was set on foot to relieve the Protestants of Rochelle, and Buckingham departed to take the command. He rested at Port-mouth on his way; and there, as he was leaving his lodging (Fig. 1880), surrounded by a crowd of French refugees and others, he was stopped for a moment in the hall by one of his officers: at that instant a knife was plunged into his heart. The unhappy man had just strength to draw it forth, stagger, and fall, with the word "villain!" on his lips—and that was all. A mightier power than the Commons—Death—had at once impeached and punished him. No one saw the blow given, nor knew the hand from which it had come. The Frenchmen were suspected, and, in the bustle and horror, and indignation of the time, were in great danger. Presently many of Buckingham's officers and others came rushing into the house, crying—"Where is the villain? Where is the butcher?" A man then walked calmly forth from the kitchen of the house, where he had been standing unnoticed, and said, "I am the man!—here I am!" It was with great difficulty that he was saved for further inquiry, from those who would have cut him down upon the spot. He had anticipated that fate, and prepared accordingly a written explanation, which was found fastened inside his hat. It contained these words:—"That man is cowardly and base, and deserveth not the name of a gentleman and soldier, that is not willing to sacrifice his life for the honour of his God, his King, and his country. Let no man commend me for the doing of it, but rather discommend themselves as the cause of it; for if God had not taken our hearts for our sins, he had not gone so long unpunished.—John Felton." The assassin proved to be a gentleman by birth, and a soldier by vocation. His chief motive appears to have been a conviction that Buckingham was so shielded by the royal favour that the punishment he (Felton), in common with the people at large, believed he deserved, would never be inflicted; therefore he took it into his own hands. As the news flew abroad, it is worthy of note in what a different spirit it was received by those who were very fast becoming two parties—the king and the people. The last greeted Felton with blessings as he passed along the road on his way to the Tower. Charles was at church "when Sir John Ilippesley came into the room with a troubled countenance, and without any pause in respect of the exercise they were performing, went directly to the King and whispered in his ear what had fallen out. His Majesty continued unmoved, and without the least change in his countenance, till prayers were ended, when he suddenly departed to his chamber, and threw himself upon his bed, lamenting with much passion, and with abundance of tears, the loss he had of an excellent servant; and the horrid manner in which he had been deprived of him; and he continued in this melancholic discomposure of mind many days." (Lord Clarendon.) It appears that Charles's self-control on the first receipt of the fatal news, deceived many of those worthy persons who look at all things upon the surface; they even said the accident was not very ungrateful to him, as ridding him of so unpopular a minister. It was a great mistake, and did the King gross injustice. Whatever we may think of Charles the king, there are but few points of view in which Charles the man does not appear estimable; a deep, warm, generous nature seems to have been ever exhibited by him to those he loved.

Some it appears, acting upon this mistake, hoped to thrive by the detraction of Buckingham; and they got their reward. It has been noticed by Lord Clarendon that from that time forward Charles "admitted very few into any degree of trust who had ever discovered themselves to be enemies to the Duke, or against whom he had manifested a notable prejudice." He paid the Duke's debts, buried him in Westminster Abbey, and took his wife and children under his protection. Felton was of course executed. One of the great causes of the Civil War, the difference between the King and the people as to who should possess the right to tax, which meant, in other words, who should possess the right to govern, and whether Englishmen should or should not enjoy political liberty, being now, we trust, made sufficiently clear, we pass to another, which involved the equally if not more momentous question of religious liberty.

There must have been much of deeply rooted honest conviction as well as much that was brave and heroic about Charles, to have enabled him to devise and endeavour to carry out his gigantic scheme of sovereignty, involving, as it did, the guidance of men's spiritual as well as temporal interests, in opposition to the views and principles of a great majority of their number. One who had had less faith in "the divinity that doth hedge in a king," would not have ventured so much in the endeavour to establish that faith as the practical rule for all the great business of the state; one who had had less courage would at all events have been content to deal with such mighty difficulties piecemeal. But Charles, true—ever true—to that absorbing passion and belief of his life, and thinking, perhaps rightly, that he could not deal as he wished with one alone, without in the mean time compromising in some degree his presumed right to deal with the other, determined to stand or fall by the idea of a sovereignty that should be in power and irresponsibility on all questions—"one entire and perfect chrysolite." His memorable coadjutor and adviser in the religious warfare he undertook was Laud, a man of whom it was said at the university, that he was "at least very Popishly inclined," and who had already given earnest of his fitness for Charles's purposes by his journey into Scotland with King James, for the purpose of modelling the Scottish Church after the fashion they had devised both for it and the Church of England. On the death of Buckingham, Laud became the King's chief minister. A notice of two among the various remarkable religious movements made by him in that capacity may form a fitting parallel to the notices already given of the political movements of the reign.

Whilst Charles was doing his best to put down democracy, Laud with equal zeal, and with as little discretion, set to work to put down Puritanism. Let us see how. Alexander Leighton, the father of the celebrated Bishop, a man lacking temper, but learned and able, published an 'Appeal to Parliament, or Sion's Plea against Prelacy.' The book, directed against the Queen and the Bishops, was "disrespectful, fanatic, and in some respects brutal;" but instead of leaving him to the operation of the ordinary law, if his offence was so bad as properly to come within the verge of law, he was called to the Star Chamber at Westminster (Fig. 1884), a place that now began to rise into a bad eminence, and there examined. He pleaded honestly and with proper submissiveness, that he had offended through zeal, and not through any personal malice. The sentence was degradation from the ministry, public whipping in the Palace Yard, the pillory for two hours, an ear to be cut off, a nostril slit, and a brand inflicted on one cheek of S. S., meaning Sower of Sedition. In what a state the hearts and minds of the men must have been who could thus exhaust their ingenuity to heap torture upon torture—injury upon injury—we leave our readers to judge. That was Laud's way of teaching men how to love his church. But will it, can it be believed, that after all these barbarities were executed, and before the wounds were healed, this unhappy man was again dragged forth to punishment; again whipped—pilloried—his other ear cut off—his other nostril slit, his other cheek branded?—Or that when all was over, that the victim was sent back to perpetual imprisonment? Need we wonder at any institution or any men being swept away at last by a people like the English, when such was the state of things—such the powers that were sought to be consolidated among them? As we have before had occasion to allude to Prynne (Fig. 1887), who soon joined Leighton as a fellow-sufferer, we shall for the present say no more of him, but shift the scene of our inquiries to Scotland.

On Sunday, the 23rd of July, 1637, dense crowds of people were collected round the church of St. Giles, in the Tron-Gate, Edinburgh (Fig. 1886). A bold experiment was to be tried; the imposition of a new Liturgy upon the Scottish churches generally, and St. Giles's was the first place where the new service was to be performed. The archbishops, the bishops, the lords of session, and the civic magistrates, were all present by command. The dean opened the service book and began to read, but his voice was overpowered by the cries and exclamations of indignation and abhorrence that arose. The Bishop of Edinburgh, the appointed preacher for the day, stepped into the pulpit, and spoke earnestly to the congregation of the holiness of the place. The storm now burst out with greater fury, and from clamour the people proceeded to violence: a woman threw a stool with such force that it would probably have killed the bishop upon the spot, but that it was arrested in its course. Sticks were now produced, and stones and dirt were seen flying thickly about. Some cried "Down with the priests of Baal!" others "A pape! a pape!" and "Anti-Christ!" And still more menacing voices were distinguished, urging the people to "Thrapole him!" "Stone him!" The Archbishop of

St. Andrew's and other eminent persons interfered with no better success: they were repelled by curses. At last the provost and the bailiffs cleared the church of some of the more violent, and then again was the service attempted, and with great difficulty carried through. But on leaving the church the Bishop of Edinburgh was thrown down by the multitude, and nearly trodden to death. Riot upon riot followed, and still the new Liturgy was forced down the Scottish people's throats, until the end was, the formation of the great National Covenant, whereby the subscribers undertook to maintain their old form of worship—the Presbyterian—at every hazard. Such was the success of the new League, that before the end of April (1638), "he was scarce accounted one of the reformed religion that had not subscribed to this Covenant, and the church and state were divided into two names, of Covenanters and Non-Covenanters; the Non-Covenanters consisting first of papists, whose number was thought small in Scotland, scarce exceeding six hundred; secondly, some statesmen in office and favour at the time; thirdly, some who, though they were of the reformed religion, were greatly affected to the ceremonial of England, and Book of Common Prayer." (May.) These last three, and comparatively unimportant classes, Charles and Laud made friends of—the first, comprising all the rest of the nation, they changed into determined enemies. There wanted but union between them and the Puritans and Patriots of England, to combine the greater portion of Charles's English and Scottish subjects in resolute opposition to his darling measures, and circumstances were powerfully tending to create that union. The Scotch were the first to appeal to arms, and single-handed, against him; but as if they could not have enough of difficulty to contend with, Charles and Laud lost no time in England in driving matters to such an extremity, as that the best men among its patriots saw no other resource than to imitate and aid their northern brethren.

We have already noticed one of the religious victims of the Star Chamber: we may now mention one of the political also. In 1638, about the very time that the Scotch were in a state of insurrection, John Lilburne (Fig. 1952) and John Warton were summoned to the Star Chamber, for unlawfully printing and publishing libellous and seditious books; and, which was supposed to enhance the crime, the having printed such books in direct opposition to a recent decree by Laud, that placed the press under a licensership: another step in the eventful career that was to conduct both minister and sovereign to a little-dreamt-of conclusion. When desired to take an oath to answer the interrogations of the court, both prisoners refused: Lilburne observing that no free-born Englishman ought to take it, not being bound by the laws of his country to criminate himself. It was this speech that caused Lilburne to be subsequently known as "Free-born John." Persisting in their refusal, the Lords of the Star Chamber ultimately committed them to a confinement in the Fleet until they should conform, fined them 500*l.* each, and directed that they should procure sureties for their good behaviour before enlargement. This would have been severe enough in all conscience for an offence of which there is no evidence that it was really an offence at all; but it would have lacked consistency with the punishment passed on the religious "seditious" before mentioned. So the court took care to preserve its consistency by torturing one of the two new prisoners; of course the one whose bold and enthusiastic language was so especially objectionable to the authorities of the Star Chamber. There was no need to repeat the exact punishment of Leighton or Prynne: Lilburne could be very well punished by directing that he should be whipped from the prison to the pillory, and thence back to the prison. It was a punishment shrewdly calculated to break down by its degrading associations the spirit of the victim, and keep others like him from following his example. It did not prove successful, however. The pillory was fixed as far as possible from the prison—namely, at Westminster, between the Palace-yard and the Star Chamber; and through all that distance, we are told, Lilburne was "smartly whipped." Yet whilst he was thus "whipped at the cart, and stood in the pillory, he uttered many bold speeches against tyranny and bishops, &c., and when his head was in the hole of the pillory, he scattered sundry copies of pamphlets (said to be seditious), and tossed them amongst the people, taking them out of his pockets; whereupon the court of Star-Chamber, then sitting, being informed, immediately ordered Lilburne to be gagged during the residue of the time he was to stand in the pillory, which was done accordingly; and, when he could not speak, he stamped with his feet, thereby intimating to the beholders he would still speak were his mouth at liberty." On his return to the Fleet he was placed as directed, with iron on his hands and legs, in the ward "where the basest and meanest sort of prisoners" were "used to be put." A fire, however, broke out in the prison, and thinking

Lilburne, in his desperation, had caused it, there was a cry raised by the citizens who lived in the adjoining narrow streets, of "Release Lilburne, or we shall all be burnt." In consequence, "Free-born John" was removed by the warder to a place where he could at least get a little air.

There were now no parliaments in England. Charles had met his latest in 1629; and from that period up to 1640 no successor was summoned. The King, therefore, was governing by the mere exercise of his own will; or, as he termed it, by his prerogative. Taxation, as well as everything else, of course depended upon his pleasure. The subjugation of the constitution was for the time complete. But such a state of things could not last for ever. All courage was not confined to the Houses of Parliament. At length the long-stifled flame burst out in connection with the resistance of a man whose name all parties have since spoken of with respect, and whom most have delighted to honour—Hampden. One of the taxes levied by Charles was denominated ship-money. This, in 1636, Hampden refused to pay; and other freeholders of his parish—Great Kimble, in Buckinghamshire—followed his example. The crown lawyers were ordered to proceed. The cause was tried in Michaelmas Term, 1637. The whole of the judges were present on the bench. Hampden's advocates chiefly relied upon Magna Charta, and the famous statutes of the first and third Edwards before mentioned; and above all upon the Petition of Right, which Hampden had helped to secure for the country. In answer, the court advocates did not hesitate to take their stand on the presumption that the monarchy of England was an *absolute monarchy*—that the power of the King was above all law, and statutes, and parliamentary devices. "This power," it was urged, "is not in any way derived from the people, but reserved unto the King, where positive laws first began," &c. So spake Charles's attorney-general, Bankes. And if men's eyes were not clearly open before as to Charles's purposes, there was, at all events, no possibility of mistaking them now. Here was at once presented by this trial the theory and the practice of despotic government. But the judges, reversing the wholesome customs of our day, went beyond, instead of seeking to moderate, the statements of the advocate. Justice Berkeley, referring to the position assumed by one of Hampden's counsel, Holborne—the sovereign could take nothing from the people without the consent of the representatives—said: "Mr. Holborne is utterly mistaken therein. The law knows no such king-yoking policy. The law is itself an old and trusty servant of the King's: it is *his* instrument or means which he uses to govern his people by." Still it was a portentous business: and the judges hesitated and talked, and talked and hesitated, through three terms; and at last one judge, Croke, boldly spoke out—The thing was illegal. He had from the first had misgivings; but had silenced them, from a dread of the consequences—ruin to himself and family. It is delightful to reflect upon the influence that brought him back to the path of duty. It was his wife's, who, whilst fully aware of his danger, strengthened him to encounter it. "She was," says Whitelock, "a very good and pious woman; and told her husband upon this occasion, that she hoped he would do nothing against his conscience for fear of any danger or prejudice to him or his family; and that she would be contented to suffer want or any misery with him rather than be an occasion for him to do or say anything against his judgment and conscience." The example was infectious. Justice Hutton took up his post beside Justice Croke. Judgment was finally entered against Hampden in June, 1638; but whatever moral effect might have been produced by a unanimous decision of the judges was utterly lost as it was. The money became more difficult to collect than ever.

Wentworth, subsequently Earl of Strafford (Fig. 1887), who now shared with Laud the chief business of the government under Charles, seems to have been so great an admirer of the whipping discipline, that he would have even had Hampden whipped! "Mr. Hampden," he writes to Laud, "is a great brother [Puritan], and the very genius of that nation of people leads them always to oppose, both civilly and ecclesiastically, all that authority ever ordains for them. But in good faith, were they rightly served, they should be whipped home into their right wits; and much beholden they should be to any that would thoroughly take pains with them in that sort." There is tolerable proof that Strafford seriously meant what he said in this passage—perhaps had actually advised it; for he again writes:—"In truth I still wish Mr. Hampden, and others to his likeness, were well whipped into their right senses. And if the rod be so used that it smart not, I am the more sorry." The poet Burns has finely observed upon the effect that would be produced could we see ourselves as others see us: we may vary and somewhat differently apply the thought in observing—Oh! that our statesmen could but



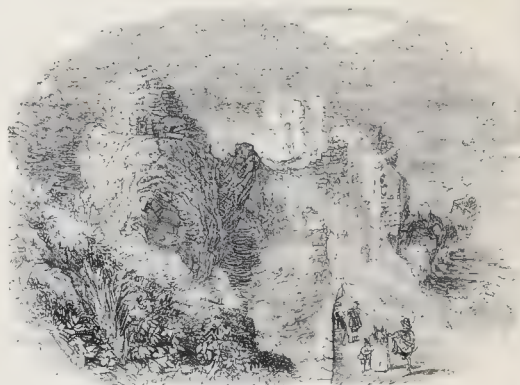
1932.—Col. John Lilburne.



1933.—Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament. (From a Painting by Benjamin West)



1934.—Cromwell's House.



1935.—Ruins of Tintar Castle. (From an original Drawing.)



1936.—Cromwell's Great Seal for Scotland. The reverse exhibits the Cross of Scotland surmounted by Cromwell's Paternal Arms. (From Simon's Medals.)



1937.—Cromwell's House.



1955.—Richard Cromwell. (From a Miniature by Cooper.)



1959.—Dorothy, wife of Richard Cromwell.



1960.—Head of a Newspaper of the Seventeenth Century.



1961.—Richard Cromwell.

Richard L.

1962.—Richard, Protector.
(From a Patent in Lansdowne MS. No. 1235.)



1963.—Great Seal of Richard Cromwell. Obverse.



1964.—Great Seal of Richard Cromwell. Reverse.

see themselves as posterity will see them! However, they did not whip Hampden, nor did they do what most likely he was prepared for—send him to the Tower to join his dear friend Eliot, who, for his patriotic conduct, was dying by inches from sickness in hopeless imprisonment.

At last Charles, having exhausted all the modes of raising money that even his notions of prerogative could suggest, determined to try once more a parliament. This was in 1640: eleven years after the dissolution of the previous parliament. What he could have hoped from this proceeding it is difficult to conceive. Every grievance that the men of 1629 had complained of, existed for the contemplation of the men of 1640, but in an infinitely more aggravated shape; and surrounded by hosts of other grievances that made even the former almost insignificant in the comparison—as, for instance, the gigantic grievance of Charles's having governed altogether for so long a period without parliaments. As we remember this, and the treatment received by all who had opposed the arbitrary proceedings of the government, whether in political or religious matters, we may understand the general state of feeling that prevailed in the new House of Commons. In three weeks it shared the fate of its predecessors. But already Charles was beginning to experience the more serious consequences of his policy. The Scotch, who had taken up arms against him some time before, actually entered England in the same year; and in his straits a fifth parliament was called—his last—the ever-memorable Long Parliament. Its first act was to conclude the union, of which we have before spoken, with the Scottish insurgents: and at once it was in the possession of a power before which the King's sank, for a time, helpless. Charles was formally stripped of all his objectionable prerogatives, by a series of enactments; and as to his chief advisers, Laud was sent to the Tower, which he was only to be released from in order to mount the scaffold four years later; whilst Strafford was at once attainted, found guilty, and executed. The day of retribution had indeed come at last. The most conspicuous of the men who promoted the proceedings against both Strafford and Laud was Pym (Fig. 1887), one of the greatest of the many great men this eventful time produced.

But though bent for awhile by the first violence of the storm, nothing could be further from Charles's thoughts than a real resignation to the will of the country. He began gradually to prepare for the terrible conclusion that had been so long foreseen by men of all parties, even by those who dreaded to express it in words—a Civil War. It matters little on which precise question the war broke out at last; had not the Militia Bill—which reposed the military power of England in the hands of the Parliament—been in dispute, something else would. The real issues remained as of old for decision—should there be a constitutional or a despotic government in England?—and as the Parliament could not yield without undoing all they had done, and incurring eternal infamy, and as Charles would not, there was nothing left but the sword wherewith to determine the mighty controversy. And both parties prepared to use that weapon as effectually as possible. Charles issued his commissions of array, inviting or enjoining all men to bring him money, arms, and harness, for which he pledged as security his forests and parks, and agreed to pay interest at the rate of eight per cent.; whilst, on the other hand, the Parliament commanded all persons to put in execution the ordinances it had previously made respecting the militia. Each party was obeyed by its respective adherents, and England presented almost suddenly the aspect of a universal camp. Everywhere were exhibited the musters or marching of troops, the carrying to and fro of military stores, the hurrying of noblemen, gentlemen, citizens, and yeomen, to join the king at York, where he first took up his position, or to swell the numbers of the military array for the Parliament, at the head-quarters of the county to which they respectively belonged. In looking generally at the supporters of the two belligerents, it appears that the more prosperous, civilized, and commercial portions of the community stood for the Parliament; and those which possessed less of these characteristics, for the King. Thus, whilst in the county of Derbyshire the Parliament had hardly a single adherent of note, London was enthusiastic in its favour, collected an army from among its own citizens, and opened a kind of public treasury for the receipt of gifts, to which “not only the wealthiest citizens and gentlemen who were near dwellers, brought in their large bags and goblets, but the poorer sort, like that widow in the Gospel, presented their mites also; inasmuch, that it was a common fear of men disaffected to the cause, to call this the thimble and bodkin army.” The time was to come when the bravest and skillfullest troops of Charles were to find the thimble and bodkin had changed somehow into weapons that they vainly contended against.

One of the first movements of the Royalists, before the war had actually broken out, was an attempt to obtain possession of the strong fort of Hull (Fig. 1892), a place of great strength and importance. But the governor, Sir John Hotham, though hesitating as to which power he should obey, found that his own son and his officers were decided Parliamentarians, and jealous and watchful of himself. So Charles was defeated in obtaining quiet possession of the place, and, being without ammunition, was unable to force it. As he was retreating in bad spirits, he was revived by the news that Portsmouth had declared for him, with Colonel Goring, a deserter from the Parliament, at its head. At that time the first virtual declaration of war, though still not assuming war's formal shape, may be said to have been made by Charles, by a proclamation requiring all men who could bear arms to repair to him at Nottingham by the 25th of August. And there, at the time named, “the *Standard*” was erected about six of the clock in the evening of a very stormy and tempestuous day. The King himself, with a small train, rode to the top of the castle hill; Varney, the Knight-Marshal, who was standard-bearer, carrying the standard, which was then erected in that place with little other ceremony than the sound of drums and trumpets. Melancholy men observed many ill presages about that time. There was not one regiment of foot yet brought thither, so that the trained bands which the sheriff had drawn together were all the strength the King had for his person and the guard of the standard. There appeared no confux of men in obedience to the proclamation. The arms and ammunition were not yet come from York (see our engraving, Fig. 1891), and a general sadness covered the whole town. The standard was blown down the same night it had been sent up, by a very strong and unruly wind, and could not be fixed again in a day or two, till the tempest was allayed. This was the melancholy state of the King's affairs when the standard was set up.” (Lord Clarendon.)

The chief Royalist commander next to Charles was his nephew, Prince Rupert, a brave and able, but exceedingly rash officer, who did Charles more harm than good, by bringing the feelings and practices of the mere soldier of fortune into a contest where men were fighting for the most part from a consciousness of its overwhelming necessity, and were inclined to do nothing in hate, but all in honour, and who were least of all prepared to become plunderers or banditti. On account of his unscrupulous conduct in these matters, Prince Rupert became known as Prince Robber among the English people. The supreme command of the Parliamentary troops was conferred on the Earl of Essex, whom we have in an earlier page mentioned as the son of Elizabeth's favourite and victim, and as the youthful husband of the equally youthful lady who was afterwards known as the profligate Countess of Somerset. It was on Sunday, the 23rd of October, 1642, that the combatants first met fairly in the field of battle at the base of Edgehill, in Warwickshire. The Royalists occupied the hill. Charles was there in person, arrayed in complete armour (Figs. 1892, 1893), and acted as his own commander-in-chief. The brave veteran soldier, the Earl of Lindisay, was called the chief general beneath the King; but disgusted with Prince Rupert's insolence, he regarded himself only as the possessor of the nominal dignity, and therefore placed himself, pike in hand, at the head of his own regiment. The Royalists were the most numerous, the Parliamentarians the strongest in ordnance. For some hours the combatants gazed on each other, as if reviewing the past and the future, recalling the recollections of the one, and meditating on the awful possibilities of the other; and as if such considerations, though it must not shake long-fixed resolves, still made each unwilling to incur the reproach of firing the first battle gun. At last the Parliamentarians, who were compelled to take the initiative, on account of the position of their antagonists, fired their artillery twice, and, it is said, towards that part where the King was reported to be. The Royalists returned the fire, then descended the hill, and surrounding the King's standard, advanced. The Parliamentarians rushed forward to charge them, and the shock of encounter so long looked for—yet so much dreaded—was experienced at last. The Royalists repulsed their assailants, and Prince Rupert then dashed forward with his cavalry, from the right wing, upon the Parliamentary troops opposite, commanded by Sir James Ram-say; broke and dispersed it, and followed the fugitives right out of the field, as far as a neighbouring village, where his troops—admirable soldiers!—began to plunder. In the mean time, the right wing of the Parliamentarians, under Sir William Balfour, made a charge upon the Royalists that was equally successful; and then, avoiding Rupert's childish eagerness, fell back upon the main body, ready again for active operations. Essex now sent forward two regiments of foot to attack the Royalist foot that surrounded the standard of Charles—a severe struggle took place, neither could

advance, and neither would retreat, until Balfour again charged in the Royalist rear, and with such effect that Charles presently saw his main body—the defenders of his standard—routed, and hurrying precipitately down the hill, and the standard itself captured. Here too fell his best officer, the Earl of Lindsay, who, mortally wounded, was taken prisoner with his son, and Colonel Vavasour. Sir Edward Verney was also killed; he was a gentleman who was understood to have been engaged on that side not for any good opinion of the cause, but “on the point of honour.” The battle, however, was not won; for the Royalists rallied on the top of the hill, of which they continued to keep firm possession. Just then Prince Rupert returned, flushed with conquest and booty—to find that the Royalist army had been well-nigh ruined through his absurd conduct, and to experience a tremendous attack from the forces which he had probably thought were by this time scattered to the winds, before he could replace his soldiers in their old position. In this indecisive way ended the first battle of the Civil War, and at a cost of no less than four thousand lives. The spot where so much precious blood was poured forth was known as the “Vale of the Red Horse!” No wonder that there were men, such as the able and eloquent Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, who still earnestly hoped for, and strove to effect an accommodation; and they were so far successful as to obtain a suspension of hostilities on the part of the Parliamentarians. And how did Charles use the opportunity?—Why, he attempted to surprise London: conduct that can only be characterized as exhibiting very bad faith, to speak of it in the mildest terms. The attempt was only defeated through the heroic courage of a small body of troops posted at Brentford, under Colonel Hollis, who, notwithstanding the immense disparity of numbers, kept their ground until the gallant regiment of Lord Brooke, and the still more famous one known as the Green Coats of Hampden (enrolled by himself from among his own tenantry and friends, and trained by himself), came up, when the three regiments, supporting each other, completely stopped the way. The excitement in the metropolis was very great: “All that night the city of London poured out men towards Brentford.” The Parliament, in its indignation at the trick that had been played them, voted that they would never again enter into any accommodation with Charles; but, excusable as the resolution was, they were too wise in the end to keep it, but remained up to all but the last moment prepared still to treat. But it must never be forgotten that it was these tricks, that were so often occurring, and the general insincerity of Charles’s behaviour, that induced men finally to adopt the conclusion that no terms could be safely made with him.

Passing over a multitude of incidents, such as the siege of Reading (Fig. 1893) by Essex, which was taken in ten days—the general skirmishing war in the north, where Fairfax, as yet a young man, was fast rising into reputation as a Parliamentary officer—we must pause to notice an event connected with one of the many Royalist excursions from Oxford (Fig. 1896), where the King had established his head-quarters.

The event in question was one of the saddest of the Civil War, being no less than the death of the brave and patriotic Hampden; and at a time, too, when many persons, dissatisfied with the slow progress making under Essex, were hoping to see Hampden raised to the chief command. On the night of the 17th of June, he was posted at Watlington, where an alarm reached him that Rupert was in the neighbourhood. He immediately despatched a message to Essex, advising him to send troops instantly to stop the passage of the bridge of Chiselhampton, the route that the Royalists must take in order to re-cross the Cherwell on their way back to Oxford; and then he immediately hurried forward to seek the prince, and engage him. The combatants met among the standing corn of Chadgrove Field, and a fierce and bloody struggle took place, in which Hampden, whilst in the act of charging the enemy, received two carbine balls in the shoulder, which broke the bone, and lodged in the arm. Bending his head in agony over the horse’s neck, he left the field, and turned to go to his father-in-law’s house, which was in the neighbourhood, but the way was blocked by Rupert’s troopers; so he determined to go to Thame. And there he died, after six days of intense suffering; which did not, however, prevent him from writing letter after letter to urge the Parliament to exhibit a more resolute and active spirit; and to the commander-in-chief to beg him to correct the errors to which he (Hampden) had fallen a victim—and, by concentrating his army for the support of the metropolis, set at defiance Rupert’s flying excursions. He was buried in the parish church of Hampden (Fig. 1898), his Green Coats following him bare-headed, their arms reversed, their ensigns and drums muffled, and singing the while the Ninetieth Psalm. The grief, and indeed alarm, of the Parliamentarians, at the loss of such

a man was most signal. And this blow was followed by another equally calculated to depress their spirits—the defeat of their army in the north by the Royalist Earl of Newcastle. But a man of whom as yet little notice had been taken by the nation generally, an officer in the Parliament’s army, now began to emerge from the comparative obscurity of his position.

Sir Philip Warwick, a Royalist, speaking of the House of Commons at the commencement of the Long Parliament, says—“I came one morning into the House well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking (whom I knew not) very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hat was without a hat-band; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable; and his eloquence full of fervour.” Such was Oliver Cromwell, before confidence in his powers, derived from the test of experience, and the influence of the lofty position he attained, had conferred upon him that majesty of demeanour which characterised him in his later days, and which is so strongly impressed upon his portraits (Figs. 1949, 1953). Cromwell now came upon the scene, and quickly the aspect of affairs changed. The mere military men of the day must have been strangely bewildered by his successes. He had had no previous experience in warfare; had not made it his study; had no particular taste for it: then, too, he was a man of a mature age, forty-three, and could no longer be supposed to possess that plastic quality of mind which readily adapts itself to an entirely new state of things. But, however inexplicable, the facts were not to be denied that it was he who trained his own regiment into such a state of military perfection that the bravest and most skilful Royalist troops were unable to compete with it; that it was he who checked the victorious arms of the Earl of Newcastle; scattered to the winds the levies that were coming to the Earl’s assistance; gained the victory near Grantham; and saved the Parliamentarian general, Lord Willoughby, from destruction at Gainsborough; and all in the course of his first and brief campaign. At that point he was arrested by superior numbers, and compelled to retreat, and for a time we hear little more of Oliver Cromwell.

Tracing the merest outlines of the succeeding events, we may state that the war now rapidly spread all over the country; the Queen raised the spirit of the loyalists of the west of England by her presence among them; the Earl of Newcastle was, as we have shown, promoting Charles’s cause with marked success in the north; whilst the king himself, taking up his head-quarters at Oxford, and rendering his position there as strong as a complete circle of fortifications could make it (Fig. 1895), encouraged his friends, and kept at bay his enemies, through all the midland districts. Among the many other advantages that attached to Charles’s residence at Oxford, was one that no doubt he hoped much from, namely, that while keeping the metropolis in check, he might by some sudden movement obtain possession of it. One not very creditable attempt of the kind we have noticed. To prevent all danger of another, the Londoners, who seem to have gone heart and soul with the Parliament, set to work to erect defences: May, the Parliamentary historian, says, “The example of gentlemen of the best quality, knights and ladies, going out with drums beating, and spades and mattocks in their hands, to assist in the work, put life into the drooping people.” So that in a space of time that seems hardly credible, twelve miles of entrenchment were finished, encircling the entire capital, and studded at intervals throughout with bulwarks, hornworks, redoubts, and batteries.* We cannot resist the pleasure of noticing a defence of another kind, made by the poet Milton, then resident in London. His fortification was the following noble sonnet written

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,

* We subjoin a list of these in explanation of the plan (Fig. 1907):—1. Gravel Lane, a bulwark; 2. White-chapel Road, a hornwork; 3. Near Brick Lane, a redoubt; 4. Hackney Road, Shoreditch, a redoubt; 5. Kingsland Road, Shoreditch, a redoubt; 6. Mount Mill, a battery and breastwork; 7. St. John Street, a battery and breastwork; 8. Islington Pound, a small redoubt; 9. New River, Upper Pond, a large fort with bulwarks; 10. The hill east of Blackmar’s hole, a battery and breastwork; 11. Southampton House, now the British museum, two batteries and a breastwork; 12. Near St. Giles’s Pond, a redoubt; 13. Tyburn Road, a small fort; 14. Oxford Road, now Oxford Street, by Wardour Street, a large fort; 15. Oliver’s Mount, a small bulwark; 16. Hyde Park Corner, a large fort; 17. Constitution Hill, a small redoubt and battery; 18. Chelsea Turnpike, a court of guard; 19. Tothill Fields, a battery and breastwork; 20. Vauxhall, a quadrant fort; 21. St. George’s Fields, a fort; 22. Blackman Street, a large fort; 23. Kent Street, a redoubt.



1655.—Charles II. and the English Ambassadors, at the Hague, arranging the terms of his Restoration. (From a Print by V. H. I.)



1661.—Charles II. (From a Picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)

Charles II

1667.—Charles II. (From the original in Harleian Library.)



1660.—Landing of Charles II. at Dover. (From a Painting by West.)



1685.—Mark Cross of Edinburgh: Execution of Argyll. (From a Drawing of the time.)



1685.—Charles II.



1671.—Catherine of Braganza. (From an original Painting in Russian Library.)

If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these.
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bowers:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's post had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

Happily no opportunity was afforded of testing the efficiency of the poet's defences. Charles saw it was useless to make any attempts upon London.

The battle fought at Newbury (Fig. 1900), near which is Donnington Castle, the supposed residence of the poet Chaucer, was a serious blow to the Royalists; fifteen hundred of them fell, with an unusual number of officers of rank, among whom was the universally-lamented Lord Falkland, the king's secretary of state. A still weightier calamity for Charles was the complete union of the Scotch Covenanters and English Parliamentarians that took place in 1643, when the National Covenant of the Scots merged into the "Solemn League and Covenant" of the two kingdoms. And one of the modes adopted by Charles to meet this most formidable combination—that of bringing over Catholic troops from Ireland to aid him—was calculated to do him more harm than good in a country where the chief mass of his supporters, as well as the entire body of his opponents, had a great horror of "Papists." But the main body of the Irish recruits had been scarcely six weeks in the country before Fairfax fell upon them, killed two hundred, and made prisoners of fifteen hundred; and thus summarily settled the question of Irish interference. But Charles had to suffer the additional mortification of hearing that many of his own English troops in the north had refused to fight for him, on hearing of the Irish arrangements; and that one Royalist, Sir Edward Deering, had in his disgust even returned to the Parliament he had before deserted, and thrown himself upon their mercy, rather than fight for Charles under circumstances so revolting to his conscience. These were indeed the things that from first to last were continually depriving Charles of the moral strength that his cause would otherwise have possessed. He left himself and all those who fought for him, no one principle, high and unadulterated, by the light of which they could with a clear conscience and a zealous spirit move onward at his call, excepting that of the right divine of sovereignty—a principle too weak alone to bear the structure he would have reared upon it. No one ever had more ardent or devoted followers; but he asked too much when he required that they should run all risks of life and fortune for the maintenance of one abstract principle that was so precious to him, whilst he hesitated not to violate in all possible ways other principles that ought to have been even dearer to himself, and which were dearer to them. The most determined Royalist still put his "Fear God" before his "Honour the King;" and must have found his faith in the second law somewhat deteriorated, when he saw that king equivocating, to say the least of it, with his conscience as to the first.

Pass we now over the death of Pym in 1643—the calling of a Parliament at Oxford in 1644—Royalist, of course, so that two Parliaments sat at the same time in England—the ineffectual attempt at negotiation made by the King and his "mongrel parliament," as he more humorously than prudently called the Oxford one, and come at once to the events that bring Cromwell again before our eyes, as the real influencer of the destinies of the nation.

The Civil War was, as we have seen, a religious as well as a political struggle; the Royalists generally adhering to the episcopal form of government, whilst the Commonwealth men were as generally Puritans. But the Puritans were also divided into two parties, the Independents and Presbyterians, who looked on each other with only less dislike than they felt towards their common enemy. And here too a kind of affinity between religious and political views discovered itself; making the Presbyterians, who leaned towards the support of monarchical and aristocratic institutions, also yearn to establish their church on the base made by the ruin of all others, and abhor toleration as one of the worst of crimes; whilst the Independents, holding more decidedly democratic notions as to civil government, desired toleration for all Christian bodies in the ecclesiastical policy of the country. Cromwell, Selden, St. John, Vane, Whitelock, were all Independents, whilst their Scotch allies were almost to a man Presbyterians; and so were the chief officers of the Parliamentary army, as the Earls of Essex and Manchester. Here were ample elements of discord,

and for a time the cause of the Parliament suffered in various ways from them; but chiefly in the spirit of indecision that these differences appear to have inspired in the minds of the military commanders. Suspicions grew rife that both Essex and Manchester were shunning rather than seeking a decisive success against the King, lest they should at the same time give too great a power to that party among their own supporters, of whom they were in dread. Nor were there wanting facts to support these views. A large army having been placed under the command of Manchester, with Cromwell as his lieutenant-general, the battle of Marston Moor was fought on the 2nd of July, and the Royalists completely routed. The important garrison of York surrendered immediately after, and, in fact, the entire command of the north of England may be said to have suddenly changed hands. The second battle of Newbury followed; and, though the issue was indecisive, the Parliamentarians were left in possession of the field; yet, twelve days after, Charles was allowed to return to the scene of action, and take away the artillery he had left in Donnington Castle, before the very eyes of the enemy. The Commons, in their indignation, ordered an inquiry, when Cromwell at once charged his superior officer with acting as though he thought "the King too low and the Parliament too high." From that moment the Presbyterian leaders sought to destroy Cromwell, and he to overthrow them. They began by inquiring secretly if they could not denounce him as an "incendiary;" and he continued even more boldly in the path he had entered, by solemnly denouncing their policy to the House and the country. According to some writers, Cromwell was a confused rambling speaker; it will be difficult to find much of either quality in the following weighty sentences:—"It is now time to speak, or for ever to hold the tongue; the important occasion being no less than to save a nation out of a bleeding, nay, almost dying condition, which the long continuance of the war hath already brought it into; so that, without a more speedy, vigorous, and effectual prosecution of the war, casting off all lingering proceedings, like soldiers of fortune beyond sea, to spin out a war, we shall make the kingdom weary of us, and hate the name of a parliament. For what do the enemy say? Nay, what do many say that were friends at the beginning of the Parliament? Even this—that the members of both Houses have got great places and commands, and the sword into their hands; and, what by interest in Parliament, and what by power in the army, will perpetually continue themselves in grandeur, and not permit the war speedily to end, lest their own power should determine with it. This I speak here to our own faces is but what others do utter abroad behind our backs. I am far from reflecting on any; I know the worth of those commanders, members of both Houses, who are yet in power; but, if I may speak my conscience, without reflection upon any, I do conceive, if the army be not put into another method, and the war more vigorously prosecuted, the people can bear the war no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonourable peace. But this I would recommend to your prudence, not to insist upon any complaint or oversight of any commander-in-chief upon any occasion whatsoever; for as I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversights, so I know they can rarely be avoided in military affairs: therefore, waiving a strict inquiry into the causes of these things, let us apply ourselves to the remedy which is most necessary; and I hope we have such true English hearts, and zealous affections towards the general weal of our mother country, as no member of either House will scruple to deny themselves and their own private interests for the public good, nor account it to be a dishonour done to them, whatever the Parliament shall resolve upon in this weighty matter." It was soon made evident to what this bold and remarkable address pointed; some one moved that all members of Parliament, whether of the House of Lords or of Commons, should be excluded from all command and offices; Vane seconded the motion, and, before the House rose, it was carried: and by this stroke of subtle policy the Presbyterian leaders were not only put aside, but could hardly, without injury to their reputation, even appear to complain. It was and is impossible to deny, that if the House was determined to prosecute the war vigorously, the way to do it was to employ officers whose sole interest would be to carry out to the best of their ability the desires of the House. Under these circumstances passed the famous "Self-denying Ordinance," by which of course Cromwell among the other military members was excluded. But it is supposed, and it is highly probable, that the profound sagacity of the men who appear to have originated this movement—Cromwell, Vane, and St. John—saw that the aristocratic Presbyterians once put aside, some opportunity would be sure to occur for the re-introduction of Cromwell: and so it happened. After another ineffectual attempt at negotiation by a body of commissioners

who met at Uxbridge (Fig. 1906), the war was renewed vigorously; some slight reverse happened, and immediately the Commons sent Cromwell to the scene of action. He performed the duty committed to him with his usual skill, courage, and success. But other dangers threatened, the Royalists were concentrating their forces; some great effort was about to be made; so now Fairfax sent to the Commons to request that they would again dispense with the Ordinance in Cromwell's case, and nominate him second in command—a post that had been left vacant on the remodelling of the army—for (it is supposed) the very man who now received a commission of three months' date to fill it. And whether he had planned and guided all these things from the first, or whether in truth his re-appointment had been quite unexpected by him when the Self-denying Ordinance was passed, the time was at all events come when he had the opportunity of testing personally the value of the counsel he had then given. The speedy, vigorous, and effectual prosecution of the war, was now to a great extent in his own hands. It must have been an anxious question with the Parliament, seeing how determined he was to speedily settle the business, to know how the settlement should come, whether in ruin or triumph. The battle of Naseby (Northamptonshire) was his answer. Of two armies that when they met were about equal in numbers, the result was, ere they parted, that one had lost in slain between six and seven hundred men, and five thousand prisoners, besides twelve brass field-pieces, two mortars, eight thousand stand of arms, forty barrels of powder, its entire bag and baggage, and, among other matters, above a hundred standards; whilst the loss of the other army was confined to about a hundred men. It is sufficient to say that Cromwell was at Naseby, to tell on which side the mighty loss, and the gain, respectively lay. The battle, fought on the 16th of June, 1645, sealed the fate of Charles so far as it depended upon military issues. We may imagine the state of feeling in the House of Commons, when the letter, of which we give a fac-simile (Fig. 1903), was read aloud within its walls. The obelisk shown in our engraving (Fig. 1905), was raised at Naseby in grateful commemoration.

But there was a more formidable enemy of Charles than the army of the Parliament—his own determined insincerity; and the capture of a handful of letters at Naseby, expressive of his true sentiments on various matters then in dispute, rendered his cause a thousand times more hopeless, than even that decisive battle. What a scene was that in a public hall in London, where these letters were read aloud in the presence of a great body of the most distinguished citizens and members of Parliament, and it became known to the world that the man who had solemnly declared "I will never abrogate the laws against the Papists," had already in secret pledged himself to abrogate them—that the man who had said with a show of generous indignation, "I abhor to think of bringing foreign soldiers into the kingdom," had been encouraging his queen to strain every nerve to induce foreign princes to send him troops; that, lastly, the man who had but a short time before consented during negotiation to give the Parliament its title of Parliament, was all the while doing it with the mental reservation that calling them so was not so acknowledging them; a distinction difficult to understand in one sense, but quite clear in another, namely, that Charles was prepared to keep no faith whatever with those whom he so often appeared to be ready to negotiate with.

Successes in Scotland achieved by the Marquis of Montrose, who like a meteor darted to and fro, and certainly brought in his train the calamities that our superstitious forefathers were wont to attribute to the movement of the erratic denizens of the air, for a time deluded Charles with hopes of success; but at last Montrose was caught in one of his Parthian-like movements, and his wings effectually clipped by the Covenanters. And now the King began to feel personally, with a constantly-increasing severity, the dangers and miseries of his position. The chief officers quarrelled more violently than ever, and even the best of them lost their energy. The old Marquis of Newcastle had left the country after the battle of Marston Moor, in disgust probably at the conduct of Charles's nephew, Prince Rupert. That prince himself gave mortal offence to Charles by the surrender of one of the most important places then remaining in the possession of the Royalists, Bristol (Fig. 1913), and after a siege of some four days only, although he had assured Charles he would keep it for four months. And now that the utter failure of the Scottish Royalists plunged them all in despair, fresh broils drove the unhappy King almost to frenzy, and ended in the withdrawal of the prince, with many other officers, and a body of horse, with the intention of quitting the country. Charles was then at Newark, with the armies of the Parliament rapidly closing around him.

He was now driven from place to place with hardly a moment's rest; and not even his rank, or the number and quality of his supporters, sufficed to preserve him from those physical sufferings and privations which must have appeared to him, when contrasted with his past grandeur, like some hideous dream. The coins of Charles (pp. 169, 172), at this period, speak most eloquently of the tenor of his career. We have them of different mints—as, the Oxford crown, the York half-crown, and so on (Figs. 1920, 1921); deteriorating so greatly in value, as his affairs grew worse, that at last, the siege pieces, as they were denominated, can hardly be called coins at all. One sort consisted of mere bits of silver plate, with a castle rudely stamped upon them, supposed to be that of Scarborough (Fig. 1927). A mode adopted by the Queen of raising supplies does honour to her ingenuity. Miss Strickland, in the recently-published volume of her work on the 'Queens of England,' says:—"At this period, Henrietta had recourse to the painful expedient of soliciting personal loans for the service of her royal husband, not only from the female nobility of England, but from private families, whom she had reason to believe well affected to the cause of loyalty. To such as supplied her with these aids, she was accustomed to testify her gratitude by the gift of a ring, or some other trinket from her own cabinet; but when the increasing exigencies of the king's affairs compelled her to sell or pawn in Holland the whole of her plate and most of her jewels for his use, she adopted an ingenious device, by which she was enabled at a small expense to continue her gifts to her friends, and in a form that rendered these more precious to the recipient parties, because they had immediate reference to herself. Whilst in Holland she had a great many rings, lockets, and bracelet clasps made, with her cipher, the letters H. M. R., Henrietta Maria Regina, in very delicate filigree of gold, curiously entwined in a monogram, laid on a ground of crimson velvet covered with thick crystal, and like a table diamond, and set in gold. These were called 'the Queen's Pledges,' and presented by her to any person who had lent her money, or rendered her any particular service, with an understanding that, if presented to her Majesty at any future time when fortune smiled on the Royal cause, it would command either repayment of the money advanced, or some favour from the Queen that would amount to an ample equivalent. Many of these interesting testimonials are in existence; and in families where the tradition has been forgotten, have been regarded as amulets which were to secure good fortune to the wearer. One of these Royal pledges, a small bracelet clasp, has been an heir-loom in the family of the author of this life of Henrietta; and there is a ring, with the same device, in possession of Philip Darrel, Esq., of Coles Hill, in Kent, which was presented to his immediate ancestor by that Queen." But it was all in vain. The King had embarked in an enterprise that was from the first dangerous, and now proved to be impracticable: and he was too proud, or too rigidly fixed to his principle of government, to make a sudden and handsome retreat, throw himself at once into the arms of the people, and be thenceforward what they wished—the king of a free and happy nation. That would have saved him even yet; but Charles was actually mad enough to incur all the danger, without entitling himself to any of the grace or advantages of the act: he gave himself up in 1646 (Fig. 1904) to his Scotch rather than his English subjects, and they presently handed him over to the latter.

Charles was now, then, at last a prisoner in the hands of the Parliament. Yet still he hoped. One delusion after another, founded upon that unsteady of all foundations—intrigue, had crumbled away; yet still he put faith in this one—the excitement of dissension between the two parties who had together conquered him. But though they engaged in what might be almost called a deadly struggle for the mastery, the contest was in effect but brief: the Independents triumphed, and Cromwell obtained the entire control of the army, in spite of the Presbyterian majority in the Parliament. From that moment Cromwell was evidently entitled to rule the destinies of England. And having by a sudden movement succeeded in removing Charles from the custody of the Parliamentary Commissioners to his own, he might feel that the path was open for him to the attainment of the highest point that even his ambition might suggest. In estimating the character of that wonderful man, and endeavouring to judge whether he was like most other of the Commonwealth-men, pursuing what he believed the best interests of the country, or selfishly caring only for what he thought to be his own, it is most important to observe his conduct at this period, when Charles was in his hand, the army his devoted instrument, and a large portion, perhaps the great majority of his countrymen, his warm admirers. To allow Charles to regain his power, no matter how restricted, was to set at rest for ever any unlawful and



1276.—London Looking from the Base of St. Paul's Cathedral.



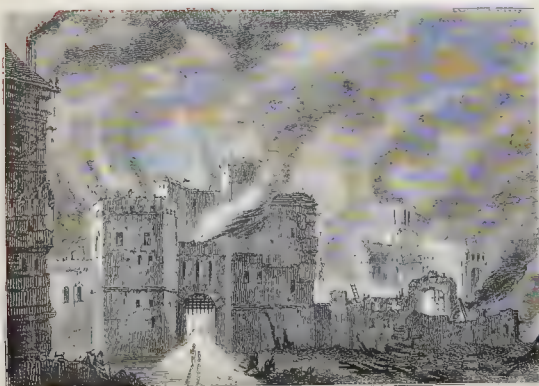
1278.—The Royal Exchange, as seen to the East in 1788.



1281.—Houses of Parliament from the River, as in 1788.



1282.—The Monument.



1283.—Burning of Newgate: Old St. Paul's in the background.



1284.—The Savoy Palace, in 1661. (From Vischer's 'London'.)



195.—Dutch Fleet in the Medway. Burning of Sheerness. (From an engraving of the original.)



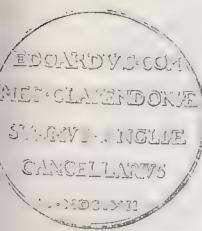
196.—Clarendon House. Arrived at the King in 1672.



1987.—Clarendon House.



1988.—Burlington House.



1989.—Medal of Clarendon.



1991.—Palace of Westminster. (From a drawing by the architect, Sir Christopher Wren.)



1990.—Medal of the Commonwealth of England. (From the Original in the Brit. Mus.)

unprincipled aspirations, by whomsoever held; whilst to crush him, now that he could be crushed, was to open a thousand opportunities for their realization. What was Cromwell's course? The remarkable incident described in an earlier part of our work in connection with the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn, furnishes the answer. Cromwell did treat with Charles, until he found that he was dealing with one who would not only break whatever pledges he made the moment he was again in power, but would make a jest of putting the halter round his (Cromwell's) neck, as the practical mode of fulfilling a promise of the Garter. Up to this time there had still been a chance of Charles's restoration to power; this last act of faithlessness sealed his fate irrevocably.

All this while, the King himself appears to have remained insensible to his fatal vice; and bewailed his misfortunes with an earnestness, pathos, and poetical power, that strangely remind us of, and hardly lose by the contrast with the lamentations of the second Richard, in Shakspeare's play. Whilst in confinement in Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight (Fig. 1910), and where he made an ineffectual attempt to escape (see our engraving, Fig. 1911), he wrote the verses from which the following are selected:—

Nature and law, by thy divine decree
The only sort of righteous royalty,
With this dim diadem invested me.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey disrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

The Church of England doth all fiction foster,
The pulpit is usurped by each impostor;
Extempore excludes the *Pater Noster*.

The Presbyter and Independent seed
Springs with broad blades: to make religion bleed
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner-stone's misplaced by every paviour:
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Their ancestors did crucify our Saviour.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrowned;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

The ability displayed in these lines will no doubt surprise many, who may not have been aware that Charles was in truth a man of fine literary genius. He was also an excellent critic, distinguished alike for the depth and the universality of his views of art; and we use the word in its general, not in its more limited sense. The Rev. Mr. Gilpin justly observes that "the amusements of his court were a model of elegance to all Europe, and his cabinets were the receptacles only of what was exquisite in painting and sculpture; none but men of the first merit found encouragement from him, and those abundantly; Jones was his architect, and Vandyke his painter." The same writer adds, "Charles was a scholar, a man of taste, a gentleman, and a Christian; he was everything but a king. The art of reigning was the only art of which he was ignorant."

The trial (Fig. 1912) was commenced on the 20th of January, 1648: Westminster Hall was the scene, the judges a body of Commissioners, numbering one hundred and thirty-five, and including the chief officers of the army, as Fairfax, Cromwell, Ireton, Waller, Skippon, Harrison, and others, three noblemen, most of the members of Parliament (now consisting entirely of Independents, in consequence of the "purge" administered by Colonel Pride at the door of the House of Commons), four aldermen of the city, three sergeants-at-law, twenty-two knights and baronets, with some citizens of London and country gentlemen. Bradshaw was President, who thus addressed Charles at the commencement of the proceedings:—"Charles Stuart, King of England: the Commons of England, being deeply sensible of the calamities that have been brought upon this nation, which are fixed upon you as the principal author of them, have resolved to make inquisition for blood; and, according to that debt and duty they owe to justice, to God, the kingdom, and themselves, they have resolved to bring you to trial and judgment, and for that purpose have constituted this high court of justice, before which you are brought." Coke, the solicitor-general, then rose, but was interrupted by the King, who, tapping him on the shoulder with his cane, cried "Hold! Hold!" As he did so, the head of the cane dropped on the ground, and Charles, as he subsequently said to the Bishop of London, was greatly shocked at the incident. Coke then, in few words, stated the substance of the charge, which he handed over in writing to the clerk to be read at length. As the officer began, Charles once more exclaimed "Hold!" but presently he sat down, "looking sometimes at the high court, sometimes up to the galleries; and having

risen again, turned about to behold the guards and spectators, sat down again, looking very sternly, and with a countenance not at all moved, till these words—namely, "Charles Stuart to be a tyrant, a traitor," &c., were read; "at which he laughed, as he sat, in the face of the court." The essential charge was, of course, that he was the author of the Civil War, and of its deplorable consequences to the country. His answer to the charge being demanded, Charles rose, and though he had a natural impediment in his speech, that at ordinary times inconvenienced him, his voice was now as steady and free as his deportment was majestic and fearless. He demanded to know by what authority he had been brought there. "I was not long ago," he said, "in the Isle of Wight . . . I treated there with a number of honourable lords and gentlemen, and treated honestly and uprightly. I cannot say but they did very nobly with me. We were upon a conclusion of the treaty. Now, I would know by what authority, I mean lawful,—for there are many unlawful authorities in the world, thieves and robbers by the highways,—but I would know by what authority I was brought from thence, and carried from place to place. Remember I am your lawful King. Let me know by what lawful authority I am seated here,—resolve me that, and you shall hear more of me." The President said he was there by the authority of the people of England, whose elected King he was. Charles replied that England was never an elective kingdom, but an hereditary kingdom for near these thousand years. He added, "I stand more for the liberty of my people than any here that come to be my pretended judges." "Sir," said Bradshaw, "how well you have managed your trust is known. If you acknowledge not the authority of the Court, they must proceed." Charles, pointing to Colonel Cobbet, said he had been forcibly brought hither by him. He did not come there as submitting to the Court; and added, "I see no House of Lords here, that may constitute a Parliament; and the King, too, must be in and part of a Parliament." To which Bradshaw replied, "If it does not satisfy you, we are satisfied with our authority, which we have from God and the people. The Court expects you to answer; their purpose is to adjourn to Monday next." The guard was then directed to take the King away, who as he left the court pointed to the sword of justice, and said, "I do not fear that."

The interval was spent by the judges in the most solemn manner, with prayer, preaching, and with a fast; and on the Monday the business proceeded. Charles still questioned the legality of the Court, and said that a king could not be tried by any jurisdiction upon earth—that he resisted not only for himself, but for the sake of the liberties of the people of England. He was proceeding, when Bradshaw interrupted him: he could not be suffered any longer to dispute the authority of the Court. Charles persisted, and was again stopped by the President, and this was repeated so many times, that at last Bradshaw directed the sergeant-at-arms to remove the prisoner from the bar. "Well, Sir," then exclaimed Charles, "remember that the King is not suffered to give in his reasons for the liberty and freedom of all his subjects." "How great a friend you have been," rejoined Bradshaw, "to the laws and liberties of the people, let all England and the world judge." Another adjournment now took place, followed by a private meeting of the judges, at which it was determined that if he was still contumacious, no further time should be granted. At the third sitting in Westminster Hall, Coke craved speedy judgment, and Bradshaw addressing Charles, bade him answer whether he were guilty or not of these treasons. Charles asked if he might speak freely. He was told after pleading he should be heard at large, and Bradshaw invited him to make the best defence he could against the charge. "For the charge," exclaimed the King, "I value it not a rush; it is the liberty of the people of England that I stand for; I cannot acknowledge a new court that I never heard of before." He proceeded, and, though interrupted, for some time continued to do so between the interruptions, until the President called out, "Clerk, do your duty." The officer then formally asked him for a positive and final answer; but still no satisfactory reply being obtained, Bradshaw said, "Sir, this is the third time that you have publicly disowned this Court and put an affront upon it. How far you have preserved the liberties of the people your actions have shown. Truly, Sir, men's intentions ought to be known by their actions; you have written your meaning in bloody characters throughout this kingdom. But, Sir, you understand the pleasure of the Court. Clerk, record the default. And, gentlemen, you that took charge of the prisoner, take him back again." "Sir," said Charles, "I will yet say one word to you. If it were my own particular, I would not say any more to interrupt you." "Sir," rejoined Bradshaw, "you have heard the pleasure of the Court, and you are, notwithstanding you will not understand it, to find that you are before a court of

justice." With these ominous words the jury adjourned for the third time.

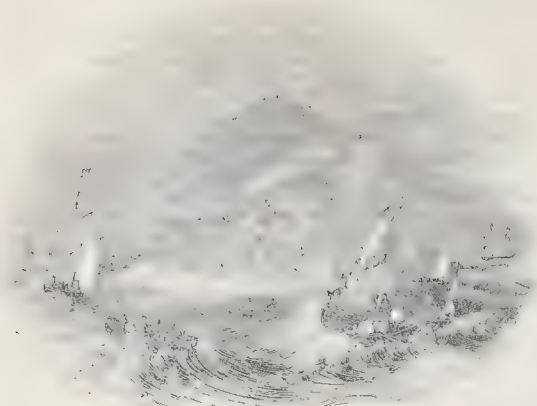
The fourth and fifth days of trial went on in the King's absence; the judges having determined they would for their own satisfaction hear witnesses. The sixth day was expended in consideration of the sentence. On the seventh day Charles was again conducted to the Hall, amid cries of "Justice! Justice! Execution! Execution!" As he entered with his hat on as usual, he saw the President was robed in *scarlet*, and the commissioners in "their best habits." There was also a solemnity of aspect about the Court that no one in Charles's position could mistake—he was to die. The moment he reached the bar he desired to be heard, and when told the Court must be heard first, he urged with still greater earnestness his prayer, saying that hasty judgment was not soon recalled. Bradshaw assured him he should be heard before judgment was given, and remarked upon his previous refusal to answer to the charge brought against him in the name of the people of England. Suddenly a female voice cried out, "No, not half the people!" but it was silenced, and the President, at the close of his speech, signified that the Court were prepared to hear him. "I must tell you," began the King, "that this many a day all things have been taken away from me, but that I call more dear to me than my life, which is my conscience and honour; and if I had a respect to my life more than to the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of the subject, certainly I should have made a particular defence; for by that, at leastwise, I might have delayed an ugly sentence, which I perceive will pass upon me." . . . He then expressed a desire to be heard in the Painted Chamber before the Lords and Commons, adding, "I am sure what I have to say is well worth the hearing." He was told in answer, that this was but further declining of the jurisdiction of the Court, which was founded upon the supreme authority of the Commons of England, and his prayer for a hearing in the Painted Chamber was at once refused. It has been supposed that Charles referred to a proposal for abdicating in favour of his son; but his whole conduct through the trial shows that his object was to evade if possible the jurisdiction of the Court, and gain time, in the hope that something or other might occur to save at once his life, throne, and principles of government. Even the natural disinclination of men to be engaged in such a weighty business he might think was a circumstance in his favour, and might generate a favourable feeling for him if only time were obtained. And an incident that occurred at the moment of the refusal of his request, supports the view that delay was his best policy, always provided that he was not prepared to throw himself frankly upon the Court, and, whilst asserting the conscientiousness of his motives, renounce them, without the smallest reservation, for the future. That was the only chance, even if the time were not too late for any course to save him; but he would not—perhaps was satisfied that he ought not to submit; and he was in the hands of men who by this time understood thoroughly his character and modes of action, and were determined to leave no opportunity open for his evading the awful judgment that they were prepared to pass.

The incident to which we refer was the conduct of one of the Commissioners, John Downes, a citizen of London, who in his excitement kept on saying to those around him, "Have we hearts of stone? Are we men?" He now rose, and addressing the Court, said, "My lord, I am not satisfied to give my consent to this sentence. I have reasons to offer against it. I desire the Court may adjourn to hear me." In some confusion the court did adjourn, and left Charles in a fearful state of suspense. They returned in about half an hour, unanimous in their purpose. "Serjeant-at-arms, send for your prisoner," exclaimed the sonorous voice of Judge Bradshaw; and the King, who had been spending the interval in deep conference with Bishop Juxon, returned to his seat at the bar. "Sir," then said Bradshaw, "you were pleased to make a motion for the propounding of somewhat to the Lords and Commons for the peace of the kingdom. Sir, you did in effect receive an answer before the Court adjourned; truly, Sir, their withdrawing and adjournment was *pro forma tantum* [for form only], for it did not seem to them that there was any difficulty in the thing; they have considered of what you moved, and have considered of their own authority. Sir, the return I have to you from the Court is this—that they have been too much delayed by you already." The King, at the conclusion of the President's speech, having said that he did not deny the power they had, again implored a hearing in the Painted Chamber. But still, it is to be observed, not a glimpse of any really tangible proposition to be made when he got there, did he afford. After again refusing in the name of the whole Court, Bradshaw addressed himself to the weighty business of delivering judgment, and the reasons for the awful sentence it involved. He

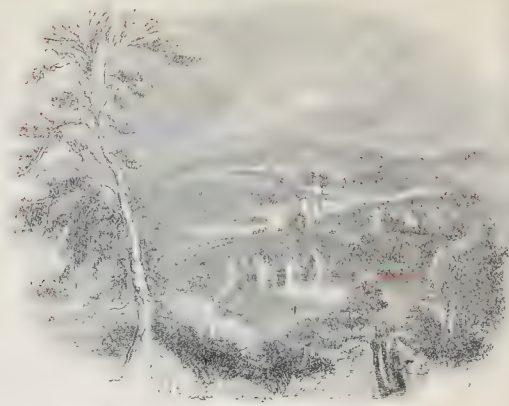
told Charles that the law was his superior, and that he ought to have ruled according to law—that as the law was superior to him, so were the people of England superior to the law, as its author and parent. He reminded the King that there were things called parliaments—that anciently they were kept twice in the year, that subsequently they had been appointed to be held once in the year; whereas, what the intermission of parliaments had been in his (the king's) time, was very well known; and what during those intermissions he had arbitrarily introduced among the people, was also too well known and felt. Referring then to the sitting of the still existing Parliament, the Long Parliament, he continued, "What your designs, and plots, and endeavours, all along have been, for the crushing and confounding of this Parliament, hath been very notorious to the whole kingdom. And truly, Sir, in that you did strike at all; for the great bulwark of the liberties of the people is the Parliament of England. Could you but have confounded that, you had at one blow cut off the neck of England; but God hath pleased to confound your design, to break your forces, to bring your person into custody, that you might be responsible to justice."

Precedents were then cited: and among the many incidents that, it was alleged, could be found in the histories of both Scotland and England, the particular cases were referred to of Charles's own grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, set aside in favour of her son James (Charles's father), and of Edward II. and Richard II.; and truly, said the President, whoever should look into the stories of those kings should not find the articles charged against them come near in height and capitalness of their crimes to those charged against Charles I.

He next proceeded to assert, that a contract exists between sovereign and people—that the bond is reciprocal; the sovereign is as much bound by his coronation oath as the subject is bound in his allegiance, and that if this bond be once broken, farewell sovereignty! He then continued in these words,—“Sir, that which we are now upon, by the command of the highest court, is to try and judge you for your great offences. The charge hath called you tyrant, traitor, murderer.” A startling “Hah!” from Charles here burst forth. “Sir,” continued Bradshaw, “it had been well if any of these terms might justly have been spared.” He concluded by protesting that through these proceedings all the judges had God before their eyes, and by recommending Charles to take the example of the repentance of King David as one proper for him to imitate. Charles in a hurried tone said, “I would desire only one word before you give sentence—only one word.” Bradshaw said the time was past. Again Charles pressed, but was reminded by Bradshaw that he had not owned their jurisdiction, that he merely looked upon them as a sort of people met together, that they all knew what language they had received from his party: remarkable words, and signifying, we think, how deeply Charles had injured himself by resisting the Court, if there were any well-founded hopes of accommodation in his mind, founded upon the concessions he was prepared to make. Of course, if he had no such hopes—was prepared with no such concessions—he could not have adopted any course more politic than the one we have described. Unfortunately for him, his policy was understood and resisted. Disclaiming all knowledge of the language referred to, Charles again begged to be heard, but Bradshaw sternly told him they had given him too much liberty already; that he ought to repent of his wickedness, and submit to his sentence. Then, in louder tones, he said, “What sentence the law affirms to a traitor, a tyrant, a murderer, and a public enemy to the country, that sentence you are now to hear. Make silence! Clerk, read the sentence.” The clerk did so. The concluding words ran thus:—“For all which treasons and crimes this Court doth adjudge, that he, the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy to the good people of this nation, shall be put to death, by severing his head from his body.” Charles, with a look upward to Heaven, said, “Will you hear me a word, Sir?” “Sir,” was the reply, “you are not to be heard after sentence.” In great agitation, the King rejoined, “No, Sir?” “No, by your favour,” said Bradshaw, and continuing, “Guards, withdraw your prisoner.” Still struggling to be heard, the unhappy King exclaimed, “I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, Sir. I may speak after the sentence, ever. By your favour—” He was stopped by the “Hold!” of the President. Again Charles stammered forth, “The sentence, Sir, I say, Sir, I do—” but was again stopped by the “Hold!” of the immovable Bradshaw. “I am not suffered to speak: expect what justice other people will have,” muttered Charles, and, therewith he turned away, and left the Hall with his guards. Thus ended this momentous trial; and whatever may be thought of the



192.—Ulva Loch,—with the Tomb of the Covenanters.



1922.—Bothwell Bridge,—where the Scotch Covenanters were defeated, 22nd June, 1679.
(From an Original Drawing)



1991.—Medals struck to commemorate the Murder of Sir E. Godfrey. (From the Originals in the Brit. Mus.)



1935.—The Rye-House



1996.—Belvoir Castle: temp. Charles II.



1997.—Charles II. on the water, as it appeared in 1715.



1998.—Whitehall and adjoining buildings, with a Royal Aquatic Procession.



2004.—James II. (From a picture by G. Kneller.)



1999.—Whitehall, as it appeared before the Fire of 1691.



2000.—Guinea, Charles II.



2001.—Crown, Charles II.



2002.—Shilling, Charles II.



2006.—Great Seal of James II.



2003.—Halfpenny, Charles II.

James R

2005.—James II. (From an original in Harleian Library.)

abstract justice or injustice involved in it, considerations that depend of course upon the political views of the thinker, there can be no question of the moral grandeur of the scene, and the mighty character of the chief actors in it. From beginning to end, we perceive through the whole an order, a solemnity, and a right intensity of purpose, that could only spring from conscientious and deeply seated (even if mistaken) views of the overwhelming necessity of the deed. The respect paid to Charles throughout is unmistakable. There was no pettiness about his adversaries. It cannot indeed be denied that the Commonwealth men were justified in their proud vaunt, that they had acted neither meanly nor timidly; that what they had done was not done in a corner, but openly in the eyes of all England, and of the world. We may here add, that tradition points out Cromwell's house in Clerkenwell (Fig. 1954), as the place where the death-warrant was signed.

The memory of King Charles "the Martyr" has been more endeared to the popular mind by his tender and indulgent parental character, than by any nice appreciation of the merits of the cause in which he suffered. The affecting scene of his last parting from his young children, when they came from Sion House to St. James's Palace to bid him farewell, shortly before his execution, has been a favourite subject for pictorial representation, and there are few who can contemplate it unmoved. Charles, taking the princess up in his arms, kissed her, and gave her two seals with diamonds, praying for the blessing of God upon her, and the rest of his children, "and," adds Whitelock, with pathetic simplicity, "*there was a great weeping.*" The King's last night on earth was spent tranquilly. He slept more than four hours, his attendant, Herbert, resting on a pallet by the royal bed. The room was dimly lighted from a great cake of wax set in a silver basin. Before daybreak Charles aroused his attendant, saying, "He had a great work to do that day," and proceeded to attire himself with unusual care, observing, "Death is not terrible to me; and, bless God, I am prepared." Bishop Juxon being called in, Charles spent an hour with him in prayer, and received the Sacrament. He then said, according to Sir Philip Warwick, "Now let the *rogues* come; I have heartily forgiven them, and am prepared for all I am to undergo." About ten o'clock there was a gentle tap at the door; Charles commanded Herbert to open it, which he was almost too agitated to do. Colonel Hacker—paler than the King—announced that they were ready. The way from St. James's to Whitehall was through the open Park, and past the Horse-Guards (Fig. 1976). The Park was filled with companies of soldiers; drums were beating, colours flying. Charles walked rapidly and erect between Colonel Tomlinson and Bishop Juxon, followed by some of his own gentlemen and servants barcheaded, and by a guard of halberdiers. A solemn and respectful silence pervaded the multitude, save when, here and there, some full heart vented its emotion in a prayer or blessing. The Royalist writer Warwick—and he only—states, that one of the commanders, to disturb the King, asked him, Whether he were not consenting to his own father's death? to which the King answered, "Friend, if I had no other sin, —I speak it with reverence to God's majesty—I assure thee, I would never ask him pardon."

The scaffold not being quite ready, the King was led through the long gallery of the Banqueting House to his own old Council Chamber, where dishes of meat were prepared for him; but he declined them, having resolved to touch nothing after the consecrated elements. Lest, however, he might be seized with faintness on the scaffold, which his "murderers" might misinterpret, he was induced by Bishop Juxon to accept a glass of claret and a piece of bread about twelve at noon. Soon after, the King came out of the Banqueting House (Figs. 1915, 1916) on the scaffold (through, it is supposed, one of the windows, made into a door for the occasion), "with the same unconcernedness and motion that he usually had when he entered it on a masque night," according to the testimony of an eye-witness located in the neighbouring Wallingford House. Again were heard raised for him the loud and frequent prayers of both men and women; nor did the soldiers rebuke them for these expressions of sympathy, "but by their silence and dejected faces seemed afflicted rather than insulting." To as many as could hear him, Charles addressed a long speech, in which he said he felt it his duty as an honest man, a good king, and a good Christian, to declare his innocence. He called God to witness that he never did begin a war upon the Parliament—they began it with him by claiming the militia. He said that God would clear him; that being in charity with all, he would not lay this guilt upon the two Houses; he hoped they were free from it. He then continued by observing that "ill instruments between him and the two Houses had been the chief cause of all this bloodshed. . . . Yet for all this, God forbid

I should be so ill a Christian as not to say that God's judgments are just upon me. . . . An unjust sentence (alluding to the death of Strafford) that I suffered to take effect is punished now by an unjust sentence upon me." He forgave all the world, the causers of his death in particular: "who they are God knows; I do not desire to know; I pray God forgive them." He emphatically appealed to the people on behalf of his son and successor, and then made that ever-memorable remark—which contained in brief the whole question at issue between him and his opposers—"that the people ought never to have a share in the government—that being a thing nothing pertaining to them!" It is certainly difficult after this to understand what Charles meant by calling himself the "martyr of the people;" for in these words he clearly showed himself an unmistakable martyr to the principle of regal despotism. He concluded with a prayer, in which all who heard him no doubt joined fervently—that the people might take those courses that were best for the good of the kingdom and their own salvation. His speech done, he said to Colonel Hacker—"Take care that they do not put me to pain:—" and to one of the masked heads-men—"I shall say but very short prayers, and then thrust out my hands for the signal." Putting on his cap, he said—"Does my hair trouble you?" and when it was all put up under his cap, he said to the Bishop—"I have a good cause, and a gracious God on my side."

"You have now," said Juxon, "but one stage more; the stage is turbulent and troublesome, but it is a short one; it will soon carry you a very great way—it will carry you from earth to heaven."

"I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be," were the last words of Charles; and the Bishop responded—"You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal crown—a good exchange."

The last action of the King, before stooping to the block, was to take off his cloak, and give his ornament of the George (Fig. 1914) to Juxon, with the mysterious word—"Remember." A single blow from one of the two masked figures sufficed: the other then held up the bleeding head, with the words—"This is the head of a traitor."

The all-absorbing character of the questions at issue in the Civil War has prevented us from pausing to note any but the most prominent of the multitude of incidents that marked its course, full of interest as many of the others are. The writer of romance may here find an ample storehouse of materials, in the effects upon domestic life of this great splitting up of the country into two hostile parties. It often happened that the son was on the one side, and the father on the other—that brothers and friends, long parted, met again on the field of battle, to fight with all their strength and energy against each other's cause, if they did not even allow their own bloody weapons to cross—that the lover rushed into the field to preserve his principles and lose his mistress—or, when she, though belonging to a hostile family, still sympathized with him, to shun with anxious care the carrying home to herself the horrors of war by personal attack on her kindred. A question suggests itself to all Englishmen as they look upon this exciting and dreadful time: How did the national character bear the demoralizing wear and tear that warfare ever involves, and especially such warfare? Happily the question can be most satisfactorily answered. Neither rapine nor cruelty, nor that dishonour which is worse than death—none, in short, of those horrors which add a deeper dye even to war itself, characterized this stupendous contest. Writers on both sides have charged this man and that with sanctioning such excesses; but if we omit only those minor occasions in which obscure individuals occasionally took advantage of the public disorder to gratify their own evil passions, as such persons always do, and will—we shall find that, on the whole, the Civil War stands out, when looked at from that point of view, as pre-eminently a contest of principle, and not needlessly embittered by wanton injuries and malice. Clarendon, indeed, speaking of the battle of Naseby, says the victors "left no manner of cruelty unexercised that day, and in the pursuit killed above one hundred women, whereof some were the wives of officers of quality." But what says the author of the 'Pictorial England' to this statement? Why, that "here the Royalist drew from the stores of his imagination and hatred, for neither in this battle and rout, nor in any other in England, were such atrocities committed."

A class of incidents connected with the Civil War, of the highest interest, are the sieges that were constantly taking place of the chief towns, castles, and fortified places, down even to the humblest gentleman's manor-house, which often stood out most bravely long after prudence would have dictated submission. We will here briefly mention two of the sieges that most strongly excited the feelings of

the people of England. The city of Colchester had not long before surrendered to the Royalists, and been garrisoned by a strong force under the command of Sir Charles Lucas and Lord Goring, when Fairfax arrived in 1648, with a determination to restore it to the Parliament. His purposes were very summary—he would storm and take the place at once (Fig. 1909). But after a severe struggle for several hours, he found he must alter his plans, and trust to the more tedious but also more safe course of blockade. Week after week passed, and the Royalists remained firm. Their provisions began to fail; still they yielded not. The flesh of horses and dogs became a precious food, and still no signs of surrender. But in truth there was a particular reason for this. The garrison stood in a dangerous position: they were fighting without a warrant. England generally having submitted, the King at last had given up the contest, and ordered all his chief officers to yield the places then held for him. This contest, therefore, was a wanton expenditure of blood. But the leader had also a motive for engaging in such resistance. Lord Goring knew that, if taken, death was his most probable doom. At the beginning of the war, he had, as we have seen, most treacherously deserted the Parliament, while in command at Portsmouth, and given up that place to the King. But if the Royalists could endure under such circumstances within, of course their opponents could continue to press them more and more severely from without. So after eleven terrible weeks, the garrison was compelled to surrender at discretion, or at least with only the guarantee of the lives of the soldiers and inferior officers. Goring was reserved to be dealt with by the Parliament, as was the Lord Cap^t, who was with him at Colchester. The two next chief officers, Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas, were conducted to the exterior of the castle walls and shot; a terrible punishment—but it would be wrong to say an unjust or an unnecessary one. The moment the war ceased, the very value attached by the conquerors to the blood of the people would dictate extreme measures with those who, hopelessly and wantonly, caused it to flow, by mere isolated and unauthorised efforts.

The defence of Basing House has given a kind of immortality to its brave owner, the Marquis of Winchester. It was first invested in 1643, by the Parliamentary troops; and though they did not succeed in forcing it, they continued from time to time for two whole years their harassing attacks. On one of the occasions when it was besieged, the bravest and most successful of the Parliamentary generals before the more prominent appearance of Cromwell and Fairfax on the scene, Sir William Waller—or as the soldiers and people used to call him, William the Conqueror—attempted to carry Basing House by assault three distinct times within nine days. But he was repelled each time, with severe loss. To a later summons of surrender the Marquis replied, that “if the King had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would maintain it to the uttermost.” He was, however, narrowly pressed at this time, for his provisions became exhausted, and he was at last compelled to signify to Charles that he must surrender in the course of ten days if no assistance was rendered. The assistance came, and the Parliamentarians were as far off as ever from the possession of the coveted place. Their reputation now became concerned. It was a bad example for their cause—that of a Royalist mansion holding out in spite of all their efforts. It must be taken—Cromwell himself must be despatched thither.

We may judge that the mansion was at once strong and formidable, when we glance at the character of the walls as they appeared even in a state of ruin (see our engraving, Fig. 1902); and when we know that it was defended by ten pieces of ordnance and from three to five hundred soldiers. But the Marquis had now to deal with the master spirit, and with the usual result. It was not long before the Speaker of the House of Commons received the following letter from Cromwell:—“Sir,—I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing. After our batteries placed, we settled the several posts for the storm: Colonel Dalhousie was to be on the north side of the house next the Grange; Colonel Pickering on his left hand; and Sir Hardresse Waller's and Colonel Montague's regiments next him. We stormed this morning after six of the clock: the signal for falling on was the firing from our cannon, which being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness. We took the two houses without any considerable loss to ourselves. Colonel Pickering stormed the new house, passed through and got the gate of the old house, whereupon they summoned a parley, which our men would not hear. In the meantime Colonel Montague's and Sir Hardresse Waller's regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the enemy kept his court of guard, which, with great resolution, they recovered, beating the enemy from a whole culverin (a piece of ordnance so named), and from that work; which, having

done, they drew their ladders after them, got over another work, and the house wall, before they could enter. In this, Sir Hardresse Waller, performing his duty with honour and diligence, was shot in the arm, but not dangerously. We have had little loss: many of the enemies our men put to the sword, and some officers of quality; most of the rest we have prisoners, amongst which are the Marquis and Sir Robert Peake, with divers other officers, whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken about ten pieces of ordnance, much ammunition, and our soldiers a good encouragement,”—in other words, booty—consisting of money, jewels, provisions, furniture, to the estimated value of 300,000*l*.

The monarchy had ceased to exist: England was now a Republic. The House of Lords was abolished as “useless and dangerous;” though Harry Marten, the well-known wit, proposed with biting sarcasm an amendment, that the word “dangerous” should be omitted from the act of abolition. The king's statues were taken down from the Exchange and other places. An elaborate declaration was written and published in the English, Latin, French, and Dutch languages, in explanation and in justification of the king's execution and the change of the form of the government. Six of the old judges who agreed to act were reappointed, the estimable Whitelock received the Great Seal (Fig. 1932), whilst St. John, who, it is said, “almost as much as any single man had helped to make this memorable revolution,” became chief justice. A permanent executive Council of State was formed of forty members, comprising seven noblemen, with Whitelock, St. John, Fairfax, Cromwell, the brave and popular Skippon, Sir Harry Vane, Harry Marten, Bradshaw, and Ludlow. Bradshaw was the president of this council, *John Milton* the secretary.

Altogether, a council so distinguished for the ability of its members has never before or since sat in England. The promise given by the constitution of this body that the administration of affairs would be conducted with extraordinary vigour, was no less markedly afforded in other directions. Thus, while the army remained under the command of those who had made it invincible, the navy was removed from the care of the Earl of Warwick, and placed under the control of the three best officers of the day, of whom the chief was Blake. At the Admiralty again sat Vane, as the guiding spirit. In the church, the men of the Commonwealth did as little as possible, but what they did was well done. Retaining the Presbyterian form of worship, they infused into it a spirit previously unknown to Presbyterianism—toleration.

The first great business of the Commonwealth was the repression of the attempts made simultaneously in Ireland and Scotland to raise the eldest son of the late king to the supreme government, under the title of Charles the Second. The Irish, after a short but most murderous campaign, were completely overpowered by Cromwell, who returned to England, and was met several miles before he reached London, by the “Lord-General Fairfax, accompanied by many members of Parliament and officers of the army, with multitudes that came out of curiosity to see him of whom Fame had made such a loud report.” The Scotch movement was a more portentous affair. The same religious views that had influenced the Scotch to resist and to help so powerfully to destroy Charles I., because he wanted to force his religion on them, now prompted them to endeavour by force of arms to force their religion on their former coadjutors—the English. And as they thought their views would be forwarded by inducing Prince Charles to act with them, they hesitated not to bribe him by the engagement to support his claim to the throne of Great Britain, if he would subscribe to their Covenant, and consent to various restrictions which in effect made the sovereignty they promised little better than a name. But then, thought Charles, the conquest of England!—if he could by their means achieve that! He was soon decided, and, in imitation of his father's fatal error, consented to lay aside conscience for the sake of what he thought policy. The Commonwealth men, with a wise and prudent desire to avoid hostilities, publicly declared that they had no design to impose upon the Scottish people anything opposed to their inclination—that they might choose their own government, provided only they left the English nation to exercise a similar right, and live under the establishment they had chosen. But the Scotch, unable to brook the triumph of the party of the Independents in this country, called Charles to join them on the conditions we have stated, raised troops, proclaimed their new king, and denounced the English Parliament as regicides and traitors. Well, then, thought the Commonwealth men if they will fight us, we will not trouble them to cross the border, but seek them in their own country.

Fairfax having declined the command of the invading army, (he



2007.—Maria Beatrice, of Modena.
Queen of James II. (From a Picture by Sir P. L. E. S.)



2010.—Back View of Lady Place, Hurley.



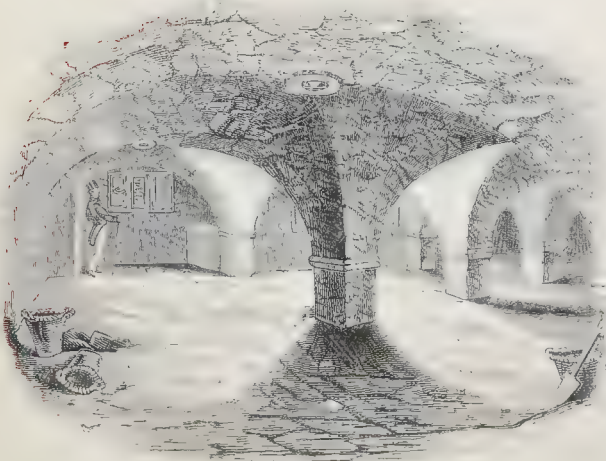
2008.—Town, James II.



2009.—Tallypenny: James II.



2012.—Medal struck in honour of the Port-houing Bish. 4.
(From a specimen in the British Museum.)



2011.—Vaults of Lady Place.



2013.—Lady Place.

was a Presbyterian, be it remembered, in his religious views, though participating generally in the movements—because sympathising with the policies of the Independents), Cromwell was named Captain-General of all the forces. This was on the 26th of June; within three days later he was on his way to the Borders to teach the Scots what that law meant to which they had appealed. But they were more wary than might have been anticipated from the readiness with which they had rushed into the contest. They took care to keep out of the dreaded Englishman's way, hoping to harass his soldiers by continual skirmishing, and by keeping them through the winter in an unsuitable climate. They had every reason to be delighted with the result of their policy, as they saw it being developed daily in the growing weakness of the English army, in the scarcity of provisions, that affected them most seriously, and, at last, in a march that looked very like a retreat, towards Dunbar, where supplies might be obtained from the English shipping. And it was a retreat. The English having reached Dunbar, shipped their sick and their heavy luggage, and prepared themselves to return into England. But the Scotch thought that now the time was come for them to fight. The numbers of the respective forces were very satisfactory to them, 12,000 men on the one side, 27,000 on the other—their own. The Scotch, indeed, as they continued to gather more and more thickly upon the hills adjacent to Dunbar, appeared "like a thick cloud, menacing such a shower to the English as would wash them out of their country, if not out of the world." Cromwell was in the low grounds or fields, hoping, rather than expecting, that they would descend to attack him. But when the Scottish preachers showed their armed flocks from Scripture that the victory must be certain, they began to descend; and as Cromwell saw what they were doing, he burst out with the triumphant, and as it proved, in one sense at least, prophetic cry, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" It was not till the next morning, however, that any opportunity offered of attack, when Cromwell attempted to force one of the passes that commanded the enemy's position. A terrific struggle ensued, and, as had often before happened, it was not until Cromwell led up his own regiment of Ironsides that the defenders of the pass were dispersed. A body of horse now swept down upon the English, and at the same moment the newly-risen sun burst through the morning mist, and revealed the two armies distinctly to each other. Then it was that there was heard, far and near, the spirit-stirring voice of him whose tones no one could mistake—"Now let God arise, and his enemies shall be scattered!" Four thousand dead and ten thousand captive Scotchmen, told in awful language of the might they had so recklessly provoked.

It has been said of King Charles II., that he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one; but there was one act of his life in which the latter part of the observation receives a decided contradiction. Whilst one place after another surrendered to Cromwell in consequence of the battle of Dunbar, and whilst the remains of the Scottish army showed by their movements how deeply they had taken to heart their indiscretion in attacking Cromwell under any circumstances, Charles suddenly dashed across the Border, and swept along with the utmost possible speed towards London. Cromwell had never dreamt of his doing this; and certainly we shall never again find Charles exhibiting any proofs that such wise and sudden and eventful decisions were characteristic of him. The great soldier was out-manœuvred. But quick as lightning he hurried after him, cut to pieces instantaneously a body of Royalists headed by the Earl of Derby that attempted to arrest his progress, and presently formed a junction with the troops despatched from London on the first news of the attempt, and thus reinforced, sat down before Charles at Worcester, assured master of the game: even in numbers his army was superior to that of the Royalists. So the Severn was crossed on the 30th of September, and the attack made with irresistible power. Charles was presently flying for his life (Fig. 1951), and it was only with the greatest difficulty, and after a variety of hairbreadth escapes, that he reached France. Cromwell was welcomed back by the Parliament with fresh honours, and a pension of 4000*l.* a-year was added to that of 2000*l.* a-year they had before settled on him. We must not forget to add, that these movements in Ireland and Scotland ended in the annexation of both countries to the dominions of the Commonwealth: the map of the united British Islands thenceforward graced its great seal (Fig. 1932).

The Dutch were the next to experiment with the temper and strength of the young but most vigorous power; and they had no doubt the more confidence in so doing from reflecting that Cromwell was not a sailor, and that their chief strength lay on the seas. But our navy had its Cromwell too, as they found to their cost. The first engagement between Blake and the Dutch admiral Van

Tromp occurred on the 19th of May, 1652, when the latter was compelled to sheer off with the loss of two ships. This defeat was followed by a victory, which so elated the Dutch, that, forgetting they had obtained the victory simply through the greater number of ships engaged on their side, Van Tromp had the exquisite vanity to put a broom at his mast-head, signifying that he meant to sweep the English seas clear of the ships of the Commonwealth. The English with extraordinary rapidity again prepared for the contest; and Blake found himself in the beginning of 1653 master of eighty men-of-war, and having Monk and Dean among his officers. Blake and Van Tromp met on the 18th of February, Van Tromp's force amounting to seventy-six men-of-war and thirty merchantmen, most of which were armed. The first day's proceedings ended in the loss of six Dutch ships; whilst not a single English ship was either destroyed or taken, to partially balance the account. The struggle, interrupted by the night, recommenced with the morning; and the second day the Dutch summed up their losses as one man-of-war taken by boarding and many merchantmen captured. They were now in full retreat. The third day was Sunday, when Blake again brought his antagonist to action, until a breeze that sprung up in the afternoon enabled Van Tromp to shelter himself against the Calais Sands. The entire damage the English had received during the three days, amounted to but one ship of war, and a somewhat heavy list of killed and wounded; on the other hand, the Dutch found that eleven ships of war, thirty merchant vessels, and two thousand five hundred men had been taken or destroyed. Such was the issue of the contest between the Commonwealth's navy and the navy of the power that was previously esteemed the most formidable of all maritime nations.

But whilst thus victorious everywhere abroad, there were unhappily discords arising at home. The Parliament had now existed so long, that it became unwilling to set any limit to its period of power. It seems indeed to have grown jealous of the army, and of the intentions of the army's great leader—feelings that were fully reciprocated by them. "If there were personal ambition and the intoxication of power on both sides, there were certainly on both sides—as well on that of Cromwell as on that of the Vane, the Martens, and the other Commonwealth men, high and noble and patriotic motives. Each in fact wished for power for the establishing or working out a system which each deemed the best for the peace, the happiness, and the glory of the nation; and in justice to Oliver Cromwell it must be avowed that his scheme of social policy was in itself one of the purest which had as yet entered into the mind of any statesman, and one that adapted itself more readily to the character and habits of the community than the more finely-drawn theories of the republicans. This wonderful man had certainly a long and doubtful struggle, not merely with his former friends, but now republican opponents, but also with his own heart and conscience; and he was quiet, or at least abstained from any very open act, until the Parliament betrayed an intention of coalescing with the Presbyterians, who in their hearts hated both Cromwell and the Parliament alike." ('*Pictorial England*,' vol. iii. p. 408.) Then it was, that, after a long preliminary conversation, he asked Whitelock (and the choice of such a man says much for the conscientiousness of the questioner), "What if a man take upon him to be king?" The answer was unfavourable. And though, in an affair of such magnitude, the idea of sovereignty was no more to be lightly thrown aside than lightly taken up, Cromwell not only did not make himself king, when it is certain he could have done so, but he declined the honour almost against his own opinions, when a large majority of a Parliament that had been called by him formally requested him to take the magic title.

But how had the Long Parliament been at last induced to dissolve? Cromwell, his chief officers, and some members of the Parliament, were earnestly engaged one day at his lodgings in Whitehall, considering what was best to be done in respect to the government of the country and the dissolution of the Parliament, when Colonel Ingoldsby arrived in great haste to say that the House was passing with all possible speed a bill that had been brought in for the dissolution, and which contained clauses that would have insured the admission of a number of Presbyterians in the next Parliament, men determined to overturn the existing government. Cromwell, in a high state of excitement, sent for a party of soldiers, whilst the members present ran back to the house. Presently Cromwell, attended by Lambert and other officers, and a file of musketeers, arrived at the doors, and, leaving the soldiers outside, he entered, and took his seat. He sat and listened in silence, until the Speaker was about to put the motion, when rising, he said to Harrison, whom he had beckoned to his side, "Now is the time—I must do it." Harrison advised consideration, and Cromwell sat

down for about a minute, then rose, and taking off his hat, addressed the House. The state of his mind was soon made apparent by his language. He called the members deniers of justice, oppressors, and said that they were planning to bring in the Presbyterians, who would lose no time in de-roying the Cause they had deserted. He was told by Sir Harry Vane his language was unparliamentary. "I know it," was the reply; and instantly Cromwell started forward from his seat into the body of the house, and there walked up and down, his hat on his head, pointing to different members, and heaping reproaches upon them. Thus, with his finger raised against Sir Harry Vane, he said, "One person might have prevented all this, but he is a juggler, and hath not so much as common honesty." Here the indignant exclamations of Vane, Wentworth, and Marten interrupted him; but their voices were borne down by the louder and sterner tones of Cromwell, as he shouted forth, "I'll put an end to your prating; you are no Parliament; I'll put an end to your sitting. Get ye gone! Give way to honest men." Then stamping with his foot, the house was instantly filled with armed men. Pointing to the speaker, he said to Harrison, "Fetch him down!" and seeing the Speaker hesitated to obey Harrison's demand, he again cried, "Take him down!" and the Speaker submitted. Algernon Sydney, then a young man, and one of the purest and most enthusiastic of the republicans, was sitting close by: "Put him out," was the next command. Sydney refused to go; until, at the reiteration of the order, Harrison and Worsley, another officer, put their hands upon him, when he moved towards the door. The Mace now attracted Cromwell's attention: "Take away that bawble!" he said. How highly he had strung up his nerves to the task he had undertaken, we see in the treatment received by those who ventured to urge a word of remonstrance. To Alderman Allen, who said that if he would send out the soldiers all might yet be repaired, he retorted with a charge of embezzlement in the office of treasurer of the army. Challoner was a drunkard, Sir Peter Wentworth an adulterer, and Henry Marten a—something little better. When Vane cried out as he passed Cromwell, "This is not honest; yea, it is against morality and common honesty;" the comment was, "Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane." But, observes Whitelock (himself understood to have been a participant in the shower of abuse that had been falling so plentifully), "Among all the Parliament, of whom many wore swords, and would sometimes brag high, not one man offered to draw his sword against Cromwell, or to make the least resistance against him, but all of them tamely departed the house." With the keys in his pocket, Cromwell returned to Whitehall, and told the Council of Officers, still sitting there, what he had done; observing, "When I went to the house, I did not think to have done this; but perceiving the Spirit of God strong upon me, I could no longer consult flesh and blood." The Council of State were dissolved the same day, by the same means—force—Bradshaw, its president, yielding to what could not be resisted, but speaking as sternly and uncompromisingly to Cromwell as he had ever done to Charles on the Trial in Westminster Hall. The great events of the day are not unworthily commemorated in West's well-known picture (Fig. 1953).

The evident necessity of giving unity and steadiness to the policy of the government, soon dictated the measure which placed Cromwell at the very summit of earthly power. He was declared Lord Protector in 1653, and under that title enjoyed an amount of power that no kingly authority could exceed, and which was used for the exaltation of the national character among the nations of the world, with an energy, a dignity, and a success, that few kings have ever been able to rival. "Perhaps no government was ever more respected abroad," says Sir Walter Scott. At home his difficulties were too great to be utterly surmounted even by his lofty genius. Under the influence of Charles's attempt to change the government from a comparatively free one to a despotism, and under the influence of the events which that attempt brought on in natural and possibly inevitable sequence, society had to a great extent resolved itself into a chaos of conflicting elements. Episcopacy stood against puritanism, royalty against republicanism, or even free monarchy, Independency against Presbyterianism, and all these against Catholicism. Each again stood in opposition to its nearest neighbour and apparent friend. This man wanted to go thus far, and that man to go not half the distance; and in the inevitable movements of the time each considered the other had deserted him, and was a traitor to the principles on which they had mutually based their cause at the commencement. The consequences were—not so much any outward exhibition of a desire to overthrow the existing government (though this was not wanting, and had to be kept down by a strong hand), as the difficulty, if not

the impossibility, of governing constitutionally. It is impossible, for instance, to doubt the desire of Cromwell to restore to the Parliament all its ordinary privileges, for again and again he made the attempt; but he found that in each case they were more anxious to undo what was settled in government, than to apply themselves earnestly to the task of aiding that government to restore to England peace, order, and prosperity. All his efforts therefore failed to do more than preserve a tolerably quiescent state of things during his life; and, wanting his hand afterwards, the whole then fell into disorder; and an able soldier, but not at all remarkable man, either for his talents or elevation of mind, or his political honesty, stepped in, put aside, almost without an effort, the Protector's son, Richard Cromwell (Fig. 1958), and handed over the throne of England, without a single real security, to the son of the man who had been dethroned and executed for despotism. To seek a settlement of the affairs of the nation by inviting back the lineal heir to the throne, may have been the truest policy; but surely there can be no doubt as to the baseness of the man who had himself fought for freedom, against the father, sacrificing everything to the son, when the amplest means were in his hand to have secured all that the principles of his own previous life had taught him were indispensable to good government. It is true that Charles solemnly and publicly promised indemnity for the past, and liberty of conscience for the future; but the worthlessness of a mere promise recent events had but too clearly shown. But Monk knew what he was doing, when he contented himself with this, and with giving some good advice to his future king as to the management of the people of England; and the Duke of Albemarle of a later day, one of the most favoured and most honoured of the servants of royalty, saw no doubt sufficient reasons to be thankful that he had, as George Monk, exercised such a delicate discrimination as to his own interest and his gracious master's views. The Commissioners of the new and Presbyterian Parliament who met Charles at the Hague (Fig. 1965) were equally complaisant, and the mockery soon over.

We may here say a few words upon a most important influence that had been called into existence during the Civil War—the Newspaper. The first known publication of the kind includes the period from Nov. 3, 1640, to Nov. 3, 1641; and so rapidly did the newspapers then increase in number, that it has been calculated above a hundred had appeared before the death of Charles, and eighty more between that event and the Restoration. These were at first published weekly, then twice, and even at last thrice a week. Our engraving (Fig. 1690) shows the heading of a newspaper of the time. But the disseminators of news were more than rivalled by the disseminators of opinions. *Thirty thousand* pamphlets are said to have been written during the Civil War and Commonwealth.

Cromwell died on the 3rd of September, 1658, the anniversary of his battles of Dunbar and Worcester, praying with his last breath that God would not forsake the people, "but love and bless them, and give them rest, and bring them to a consistency." In May, 1660, Charles II. landed at Dover (Fig. 1968); and very soon began, in his way, the work of bringing England to "consistency." Instead of seeking to allay all heartburnings and jealousies by endeavouring to sink the melancholy past in oblivion, the worst passions ever aroused by the war were but tame in comparison with those which were now allowed free range over the lives and fortunes of the men of the Commonwealth. Even the dead could not be permitted to rest in peace. The remains of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were exhumed from their resting-place in Westminster Abbey, for the infliction of the ineffably mean revenge of hanging them upon a gibbet at Tyburn. If aught worse could be done than this, it was done in the similar exhumation of the remains of the *mother and daughter* of Cromwell (women, it is said, who had been "models of female domestic virtue"), with the remains of Pym, Blake, and others. The living opponents of Charles offered, of course, much more satisfactory objects of vengeance. They could be made to feel all that hatred and cruelty had it in their power to inflict upon them. So one after another the eminent men of the Commonwealth were sent for trial, and from thence to the gallows, until the public mind began to sicken at the bloody doings of the executioner, and, worst of all, until it became known that even the infernal cruelties in which he was commanded to luxuriate were found utterly powerless in breaking down the fortitude of the victims; who, even in their extreme agonies, gloried in the Cause for which they suffered. Harrison, as he was on his way to the place of execution at Charing Cross, was asked by a brutal bystander—"Where is your good Cause now?" "Here it is," said Harrison, clapping his hand to his heart; "and I am going to seal it with my blood." Carew's last words were, that if the business were to be done over again, he would do it, and that



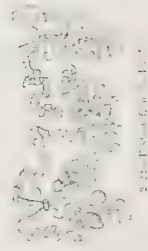
Portrait of Mrs. W. M. W.



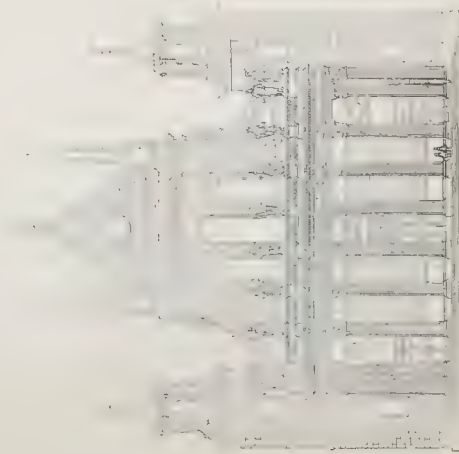
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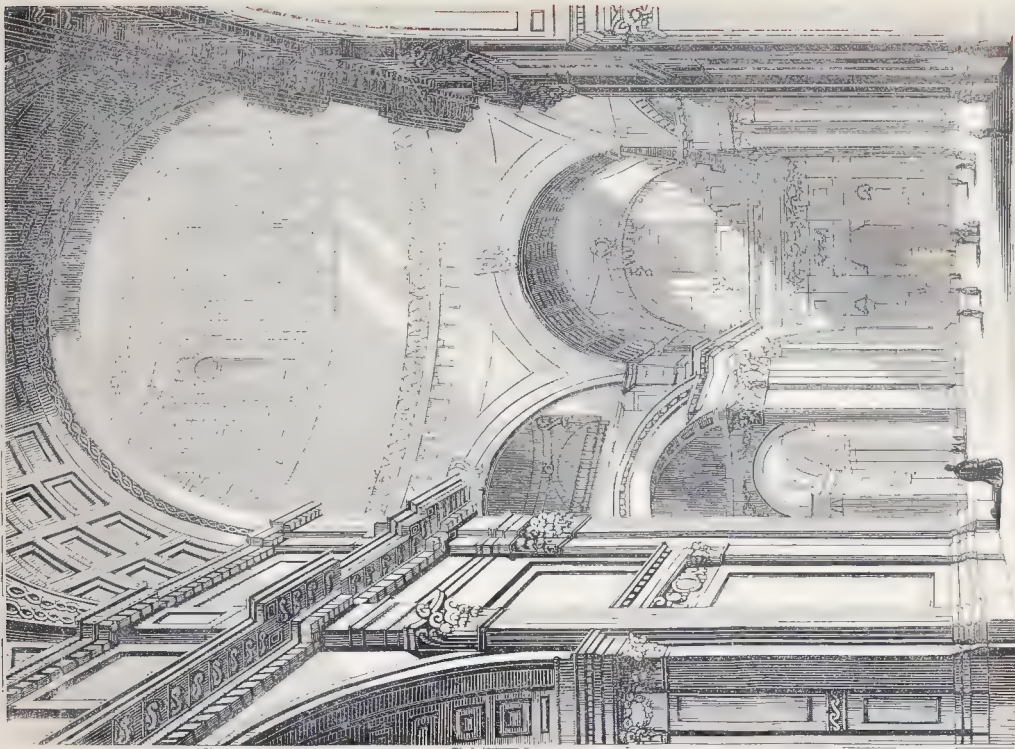
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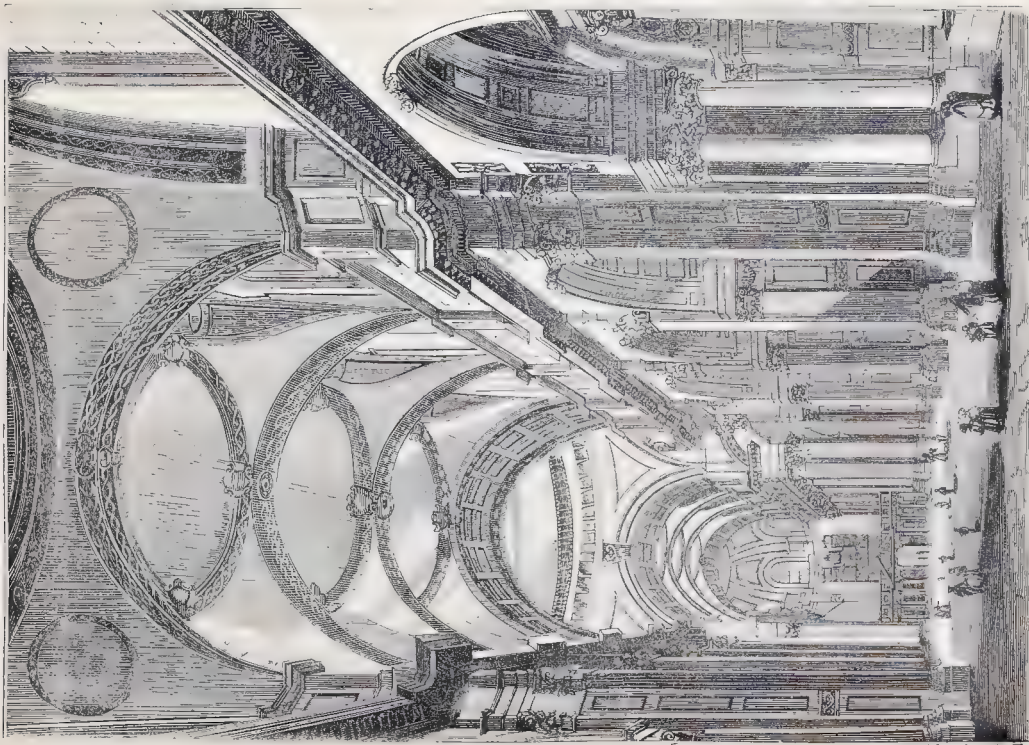
St. Paul's Cathedral, London.



St. Paul's Cathedral, London.



—Interior of St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo.



—Interior of St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo.

the blessed Cause would not be lost. Coke, the solicitor-general of the king's trial, after referring to his endeavours for a reform of the laws, and for cheap and expeditious justice, said, he too was far from repenting of his conduct. Hugh Peters, who was brought on the scaffold before his own execution, in order that he might see all the indescribable barbarities of quartering, &c., carried on upon Coke, was asked by the executioner, who came to him rubbing his bloody hands, how he liked that work. The answer was a bidding to do his worst; and when the old preacher ascended the scaffold, he said to the sheriff, "Sir, you have butchered one of the servants of God before my eyes, and have forced me to see, in order to terrify and discourage me, but God has permitted it for my support and encouragement;" and, incredible as it seems, he died with a serene smile upon his face. Colonel Scot would have addressed the people, but was not permitted: "Surely," said he, "it must be a very bad cause which cannot suffer the words of dying men." No wonder Charles was advised not to proceed further. And for a time there was a pause. But Sir Harry Vane was too eminent a mark to be overlooked. He was handed over to the executioner; though prudence dictated that his death should be by the axe alone. Special directions, however, were given that he should be effectually silenced if he attempted to address the spectators. No doubt he would repeat there, what he had said in taking leave of his wife and children, "I die in the certain faith and foresight that this Cause shall have its resurrection in my death." He did endeavour to speak, but the drummers and trumpets silenced him, and though the sense of shame produced a temporary lull, during which he spoke of his life and of the wars, the trumpets were immediately sounded, and the very note-books of those who stood near demanded by the lieutenant: "He treats of rebellion, and you write it," said he. Six note-books were accordingly given up at his command. In the end, Vane found that it was useless to struggle for the free delivery of his thoughts, so he submitted his head to the block. There was another man in imminent danger at this time, whose death the world through all time would have mourned; happily England was spared that calamity and shame. Milton, after having been actually committed to the care of the serjeant-at-arms, was allowed to depart on the payment of exorbitant fees—a favour, it is said, he owed to D'Avenant. His books, however, were burnt. Scotland had also its executions, of which the chief was the Earl of Argyll, who was beheaded close by the Market-Cross of Edinburgh (Fig. 1969). In glancing at the character of these executions, and the circumstances under which they took place, one is almost led to suppose that Charles thought the foundations of his government, as the builders of the terrible Tower of London thought of that structure, could only be properly laid in blood. But they were content with beasts—he required human blood. Thus, at all events, it was, that he sought to reduce the jarring and disunited elements of society into a state of "consistency." Our readers may ask, where was the promised indemnity for the past?—Where indeed?

But when all these frightful preliminaries of the reign of the new king were over, the grand questions remained to be solved as to what the character of his rule would be, as to how much happier and better he would make the nation. Contrasts were inevitable, in the nature of things, between the two governments approximating so nearly to each other in point of time, but standing in such deadly opposition, owing to the circumstances under which one of them had been developed. It is evident, indeed, that the contrast was carefully cherished by Charles and his favourites. Thus—to begin with his personal habits, and the aspect of the court during his rule: A dignified simplicity of behaviour, a genial sense of enjoyment, an earnest and lofty observance of all moral and religious duties, had characterised Whitehall (Figs. 1949, 1950) whilst under the control of Cromwell and his wife, and his son's wife (Fig. 1959), and other estimable relatives. How matters changed under Charles's influence let Evelyn tell (speaking of Whitehall, but his remarks of course apply to Windsor (Fig. 1991), or wherever else the court happened to be): he states, "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'night I was witness of, the king sitting and toying with his concubines—Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarine," &c. This was but a week before Charles's death, but the end was in accordance with the beginning. When his bride, Catherine of Braganza, (Fig. 1971), was brought over, one of the first persons introduced to her by her husband was Lady Castlemaine; and, says Clarendon, "Whether her majesty in the instant, knew who she was, or upon recollection found it afterwards, she no sooner sat in her chair but her colour changed, and tears gushed out of her eyes, and her nose bled, and she fainted." And when Charles saw

her thus moved, merely because he had introduced his mistress to her notice, he felt, we are told, "wonderful indignation."

In the policy of the reign, also, the government, it might be supposed, had gone upon the principle of contrast with that of the previous administration. As Cromwell had won Dunkirk, so Charles sold it (Fig. 1973). As Cromwell had made foreign states follow as it were in his wake through the difficult and stormy sea of European politics, Charles not only determined to repay the obligation by a reversal of the English position, but to bind himself by the receipt of a pension from one country (France), to do all that could be reasonably expected of him in that position. Cromwell, when he did involve the nation in a war, was sure to carry it through successfully, and, in the usual sense of the word, gloriously: Charles was as sure to make the incapacity of his government only the more evident when he did fight, than when he let it alone. To how low a pitch the reputation of England must have sunk when the Dutch sought us in our rivers, and burnt our shipping and our ports, Sheerness (Fig. 1985) included, before the very eyes of the people of England, we leave our readers to judge. Much of the responsibility of the disgrace—and as regards the French pension, infamy—attaches to Clarendon, the Royalist historian, Charles's chancellor; it was he who advised the sale of Dunkirk—he who taught Charles the advantage of pecuniary dependence on a foreign power. He had his reward in two senses. The king's liberality enabled him to build Clarendon House (Figs. 1986, 1987), one of the most magnificent mansions of the time; and, on the other hand, the indignation of the people broke out, not only in sarcasms, such as christening Clarendon House, "Dunkirk House," but in such deeper sentiments as ultimately found vent in a parliamentary impeachment, and in the Chancellor's being driven from power and from the country.

And as with the foreign, so with the home affairs. The internal peace which had formed the chief motive of many Englishmen for desiring Charles's recall, never came. In 1678 there was the excitement caused by the pretended Popish plot of the notorious Titus Oates, who professed to have discovered all kinds of wonderful atrocities about to be perpetrated by the Catholics. There was one thing, however, unhappily but too real about the business; the murder of the magistrate, Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, who had first received Oates's deposition, and other confidential communications from one Coleman, an agent and factotum of the Duke of York, the king's brother, who was said to be implicated in the plot. Sir Edmondbury was discovered, with his neck broken, upon Primrose Hill, near London. Neither the real murderers—nor the cause of the murder—were ever discovered. The sensation produced by these mysterious events is shown by the different medals (Fig. 1994) that were struck in commemoration of the event by the Protestants. That excitement had scarcely subsided, when it was succeeded by the signs of a new contest between King and Parliament. Whether Charles thought the people had by the very act of his recall, shown their approval of his father's conduct, or whether he thought the time favourable for a renewal of his father's policy, even in opposition to their views, Charles began to dissolve parliament after parliament, one of them within a week of its sitting. Next we find the Covenanters of Scotland, driven to frenzy by the intolerable injustice of Charles's minister, the Duke of Lauderdale, breaking out in open insurrection; and, after the defeat at Bothwell, Brig (Fig. 1992), being hunted and cut down like wild beasts, or thrown into horrible dungeons, in places where—as at the Bass Rock (Fig. 1993)—every species of cruelty could be inflicted upon them without hindrance, and almost unknown to the world. About the same time, we find also, that in England men of high rank and social position, and of the most unblemished honour, lovers of peace and order, but also haters of evil government, were beginning to band secretly together in order to repeat, if necessary, the terrible lesson that had been so lately but apparently fruitlessly given. We have no space to enter into the particulars of the Rye House Plot, so named from the place (Fig. 1995) where it was said an attempt was to have been made on the life of Charles, or into the views of the chief actors connected with it; it will be sufficient to say, that the government of the second Charles found that it could not exist in safety whilst men like Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney were alive. So both went to the scaffold on convictions for high treason. We need hardly remind our readers that it was on the trial of Lord William Russell that the affecting and noble scene occurred of his wife stepping forward to act as his secretary; and that it is Algernon Sydney who is mentioned in Wordsworth's well known lines:—

Great men have been among us—hamlets that ponne!
And tongues that uttered wisdom; bitter none;

The later *Sydney*, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.

Sydney's last words were remarkable. He did not offer to speak on the scaffold, and when asked to do so, he replied that he had made his peace with God, and had nothing to say to man. But he delivered a paper to the sheriff, the concluding words of which show that the principles for which the Commonwealth had striven, though modified by circumstances, were still actively at work. Sydney, in his paper, thus addresses the Almighty: "Grant that I may die glorifying thee for all thy mercies, and that at the last thou hast permitted me to be singled out as a witness of thy truth, and, even by the confession of my very opposers, for that old Cause in which I was from my youth engaged, and for which thou hast often and wonderfully declared thyself." And that "old Cause" was yet to know some taste of success. The "glorious Revolution" of 1688 was but the establishment of many of the most essential of their principles.

We must not, in concluding our notice of Charles, forget those whom he so ungratefully took care not to remember—his own and his father's friends in adversity, as his treatment of them shows so powerfully his character, nor would it be proper to pass without an allusion, at least, to his expenditure in all kinds of debauchery of the funds voted by Parliament for a monument to his father. And, as if to put the seal to the contempt into which his memory was to fall, there seems good reason to suppose, that while at his death he preserved all the appearance of dying in the Protestant faith, he was secretly communicating with a Catholic confessor, brought to him by his brother.

Amidst all the other sufferings and trials of the English people during the seventeenth century, they had to contend with frequent visitations of the plague. In the year 1665 alone, there were destroyed by it in London a hundred thousand persons, and those whom it spared must, for the most part, have been left in a state that rendered life of little value. Our engraving of the Pest House, Westminster (Fig. 1972), reminds us of one of the many numerous houses of that kind that were dispersed about London. The fearful year just named was, however, to witness, as far as we can discern, the last of its deadly triumphs. And it was to be stopped by an agency that but too fearfully harmonised with its own terrors. It was by the great fire of London that the great plagues of London were to be destroyed.

A little after midnight of Saturday, the 2nd of September, 1666, Farriner, the king's baker, in Pudding Lane, according to his own positive statement, went through every room of his house, and carefully raked up the only fire in it, in a room paved with bricks. Soon after, on the morning of the 3rd, his house was on fire, and the flames spread in so extraordinary a manner, that above three hundred houses were burned down by the beginning of the next forenoon. The fire was blown into greater fierceness by a strong east wind, and its career rendered more easy and irresistible by the unusual drought that had prevailed during the past month, that had of itself half burnt up the timber houses with which the narrow streets were crowded. In the first hurry and excitement of the alarm, the terrible enemy met no opposition; the citizens were distracted and bewildered—the Lord Mayor at his wits' end. When Charles sent to command him to spare no houses, but pull down before the fire every way, he was found by Pepys wandering helplessly in Cannon Street, and replied, "Lord, what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." So the venerable and picturesque city submitted to its fate. From the Bank-side, Southwark (Fig. 1979), Pepys and Evelyn, on the evening of Monday, the first day of the fire, wandered about to gaze on the wondrous spectacle, which at one time appeared as one vast and entire arch of "a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame."

"I saw," writes Evelyn, "the whole south part of the city burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind, as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious (Gracechurch) Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save, even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house

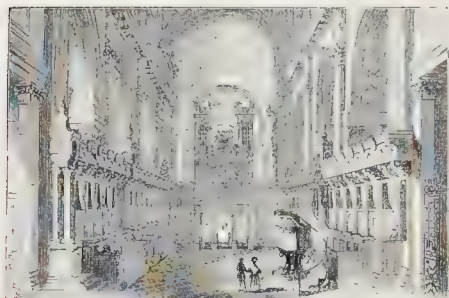
to house, and street to street, at great distances from one to the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as laply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen for above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never see the like! who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame: the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth."

The clouds of smoke from this tremendous conflagration extended near fifty miles in length, and travellers riding at noonday might be "some six miles together in the shadow thereof, though there were no other cloud besides to be seen in the sky."—(Vincent.) Among the incidents that naturally attracted peculiar attention were the burning of some of the public buildings, which included works of the finest Gothic architecture. Their destruction, in more than one case, formed spectacles equally singular, glorious, and fearful. The Guildhall, for instance, being formed of solid oak, stood in the midst of the vast fiery furnace like "a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass." All Monday night, and until about Tuesday at noon, the fire was unchecked, was irresistible; but gradually it retreated as the use of gunpowder for the expeditious blowing up of the houses on its route, created gaps too wide for it to pass over. Had this plan been resorted to earlier, as "some stout seamen proposed," the city might have been saved, but "some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit" it, "because their houses must have been of the first."—(Evelyn.) Five days after the breaking out of the fire, Evelyn thus describes the great city, as it lay a blackened, gigantic, and most awful ruin:—

"I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was; the ground under my feet so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. . . . At my return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (Fig. 2018), for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late king—now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire, but the inscription on the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. . . . There lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more; the lead, iron-work, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercer's Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very water remained boiling; . . . subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city wasted by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire when



2.—Interior of St. Dunstan in the East.



2.—Interior of St. Dunstan in the East.



2.—Interior of St. Dunstan in the East.



2029.—A Parallel of some of the principal Towers and Steeples built by Sir Christopher Wren.
 1, St. Dunstan in the East. 2, St. Magnus. 3, St. Benet, Gracechurch-street. 4, St. Edmund the King, Lombard-street. 5, St. Margaret Pattens. 6, Allhallows the Great.
 7, St. Mary Abchurch. 8, St. Michael, Cornhill. 9, St. Lawrence, Jewry. 10, St. Benet Fink. 11, St. Bartholomew. 12, St. Michael, Queenhithe. 13, St. Michael Royal.
 14, St. Antholin, Watling-street. 15, St. Stephen, Walbrook. 16, St. Swithin, Cannon-street. 17, St. Mary-le-Bow. 18, Christ Church, Newgate-street. 19, St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey.
 20, St. Mildred, Bread-street. 21, St. Augustin, Watling-street. 22, St. Mary Somerset. 23, St. Martin, Ludgate. 24, St. Andrew by the Wardrobe.
 25, St. Bride, Fleet-street.

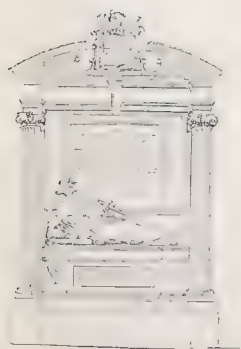
The scale is expressed by St. Paul's in the background.



200.—St. James's, Westminster.



201.—Lich Gate, Fallowfield.



202.—Sir Dudley Carleton's Monument, Westminster Abbey.



203.—Sutton's Monument, at the Charter House.



204.—St. Andrew Church and Cheapside.

all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornhill and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons [Newgate was among the edifices destroyed; see our engraving, Fig. 1983], were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke, and fiery vapour continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated [battered, bruised, sore]. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish; nor could any one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council, indeed, took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions."

The amount of destruction is thus summed up in the inscription that remains to this day, on the north side of the Monument, erected in commemoration of the event:—"Eighty-nine churches, the City gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, four hundred streets; of twenty-six wards it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins of the city were four hundred and thirty-six acres from the Tower by the Thames side to the Temple Church, and from the north-east gate along the City Wall to Holborn Bridge. To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favourable (only eight being lost), that it might in all things resemble the last conflagration of the world."—(Translation of the Latin inscription by Maitland.) The loss was estimated at nearly eleven million pounds sterling!

It is melancholy to reflect how little value has been generally placed by those who have had the care of princes in their youth, upon the influences that were most likely to affect the personal happiness and welfare of their pupils in after life. The accident of position has been alone thought worthy of attention, whilst the substantial interests of the human heart and brain that were to heave and throb beneath the ermined robe and the golden crown have been strangely neglected. The minds called to such mighty responsibilities have a natural tendency to swell into something unreal and fantastic, and require solid mental and moral qualities to keep that tendency within reasonable limits. But this very tendency has been studiously encouraged in the education of our princes; and yet we wonder that but once in a thousand years an Alfred comes. These remarks have been suggested and are forcibly illustrated by the training of James II. (Figs. 2004, 2013). Whilst a boy, Lord Byron had been made his governor—a man said to have been well qualified for the trust; but before James had reached his fourteenth year, he was taught by those around him to consider it a lessening of his dignity to be governed; and before long we find, as the natural results of this and similar treatment, a "firm resolution" existing in the young prince's mind "never to acknowledge he had committed an error." May we not see prefigured in these words James's whole character and reign and fate?

James ascended the throne without any opposition on his brother's death, and the Court immediately assumed an outward show of decorum that belied the real private life of its master. He had been only less famous for his mistresses, for instance, than his brother. One of the most noted of his favourites was Lady Denham, who died at Burlington House (Fig. 1988) under very suspicious circumstances. In his first speech to the Privy Council, James told them he had been reported to be a man desirous of arbitrary power, but that that was not the only story that had been made of him. And then, as a comment upon his words—and it explained them but too clearly—his first deed was to proclaim the continuance of certain duties, that had expired with his brother's reign, and which, constitutionally, the Parliament alone could re-establish. Another of his deeds was to secure the continuance of the French pension enjoyed by his brother. It is true, he determined to call a Parliament, but, as he said to his intimates, "Hereafter it will be much more easy for me to put off the assembling of Parliament, or to maintain myself by other means which may appear more convenient

to me." Such, then, was the effect of the Restoration, that, only twenty-five years afterwards, the Parliament and King were again anticipating being in opposition to each other, notwithstanding the overthrow of the parties from whom the parliaments of Charles I. had been chiefly formed. A more striking evidence it would be impossible to desire, that the contest from the first had been, and continued to be, a real contest between the nation at large, that desired a free—and the king, who desired a despotic government.

But James, like his father, could not be content with one object to struggle for, however vast that may be; nay, it should almost seem that he thought his father had not even gone far enough in his attempt; he had only tried to reduce the Church as well as the State into a despotism, and had been content to leave it still a Protestant Church. James must have nothing less than a Catholic establishment by the side of a civil despotism. At first matters looked very promising for him. He so managed the election of his first Parliament, that he declared, with some exultation, there were not forty of them that he would not himself have chosen: it must indeed have been a nice Parliament. And although insurrections broke out both in Scotland and in England, the leaders, Argyll and Monmouth, were quickly overthrown, taken, and sent to the scaffold. But when the Parliament had been prorogued, and re-assembled, and when James had coolly informed them that in the interim he had appointed many Catholic officers, and dispensed with the legal test of conformity to the Establishment, even his own charming House of Commons began to murmur, "though as 't were afar off." This little manifestation of opinion was at once silenced by a violent message from James. The only member who ventured to remonstrate, and to express a hope that they were all Englishmen, and not to be frightened by a few hard words, was summarily marched off to the Tower.

The task of abolishing Protestantism in England, was therefore to be carried on with unflinching vigour. On the 27th of April, 1688, James brought on the crisis by commanding a declaration of indulgence to be read by the clergy in all the churches. Then met together at Lambeth, in solemn deliberation, the *Seven Bishops*, who under that designation subsequently became so famous; they were—the Archbishop Sancroft, and bishops Lloyd of St. Asaph, Ken of Bath and Wells, Turner of Ely, Lake of Chichester, White of Peterborough, and Trelawney of Bristol (Fig. 2012). The result was the preparation of a petition, stating their aversion to the act demanded of them, for many reasons, but especially because Parliament had often declared such a power as that exercised by James was illegal. This was presented to the King, who by way of answer, sent the whole seven to the Tower.

The excitement of the people may be imagined, especially of those who were eye-witnesses of the conveyance of the bishops by water from Whitehall (Figs. 1998, 1999), to the Tower, and thence, at a later day, to Westminster Hall, to be tried. The greater part, indeed, of the immense concourse of spectators on both occasions actually knelt and prayed aloud for them as they passed. They were found "Not Guilty" of the false, fictitious, malicious, pernicious, and seditious libel charged against them. Here was a severe check. But James would not understand it. Two of the judges were dismissed, and the whole body of the English clergy (two hundred only excepted) ordered to be prosecuted for disobedience of the King's command. What was to be done;—the condition of affairs thus desperate, another Civil War apparently about to burst in all its horrors upon the country? Eminent men met in secret council at Lady Place, Hurley (Fig. 2010), where, it is said, certain important documents connected with the determination that was come to, were signed in a recess of the vaults (Fig. 2011): the determination was, that the Prince of Orange should be called in to aid the English people. He had married James's daughter, and was therefore acceptable to many of the Royalists, but had of course no claim to the throne, therefore was more likely to study the interest of those who might elevate him to that dignity. Above all, he had been unflinchingly true to his own republic, notwithstanding many temptations, and had thus given earnest that he would be equally true in whatever new relations he might form. He was, consequently, on the whole, the very man required to establish a compromise between the long-conflicting parties and principles of English politics. William landed at Torbay on the 4th of November, 1688, and James presently found himself without a friend or a soldier or a subject by his side, to remind him he had been King of England. So having previously sent his wife, Maria Beatrix (Fig. 2007) and the young prince his son, over to France, he followed them, and was for a time withdrawn from the eyes of his former subjects; who were, however, to find that they had not yet done with him.

CHAPTER II.—ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES.



WE need not again enter into the vast subject of the religious history of England during the seventeenth century, seeing that during that time it became inextricably mixed up with the political history, and has therefore already engaged our attention. We propose therefore to devote a short chapter to brief notices of some of the more remarkable divines who lived during the period, but of whom we have hitherto had no opportunity to speak; and to a few

words upon the re-erection of the metropolitan churches, destroyed by the fire.

Both Fuller and Clarendon have expressed a belief, that had the system of severity to the Nonconformists pursued by Archbishops Whitgift and Bancroft in the reign of Elizabeth, not been interrupted by the different views of Abbot (Fig. 2615)—(who was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1610, by James I.)—Calvinism and dissent would have been extirpated from England, and hence the political and religious convulsions of the next reign would have been prevented; or, in other words, we presume the nation would have been less prepared to resist Charles's despotic views. But Abbot did interrupt the excessive fierceness of persecution, and would probably have done so, even if he had foreseen the consequences that are said to have ensued. When in 1627 Dr. Manwaring was brought to the bar of the House of Lords for having asserted in a sermon that "The King is not bound to observe the laws of the realm concerning the subjects' rights and liberties, but that his royal will and command in imposing loans and taxes, without common consent in parliament, doth oblige the subjects' conscience upon pain of eternal damnation," Abbot, in the fulfilment of the duty committed to him of reprimanding the offender, expressed very energetically his abhorrence of so audacious a doctrine. A discourse of a similar description having been delivered by a Dr. Sibthorp in Abbot's own diocese, the Archbishop refused to license it; upon which Laud actually had the boldness to obtain the suspension of Abbot—his own ecclesiastical superior. What a view does this not give us of the sort of advisers and prompters that were about Charles I.! When Abbot died, his enemy Laud succeeded him.

Bishop Hall (Fig. 2614), who claims, and justly, the authorship of the earliest satires in the language, was also one of Laud's marked men. He was too earnest in attending to his own and his flock's spiritual welfare to be able to spare time to follow Laud in his ecclesiastical campaigns, so the term of opprobrium usually applied to moderate Episcopals was cast upon him—Puritanism. At last, in his indignation, he determined to meet the charge direct. He says, "Under how dark a cloud I was hereupon, I was so sensible, that I plainly told the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury [Laud], that rather than I would be obnoxious to those slanderous tongues of his misinformers, I would cast up my rochet. I knew I went right ways, and would not endure to live under undeserved suspicions." The revenues of his bishopric were of course sequestered, with the other sees, by the Parliament, and during his latter days Hall suffered so much from poverty and harsh treatment, that they wrung from him a book of complaint, called 'Hard Measure.'

Who has not, in childhood or in youth, read the 'Pilgrim's Progress'? Who has not felt deeply interested in after years in tracing the remarkable history of the author (Fig. 2614)—first a tinker, then a soldier in the army of the Parliament, then a Baptist minister, lastly a prisoner for twelve years and upwards. He supported himself in prison by making tags and laces; and it was then that the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was undertaken. Bunyan's confinement was one of the results of the ecclesiastical policy of Charles II.'s government; and, strange to say, his release was the result of the policy of a still more bigoted king, James II. But then James's motive in proclaiming toleration, and causing the discharge of such

men as Bunyan was, in order that he might reach circuitously what could not be reached directly—toleration for the Catholics, as a preliminary to their supreme power.

Among those men who have been conspicuous for what may be termed the complete goodness and loftiness of their mind and character, Isaac Barrow (Fig. 2614) must hold a conspicuous place. Although a staunch Royalist, he received the most gratifying testimonials of merit from the University of Oxford, at a time when the parliamentary influence was all powerful, and when men's deserts were less thought of than their politics. And the hopes excited by the student were realized by the mature man. Barrow became highly distinguished as a mathematician; he obtained a rank among the first of English divines. We may here relate an amusing anecdote of him in the pulpit:—Being invited to preach for Dr. Wilkins (afterwards Bishop of Chester, &c.) in a parish church in London, his appearance (which was that of an apprentice) drove the whole of the congregation away, except a few persons, among whom was Mr. Baxter, the Non-Conformist, who declared afterwards that he could have sat all day to hear him, much to the confusion of the congregation, who had complained to the rector of his substitute. An apprentice, when he came down from the pulpit, said to him, "Sir, be not dismayed, for I assure you it was a good sermon." On being asked what he thought of this person, he said, "I take him to be a very civil person, and if I could meet with him, I'd present him with a bottle of wine." His moral character was at least on a par with his intellectual. We must not, as with the lives of most eminent churchmen, reckon the successes of his life by the preferments he received, but by those he declined from conscientious and high principled motives. He resigned the post of Gresham professor of Geometry, because he considered it incompatible with that of the Lucasian professorship, to which he had been subsequently appointed; he refused a valuable living that was offered on condition of teaching a pupil, because he considered the offer as simoniacal; but the most remarkable of all these sacrifices was the resignation of the Lucasian professorship before mentioned, for the very unworldly reason that there was a young man of high promise whose interests and objects he thought the office would advance. Barrow was not deceived as to the promise. That young man was Isaac Newton. Many stories, some of them very entertaining, are told of his courage; here is one story that illustrates not only that quality, but something better:—Being on a visit at a house with a garden attached, he rose early in the morning, and was wandering about, when a large dog, usually kept chained by day, but let loose at night for the protection of the house, attacked him. Barrow seized the animal by the throat, threw him, and lay upon him, and whilst he kept him down, considered what he should do with him in that exigency. To kill him, was naturally his first thought; but he soon perceived that there would be injustice in the deed, for the dog only did his duty, and he himself was in fault for rambling out before it was light. Happily he was at last released from his dangerous position, by making his cries heard by the inmates of the house. And this is told of him, who was in his youth of so quarrelsome a disposition, and altogether so ill-conditioned a boy, that his father is reputed to have said, that if God should take any of his children, he hoped it would be Isaac.

Let us now glance at a scene in Whitehall during the Protectorate, that may make us acquainted with two other of the eminent men of the day. Cromwell was there, expecting as his visitor George Fox (Fig. 2615), the founder of a new sect—the Quakers. With Cromwell was his intimate friend, Dr. John Owen (Fig. 2614), a man of learning, amiability, and of exemplary character. The commencement of the intimacy between the two was marked by circumstances honourable to both. Cromwell having heard him preach, was so pleased, that when he went to Ireland he took Owen with him, in order that he might superintend the college of Dublin, then a very onerous task. The appointment with Fox had been made the previous day; when, as Cromwell was riding in his coach in the park, Fox rode to the side of the vehicle, in order to remonstrate with the



2035.—Henry, Prince of Wales. (From Drayton's *Polyolbion*.)



2036.—Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I. (17 in. high.)



2037.—English Lady of Quality. (Hollar's *Ornatus Mulieris*, 1640.)



2038.—Gentlewoman. (Hollar's *Ornatus Mulieris*, 1640.)



2039.—Woman of London. (Hollar's *Ornatus Mulieris*, 1640.)



2040.—Citizen's Wife of London. (Hollar's *Ornatus Mulieris*, 1640.)



2041.—Lady of London. (Hollar's *Ornatus Mulieris*, 1640.)



2042.—Country Woman of London. (Speed's *Ornatus Mulieris*, 1640.)



2043.—Musketeer, 1643. (From a Specimen at Goodrich Court; engraved in Skelton's *Armour*.)



2011.—Cavalier, 1620. (From a Specimen at Goodrich Court, engraved in Skelton's Armoury.)



2045.—Infantry Armour, 1625. (From a Specimen at Goodrich Court, engraved in Skelton's Armoury.)



2046.—Pierrier, 1625. (From a Specimen at Goodrich Court.)



2047.—Soldier of 1641. (From a Specimen at Goodrich Court.)



2048.—Culverin, 1645. (From a Specimen at Goodrich Court.)



2049.—Chamberlain or Butler, 1645. (From a Specimen at Goodrich Court.)



2050.—Helmet, 1642. (From Specimens at Goodrich Court.)



2051.—Horse, 1645. (From a Specimen at Goodrich Court.)

Protector against the severities that had been exercised upon the "Friends." At parting, Cromwell, as Fox says, had invited him to his house the next day. He tells us also that before he went, one of Cromwell's "maids, whose name was Mary Sanders, came to me at my lodging, and told me her *master* came to her, and said he would tell her some good news. When she asked him what it was, he told her George Fox had come to town. She replied, that was good news indeed, (for she had received truth,)" parenthetically remarks the self-complacent dispenser of that truth; "but she said she could hardly believe him, till he told her how I met him, and rode from Hyde Park to St. James's Gate with him." The invitation was of course accepted, and Fox, and the friend who accompanied him, began to speak of the "inward light" they possessed, but which Cromwell said was a natural light. "But we," continues Fox, "showed him to the contrary;" adding, "the power of the Lord God arose in me, and I was moved in it to bid him lay down his crown at the feet of Jesus. Several times I spoke to him to the same effect. Now I was standing by the table, and he came and sat upon the table's side by me, and said he would be as high as I was; and so continued speaking against the light of Christ Jesus; and went away in a light manner."

Among the great writers in divinity, Jeremy Taylor (Fig. 2015) holds the highest place, not merely relative to this, but to any period. He has been called "the Spenser of our prose writers;" and it has been said that "his prose is sometimes almost as musical as Spenser's verse." He, too, suffered from the troubles of the time, whilst the Parliament was in the ascendant, and during the period of the Commonwealth; but the Restoration brought with it some compensations. An Irish bishopric was conferred upon him; also a seat in the Irish privy council. But it seems that, as the husband of a natural daughter of Charles I., as an ardent loyalist, and, above all, as a man of the most brilliant abilities, his friends seem to have thought him entitled to preferment nearer home. The reason alleged for his not receiving that mark of the royal favour is, at all events, creditable to Bishop Taylor's honesty and unflinching love of truth. "Charles," suggests Bishop Heber, "may not have been unwilling to remove to a distance a person whose piety might have led him to reprove many parts of his conduct, and who would have a plausible pretence for speaking more freely than the rest of the dignified clergy."

If only as one of Milton's polemical antagonists, Archbishop Usher (Fig. 2015) would deserve attention, but his own virtues and learning need no adventitious circumstances to entitle his memory to respect and honour. The estimation in which he was held by his antagonists speaks trumpet-tongued as to his character. Thus, although during the eventful period of the troubles of the reign of Charles I. he wrote against the lawfulness of taking up arms against the king; when arms had been taken up and the Royal cause defeated, and himself plunged in the general ruin that awaited men of his own public position and political and religious views, it was no other than Cromwell himself who pensioned and caused to be treated with the utmost respect the fallen archbishop; and when he died in 1656, it was Cromwell, again, who caused him to be buried in Westminster Abbey. It is not without reason that some of those who have called Cromwell a usurper have added—that it must be confessed he was a truly magnanimous one.

If the period of the Civil War was one to test men's souls, we may say they stood the test admirably, and developed an amount of courage, ability, and virtue, that must have been utterly unanticipated, and which might have lain dormant in a quieter period of the world's history. It is surprising, as we glance over the names of the men who are now engaging our attention, to perceive how the excellence of one life seems to animate all, notwithstanding the modifications wrought by individual tempers or circumstances, placing them frequently at the very opposite points of the political compass. There would be no end, indeed, to our task, were we to endeavour to mention all the men of the period whose names are deservedly held dear by every class of Christians. With two more, therefore, we close the list. Our first shall be Leighton (Fig. 2014), Archbishop of Glasgow—a man whom not all the exciting and disturbing influence of parties could induce to step aside, either to the right or to the left of the path that he believed to be the right one. It was a custom with the dignitaries of the Scottish Church, a little before the Civil War, to ask the clergy in their assemblies, "Whether they preached to the times?" meaning in effect, did they take advantage of their position to inculcate in their sermons the views of those in authority. When the question was put to Leighton, he replied, with inimitable delicacy of sarcasm upon the conduct of his fellows, and with a lofty feeling of what should be his and their conduct—"When all my brethren preach to the times, suffer me to preach about eternity." The other

personage to whom we alluded is Bishop Burnet (Fig. 2014), the well-known author of the 'History of the Reformation,' and of the 'History of his Own Time,' works neither distinguished for soundness of judgment nor impartiality, but highly informing, and written by one whose life in every way testifies that he was a good man. In the corrupt court of Charles II. Burnet was tested, and found to be incorruptible. In 1682 overtures were made to him to the effect, that if he would join the Court party and come over to the King's interests, he should have the bishopric of Chichester. He not only refused, but about the same time wrote to Charles his celebrated letter, commenting upon and reproving in severe language his public conduct and his private vices. Charles read the letter twice over, and then threw it into the fire. Not many months after, news was brought to Charles that Burnet had attended Lord William Russell to the scaffold; and immediately certain offices he held were taken from him. The most important part of Burnet's public life was the share he took in the Revolution of 1688. The Prince of Orange had not a more zealous and efficient friend through all that business than Burnet, who accompanied the prince to England as his chaplain, and when the one became King William III., the other was speedily known as the Bishop of Salisbury.

Burnet's reputation has received some damage from the wits. When the 'History of his Own Time' was published, Swift wrote 'Short Remarks' upon it; and no doubt the worthy bishop would have been as well pleased if they had been still shorter. Arbuthnot made a parody upon it. But the most pungent and most successful of all the attacks was that of Pope, whose 'Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of the Parish,' present a too severe but most irresistibly amusing burlesque of Burnet's garrulity and conceit. These systematic attacks may have been partially owing to the bishop's known contempt for the profession of literature. It was he who spoke of "one Prior," and was punished by a stinging epigram, in which he was referred to as "one Burnet." It was he also who, in one of his pamphlets, had called Dryden a monster of profligacy, for which Dryden gave him a niche in the 'Hind and Panther.'

After the fire, the great work of restoration was confided to Wren; and it progressed so rapidly, that ten thousand houses arose in four years, and it was not long before the re-erection of the public buildings, and more especially the churches, were also begun. The eighty-five churches destroyed within the City walls were replaced by fifty-one of Wren's erection, beside his new church of St. James, Westminster (Fig. 2030), and two that he rescued from the general ruin, St. Andrew's, Holborn, and St. Clement Danes. These churches are chiefly remarkable for their beautiful towers and steeples. We have given a parallel of some of the principal of them in our engraving (Fig. 2029), where they have for their background the mighty shadow of the architect's crowning work, the imperial dome of St. Paul's. One of the most popularly known and appreciated of all Wren's churches is Bow Church, Cheapside (Fig. 2031), in style an adaptation from his favourite classical authority, the Temple of Peace, at Rome. Of St. Stephen's, Walbrook (Fig. 2028), it has been said—"Had the materials and volume been so durable and extensive as those of St. Paul's Cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren had consummated a much more efficient monument to his well-earned fame than that fabric affords."—(Britton and Pugin's 'Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London.') But in referring to what Wren did not do, both here and elsewhere, we must bear in mind how difficult a matter he often found it to command the necessary funds even for what he did. It is only where he was permitted freely to develop his plans, and where he could think that he was not wasting his strength in enriching parts which few could behold, through the contraction of the streets or thoroughfares, that we can rightly estimate the architect's powers; and, in the fullest meaning of the words, no such opportunity was ever afforded him, not even in St. Paul's. Is not the grandeur of the whole of that building unquestionable? But how much grander would it have been had his first design (Fig. 2019), or even his later ones, been fully carried out!

At the commencement of the work, Sir Christopher Wren writes in the 'Parentalia':—"An incident was taken notice of by some people as a memorable omen: when the surveyor in person had set out upon the place the dimensions of the great dome, and fixed upon the centre, a common labourer was ordered to bring a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish (such as should first come to hand), to be laid for a mark and direction to the masons: the stone, which was immediately brought and laid down for that purpose, happened to be a piece of a gravestone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but this single word, in large capitals, '*Resurgam*' (I shall rise again)." The favourable omen was fully realized; and the second rising of St.

Paul's can scarcely be deemed inferior to the first, notwithstanding the advantage which the Gothic style generally has over the Italian-Roman style of Wren, both in its superior beauty and its fitness for the purpose in question. The dome alone of modern St. Paul's is enough to enable the building to stand up in rivalry against the mighty reputation of its predecessor. The interior of the Cathedral is of course fine, but does not correspond in grandeur of design with the exterior. The most favourable points of sight are from the western doorway, looking east (Fig. 2024), and from immediately beneath the dome (Fig. 2025). But the first impression, even in this last-mentioned spot, is somewhat disappointing to a careful observer, who comes with the impression of the exterior fresh upon his mind. The dome to such a one seems to have shrunk in space—to have descended in height most strangely. On inquiry he learns that the exterior dome is—if the word must be used—a sham; and covers two others, of which the lowermost only forms the real internal arch of the Cathedral.

If the artistical decorations of St. Paul's be taken as an evidence of the state of art in England at the time, which we believe they may with justice, we shall be compelled to entertain but a very low opinion of the latter. With but one exception, Gibbons' work in the choir, none of the original decorations are worth mentioning, apparently because, with the exception of Gibbons, none of the eminent sculptors of the day were employed. If, for instance, we desire to see any of the chief productions of the most fashionable English sculptors of the seventeenth century, Nicholas Stone, we must go to the Charter House to gaze upon his Sutton monument (Fig. 2023), or to Westminster Abbey, where we shall find his memorial of Sir Dudley Carleton (Fig. 2032). The carved wood-work of the choir (Fig. 2027), to which we have referred, is truly beautiful. Gibbons was dwelling in an obscure cottage at Deptford, carving the Stoning of St. Stephen, after Tintoretto, when Evelyn first drew him into notice. "The King saw the carving at Sir R. Browne's chambers, and was astonished at the curiosity of it, but was called away, and sent it to the Queen's chamber. There a French peddling woman, who used to bring baubles out of France for the ladies, begun to find fault with several things in it, which she understood no more than an ass or a monkey. So, in a kind of indignation, I caused it to be taken back, and sent down to the cottage again."

But the generous appreciation of Evelyn was soon followed by the appreciation of the King, and Court, and nation.

Wren himself is among the many eminent persons who rest under the mighty dome. He lies in the crypt (Fig. 2026); and over the entrance into the choir are these words in Latin:—"If you would behold his monument, look around."

One famous appendage of the old Cathedral had fallen before the Great Fire, and did *not* rise again. One of the last sermons preached from Paul's Cross (Figs. 1901, 2016), on the 30th of May, 1630, was attended by Charles I., who came in state to St. Paul's, and first heard the service in the Cathedral, and after that took a seat prepared for him in the open air before the door, to hear the sermon. The abolition of bishops, deans, and chapters took place in 1642, and was followed, in 1645, by the destruction of St. Paul's "Cross in the churchyard, which had been for many ages the most noted and solemn place in the nation for the gravest divines and greatest scholars to preach at;" and at the same time were destroyed all the rest of the crosses about London and Westminster, by further order of the said Parliament; among these may be enumerated the Cross of Cheapside (Fig. 1899). Another of the dependencies of old St. Paul's exists at this day—as repaired by Wren—the Convocation or Chapter House (Fig. 2017), in appearance a tall, substantial, dingy-looking mansion, in which the Convocation or parliament of the clergy sit, at the meeting of a new parliament of the kingdom, in order, it would seem, to prorogue themselves immediately. In the reign of William III., an energetic endeavour was made to turn the nominal into a real ecclesiastical parliament; but the ungracious age would not permit it; so the members of the Convocation meet, dream of, and occasionally perhaps sigh over the past glories of the Church, and then go away to repeat the process next time, and from thenceforward *ad infinitum*.

The Savoy (Fig. 1984) had been another famous meeting-place for Divines. Here the Independents drew up their Declaration of Faith in 1658; and here, three years later, a body of Episcopal met a body of the Presbyterian clergymen, and endeavoured to arrange the Book of Common Prayer to their mutual satisfaction. The attempt, however, failed. Baxter was one of the controversialists upon this occasion.



2052.—Costume of the Nobility and Gentry, temp. Charles II.
(Selected from Philip's Coronation of Charles II., 1662, and *Præterea* by Silvester, 1664.)



2053.—Costume of the Commonalty, temp. Charles II.
(Selected from *Prints* by Hollar and Silvester, 1664.)



2055.—"Fair Lemme as a 'd'age."



2054.—Costume of the Nobility and Gentry, temp. James II.
(Selected from *Smilford's Coronation of James II.*, 1687.)



2056.—"Fyts to mend."



2057.—"Old Shes for a me
Pier on."



2058.—"Four for a p'p'le
Mackerel."



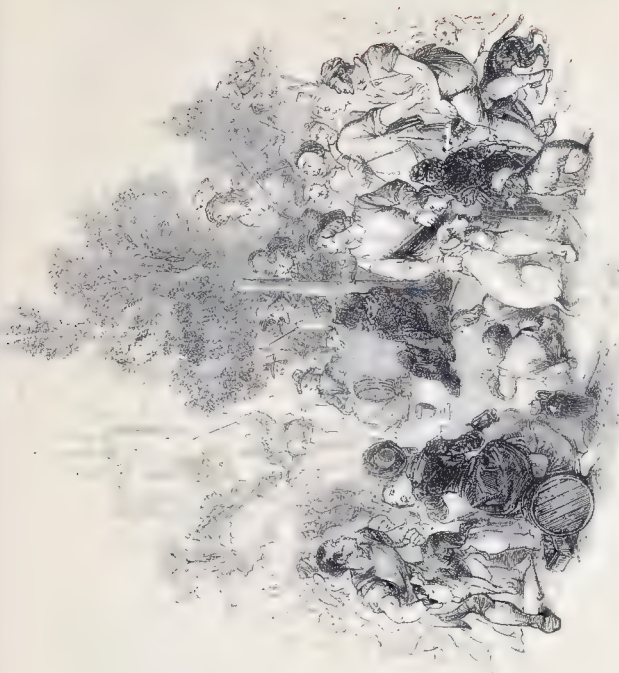
2059.—"Hackney Coachman," 1687.



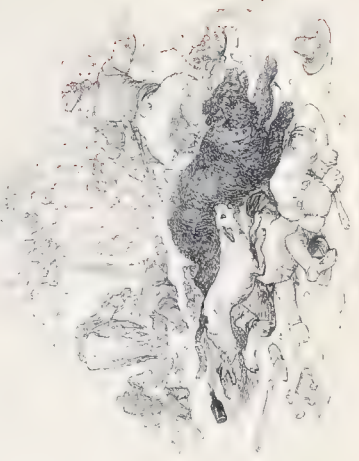
2060.—"Moulted."



2061.—"Oh I have slow."



2081.—S. Indians addressing the M. G.



2082.—L. Indians tending their.

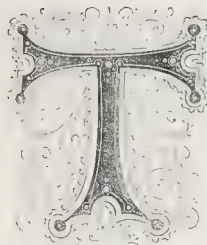


2083.—Indians in the pl.



2084.—L. Indians at the State.

CHAPTER III.—POPULAR ANTIQUITIES.



THE changes during the century comprised between the commencement of the reign of James I. and the abdication of James II., are perhaps more remarkable than any similar space of time in the history of English costume can furnish. Dress may be said during that period to have had both its age of gold and its age of lead. Nothing could be finer than the dresses Vandyke loved to paint; nothing more unnatural or absurd than the costume Kneller was often compelled to draw—we hope without loving it. The ancient beaux and belles of the latter part of the seventeenth century, in peruke and commode—with snuff-box and fan, taking their evening walk in the Mall, could comment to children and grandchildren on a hundred varieties of the popular aspect since they were young—since Queen Anne of Denmark (Fig. 2036) and her ladies went abroad in the enormous wheel farthingale, standing collar, and buckram bust of the Elizabethan style, and the gentlemen of the royal household and Court in the ungainly stuffed and plaited garments that originated in the cowardly fears of her husband, King James I. We may glance at a few of the most conspicuous of these changes, and begin with those of the hair and its appendages. In the reign of Queen Anne of Denmark, the hair of the ladies was still frizzled, and crisped, and tortured into wreaths and borders, and “underpropped with forks, wires,” &c. (Stubbs), as in the time of Elizabeth, her predecessor. For some time after, the hat, often steeple-crowned, with a round or broad flapping brim, continued to shade the tresses of the middle classes generally (Figs. 2039 to 2042). The French hood was long a favourite wear with the puritanical gentlewoman. Then there was the “cap-kercher, and such like,” of which Stubbs speaks. A fashionable lady would

wear a flowing coronet to-day,
The symbol of her beauty's sad decay;
To-morrow she a waving plume will try,
The emblem of all female levity;
Now in her hat, then in her hair is drest;
Now, of all fashions, she thinks change the best.

Dramatic Pastoral, 1631.

Many a fair aspiring citizen also laid herself open to the censure of Luke, in the ‘City Madam’:—

The reverend hood cast off, your borrowed hair,
Powdered and curled, was, by your dresser's art
Formed like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds
And richest orient pearls.—*MASINGER.*

But for once in the seventeenth century there was to be a time when the loveliest ornament bestowed by Nature on the human form was to be set free from unnatural constraint, as far as fashion was concerned. The glossy ringlets of the young gentlewoman of 1640 (Fig. 2038) drooped to the neck in all their native luxuriance, negligently confined by a simple rose, jewel, or bandeau of pearls. This is the style that has been transmitted to us in the bewitching portraits of the beauties of the Court of Charles II.; but its reign was too genuinely beautiful not to be brief, so it was succeeded by one of the most extraordinary contrasts conceivable, the tower, or commode, a regularly built-up pile of hair and ornaments. As to the decoration of the gentlemen's heads, it seems that after frizzing up the hair from the forehead, as in the portrait of Prince Henry (Fig. 2035), and suffering it to share in the freedom and luxuriance of that of the other sex, in the reign of Charles I., they next thought they would supersede it altogether; and, following the example of the ladies before mentioned *borrow* their hair. The French, from whom we have derived so many agreeable fashions, as if to counterbalance the obligations incurred, gave us also that odious invention of the flatterers of the “Grand Monarque,” the peruke or periwig—made in imitation of his long waving curls

when he was a little boy. Charles II., most tasteless and fantastic in all his innovations, adopted the fashion, and very soon not a gentleman's head or shoulders was complete without the French wig. That was not the worst: the picturesque Spanish Sombrero did not suit the new contrivance; so it was flung aside for the sugar-loaf hat set round about with feathers or ribbons—we leave our reader to judge of the ludicrous effect in the general costumes of this reign (Fig. 2052). Archbishop Tillotson is the first English prelate represented in a wig, but the appendage was in his case small and natural-looking. “I can remember,” he observes, in one of his sermons, “since the wearing the hair below the ears was looked upon as a sin of the first magnitude; and when ministers generally, whatever their text was, did either find or make occasion to reprove the great sin of long hair, and if they saw any one in the congregation guilty in that kind, they would point him out particularly, and let fly at him with great zeal.” The age of full-bottomed wigs, however, had arrived, and the barbers were to fulfil their august mission. It became dangerous to one's intellectual reputation to resist. Farquhar, in his comedy of ‘Love and a Bottle’ (1698), observes, that a full wig was as “infallible a token of wit as the laurel.”

The farthingale of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries—most of our readers are aware—was the originator of the hooped petticoat of the eighteenth. An amusing story is told of this exquisite monstrosity in Bulwer's ‘Pedigree of the English Gallant.’ When Lady Wych, wife of the ambassador from James I. to the Grand Seigneur, appeared with her waiting-women in farthingales in the presence of the Sultanness, the latter was amazed at the extraordinary size of their hips, and seriously inquired if that shape was peculiar to the natural formation of the English women, and Lady Wych was obliged to explain the whole mystery of the dress, before she could convince the Sultanness that they were not in reality so deformed as they appeared to be. And when they had so convinced her, we fear the Sultanness would hardly congratulate them on the new views they had opened to her as to the objects of dress. But there was something liked even better than the farthingale; namely, the exercise of a capricious fancy that knew no limits of taste or sense: so of the lady of the time it is said, in illustration of the passion for extreme and continual changes,—

Now calls she for a boisterous farthingall;—
Then to her hips she'll have her garments fall.

As with the hair, so with the dress; there was a time during this century (the period of the war) when ladies of fashion were contented to imitate nature. And if the rich flowing train be esteemed an innovation upon what may be called a natural style of costume, it was a very pardonable one. After the Restoration, this continued the style of the Court for some considerable time; but the century went out, and its successor came in, with so many flounces and furbelows, that the wearers seemed all “in curl,”—“like one of those animals,” as Addison says, “which in the country we call a Friezland hen.” In some respects the gentlemen offered a still broader mark for the satirist. The huge trunks of James I. were changed into “the long sawsedge hose, and breeches pinned up like pudding-bags,” of which Ben Jonson speaks in his ‘Tale of a Tub,’—a fashion that at once signifies its Dutch origin. The straight and loose nether garments of the Vandyke costume met the ruffles of the boot tops, and were richly fringed or pointed. After these came Charles II.'s “petticoat breeches,” which Randal Holmes, 1659, thus describes: “The lining, being lower than the breeches, is tied above the knees; the breeches are ornamented with ribands up to the pocket, and half their breadth upon the thigh; the waistband is set about with ribands, and the shirt hanging out *over them*.” These choice inventions again subsided under James II., and, as though to restrain all future unseemliness of bulk, were tied beneath the knee. The Puritan (Fig. 2049) or Oliverian, in every article of his dress, contrasted with the Cavalier (Fig. 2044), as by his contempt of the caprices of fashion, by his choice of coarser and darker stuffs, and by his rejection of ornament; but in the doublet

especially this contrast was remarkable. That of the Puritan was homely, sombre, and plain; that of the Cavalier of silk, satin, or velvet, of the richest colours, with loose, full sleeves, slashed in front; or, for military service, it was the buff coat, as much adorned as the nature of the dress could possibly admit of: the collar of this superb doublet was of the costliest point lace; a sword-belt of the most magnificent kind crossed over one shoulder; whilst a rich scarf encircled the waist, and was tied in a large bow at the side.

Charles II. curtailed the doublet of its fair proportions, made it excessively short, and opened it in front to display a rich shirt bulging out, without any waistcoat: then it must have holland sleeves, of extravagant size and fantastical contrivance, as in our engraving (Fig. 2032), where one figure appears so absurdly disguised with these sleeves, and with the periwig,—projecting shoes, and other singularities, as to appear almost unreal. In a short time, however, all this was sobered down—but not until Charles II. with all his fopperies and vices had passed for ever from the scene. The sleeves of the ladies' dresses, and the drapery and ornaments of the bust, continued in admirable taste throughout the greater part of the century. The free use of the Vandyke lace had often a fine effect, as may be seen in our engravings of the Lady of Quality (Fig. 2037) and the rich Merchant's Wife (Fig. 2039).

Massinger in 'The City Madam' (1659), speaks of the ladies' slippers, or

Rich pantalles, in ostentation shown,
And roses worth a family;

while Taylor, the Water-Poet, tells us a gallant would

Wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
And spangled garters worth a copyhold.

The courtier's wide boots, so finely in keeping with the rest of his clivalric and magnificent dress, appears to have almost banished the shoes thus richly adorned, which, however, regained their popularity under Charles II., when they were ornamented with large projecting bows of ribbon. In the next reign (James II.) succeeded the sober substantial shoe, with very high instep.

We cannot stay to dwell on all the other changes that characterized the dresses of the period: as in the

— gaudy cloak, three mansions' price almost;

or in the vests, coats, and waistcoats: nor shall we attempt to use any other language than the poet's in enumerating the host of articles of wear and ornament that filled the wardrobes or occupied the dressing-tables of the votaries of fashion; and

Chains, coronets, pendants, bracelets, and ear-rings;
Pins, girdles, spangles, embroideries, and rings;
Shadows, rebatoes, ribands, ruffs, cuffs, falls,
Scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, muffs, laces, cauls,
Thin taffanies, cobweb-lawn, and fardingals,
Sweet falls, veils, wimples, glasses, crisping-pins,
Pots of ointment, combs, with poking-sticks and bodkins,
Coifs, gorgets, fringes, rolls, filets, and hair-laces.

Dramatic Pastoral.

The great starched ruff had been rendered unfashionable by the fair Mrs. Turner's making her exit in one at Tyburn. But for some time the matronly part of the community favoured them, and they often appeared in the full dress of the great civic dames, as in our engraving of a Lady Mayoress (Fig. 2041). The fan, exhibited in the cut just referred to, and in that of the Lady of Quality, was a most elegant and picturesque ornament for a lady's hand: it was composed of ostrich or other rare and costly feathers. The carved fan, its successor, however beautiful in itself, is not for a moment to be compared with it. In a licentious age we shall generally find that masks are prevalent—of course, therefore, they were in that of Charles II. The muffler, an article of dress at least as ancient as the time of the prophet Isaiah (iii. 19), and in all probability very much older, had not yet ceased to defend the elderly or the delicate English female from the perilous winter cold of our bleak climate. Among the country people (Fig. 2042), however, they would be more prevalent than in towns. Lastly, let us observe, that if from parts we turn to costume as a whole, there is one figure among our engravings—that of the Merchant's Wife of London (Fig. 2039)—which may be taken as a model of gracefulness and unaffected elegance—in short, of true taste.

Armour, on the decline at the close of the last period, continued to be used through the Civil Wars, though it did not exactly justify James I.'s characteristic praise—that it not only saved the life of the wearer, but hindered him from doing hurt to anybody else. Many a life was lost, clad in complete steel, or nearly so, and many a life was taken by the heavily-armed cavalry soldier. Helmets

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(Fig. 2050) or head-pieces were invariably worn in the field. Those of the Cavalier (Fig. 2044) and Cuirassier (Fig. 2048) were in general crowned with plumes. The Dragoon (Fig. 2051), whose order was first raised in France in 1600, by the Marshal de Brissac, wore in our armies a stout buff coat with deep skirts. Infantry armour (Fig. 2045) consisted of back and breast pieces, worn over a buff coat, and with throat pieces and skull-cap, the cheeks being also defended. One of our military cuts represents a soldier of the Trained Bands, 1638 (Fig. 2047); a name which may remind some of our readers of Cowper's famous hero—

A train-band Captain eke was he
Of famous Loudon Town.

The trained bands were the ridicule of the Cavaliers, as being composed of apprentices, artisans, and shopkeepers of London; they were called the "thimble and bodkin army," on account of their being supported in their resolute stand against Charles I. by all sorts of contributions from poor and rich in and around London. But they proved the chief means by which the first important victory was gained over Charles, in a battle in which even Clarendon says they "behaved themselves to wonder."

When the pikemen and musketeers of these civic militia first became actual soldiers, their costume was not altogether that of the regular military Pikeman (Fig. 2046) and Musketeer (Fig. 2043), but they "marched to the field in high-crowned hats, collared bands, great loose coats, long tucks under them, and calves'-leather boots;" and in this dress "they used to sing a psalm, fill on, and beat all opposition to the devil."—(Shadwell's comedy of 'The Volunteers'.)

Alexander Gell, a bachelor of divinity, was sentenced to lose his ears and to be degraded from the ministry, for saying of Charles I. "that he was fitter to stand in a Cheap-side shop, with an apron before him, and say 'What lack ye?' than to govern a kingdom." Scott, in his 'Fortunes of Nigel,' has for ever popularized the custom here referred to, of the shopkeepers of Cheap-side, and other principal thoroughfares of London, standing at the doors of shops, resembling booths or stalls, and emulating one another's sweet voices in the constant cry, "What lack ye? What d'ye lack?" Among the cries of London, then, may safely be included the occupations of its tradesmen generally; who kept up, as it were, a daily fair, all through the metropolis. Much of the trade of London was carried on by itinerants, then a more respectable and thriving class than at present; these, too, had their cries; and their vociferations more than rivalled those of the shopkeepers. Among the noisiest of them were the venders of oranges, fish, and brooms. The orange-woman's cry, though shrill, was often musical—

Fair lemons and oranges (Fig. 2055)
Oranges and citrons!

"Four for sixpence, mackerel!" (Fig. 2058) was the cry of a fish-wife, such as we still hear every day. "Old shoes for some brooms!" (Fig. 2057) indicated a state of things when street barter was much more extensively practised than at present, though the custom has by no means disappeared. If we do not so often as of old hear the cry of "Pots to mend!" (Fig. 2056), and if the tinker has ceased to be the popular personage he once was, the fraternity has not yet wholly gone out; his utility has preserved him. The absence of utility, or we may rather say, positive mischievousness, has caused the disappearance of other street-trading classes; and among them, of the Medical Mountebank (Fig. 2060), who, during three centuries or more, travelled with his wonderful appliances for the cure of all diseases. At markets and fairs, and other crowded places, would he exhibit his pills and plials, and endeavour to sell them to the people by means of humorous or bombastic speeches. From such jocosities the famous mountebank of 1547, Dr. Andrew Borde, was called "Merry Andrew"—a name still applied to all of the mountebank genus. The popular character of the mountebank seems to have undergone very little change from the days of Dr. Borde to those when the 'Spectator' immortalized the Hammer-smith Artist, and his irresistible jest of giving five shillings to every native of Hammersmith, for the exceeding love he bore to the place; and who fulfilled his generous purpose by giving them a quantity of physic for sixpence, that he assured them was constantly sold for five shillings and sixpence. Truly the mountebank belonged to an amusing though most impudent and unprincipled class. Now he was accustomed to make even roguery into an instrument for the dissemination of philosophy, the well-known tale "Conceit can kill, conceit can cure," informs us. Indeed, we may say of him as Henry V. said of Falstaff, we could well have spared a better man.

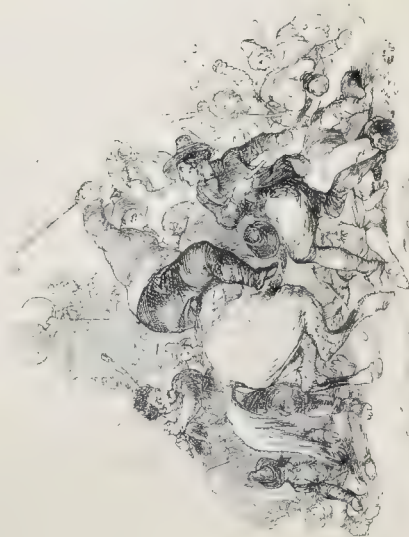
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186.—The Bear Hunt.



187.—The Death of the Duke.



188.—The Duke with Queen and Court.



189.—The Knight and Squire conveyed to the Stocks.

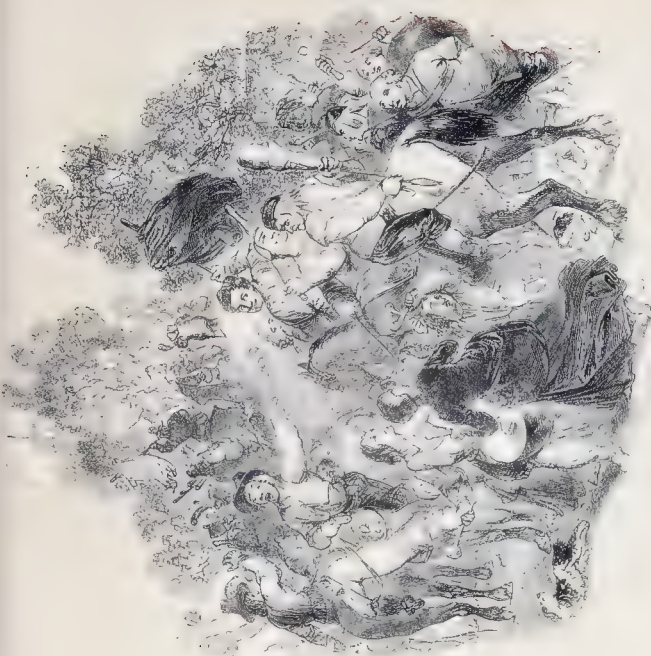


Fig. 1. — The King and his court.

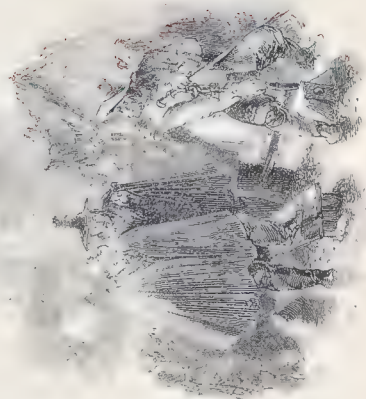


Fig. 2. — The King and his court, from the south.



Fig. 3. — The King and his court, from the north.

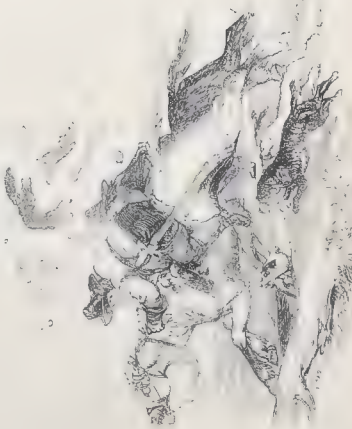


Fig. 4. — The King and his court, from the east.

From the same curious collection of originals whence our cut of the mountebank is taken, we present to the reader's view an old English Raree-show man (Fig. 2061), whose name, Caulfield tells us, was Old Harry. The contents of his raree-show were various and wonderful, especially to the eyes of the rising generation. There were—

The fleas that run at tilt
Upon a table;

a tame hedgehog, a wonderful snake, and other such specimens of the marvellous.

About the reign of James I. the drivers of both private and public vehicles had no other accommodation than a bar, or driver's chair, placed very low behind the horses: in the following reign (Charles I.) they ride more after postilion fashion; after the Restoration they appear with whip and spurs (Fig. 2059); and towards the end of the century mount to a "coachman's box." This box, covered with a *hammer-cloth*, was often in reality a box; and within it, or in a leather pouch attached to it, were tools for mending broken wheels or shivered panels, in the event of accidents occurring in the street or road, which were by no means uncommon; in consequence, first, of the defective construction of the vehicles—(D'Avenant says they were "uneasily hung, and so narrow that I took them for sedans on wheels") (Figs. 2131, 2132); in the second place, from the clumsy driving of carmen in the crowded thoroughfares; and in the third place, and principally, from the nature of the streets themselves, full of all the worst perils a coachman could have to encounter. What a picture is that Gay has left us, in reference to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when, if there was any difference, we may presume there must have been some improvement upon the state of the streets that prevailed during a little earlier period!—

Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows,
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-shores descend;
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies
Ere night has half rolled round her ebony throne;
In the wide gulf the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.

The sedan (Figs. 2129, 2130), which is still occasionally to be seen emerging from the oblivion into which we thought it had passed for ever, was in full vogue during the present period.

If the wittiest writer in the English—perhaps, indeed, in any—language had but been also an unprejudiced observer of the men and things he described, 'Hudibras' would to this hour have stood unrivalled since the days of Chaucer, as a glowing, life-like view of the state of English society, and as a piece of most wholesome satire of all that was absurd, or vicious, or criminal in it. Unhappily Butler's partiality is as notorious as his wit; and it is indispensable that we get rid of the faintest notion of any real likeness between the "Presbyterians" and "Independents" of his verse, and the men who overthrew Charles and Laud, before we can properly estimate and enjoy the amazing amount of literary wealth that has been expended upon the work in question. True courage and dignity, for instance, are among the last qualities the writer of 'Hudibras' would appear to be willing to ascribe to the "rebels," yet if he forgets that they overthrew his strong and gallant party, with a king at their head, we cannot; neither is it easy to find aught calculated to arouse contempt (whatever deeper emotions may be called into existence) when we read of the conduct of the Puritans in their prosperity during the trial of Charles, or in their adversity, when they sealed with their blood, at the Restoration, the cause they thought so just and holy. But perhaps the most striking of all evidences of Butler's unfitness to judge of those to whom he was politically opposed, is his mention of a contemporary writer, Withers, one of the truest poets that ever adorned a country, but who being a Puritan *must* also be a fool—in 'Hudibras.' Butler, appealing to the Muse, says—

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryme, and Vickers,
And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write:—&c.

The fact appears to be that Butler did not draw the materials for his great satire from any one party or sect alone, but that he did endeavour to fasten the odium and ridicule excited by his exposures solely upon those particular bodies to whom he had been politically

opposed. The consequences are just what Butler ought to have expected,—we reject his cherished and extravagant bigotries, and admire him less, to say the least of it, for having imposed upon us such a task. But when all is done, we find ourselves in possession of a work that must ever be looked upon with interest, and admiration, and wonder, for the broad and unctuous humour, the brilliant and sparkling wit, and the depth and universality of satirical observation that overflows in every page. There are few better evidences of literary greatness than may be found in the frequency with which an author's phrases and sentences, or peculiar thoughts, are perceived to be mingling in the common business and conversations of life. Now we are all constantly quoting Butler, from the statesman—who, when he propounds a new measure, reminds us that

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat—

down to the cynical humourist of the fireside, who tells his good dame

There are no bargains driven
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heaven,
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heaven in marriages.

The poet informs us at the commencement, that

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folks together by the ears;

in other words, when the Civil Wars began, then did Hudibras, or, as Butler calls him, Sir Knight,

abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A long description of the Knight's intellectual qualities now ensues, from which we learn that

although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;

and that he was extremely learned, extremely critical—he could

divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side,—

extremely eloquent, and poetical in his eloquence—

he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope,—

and, lastly, very religious, though belonging to a party who

prove their doctrines orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks,

and whose

chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

The wit of these lines, subtle and anatomizing as it is, is even less remarkable than the vivid truth of character conveyed in them. Who does not know many a Hudibras, now actively bustling about the world, engaged in schemes at once Quixotic, fanatical, and what is, or looks terribly like, hypocritical? Of the Knight's outer man we must let the poet speak at length:—

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part whereof was whey;
The nether, orange mixed with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns.

In form the Knight was somewhat heavy behind; but then—

To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before;
Which still he had a special care
To keep well crammed with thrifty fare;
As white pot, butter-milk, and curds
Such as a country-house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We further shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows, but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood.

The poet remarks that the statement that the old knights-errant did not eat, is false; and instances King Arthur, who, he says, was accustomed to carry, in a huge pair of round trunk hose, enough meat for himself and all his knights. But to continue the description of Hudibras:—

His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied;
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
For the rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manifold;
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder.
Of land it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.
It was a serviceable dodgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon; tho' it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care;
'T would make clean shoes; and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done, on the same score—

an allusion to Cromwell, that was no doubt mightily enjoyed by all the Royalists. He, however, does not appear to have been himself engaged in the brewing business, as 'is here intimated, although his parents were.

The Knight, as we see in the first (Fig. 2062) of the series of engravings by Mr. Harvey, contained in pages 209 to 220, has a companion not unworthy of himself. This is his Squire,

whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half:
Though writers, for more stately tone
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph:
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses).
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in; by birth a tailor.
The mighty Trojan queen, that gain'd
With subtle shreds a tract of land,
Did leave it with a castle fair
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legged knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell;
Not with a counterfeit pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by 't:
Some call it Gifts, and some New Light:

A lib'ral art that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken,
Like commendation nine-pence, crook'd,
With—To and from my love—it look'd.

This ninepence was a common coin prior to the year 1696, when all the money that was not milled was called in, and this particular one kept in thenceforth. The custom of bending a coin till it became "crooked," and usable as a lover's token, survived, however, almost down to our own time, as the prolific numbers of deformed pieces, everywhere seen in circulation but a few years ago, sufficiently show.

Ralph, it appears, was one of those who referred every question to the light that had been vouchsafed to him—the New Light, as it was commonly called, of which Butler says,

'T is a dark lantern of the spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it:
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by.

Of course, under such circumstances, Ralph considered himself infallible. The poet tells us he was a deep occult philosopher, who understood Jacob Behmen, and was familiar with the Rosacruzian lore; who could explain the discourses of birds, and the origin of matter; and who, without the aid of astrology, could foretell all mighty things that were to happen, as great diseases, battles, and inundations. Such, then, were the pair who set forth to seek adventures.

There is a town in the western parts of England, whither

people did repair
On days of market, or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor
In movement did drudge and labour.

In this last line, so characteristic of our rural population at the present time, we see that the mirth of which we hear so much in connection with old England, was still anything but a spontaneous, impulsive, habitual joyousness of character. What Butler said in the seventeenth century is precisely what foreigners say of us in the nineteenth—that we do drudge and labour even in our recreations.

But something more than the ordinary attractions of a market or fair have now

rak'd together village rabble;
'T was an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call Bear baiting:
A bold adventurous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmean or Nemean game:
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fixed in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble rout;
For, after solemn proclamation
In the bear's name (as is the fashion,
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms,)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear.

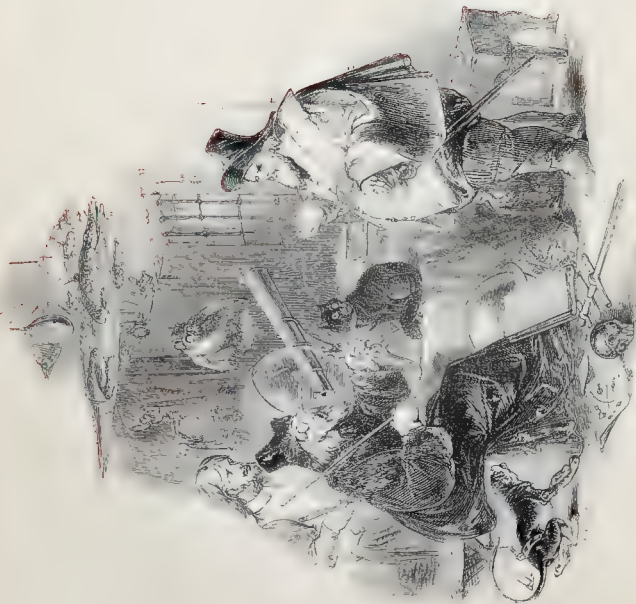
The poet here describes exactly the preliminaries of the famous bull-runnings of Tutbury in Staffordshire, where the "solemn proclamation" was made in these words—"That all manner of persons give way to the bull, none being to come near him by forty foot, any way to hinder the minstrels, but to attend to his or their own safety, every one at his peril." (Plot's 'Staffordshire.') Towards the scene of this bear-baiting, which we learn from a subsequent passage was at Brentford, the Knight

his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear—

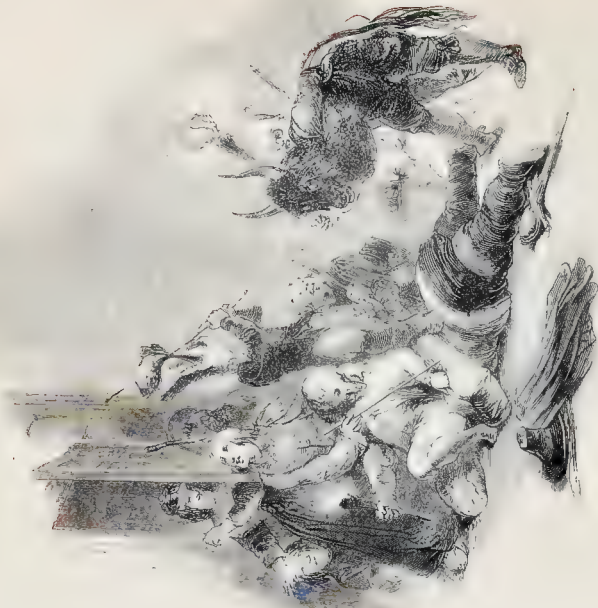
as he believed he was bound to do. And on his way he explained to the Squire his views, and why he thought it best to save the expense of Christian blood, and try by mediation to compose the quarrel without blows. As he justly observes—

Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake
For Cov'nant and the Cause's sake
But in that quarrel, dogs and bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?

Ralph agrees that it is an unchristian sport, unlawful alike in name and substance,—that, as to the name,



214.—Fight between the knights.



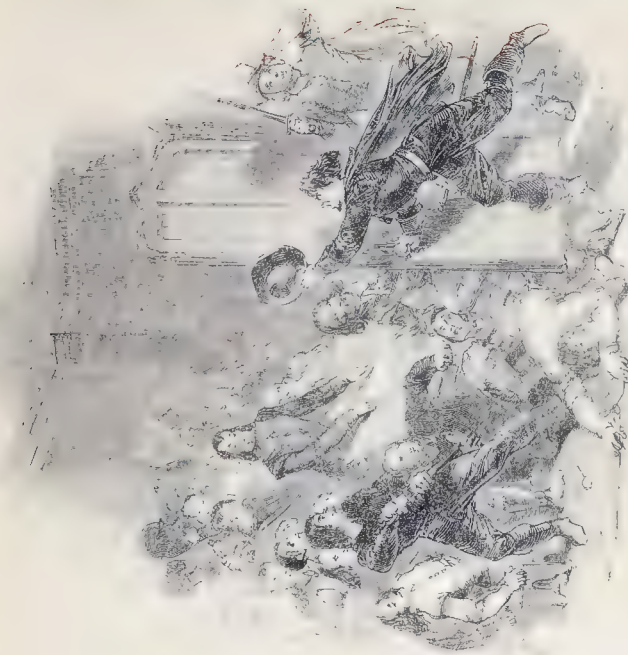
215.—Fight between the knights.



216.—Combat of Hothens and Strophed.



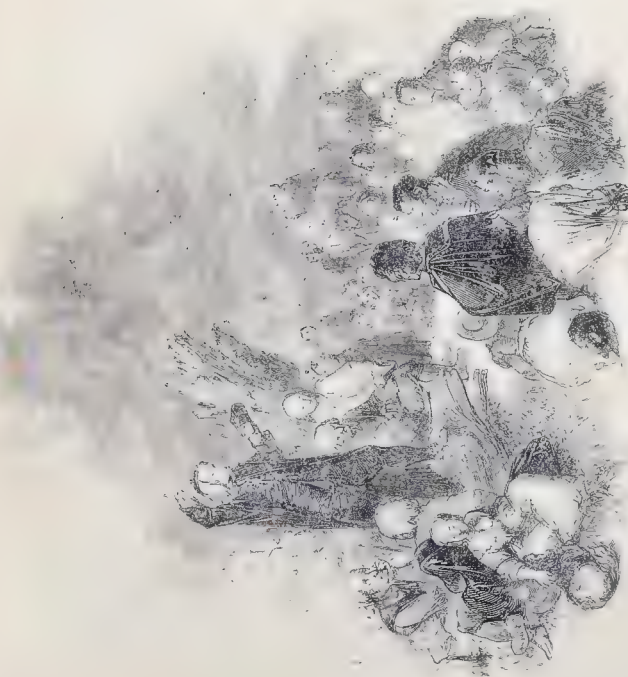
217.—Knight reacting the Knight.



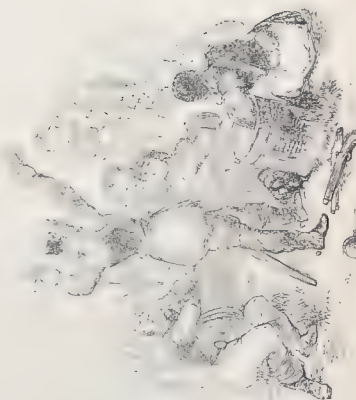
238.—The Assembly.



239.—The Assembly.



240.—The Assembly.



241.—The Assembly.

the word Bear-baiting
Is carol, and of man's creating;
and as to the thing itself,—

A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be proved by Scripture than
Provincial, classic, national;
Mere human creature cobwebs all.

Ralpho is here, under colour of agreeing with the Knight on the bear-baiting question, slyly enforcing his views of the similar unlawfulness of Hudibras's favourite religious bodies; the Knight being a Presbyterian, whilst Ralph is an Independent, if not even "something more"—an Anabaptist. So

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate;

and one of the numerous arguments between the two that are found in the poem, is begun, but for the time interrupted by the Knight's reflection, that neither the time nor place was suitable. The field is not far off where they must give the world a proof of deeds, and not words, and the Godly must not be deceived. At the same time he remarks in a strain not unworthy of the real men and real events that Butler covertly alludes to, but it must be owned a little inconsistent in their earnestness and truth with the particular individual and incident in question, that success is a

mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit;
For whatsoever we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions;
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth,
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed.

In the concluding part of this speech we find the poet clearly identifying Hudibras with one who is understood to have been his patron:—

'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mameluke
In foreign land yeloped [Sir Samuel Luke*];
To whom we have been oft compared
For person, parts, address, and beard.

The name we have enclosed in brackets is that of the 'gentleman, a Puritan, and one of Cromwell's officers, in whose service Butler spent some time, and it is evidently the name with which Butler intended the hiatus to be filled.

Let us now pass to the place where the bear, chained to his stake (Fig. 2064), is waiting the attacks of the dogs, and the assemblage of people is constantly increasing around. The doughty warrior having approached with due care so as to make himself acquainted with their numbers and order, and having charged his pistols, and drawn with great difficulty his rusty sword from the scabbard, has advanced directly before them, and is now, as the artist shows him (Fig. 2063), addressing the people, and their leaders—Crowdero, the fiddler; Orsin, the bearward; Talgol, the butcher, "mortal foe to cows;" Magnano, the tinker, who in magic was as

deeply read
As he that made the brazen head;

Trulla, his female—but not very feminine companion; Cerdon, the cobbler, of whom it is said,

preaching was his chiefest talent,
Or argument, in which being valiant,
He used to lay about and stickle
Like ram or bull, at conventicle;

and lastly, Colon, a bold man of war, but cruel and remorseless.

The description of the combat would suffer from any analysis, besides being out of place here, in which we only notice the poem as an illustration of manners. The engravings which we give will furnish the best notion of the costume of the time, and of the combat itself (Figs. 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071).

The procession of the Skinnington (Fig. 2072) forms the subject of one of our illustrations. This was a pageant formerly common enough in England, but which has now fallen into such general disuse, that only faint traces of the custom are to be found. Here is Butler's description of the Skinnington:—

* Or, should it not be,—Sir Sammy Luke?

First, he that led the cavalcade
Wore a sow-gelder's flaggeolet,
On which he blew as strong a level,
As well-fell lawyer on his brev'ate;
When over one another's heads
They charge (three rauls at once) like Sweeds.
Next pans, and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double bass;
And after them, upon a nag,
That might pass for a forchland stag,
A cornet rode, and on his staff
A smock display'd did proudly wave
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
With snuffing broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And made a viller noise than swine
In windy weather when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which for good manners
Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,
Which he dispens'd among the swains,
And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Ty'd to the pommel of a long sword
He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward.
Next after, on raw-bon'd steed,
The conqueror's Standard-bearer rid.
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd, and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bedrid her beast, and on the rump on't,
Sat, face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warrior whilom overcome;
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,
Which as he rode she made him twist off:
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastis'd the reformado soldier.
Before the dame, and round about,
March'd whiffers, and staffers on foot,
With lackeys, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom, some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago-mix,
That was both Madam and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.

Hudibras's ire is greatly excited by the spectacle; he says it is heathenish, and points out a variety of circumstances illustrative of a pagan origin; and although Ralph takes a more common-place and sensible view of the custom, the knight determines to interfere, and therefore advances and addresses the crowd, urging the dishonour it does to women, and the services they had rendered to the Cause. Our engraving of the Escape of Hudibras and Ralph may show (Fig. 2073) the ill success of the Knight's eloquence.

The poet next opens to us quite a new chapter in literary history, having for its object the exposure of one of the most extraordinary classes of deceivers the world has ever seen, men who often no doubt deceived themselves, but who were ever deceiving others, and yet were still trusted in, and allowed to exercise a most potent influence over the conduct not only of men, but of nations. We refer to the astrologers; and more particularly to the professional ones. Butler has the great merit of having been the very first eminent writer who attacked the irrational faith in astrology and who showed the stuff of which the art and its paid expounders were made. Of course we must make allowances for a little exaggeration;—the man, Lilly (Fig. 2158), for instance, was probably a much less contemptible personage than Butler makes his other self, Sidrophel; but the professional astrologer class unquestionably afforded ample materials for the masterly exposures of Hudibras.

The most eminent of the names intimately connected with astrology, in modern times at least, is that of John Dee (Fig. 2155), a man of remarkable ability and learning, who at the age of twenty made a tour on the Continent for the purpose—unusual with persons of his age—of holding scientific converse with the most eminent European scholars. In 1543 he was made a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, just then founded by Henry VIII.; but, five years later, we find him entering into a kind of voluntary exile, by a second Continental expedition, caused by the suspicions he had excited at home of his dealings in the Black Art, in which term, however, all kinds of legitimate studies that the vulgar could not understand were included. Dee, for instance, was an able astronomer and a skilful mechanic; and these attainments alone, had he not been an astrologer also, would have sufficed to have made him one in the eyes of the world of England in the sixteenth cen-

tury. While on the Continent he wrote those prefaces and lectures on Euclid referred to by Butler in the character of Sidrophel, who, he says, had

read Dee's prefaces, before
The Devil and Euclid, o'er and o'er.

Dee returned to England during the reign of Edward VI., and was presented at Court, and received a pension, which, he subsequently resigned for a country rectory. But in the reign of Mary the old suspicions revived in a still more concentrated and dangerous shape: he was accused of practising against the queen's life by enchantment; but the charge ultimately fell to the ground. In this matter Dee appears as a friend of the princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, who on her accession caused him to be consulted as to the choice of a propitious day for her coronation; and subsequently, as supposed, employed him on more than one occasion, as a secret messenger abroad. The rumours of his dealing with the devil all this time, grew more and more into belief with the populace, who at last assembled round his house at Mortlake in Surrey, and destroyed his collection of books, instruments, &c., and would probably have killed him and his whole family but for their escape.

It is in connection, however, with another personage, Edward Kelly (Fig. 2156), that the lovers of the miraculous have become most familiar with the name of Doctor Dee. Kelly entered his service as an assistant in 1581, and then, according to the ordinary accounts, were commenced the "conversations with spirits." The two magicians, it seems, had a black mirror, formed, some say, of a stone, others, of a piece of polished cannon coal; and in this they could at pleasure induce the angels Gabriel and Raphael to appear at their invocation. Thus we read in *Hudibras*,

Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glass—a stone.

It is also said that they transformed base metals into gold in the castle of a Bohemian nobleman, where in consequence they lived in great affluence; but there seems much reason to believe that from first to last Elizabeth was accustomed to employ Dee as a "secret intelligencer" on the Continent, and that therefore Dee did not care to contradict the marvels told of him, since they turned away the public attention, both at home and abroad, from the nature of his real avocations: the appointment of Dee to the Wardenship of the College of Manchester in 1595, supports this view; as it appears to be a reward suitable to such a man for long political services. Many of the particulars of Dee's life are obtained from the autobiographical memoirs of the next astrologer we shall mention, William Lilly, the Sidrophel to whom Butler will presently introduce us in his version of the character.

Lilly's entrance into the world was in the humble capacity of servant to a mantua-maker; but it was not long before he exchanged this post for that of a kind of clerkship to the Master of the Salters' Company, who, being an illiterate man, required some one to keep his accounts. When he died, Lilly married the widow, who was wealthy; and after her death, Lilly by a second marriage still further improved his fortunes. And then, under the superintendence of a clergyman who had been expelled the church for fraudulent practices, he began the study of astrology, and speedily made himself such an adept in it, that his fame extended far and wide; and men of all parties, during the troublous times of the war, sought his advice and the benefit of his lore. Thus we find him at one time high in the favour of King Charles I., who even asked his opinion as to the propriety of agreeing with the Parliamentary propositions; whilst at another, he is under engagements with the Parliament, to furnish them with "perfect knowledge of the chiefest concerns of France;" and on yet a third occasion, sitting as one of the members of the close commission of the Parliament who are debating the subject of the death of the monarch just named. But Lilly's popularity with the million chiefly originated in his almanac, which he began to publish in 1644, under the title of 'Merlinus Anglicus, Junior.' This obtained an amazing circulation, and was followed by a host of similar productions, of whose authors, John Gadbury (Fig. 2157) was one of the most notorious in his own day, whilst Francis Moore (Fig. 2154) even yet remains famous in ours. There is one incident of Lilly's career which illustrates very forcibly the state of public opinion at the time: a rumour prevailed about the year 1634, that vast treasures were hidden beneath the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, and at last Lilly was called in to decide the question by the use of Mosaic or miners' rods. The permission of the dean had to be sought, and it was granted; but only on the condition that he should have a share in the proceeds. Lilly in the darkness of

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night, attended by thirty gentlemen, each carrying a hazel rod, stalked in solemn array into the cloisters, where graves were opened, coffins removed, and the rods incessantly applied, at without effect; when suddenly a great storm burst out, and the imaginations of the explorers, already sufficiently excited by the place, the time, and the mysterious nature of the influence they were endeavouring to put into operation, became utterly uncontrollable, and the whole party scampered away in a frenzy of alarm, as fast as their legs could carry them. It is to be hoped the dean had a "share" of this, the only result of the unseemly disturbance of the ashes of the dead, that he had sanctioned in the hope of profit. Turn we now to Butler's astrologer, Sidrophel (Figs. 2074, 2075), who

had been long t'wards mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology;
And was old dog at physiology:
But, as a dog that turns the spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain.
His own weight brings him down again;
And still he's in the selfsame place
Where at his setting out he was:
So in the circle of the arts,
Did he advance his nat'ral parts;
Till falling back still for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear.
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon and Bob Grosted.
Th' intelligible world he knew.
And all men dream on 't to be true;
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found,
That has not in that foreign nation
A fellow of the selfsame fashion;
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
As those are in th' inferior world.
He'd read Dee's prefaces, before
The Devil and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lascus and the Emperor, would tell ye;
But with the moon was more familiar
Than o'er was almanac well-willer;
Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believed he had been there.
Knew when she was in fittest mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood;
When for anointing seats or itches.

Butler then amuses himself at the expense of the newly-established Royal Society. Sidrophel's power and skill were as great as his knowledge was extensive:

He made a planetary gin
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without the expense of cheese or bacon:

He could

Fire a mine in China here
With sympathetic gunpowder;

and do a thousand other marvellous things, far surpassing any that were understood by the philosophers who assembled in Gresham College. It is no injury to say of a body that, even in its commencement, exhibited a most honourable enthusiasm for learning, with a great deal of talent, to enable them to develop that enthusiasm wisely, that it did enter into some absurd speculations, and thus afforded a fair mark for Butler's satire. What, for instance, does the reader think of a grave body of men, commissioning one of the most eminent of their members, Boyle, to examine if it were true that a fish suspended by a thread would turn towards the wind? Or what would he think, could he see them all congregating earnestly around their table in order to judge with their own eyes whether or no a spider could get out of a circle formed by a powdered unicorn's horn?

We pass over the incidents of *Hudibras* and the Goblins (Fig. 2076), and the rescue of the Knight (Fig. 2077), and merely glance in passing to one or two matters, including, however, a pair of portraits, in which Butler has personified the two parties who were opposed to the Royalists. The first is the poor Presbyter, who, in consequence of the triumph of the independent party is—



252.—Hankins consulting the Lawyer.



253.—Hank as we know it. Let it



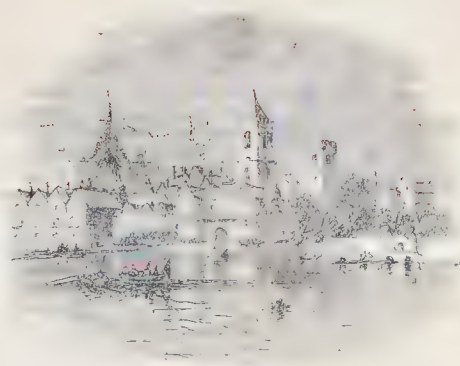
254.—The Lady receiving the Letter from Hailpin.



255.—Baker's House, Hailpin.



2086.—1. The first St. Giles's Church. 2. Remains of the Walls anciently enclosing the Hospital precincts. 3. Site of the Gallows, and afterwards of the Pound. 4. Way to Uxbridge, now Oxford Street. 5. Elde Strate, since called Hog Lane. 6. Le Lane, now Monmouth Street. 7. Site of the Seven Dials, formerly called Cock and Eye Fields. 8. Elm Close, since called Long Acre. 9. Drury Lane.



2087.—Westminster, about 1660.



2088.—The Custom House, London, as it appeared before the Great Fire. (From a Print by H. Star.)



2089.—London. (Designed from old Maps and Elevations, temp. James and Charles I.)



2090.—London Bridge, about 1616.



2091.—Pattee Yard 3 ahrs. 1641.

now reduc'd
Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out and excommunicate
From all affairs of church and state;
Reformed t' a reformed saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,

and preach to his brethren in belief wherever he can, even in the open fields, or by the mountain side, as represented in our engraving (Fig. 2078); where, however, the "Poor Presbyterian" appears more as inspired by the lofty, devout, poetical feeling that was really characteristic of his class, than as actuated by the sentiments which the satiric poet attributes to him. The other portrait (Fig. 2079) is of the early friends but later enemies of the Presbyterians—

The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of reformation,
A mongrel kind of church-dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid:
Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder):

a picture that, if it does not accurately represent the men of the particular time referred to, does something better, namely, represents a class who belong to all past and present times—the men with whom the Church is ever "militant"—the Lord apparently remembered but as "a man of war."

Towards the termination of the canto, Butler describes a body of the Independents sitting in council, just about the time when the Presbyterian members of the House of Commons, who had been driven away, were restored to it, and were thus enabled to overpower the Independent majority of the Rump Parliament (as the remains of the Long Parliament were called), and prepare the way for the restoration of the kingly power. A messenger, said to have been Sir Martyn Noell, suddenly arrives with the terrifying intelligence of the state of public feeling (Fig. 2080). Butler makes this messenger dilate at length upon the fitness of the Rump as an emblem of government, until a near and loud shout puts the whole assembly into a frenzy of alarm, and gives the poet a capital opportunity, and which he makes the most of, for describing their escape (Fig. 2081).

Hudibras's next movement in his love-suit is admirably characteristic of the business-like character of his passion. On Ralph's advice he determines to win the lady by force of law, since force of deception may not, more particularly as Ralph put it:—

Your case is clear; you have her word,
And me to witness the accord.

So he goes to a lawyer—a chosen one, and worthy of the business in hand—with his case (Fig. 2082). The dryness of ordinary legal transactions is a byword; their wit and irresistible humour, however, are the only features that strike us in 'Hudibras.' The lawyer assures Hudibras he has as good and just a cause of battery as heart can desire; and advises him, while the conjuror is proceeded against, to try privately all he can do with the lady—to

spare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the bans;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilets,
With trains t' inveigle and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies.

The Knight relishes the advice much; so he leaves the lawyer; and, presently, behold him seated at his table in the seclusion of his study (Fig. 2083), inditing the

mouse-trap lines,

with his subtlest skill, and which, when finished, Ralph conveys and delivers to the lady (Fig. 2084). She answers it in an epistle as long as his own: and there the poem abruptly terminates, being, in short, unfinished: a circumstance that can only be explained by noticing the manner of its composition; which we may do in a brief sketch of the life of the poet.

And that life is curiously out of harmony with what we should expect from one who, in his writings, plunged so deeply into the grand disputes of the time. We not only do not find him in the armed ranks of the Royalists, but we do find him enjoying the friendship of one of the most eminent of the Parliamentary men, Selden, and living in the house of another, Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers. Prior to this, all we know of Butler may be summed up in a few words: born the son of a small farmer, and

educated in the Free-school at Worcester, he was unable to complete his education in the ordinary way, at the university, and therefore engaged himself as clerk to Mr. Jeffreys, a magistrate of his native county, with whom he spent all his leisure hours in self-education—studying at once history, poetry, music, and painting. His views were materially forwarded by an introduction to the Countess of Kent, who admitted him to the use of her valuable library. It was at this time he was on intimate terms with Selden. Subsequently he entered into the service of Sir Samuel Luke, whom he has endeavoured to hold up to everlasting ridicule in 'Hudibras.' It is not until after the Restoration that we find him connected personally with the Royalists, as holding the position of secretary to Richard, Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who, when the Court of Marches was revived, made Butler steward of Ludlow Castle—a highly honourable post. He now married, his wife being a lady of fortune; but the whole of her property was lost by its being invested in bad securities. Tradition has affirmed that Butler died in absolute poverty; but there is good reason to believe that tradition, for once, errs widely. It would be disgraceful, and should seem impossible, for the poet to be reduced to such a state of distress as has been supposed, when he could number among his friends, intimates, and patrons the nobleman above named—the second George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and the Earl of Dorset. But we know, from too many instances, that "Put not your trust in patrons" ought to have been taken as the soundest rule of life for every poet, even at the time when poetical patronage was in its palmiest state. A more solid ground of satisfaction, that tradition has erred in regard to the poet's later days, is to be found in the statement of his friend and executor, Mr. Longueville, who declares that he died in no one's debt, and was never exposed to the indigence supposed.

Our engraving of Butler's house (Fig. 2085), or, as the country people call it, Butler's Cot, exhibits the building in which the poet was born. It is a very humble-looking place, situated in the village of Strensham, near Pershore. It appears from Mr. Thorne's 'Rambles by Rivers—the Avon,' that a tradition yet floats about the neighbourhood, that the bear-baiting scenes of Hudibras were derived from Butler's own personal history; that it was he who was first put in the stocks—then released, and the "Knight" of the village put in his room; and that, in consequence, the poet was obliged to leave Strensham in a somewhat hasty manner. Possibly here, as elsewhere, it is the poem that has given birth to the tradition, and not the tradition that originated the poem.

The three cantos that form the first part of 'Hudibras' were published in 1663, and became immediately so popular, that even at Court its sparkling epigrammatic verses began to pass current. In the following year appeared the second part: but between this and the third, no less than fourteen years elapsed; and before the conclusion could be prepared, the poet died, in his sixty-eighth year. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. In designing Hudibras, there is no doubt Butler had in view the immortal Spanish romance, 'Don Quixote'; but nothing can well be more unlike than the two works. Don Quixote never ceases to interest you, or to make you sympathize with him amidst all his extravagance; the Knight, under no circumstances, does either the one or the other. The Don is as consistent as the English knight is altogether inconsistent. So again of the poems. The one is full of poetry, and of all sorts of shady nooks and corners where the imagination loves to rest; the other is, on the whole, sadly destitute of poetry, and presents such a continuous world of glitter, that anything like repose is quite out of the question. Cervantes still observes the modesty of nature; Butler ever forgets it: Cervantes binds individual and universal character indissolubly together—each true, and each enhancing the other; Butler, in his utter untruth to the individual, does much to impair the fidelity of his universal portraits. But here the natural buoyancy of genius saves him, and makes his production one that, with all its faults, is still destined for immortality.

In giving a few notices of the London of the seventeenth century, we may begin with a part now undergoing greater changes than ever—St. Giles, or, as it was called in its days of long grass and buttercups, and stiles dividing meadow from meadow, St. Giles-in-the-Fields (Fig. 2086). This, in the time of James I., formed a separate hamlet adjoining Westminster; but it was speedily to lose its rural character, and become a part of the rapacious ever-growing monster city, by the erection of a range of continuous houses between the two. There was one feature of St. Giles' that made it but too well known throughout England. At a certain public-house criminals about to be hung used to stop on their way to Tyburn,

and receive their last draught of ale from "St. Giles's Bowl." Passing on from St. Giles towards Westminster, we are reminded, by the names of the streets in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, of the periods when they were erected. Thus, we have James Street, from James I.; Charles Street, from Charles I.; Henrietta Street, from Charles's queen; all of which were laid out by Inigo Jones. Of a later date are Catherine Street, named in honour of Catherine of Braganza, Charles II.'s wife; and Duke Street and York Street, in similar honour of Charles's brother, the Duke of York, subsequently James II. Going still farther in the same direction, and gazing upon the magnificence of Pall Mall, St. James's Square, and other streets of the vicinity, we are struck by Anderson's observation (made about the middle of the last century):—"I have met with several old persons in my younger days who remembered when there was but one single house (a cake-house) between the Mews-gate at Charing-Cross and St. James's Palace gate."

It has been observed by an old writer, Howell, that the union of the two crowns of England and Scotland in 1603, conducted not a little to unite the two cities of London and Westminster (Fig. 2087); "for," says he, "the Scots, greatly multiplying here, nestled themselves about the Court; so that the Strand, from the mud walls and thatched cottages, acquired that perfection of buildings it now possesses;" and thus went on the process which made London, according to the quaint fancy of the writer just named, like a Jesuit's hat, the brims of which were larger than the block; and that induced the Spanish Ambassador, Gondomar, to say to his Royal Mistress after his return from London, and whilst describing the place to her,—"Madam, I believe there will be no city left shortly, for all will run out of the gates to the suburbs."

During this incessant, but very natural, overflow of places too full, into places as yet comparatively empty, many buildings, or vestiges of buildings, of great interest, were of course every now and then swept away, leaving little more than a name to remind us of what has been, and often unfortunately not even that. Names indeed, in matters of antiquity, will undoubtedly carry us a long way. Thus, for instance, mention to the poetical antiquary the name of Old Palace-yard Stairs (Fig. 2091), and his thoughts are at once carried back to the days when the monarchs of England swept along in all the gorgeous magnificence that characterised their own costumes, and the costumes of the nobles, gentlemen, and hosts of retainers that accompanied their every step, as they quitted the old Palace of Westminster, and descended the "stairs" to their barge, which, like Cleopatra's, burned on the water, and which, when it moved, was followed by others only less brilliant and costly; the whole appearing upon the breast of the river like some gigantic lustrous and many-coloured serpent, winding with sinuous course along the "silent highway," and, as though it were an Egyptian god, greeted by the acclamations of the multitudinous people along the banks, and by the continual outbursts of exulting minstrelsy. Many relics of the past, however, that we would wish to preserve in constant recollection, have not been thus fortunate; they have left no name behind, and therefore would, but for the labours of the topographer, be utterly lost. We do not know why there should be no memorials of great buildings, as well as of great men, that have passed away; since the second excites much the same kind of interest as the first; we do not care for the stones and bricks and mortar, but for what events have taken place in them—what processes humanity has therein passed through, calculated to purify or to exalt, or to give to the world examples of what it should shun or emulate. Great buildings, then, are but great men one step removed. And we should, accordingly, much like to see in Palace Yard, immediately opposite the entrance into the Hall, a stone bearing some such inscription as this:—"Here stood the clock-tower, referred to in the following passage from the historian of London:—A certain poor man, in an action of debt, being fined the sum of thirteen shillings and fourpence, Randolph Ingham, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, commiserating his case, caused the court-roll to be erased, and the fine reduced to six shillings and eightpence; which being soon afterwards discovered, Ingham was amerced in a pecuniary mulct of eight hundred marks: which was employed in erecting the said bell-tower on the north side of the said enclosure, opposite Westminster Hall gate; in which tower was placed a bell and a clock, which, striking hourly, was to remind the judges in the Hall of the fate of their brother, in order to prevent all dirty work for the future. However, this fact seems to have been forgotten by Catlyn, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by his attempting the rasure of a court-roll; but Southcote, his brother judge, instead of assenting

to this, plainly told him that he had no inclination to build a clock-house."

The pedestrian of the seventeenth century proceeded from Westminster to London by means of a road in which it required all his care and skill to avoid sinking up to the knees every now and then in mud. Did we not know how used were the people of that time to such a state of the public ways, we should suppose the owners of the splendid palaces that extended in an almost continuous range along the Strand, would be subject to many a hearty anathema for suffering, and obliging others to suffer from, so grievous a nuisance. And, if we imagine ourselves for a moment standing at the period in question with our back against Temple Bar and looking towards Westminster, we shall have before us the view shown in our engraving (Fig. 2095), and be aware that the dirty streets were only an accompaniment of a still greater, because more dangerous, nuisance—narrow streets. The view represents the old Butcher Row (granted by Edward I. to the country butchers, who were not permitted to enter the city), and which was truly of "Row" like dimensions. Yet such was the entrance into the city whose reputation had spread to the farthest corners of the world. Opposite neighbours could almost shake hands out of their several windows, and certainly could with ease carry on a conversation upon all that was passing below. Gay has well described the locality:—

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yehing tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steed
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.

The substitution of the great buildings on the north side of St. Clement's for those standing there in the seventeenth century, was the patriotic work of an alderman of London. The poet in these and the following lines shows that by the beginning of the seventeenth century the palatial edifices of the Strand were fast disappearing, and the whole neighbourhood assuming the characteristics of the nineteenth century:—

Behold that narrow street, which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's famed structure rear'd its frame;
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
Now hangs the Bellman's song, and pasted here
The coloured prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breath'd, the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump or lonely watch-house stands;
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore;
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers',—now no more.

But if Villiers' house—Buckingham Palace—be gone, there is a remarkable relic of it left—the Water-gate (Fig. 2096), one of Inigo Jones's most admired works.

Directing a passing thought towards Bangor Court, Shoe Lane (Fig. 2097), where stood until the present century the Elizabethan building which had once formed the palace of the Bishops of Bangor, we may direct our course to Drury Lane. In the time of James I., we are told, Drury Lane was a "deep, foul, and dangerous" road between the village of St. Giles and the Strand, though here too were to be found some of the mansions of the nobility. At the corner of Drury Lane and Wych Street stood Drury House, built by Sir William Drury, a commander in the Irish wars, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who perished in a duel with Sir John Burroughs, that arose out of a foolish dispute about precedence. At Drury House the zealous but unwise friends of the Earl of Essex, in the same reign, resolved on the counsels that destroyed him. In Drury House lived also Sir Robert Drewry, the patron of the poet Donne (Fig. 2167), and who, after the death of an earlier patron, assigned him and his wife an apartment in his own house, rent free, and "was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathised with him and his, in all their joys and sorrows." It was at this period of Donne's life that the incident occurred which forms so interesting a portion of his biography. Sir Robert, being about to depart on an embassy to France, requested the poet's company; but he, at the solicitation of his wife, then near her confinement, and who said her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence, begged to be excused. Sir Robert still pressed the



2092.—House formerly standing in Little Moorfield.



2093.—Craven House, Drury Lane.



2094.—House formerly standing in Long Lane, Smithfield.



2095.—Butcher Row, Temple Bar.



2096.—Water-gate, Buckingham or York House.



2097.—Banger House, Shoe Lane.



2098.—Lighthouse erected at Plymouth, 1665. (From a Print by Kip.)

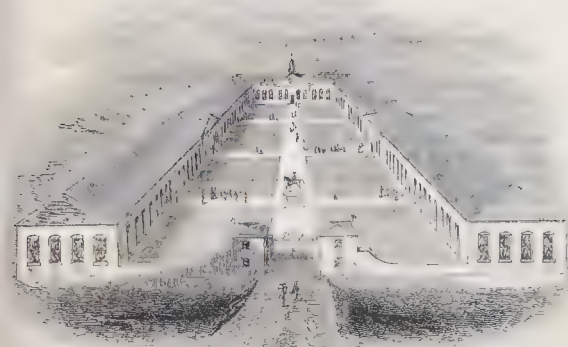


2099.—The Broad Stone, East Retford, Nottinghamshire, on which Money, previously immersed in Vinegar, was placed in exchange for Gold, during the Great Plague. (From an Original Drawing.)



The prospect of
BERMINGHAM
from Ravenhill, near London road
on the South east side of the town c. 1660

2100.—View of Ancient Birmingham.



2101.—The great Cloth-market, Leeds, established by Edward III., as it appeared about 1640. (From a Print in the King's Library, Brit. Mus.)



2102.—Hemslip House, near Worcester, pulled down since 1860.

matter earnestly, and Donne again sought his wife's consent and obtained it. Some of the poet's first verses commemorate the parting. Speaking in them of his own and his wife's soul, he says,

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two.
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move; but doth if the other do.
And though it in the centre sit,
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect when that comes home.

Let us observe by the way, that one hardly knows which to wonder at most, the exquisite poetical beauty of the feeling of these lines, or the excessively unpoetical character of the material agencies by means of which that feeling is developed. But such was the characteristic of Donne, and others like him, who seem to have had no notion of the pursuit of poetry except under difficulties. Whilst in Paris the incident occurred to which we have referred. Charming old Izaak Walton, Donne's biographer,—would every good man could have such a biographer!—shall describe it in his own words. We have merely to premise that Donne was left a short time after dinner one day, in the dining-room alone. "Sir Robert returned within half an hour, and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; inasmuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer; but, after a long and perplexed pause did at last say, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you; I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you. To which Sir Robert replied, 'Sure Sir, you have slept since I saw you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' To which Mr. Donne's reply was, 'I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure that, at her second appearing, she stopped, and looked me in the face, and vanished.' A servant was immediately sent off to England to satisfy Donne, who returned on the twelfth day with the intelligence that Mrs. Donne had been delivered of a dead child, after a long and dangerous labour, on the same day, and about the same hour, of the supposed appearance of the apparition."

There is preserved a statue of Donne, the remarkable aspect of which suggests correctly a remarkable origin. Towards the close of his devout and most holy life, he was persuaded by a friend, Dr. Fox, to have a monument made. So Donne sent for a carver to make him an urn. "Then, without delay, a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth:—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus Christ." He was then drawn, and from the drawing, which he was accustomed continually to contemplate, in order to prepare himself for death, the statue (Fig. 2168) was subsequently moulded. The frame of mind in which the poet quitted life may be best seen in the verses he composed on his death-bed, entitled 'Hymn to God, my God in my sickness.' One of the verses runs thus:—

Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with the Choir of Saints, for evermore
I shall be made thy music; as I come
I tune my instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

And where does the reader suppose this deeply-interesting statue is to be found? It ought to be in some honoured place in St. Paul's; not that we should expect that deans and chapters would care much about the mere poet Donne, illustrious though his memory be; but then he was also Dean of St. Paul's. And the statue, though endangered and slightly injured in the Great Fire, was saved. Where then can it be? asks the reader, who has visited St. Paul's, but seen nothing of the Donne memorial. We will tell him. If he descend into the vaults beneath, he will find, huddled up together in a very dark corner, a few broken pieces of sculpture; as though cast aside till it was convenient for them to be removed

with other rubbish; and there is Donne's monument. We wonder that the same spirit that suggests such close attention to the two pieces above, has not suggested some attention to this most interesting piece of sculpture below. To use the language but too well understood at St. Paul's—*It might draw*.

In the seventeenth century Drury House was rebuilt by the well-known and universally-admired Earl of Craven, and thenceforward called Craven House (Fig. 2093).

Among the many men of heroic mould who graced the seventeenth century, this nobleman is one who claims a peculiarly honourable mention, not so much for his enthusiastic courage, gallantry, and loyalty—though in these qualities few have exceeded him—as for his energetic and self-devoted philanthropy, during those terrible calamities of his time, the plagues and fires of London. We have already given an engraving of the Pest-house in the fields at Westminster (Fig. 1972). This was a lazaretto built by Lord Craven, for the reception of the victims of the terrible plague that preceded the Great Fire. But the Earl was not satisfied with building a pest-house, and then going to shelter his nobility in some safe retreat in the country, as most others of his class did, who had residences in the doomed city; but, on the contrary, he remained to the last in the very midst of the pestilence, to preserve order and mitigate the horrors of the disease. And this he did "with the same coolness as he fought the battles of his beloved mistress, Elizabeth, titular Queen of Bohemia, or mounted the tremendous breach of Creutznach." The importance and value of such an example must have been very great, not only on that trying occasion, but on others when Earl Craven exerted himself for the public safety; for there were few or no public regulations calculated for such emergencies, and the affrighted populace looked altogether for guidance and support to those above them in rank. It came at last to be said of the Earl, in reference to fire in the metropolis, that his very horse smelt it out. The white horse on which Lord Craven appeared mounted in the painting on the wall at the foot of Craven Buildings, was most probably the same sagacious quadruped who was thus popularly known and appreciated in the lifetime of its rider. With Craven House is associated the memory of the Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., mentioned above. Here the Earl, her devoted lover and champion, brought her to reside, in her fallen estate, when she was wholly dependent on him. It is supposed they were privately married. She died a few months after the removal. Subsequent to that event, at the period of the "Glorious Revolution," Earl Craven held for James II. the important post of chief of the guard at St. James's Palace, when the soldiers of the Prince of Orange arrived to displace him and his party. The Earl resolutely refused to depart, and nothing could shake that resolution but an order from James himself. Then with "sullen dignity" he gave the command to his men, and they marched away. Disappointed in love and loyalty, his "bruised arms hung up for monuments"—and sad ones they must often have been to his eye—Lord Craven survived long enough to witness the extinction of the Plague (a blessing well obtained at the cost of the Great Fire) and the chances much lessened of the recurrence of similar calamities in the metropolis, by its being rebuilt of less combustible materials. Two of the latest specimens of the old English timber houses which contributed so much to the former fires, will be found among our engravings (Figs. 2092, 2094), one of them elaborately carved. The Earl died in 1697.

Craven House, we may add, was taken down by the late Mr. Astley, who purchased the site for the construction of "the Olympic Pavilion," in which he exhibited his equestrian performances. We have at present in its stead the Olympic Theatre.

Old London Bridge (Fig. 2090) has been already described; and it will be sufficient to say of Barbican (Fig. 2089) (so called from the watch-tower that stood here in connection with the original fortifications of London), that it formed, during the seventeenth century, one of the spots favoured by the nobility as places of residence. Here, for instance, was the house (Fig. 1897) of Prince Rupert, or, as the people would have it, Prince Robber; the nephew and favoured officer of Charles I. Having had occasion, in a previous chapter, to say much with regard to the evil parts of the life and character of Charles's son and successor, the "Merry Monarch," it is but just, as well as agreeable, to add here a notice of one act of his reign that may serve in a slight degree, as a counterpoise:—he founded Chelsea Hospital (Fig. 1997). The site had been occupied by a college instituted by James I., but it never prospered, and during the Civil Wars was broken up. The architect of the Hospital was Wren, and the foundation-stone was laid by Charles II. himself, in the presence of the chief nobility

and gentry of the kingdom. The building was completed in 1690, after eight years' labour, and at an expense of 150,000*l*. There are probably few persons unacquainted with the tradition that ascribes the honour of the original suggestion of this noble work of charity to Nell Gwyn, the orange-girl, and the best of all the king's numerous mistresses. Without attempting here to enter into any description of this establishment, we may adduce, as passing illustrations of its gigantic character, that it boards, lodges, clothes, and finds pocket-money, or pay, for some five hundred or more military invalids, or in-pensioners; and that it provides pay alone for some eighty-five thousand out-pensioners, distributed throughout the country, each in his respective home.

One of the first things that arrests the attention of the inquirer into the state of trade and commerce in England during the present period, is the extraordinary advance that took place immediately after the Restoration. It might have been expected that the Civil War would have thrown the country back so far, that a century or two would have been required to enable it to regain its former position. That it was not so, was partly owing to the wise measures of Cromwell, who called together what in effect was our first Board of Trade, to consult how the traffic and navigation of the Republic might be best promoted and regulated, and partly owing to the impetus that all business experienced when the civil commotions ended, or appeared to have ended, with the Restoration. Thus, to compare a period some years before the war broke out, with one some years after it, and when all its more visible consequences had passed away, we find that the entire value of the exports and imports of the country amounted in 1613 to 4,628,586*l*.; whilst in 1660 they amounted to 6,259,413*l*. But we derive from Sir Josiah Child (Fig. 2176), an eminent London merchant, who published in 1668 'New Discourses of Trade'—evidences more easily appreciable than any figures can furnish of the growing prosperity of England. First, he says, "We give generally now one-third more money with apprentices than we did twenty years before. Secondly, notwithstanding the decay of some and the loss of other trades, yet, in the gross, we ship off now one-third more of our manufactures, and of our tin and lead, than we did twenty years ago. Thirdly, new-built houses in London yield twice the rent which they did before the conflagration in the year 1666; and houses immediately before that fire generally yielded one-fourth more rent than they did twenty years ago. Fourthly, the speedy and costly rebuilding, after that great fire in London, is a convincing, and to a stranger an amazing, argument of the plenty and late increase of money in England. Fifthly, we have now more than double the number of merchants and shipping that we had twenty years ago. Sixthly, the course of our trade, from the increase of our money, is strangely altered within these twenty years, most payments from merchants and shopkeepers being now made with ready money; whereas formerly the course of our general trade ran at three, six, nine, and eighteen months' time."

Sir William Petty, again, in his 'Political Arithmetic,' published in 1676, tells us the Royal Navy had doubled or quadrupled its numbers within forty years; that the number and splendour of coaches, equipages, and household furniture had greatly advanced; whilst the postage of letters had increased from *one* to *twenty*. We shall merely add to these satisfactory evidences a calculation by Dr. Davenant (Fig. 2176), who estimates that the whole land of England was only worth 72,000,000*l*. in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and at the Revolution of 1688, 252,000,000*l*. Agriculture therefore, as well as Commerce, was again flourishing. The implements of husbandry, and of the sister art, horticulture (Figs. 2133 to 2148), were again taken up by the hands that had only laid them down to become soldiers, and with renewed zest and energy, on account of the novelty of the employments. No longer did England exhibit—as during the war—the aspect of a land

full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd;
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd; her hedges ruined;
Her knotts disorder'd; and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars.

England, in a word, was again prosperous, and upon the whole, we may judge, the people were happy.

For the source of much of this prosperity we must look to the new commercial connections that had been formed during the century. America had been colonised, first, by a host of adventurers, and then by the Pilgrim Fathers, flying from religious persecution at home—the West India trade had grown into importance—the East India Company had been formed, and had succeeded in establishing the foundation of an entirely new and mighty empire. The introduction of tea had of course no particular effect upon the trade of the

period, but was to be followed by consequences of the highest moment, and which are only at the present day beginning to develop themselves in our new relations with the Chinese. The poet Waller wrote some lines on the birthday of Queen Catherine, entitled 'Of Tea, commended by her Majesty,' in which he says—

The best of queens and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation which the way did show
To the fair region where the sun does rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid;
Repress those vapours which the head invade;
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit on her birthday to salute the queen.

The "bold nation" is the Dutch, whose East India Company imported the first tea into Europe. Its price in England was for some time enormous. In 1664 the East India Company itself could only procure two pounds and two ounces, when they wanted to make a present to Charles II., and they paid for it at the rate of forty shillings a pound. In all this increase of wealth and comfort, London of course took the lion's share; the days had long passed away when as a port it ranked but a little higher in reputation than the ports of Boston, Lynn, and Southampton; and it began to be a general subject of complaint out of London, how it monopolised "traffic by sea and retailing by land, and exercise of manual arts also." The Custom-House of London, the building shown in our engraving (Fig. 2088), was burnt down in the Great Fire. In other towns of England, however, indications present themselves, showing that they share in this prosperity, each in its own particular way: Plymouth erects its Lighthouse (Fig. 2098) to guide the constantly-increasing concourse of ships that pass to and from its harbour; and Leeds builds its immense Cloth-Hall, the forerunner of those edifices which at the present day strike the visitor with surprise by their extent and simple plainness—features that suggest forcibly the gigantic amount and the primitive modes of the business done within them.

Just before the time for commencing business (eleven o'clock, if we remember rightly), one may see a crowd of respectable business-like men standing about in front of the gates of the Coloured-Cloth Hall (Fig. 2101). Suddenly a bell rings, the gates open, and the merchants—for such they are—hurry in; and a curious and noticeable scene presents itself in the interior of the buildings that extend round the immense area or quadrangle of the Hall. The space is divided into six rows or streets, each row having two ranges of stands, and the size of each stand being just twenty-two inches. These are the manufacturers' shops, and their respective names are inscribed in front. But the amount of business done on those little counters would astonish a stranger as much as the speed with which it is transacted. They offer few facilities for huxtering—these great Cloth-Halls. Just one clear hour is allowed for buying and selling; then a bell rings, and before another quarter of an hour has elapsed, all business must be brought to a conclusion, or the servants of the hall will help to conclude it in their own way, by levying fines on the offenders. No sooner have the merchants left the Coloured-Cloth Hall than they hasten to the White-Cloth Hall, situated in another part of the town, where everything proceeds as before. The cloth exhibited for sale at these times is undressed, the merchants themselves undertaking the labour of finishing it for the markets. The period under review was a severe one for Leeds. It suffered much from the Civil War, but still more from the plague, which at one time reduced it to such a state that the very grass grew in its streets. But after these calamities had been passed through, Leeds entered as it were upon a new career; it obtained a charter from Charles II. to protect its merchants, cloth-workers, and other inhabitants, from the frauds that various dishonest persons were practising in the preparation of woollen cloths, and from that time steadily improved in prosperity, till it became one of the most important of English manufacturing towns.

In the year 585, Crida, a Saxon military adventurer, by whom the Saxon kingdom of Mercia was founded, gave Birmingham to one of his lieutenants, named Ulwine, the original of the present common surname Allen. At the Conquest, the Saxon Ulwines, or Allens, were still in possession, but they had then to make way for the Norman Barons FitzAuscuph, to whom they became subordinate by feudal tenure—still, however, residing on the estate. The FitzAuscuphs, or lords of Birmingham, inherited in peaceful and regular succession until 1537, when a melancholy story is told, in Dugdale's 'Antiquities of Warwickshire,' of the last Lord of Birmingham. The ambitious and rapacious Duke of Northumberland (the same who endeavoured to set Lady Jane Grey on the



218 — Palace of the Kings of France.



219 — Hermoncourt (cast.), Sussex.



220 — Palace of the Kings of France.



221 — New Lett. (cast.), Hampshire.



2107.—Charlton House, Kent.



2112.—Farm-house built of the materials of Queenborough Castle.



2108. H. H. J. Esq.



2109.—Windmill at Chesterton, Warwickshire.



2110.—Site of Queen Philippa's Castle, Queenborough, Kent.



2111.—Queenborough Castle. (From an Outline on the Font of Queenborough Church.)

throne, and perished for that unjustifiable attempt), desired to possess the manor of Birmingham, and sounded its possessor, Edward de Birmingham, respecting the disposal of it. Edward de Birmingham, however, did not choose to part with his ancient family inheritance, and rejected the duke's proposals. To dispossess him of it, a stratagem was then resorted to, of so extraordinary a nature as to read like a fiction: some villains were hired to commit a highway robbery on one of their own confederates, at the moment of time when Edward de Birmingham should be passing. This having been effected, it was sworn that he was present as an accessory, and Edward de Birmingham was accordingly dragged from his ancestral home, from honour and affluence, to receive the doom of a highway robber. There was but one way left for him to escape a felon's miserable death—the duke would use his influence with the king—if the manor of Birmingham were made over to him. Made over it was, and then the plundered Lord de Birmingham retired into a melancholy obscurity, with 40*l.* a-year for the subsistence of himself and his wife. Even after the execution of the duke by Queen Mary, there was no restitution made; and the estate passed by favour of the queen to the Marrow family, by whom it was sold at the beginning of the last century. The residence of the ancient Lords of Birmingham was a moated and castellated manor-house, the site of which is now converted into a cattle-market; it was situate at the southern extremity of the town, below St. Martin's Church. In 1538, Leland thus describes Birmingham:—"The beauty of Birmingham, a good market-town in the extreme parts of Warwickshire, is one street going up along, almost from the left ripe of the brook up a meane hill, by the length of a quarter of a mile. I saw but one parish church in the town. There be many smiths in the town, that used to make knives and all manner of cutting-tools, and many lorimers, that make bits, and a great many maylors, so that a great part of the town is maintained by smiths who have their iron and sea-coal out of Staffordshire." A hundred years after this description was written, Birmingham remained apparently (Fig. 2100) much the same. The date of our view is 1640, about which time Birmingham was rendering itself memorable by its advocacy of the popular cause against Charles I. The unjust tax he imposed under the name of Ship-Money, which the patriot Hampden so nobly resisted, was also vigorously resisted by the men of Birmingham. But it is for its connexion with the useful arts and manufactures that Birmingham is, and ever has been, from unknown antiquity, most famous. We see from Leland, that in the sixteenth century Birmingham was in repute for its cutlery. Before the war the forges of Birmingham were set actively at work for the supply of the Parliamentary troops with swords and other military arms. To these sources of profit, after the Restoration, were added the manufacture of many new, ingenious, and costly metal articles, for which a demand had been created by the progress of the national refinement, and by the luxurious tastes of Charles the Second's court. The Revolution of 1688 gave a new impetus to Birmingham. At one of his levees, William III. was expressing regret that he was obliged to import his arms from Holland at much expense and with great difficulty, when Sir Richard Newdigate, a member for Warwickshire, recommended his Birmingham constituents as being fully competent, if duly patronised, to supply them. Sir Richard was immediately despatched to Birmingham with an extensive order; and the opportunity thus afforded was so improved, that no English sovereign or minister of state has since had to complain of any necessity for importing these implements. Among the principal manufactures of Birmingham since the seventeenth century may be mentioned shoe-buckles, introduced into England by the monarch just mentioned, and which employed five thousand Birmingham artisans annually for many years; and buttons, that, unlike the great trade in buckles, have continued with unabated popularity to the present day, and now comprise about sixty separate branches of handicraft—as many as six hundred millions of shanks being made here every year. But the period of the discovery of the steam engine forms perhaps the most important epoch in the history of the modern town, when there opened for her population a new and vast field of enterprise, in which it has reaped wealth and renown, in connection with a hundred different forms of industry; as in the making of buttons, guns, cast-iron and plated ware, and toys (though Birmingham is no longer what Burke called it, the "toy-shop of Europe"); in jappanning, glass-blowing, and though last, hardly least—the manufacture of steel pens.

We have already spoken, in general terms, of the plagues that desolated England; but there is in the circumstances of such calamities so much to bring out into powerful relief the more latent

qualities of human nature, that we shall not deny ourselves the pleasure of here pausing awhile to tell one of the many stories with which the country was rife a century or two ago, but which now, through the cessation of the actual visits of the plague itself, and the consequent diminution of the interest felt regarding its previous visitations, are only to be heard of in books. If the reader will look upon the representation of the stone at East Retford in Nottinghamshire (Fig. 2099), and consider what must have been the state of things when man could only thus approach man for the purpose of exchanging the commonest necessities of life, he will have some idea of what was passing in various parts of England whenever the plague was among our forefathers. And with such a stone is our story connected.

During the plague of 1666, a box of cloth was sent from London, to a tailor at Eyam in Derbyshire, who no sooner opened it than he fell ill, and presently died; and, with but one exception, his whole family shared the same fate. From the tailor's house the contagion spread with almost incredible rapidity to house after house in the village, selecting in every case victims, if it did not sweep away the entire household. Recovery of those attacked was hopeless. The sick were in effect dead; and if anything could add to the horror of such a scene, it was the desire necessarily felt in most cases that death, when impending, should be expedited, in order to keep down as much as possible the terrible virulence of the disease. The churchyard being speedily filled, graves were dug on the neighbouring hill-sides and in the adjoining fields, and there with frightful haste the festering bodies were thrown.

The minister of Eyam at that time was a Mr. Mompesson, a young man of twenty-eight, married, with two children. His wife, at the outset, besought her husband earnestly to save them all by flight; but he was no holiday pastor—nothing would induce him to leave his miserable flock. But *she* must not remain, nor their children. The devoted wife agreed to send away the children, but would never abandon him. So they remained together. And now, wherever danger was most imminent, there was the noble-minded pastor sure to be found, for there were those who most needed his consolation. But Mompesson was as enlightened and energetic to avert evil, as he was brave and heroic in enduring it. He persuaded the whole body of his parishioners to determine to stay within a certain line marked out by him and the Duke of Devonshire, who remained at Chatsworth to assist him, so that all communication with the surrounding country should be stopped; within that line provisions and other necessities were to be obtained by means of stones placed at certain parts of the boundary, upon which the dealers were to place what they brought, then go away, and return again—to find the money deposited in a trough of clean spring water. Some of these troughs are still to be found at Eyam.

Mr. Mompesson did not even allow the church service to cease, thinking no doubt that it was more than ever necessary at such a time; but as a meeting in the church would be dangerous and imprudent, he caused his congregation to assemble in a little dell, called Cucklett Dale, situated a short distance from the town. This dell and its tenants formed an extraordinary and impressive scene. On one side were craggy rocks; upon the other, high overreaching trees; and between, at the bottom, low down, ran brawling along a little stream. Here the preacher, placing himself beneath a kind of natural canopy, discoursed to his audience—in a spirit elevated, we may be sure, to a more than ordinary height of grandeur and devotion—of the transitoriness of life, and the necessity of a preparation for the world to come, which many of those who listened were shortly and prematurely to enter. For seven months did this noble-hearted pair continue their active ministrations; and by her forethought was he in all probability saved, for she persuaded him to have an excision in his legs, to carry off the complaint in case of infection; that provision, it is said, was tested, and succeeded; but as to herself, she died whilst in the very enjoyment of her husband's escape.

The stricken-hearted man had, however, the satisfaction in the end of seeing his measures to prevent the diffusion of the plague beyond Eyam completely successful; and when it ceased there, and men had time to look back, and consider the conduct of their benefactor, they did so with most full hearts, and with a universal feeling of gratitude that repaid Mompesson, as much as aught earthly could repay him, for all he had suffered. Nor were other acknowledgments wanting. He rose to the rank of prebendary, and had even the deanery of Lincoln offered to him, but this he declined in favour of his friend Dr. Fuller.

"I know not," writes the author of 'Park Scenery,' "that I ever felt more seriously and solemnly impressed than on my visit to

this place. The dreadful power of that disease which, while it prevailed in London, appalled the whole empire, and in the following year unpeopled the village of Eyam, is here strikingly exemplified. Six headstones and one tabular monumental stone yet remain to tell the tale of the total extinction of a whole family, with the exception of one boy, in the short space of eight days. The inscription, though much worn, may still be distinctly traced. The respective dates are—

Elizabeth Hancock, died August 3, 1666.		
John Hancock, sen.	"	4 "
John Hancock, jun.	"	7 "
Oner Hancock	"	7 "
William Hancock	"	7 "
Alice Hancock	"	9 "
Anne Hancock	"	10 "

The very name of Philippa of Hainault, Queen of Edward III., lends interest to any place with which it has been connected, no matter how slightly; but as an evidence of the honour in which she was held by her husband, the fact that Queenborough, in the Isle of Sheppey, was thus designated at Edward's express command, after a few days' residence in the Castle with Philippa, is of importance, and invests the place with associations that make a visit to it more attractive than any existing remains are sufficient to explain. A moat, with an elevation of soil in the centre (Fig. 2110), and a well two hundred feet deep, that still furnishes an inexhaustible supply of excellent water, are all that mark the sight of the castle in which the royal pair lodged, and which had been then but just finished by the most eminent architect of his day, William of Wykeham. Some of the materials of the castle undoubtedly exist, but only in the shape of a farm-house (Fig. 2112), that has been built from them. A curious view of the castle has been preserved in an equally curious manner: on the front of Queenborough Church there is an outline representation of it: this has been copied in our engraving (Fig. 2111). The pile was destroyed during the Commonwealth, because "the whole was much out of repair, and no ways defensive of the Commonwealth or the island on which it stood, being built in the time of bows and arrows; and that as no platform for the planting of cannon could be erected on it, and it having no command of the sea, although near unto it, it was not fit to be kept, but demolished;" and so—demolished it was.

Herstmonceux Castle (Fig. 2103), Sussex, is distinguished as being one of the finest existing examples of that period in the history of architecture when fortified mansions began to lose something of their former dreary dungeon-like aspect, while still preserving much of their original strength. The days had gone by for subjects to maintain a regular siege, and therefore no attempt was made to render the castle of the fifteenth century fit for such rough work; but feuds between neighbouring barons, or even sudden and temporary attacks arising from political causes, rendered it necessary still to keep the moat and the drawbridges, the portcullised gateway and machicolated cornice, the strong towers and loop-holed turrets, in all their former integrity. At Herstmonceux there was also provision made, by means of furnaces in the turrets, for pouring down upon besiegers melted lead or pitch. The builder was Sir Roger de Fiennes, treasurer to Henry VI., and who had accompanied the conqueror of Azincourt in his French expeditions. Among the many stories of baronial life preserved in connection with the old mansions of England, there is one of a very tragical nature relating to Herstmonceux. In the reign of Henry VIII. Lord Daere was the possessor of the estate. One night he went with other young men into a neighbouring park, in order to shoot some deer; but being encountered by the keepers, an affray ensued, and one of the latter was killed. Lord Daere and three other gentlemen were tried and condemned. It is said that some of Henry's unprincipled courtiers, who wanted the large estates of the unfortunate young man—he was but in his twenty-fourth year—got about him, and persuaded him to plead guilty, and that thus he was destroyed. On the day of execution "he was led on foot, between the two sheriffs of London, from the Tower, through the city to Tyburn, where he was strangled as common murderers are." No wonder there was much "noise and lamentation" made at this unhappy end of a "right towardly gentleman, and such a one as many had conceived great hope of better proof." (Holinshed.)

Herstmonceux at a later period passed into the possession of the Bishop of Chichester; and while his son resided there Horace Walpole visited the place, and wrote a pleasant account of what he saw. In one passage he observes, "They showed us a dismal chamber, which they call Drummer's Hall, and suppose that Mr.

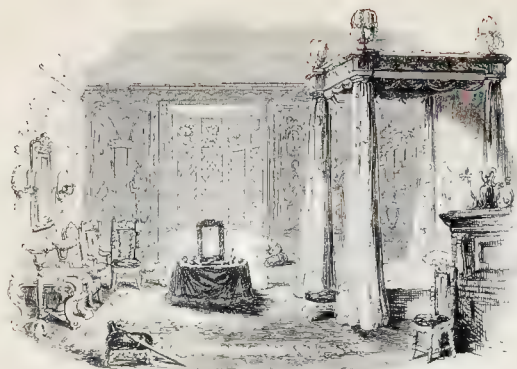
Addison's comedy is descended from it." The castle was dismantled in the latter part of the last century. What now remains—a mere shell of the former Herstmonceux—is carefully preserved.

It is a curious and instructive contrast to compare with Herstmonceux—a true castle, but in which the domestic mansion was beginning to show itself—with East Basham Hall in Norfolk (Fig. 2105), which forms a true and most beautiful mansion, but in which the traces of old castellated architecture are everywhere conspicuous. It appears from the dates of the erection of the two piles, that it took nearly a century to complete the transformation. And truly significant, in its stately elegance, is Basham Hall, of the more peaceable days that must have dawned for England before any one would have erected a pile so utterly defenceless against warlike attacks. It is supposed to have been completed in 1540. This is also a ruin. Hill Hall, Essex (Fig. 2108), begun just after Basham was completed, carries still further, and, indeed, completes the change that had been so long in progress. Nothing whatever in its front reminds you of the feudal days of Old England. It is commodious, handsome, but common-place, in comparison at least with the Tudor style, which the architect seems to have so determinedly renounced. The founder of Hill Hall was Sir Thomas Smith, principal Secretary to the youthful Edward VI.

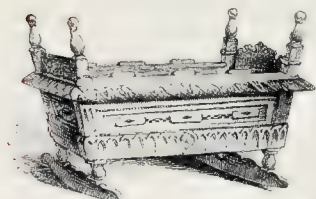
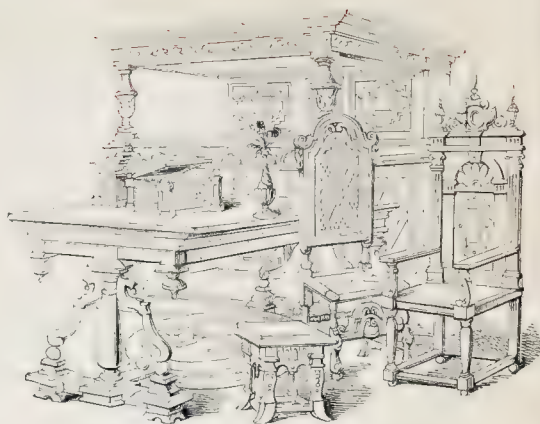
Charlton House, Kent (Fig. 2107), the seat of Sir T. M. Wilson, is a fine specimen of yet another style of building to any of those just mentioned, and which came into use in the early part of the seventeenth century. In form the mansion is an oblong square, with projections at the end of each front, turreted, and the whole surrounded at the summit by an open balustrade. Among the curiosities of the interior is a chimney-piece, with a slab of black marble finely polished, in which Lord Downe is said to have seen a robbery committed on Blackheath, or, according to Dr. Plot, at Shooter's Hill. The story adds, that he sent out his servants, and they apprehended the thieves. The chief apartments are the saloon and the gallery; the former is exceedingly rich in ornament: on one side of the chimney-piece is a figure of Vulcan, in alabaster; on the other, one of Venus. The gallery is upwards of seventy-six feet in length, with stained windows. It contains a valuable collection of insects, minerals, fossils, and other natural relics, collected by Lady Wilson. The park and pleasure-grounds are extensive, and include some delightful scenery.

The architecture of Hendlip House (Fig. 2102) may be carefully compared with that of some of the buildings above-named. It belongs to the same century as Basham Hall, but possesses distinct characteristics of its own. The interesting incidents connected with the discovery of the Jesuits at Hendlip have been narrated in a previous page (159). The Windmill at Chesterton, Warwickshire (Fig. 2109), is said to be by Inigo Jones.

The sumptuous furniture exhibited in our two pages of engravings (232, 233) is, of itself, sufficient to prove the truth of the statements before noticed, as to the advances made during the present period in wealth and luxury. One could not desire to see a more beautiful bedroom, for instance, than that (Fig. 2114) in which James I. was accustomed to sleep during his visit to Knole in Kent, and which is, to our minds, only the more attractive for a kind of grave stateliness that pervades the whole. The mothers of the present day may, perhaps, feel interested in knowing what kind of article a cradle was about three centuries ago; their curiosity may be gratified, if they will look at our drawing (Fig. 2113), where no doubt they have as handsome a specimen before them as the time could produce: the cradle being that which was used for the infant James of Scotland, afterwards King of the united countries. The articles generally represented in the pages in question explain themselves at once through the eye; it will be sufficient therefore for us to notice any peculiar features of furniture and household adornments. The former was occasionally turned to other than what may be called its legitimate purposes. Sir W. Penn had a chair known as King Harry's chair, in which, whenever a stranger sat down, he found himself suddenly in the grasp of two powerful but inanimate arms, and exposed, for as long as the bystanders pleased, to their jests and merriment. Embroidery was the staple ornament for bed-curtains and hangings; but early in the seventeenth century hangings of paper and of leather came also into use. A still nobler species of ornament for walls consisted of the paintings that now began to cover them, and which were often by the finest masters—Rubens and Teniers, Vandyke and Rembrandt; mixed with which were to be seen many a glorious specimen of Holbein and Jansen, and not unfrequently of the illustrious early painters of Italy. And that the owners were proud of them was sufficiently evidenced



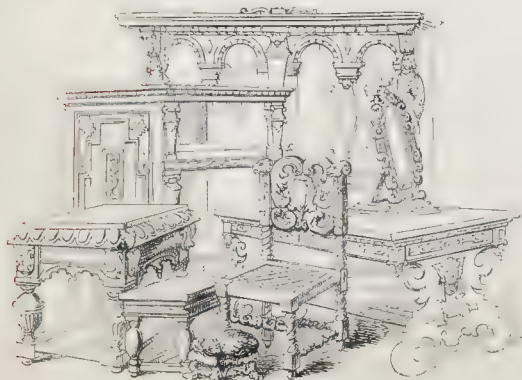
2114.—James I's Bedroom at Knole, Kent. (The Chairs are of a later date)



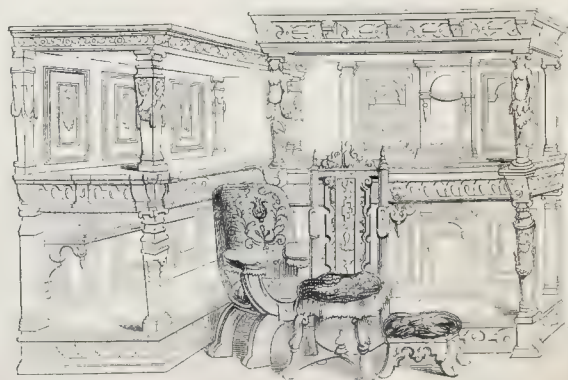
13.—James I's Cradle. (From a Print in Nichols's Progresses.)



2115, 2116.—Furniture of the Sixteenth Century. (Selected from Specimens and Prints of the Period.)



2117, 2118.—Furniture of the Sixteenth Century. (Selected from Specimens and Prints of the Period.)



2119.—Furniture of the Sixteenth Century. (Selected from Specimens and Prints of the Period.)



2120.—Furniture of the Sixteenth Century. (Selected from Specimens and Prints of the Period.)



2121.—Sideboard, with Plate, &c. (From Specimens in Private Collections)



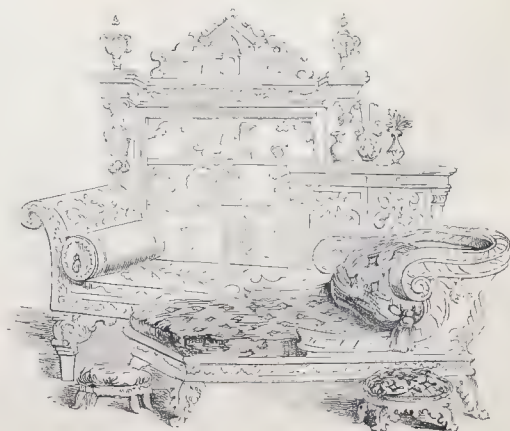
—Library Furniture. (The Chair from one presented by Charles II. to Sir C. Ashmole, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; the table and Bookcase from Sir P. Lely's Portrait of Killigrew; and the rest from Specimens in Private Collections.)



2122.—State Bed, Dressing-glass, &c. (From Specimens at Penshurst and in Private Collections)



2124.—Sitting-room Furniture. (From Specimens in Private Collections.)



2125.—Sofas, Stools, and Cabinets. (From Specimens in Private Collections, and Pictures by Sir P. Lely.)

by the price that such works commanded, and by the care with which they were ever treated. No frame could be too costly to enshrine these productions in a manner that the owners thought worthy of them.

Turkey and Persian carpets were in use, but not on the floor, except occasionally in regal apartments. Our forefathers still trod upon rushes or mats, and kept their valuable carpets upon the *tables*, where their beauty would be more readily seen and preserved. The famous Gobelin tapestry appeared in England towards the close of the century, or not long after the establishment of the manufactory at Gobelin. But the tapestry previously in use in England must have been very beautiful, if Spenser's description of it, in the time of Elizabeth, may be taken as strictly true:—

—round about, the walls yeclotted were
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and silk so close and near,
That the rich metal lurked privily,
As faining to be hid from envious eye:

and the very same feature is referred to in a description of tapestry belonging to the Anglo-Saxon period. We read in the poem of Beowulf, that in the great wine-chamber

There alone variegated with gold
The web on the walls.

Both James I. and Charles II. endeavoured to revive the art of *weaving* tapestry, that had been introduced into the country during the reign of Henry VIII. A memorable incident occurred in connection with these attempts: five, if not more, of the Cartoons of Raphael were worked in tapestry at Mortlake; and, what is still more important, the Cartoons we now possess and which are perhaps the most valuable of all existing works of art—were, it is supposed, bought by Charles I. expressly for the purpose of their reproduction in tapestry. In order to support decorations of this kind, frames appear to have been erected at little distances from the wall, and upon these the tapestry was suspended; hence the opportunities (so freely made use of by the old dramatists) for persons to conceal themselves, in order to listen to what might be passing in the apartment. The hanging of the tapestry was the business of the grooms of the chamber, who in royal progresses went forward previously, in order to get all prepared. From an anecdote that has been related of Henry IV. of France, it appears that the designers of tapestry were accustomed to compliment or please their patrons and employers by introducing into the work such political allusions or representations as were most likely to be acceptable. Henry, in order to pay especial honour to a papal legate when visiting St. Germain-en-Laye, sent orders that the finest tapestry should be hung up. This order was obeyed, and a suit chosen, that was decorated with emblems ridiculing the Pope and the Roman Court. Henry's wise minister, Sully, was however at hand, and he soon discovered, and changed the suit, which had turned up at so very awkward a time.

It is now agreed on all hands that an abundant supply of wholesome water in our dwellings is the first essential for the enjoyment of health and domestic comfort; yet, but two centuries ago, our ancestors in this metropolis were obliged to fetch all they needed from the nearest conduit or the river, or to purchase for their use of the water-carriers, who in the time of James I. went about the streets bearing large cans upon their shoulders. This state of things exists to the present day in Paris—the centre of European elegance and refinement. The first of the conduits of London was built near Bow Church, in Cheapside, in the reign of Henry III.; and one of the latest appears to have been erected at Leadenhall in 1655, and which formed at the same time a fountain and a graceful architectural street-ornament (Fig. 2127). There were others scattered about London, of which they formed a characteristic and most picturesque feature. That unknown Hogarth of the seventeenth century, the author of the original print, of which a woodcut copy now remains in the British Museum, headed "Fittle-Tattle, or the several Branches of Gossiping" (Fig. 2126), has made his own peculiar comment on this custom of his time. The women of the seventeenth century, it appears, were fond of meeting and gossiping at the conduits, and were ready even to enter into most unfeminine contests for their right of precedence there. It may serve to give us a glimpse of many little partialities entertained towards these convenient places of public resort, and that served to prolong their existence. These ancient gossipings at the conduits may be paralleled by a lively scene that now and then in a severe winter frost occurs amongst ourselves. Whoever has seen a "Plug in a Frost" (Fig. 2128), and the groups gathered about it, when their

own pipes and cisterns at home are so frozen that the water cannot flow, may have a lively idea of the meetings at the conduits of old London.

In 1582 the want that had begun to be felt of water in the houses was attempted to be supplied by one Peter Morris, an enterprising Dutchman, who made "a most artificial forcer" for the purpose, which the lord mayor and aldermen went to view; when Morris, to prove the power of his machine, threw water from it over St. Magnus Church. The city granted him a lease for the use of the Thames water, and one of the arches of London Bridge (Fig. 1616), for five hundred years. Two years later he obtained the use of another arch for a similar period. Peter Morris's waterworks long formed one of the great sights of London; but as their supply to the inhabitants reached only "so far as Gracechurch Street," we cannot form a very high opinion of them, excepting as they gave the first impetus to the endeavours made from time to time afterwards to supply the important deficiency. In 1591 waterworks of a similar kind were erected near Broken Wharf, which supplied the houses in West Cheap and around St. Paul's as far as Fleet Street. Queen Elizabeth, alive to all the great interests of the people she governed, did not overlook this matter: she issued a grant for cutting and conveying a river from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire to the city of London, but died before any man had come forward to execute that great work of utility. It was not until the next reign that Hugh Middleton, "citizen and gold-mith," commenced and completed (as we have already seen in a former page), the herculean labour.

Horse-racing is in itself a sport recommended by many attractions to all who delight in the exhibition of the powers of this beautiful and generous-spirited creature: and deeply is it to be regretted that a sport so suited to the national taste should be degraded and made mischievous by the gambling and profligacy that accompany it. We have here, however, only to do with the sport itself, independent of its dangerous concomitants. Newmarket, as the metropolis of the sporting world, has obtained a European reputation. The course, which extends four miles in length, is considered to be the finest in existence. The fame of Newmarket began soon after the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Some horses, which had escaped from the wrecked vessels, are said to have been exhibited here, and to have astonished those who beheld their extraordinary swiftness. In a very short space of time, racing had grown fashionable, and James I. and his Court became so enamoured of the sport, that a house was erected at Newmarket for their accommodation. At the time of the Civil War this house sustained considerable injury; and Charles II., on ascending the throne, and becoming chief patron of the turf, ordered it to be rebuilt. Part of it is still standing, with the extensive stables adjoining that were formerly used for the royal stud. The racing establishment of Newmarket is chiefly valuable for the training of horses, which is here conducted with such skill and success on the training-ground on the southern side of the town of Newmarket, that great numbers are exported, and very many sold at such advanced prices as none could merit but animals of the most consummate excellence. The thorough-bred English horse, such as he is produced at Newmarket, stands indeed almost without a rival. Our engraving (Fig. 2104) represents the course in the time of Charles I.

One of the most interesting passages of the history of the Great War is Charles the Second's escape after the battle of Worcester, and which we may here narrate in connection with two buildings represented among our engravings, namely, Boscobel House (Fig. 1957) and the Inn at Charnmouth, both places that Charles had but too much reason to remember to the latest day of his life, as reminding him of the most eventful periods of his altogether eventful flight. For some hours after the battle he kept with a large body of horse, under the command of General Leslie, but having little faith in their safe retreat into Scotland, he determined to leave them, and trust to his own individual efforts. He departed therefore at night with two servants, and at daybreak the following morning he dismissed them also, having however first made them cut off his hair. Completely wearied, he now lay down on the ground in the borders of Bo-cobel Wood, Staffordshire, and, notwithstanding his dangers, slept soundly. On waking, another fugitive from the battle-field, Captain Careless, who had been enjoying the shelter of an oak-tree, joined him, and persuaded him to ascend to the same secure place. While they were in the tree, they saw many persons pass, and heard them talking loudly how they would use the King if they caught him. It is in remembrance of this incident that "oak-apple day" is still observed in Devonshire

and other parts of England. On the 29th of May, Charles's birthday, and the date of his restoration, many a rustic may be seen in the streets of Exeter with his little sprig of oak-leaves stuck in his hat, and the "apples" superbly gilded. Such at least was the custom in our boyish days.

As night approached, the half-famished pair descended, and went to the cottage of a poor man, who gave Charles the shelter of a barn full of hay, where he immediately fell asleep, notwithstanding his hunger, while Careless went on to explore the country farther. The King now obtained his first meal since the parting with his servants—it was of bread and buttermilk—homely fare, but as he himself, in effect, said, the most delicious he had ever tasted. On the third night a man came from the Captain, to guide Charles to another cottage, twelve miles distant. A deeper disguise was now adopted. The alteration wrought by cutting off his hair, and by staining the face brown with walnut-tree leaves, was completed by Charles's inducing his poor host to change dresses with him, even to the very shirt. No looking-glass, we should say, was at hand, to give Charles an idea of the full effect of his toilet at this time, but as he glanced over his exterior habiliments, he must have been amused, amidst all his anxieties, by reflecting upon the strange appearance he presented. In a contemporary tract the garb of the future King of England is thus described:—"He had on a white steple crowned hat, without any other lining besides grease, both sides of the brim so doubled up with handling, that they looked like two waterspouts; a leather doublet, full of holes, and almost black with grease about the sleeves, collar, and waist; an old green woodruff [woodman's] coat, threadbare and patched in most places, with a pair of breeches of the same cloth, and in the same condition, the slops hanging down to the middle of the leg; hose and shoes of different parishes; the hose more grey stirrups, much darned and clouted, especially about the knees, under which he had a pair of flannel stockings of his own, the tops of them cut off; his shoes had been cobbled, being pieced both on the soles and seams, and the upper leathers so cut and slashed, to fit them to his feet, that they were quite unfit to befriended him either from the water or dirt." Even thus disguised, Charles would not run any unnecessary risk, so he and his guide crossed fields, climbed over hedges, and jumped over ditches, in order to avoid the high roads. But the shoes he had put on began to pinch intolerably, and he threw them away, and walked without. Growing more and more weary, and foot-sore, the unhappy wanderer at last stopped, and threw himself upon the ground in utter despair, declaring that he would rather hazard being taken than proceed under so much misery. Again and again he did this, still however plucking up fresh courage, and thus at last the cottage was reached, where he once more took up his quarters in a barn.

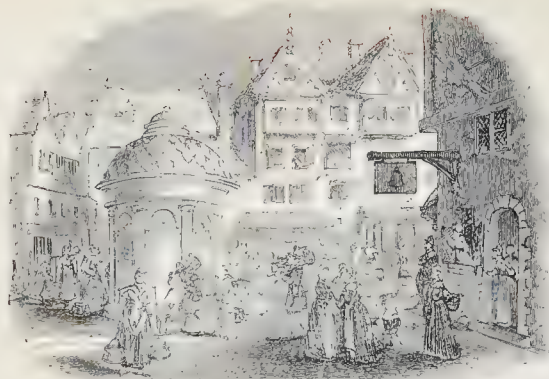
Having succeeded in arriving at the house of a magistrate in Staffordshire, where he could stay for a time in tolerable safety, Charles enjoyed a temporary rest, and recovered from his unusual fatigue. But there was a reward offered for him by the Parliament, and his position was considered so dangerous, that he must be got out of the country as speedily as possible. So a romantic scheme was devised and put into execution. He was transformed into "William," nephew of the magistrate, Mr. Lane, and placed on horseback, with the magistrate's daughter, Miss Lane, behind him as a "cousin," to go on a visit to Bristol, for the sake of his health, which was very bad, so bad indeed (with the "ague") that poor "William" was obliged to retire alone to his chamber in every house they stopped at on their route. The house of a relation of Mr. Lane at Bristol was thus reached in safety, and there the King spent some days before venturing another movement towards the sea-side. At last, however, Charles again set out, accompanied by Lord Wilmot (subsequently the notorious Earl of Rochester), and reached the inn at Charnmouth (Fig. 2106), near Lyme, in Dorsetshire, where the sagacity of a smith had wellnigh sealed Charles's fate. A horse, having been taken to be shod, or, as others say, having been accidentally examined, the man remarked the horse must have travelled far, as he said his shoes had been made in four different counties. An alarm was raised, and the inn searched, but Charles had just escaped. Through county after county the fugitive moved about for some time, until his fears and miseries were ended by his embarkation at Brighton in a vessel, which speedily landed him at Fecamp, in Normandy.

Of the Edinburgh of the seventeenth century (Fig. 1886), Taylor, the Water-Poet, has given us a description from personal observation, in his 'Penniless Pilgrimage.' Many of our readers are possibly aware that Taylor, during the reign of James, "travelled," to use his own words, "on foot from London to Edinburgh in Scot-

land, not carrying any money to or fro, neither begging, borrowing, or asking meat, drink, or lodging."—an agreeable proof of the hospitality that then pervaded Old England. A man of no higher standing in life or in literature than the Water-Poet would find it difficult now to accomplish Taylor's task. He however got through it in gallant style. On entering Edinburgh he was, it appears, penniless and worn out with fatigue, but the good folks of the northern capital soon restored him to strength and spirits. "I found," he says, "entertainment beyond my expectation or merit; and there is fish, flesh, bread, and fruit, in such variety, that I think I may offenceless call it superfluity." Having visited the castle, which he describes as "both defensive against any opposition and magnificent for lodging and receipt," he thus continues his description of Edinburgh:—"I descended lower to the city, wherein I observed the fairest and goodliest street that ever mine eyes beheld, for I did never see or hear of a street of that length, which is half an English mile from the Castle to a fair port [gateway] which they call the Nether Bow, and from that port the street which they call Kenny Gate is one quarter of a mile more, down to the King's Palace, called Holyrood House, the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven stories high, and many bye-lanes and closes on each side of the way, wherein are gentlemen's houses, much fairer than the buildings in the High Street, for in the High Street the merchants and tradesmen do dwell, but the gentlemen's mansions and goodliest houses are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes: the walls are eight or ten feet thick, exceeding strong; not built for a day, a week, a month, or a year; but from antiquity to posterity, for many ages." His notice of Leith, the port of Edinburgh, seems remarkable to us now, not only as exhibiting England in the position of a corn-exporting country, but as exporting it to the Continent. He says he had been credibly informed that in the course of one year 320,000 bushels of corn had been sent to Spain, France, and other countries; so that, says he, it "makes me wonder that a kingdom so populous as it is, should nevertheless sell so much bread-corn beyond the seas, and yet to have more than sufficient for themselves."

Certainly the love of field and other out-of-door sports, felt by James I., forms as strong a proof as need be desired of their attractiveness, for they made him—a coward—positively brave enough to venture upon all the dangers arising from infuriated and desperate wild animals in the hunt—the breaking of poles, and a variety of other mishaps common to hawking-parties (Fig. 2150) or getting some particularly unpleasant blow from an unlucky ball at tennis. Yet these were all especially favourite games with James I.; so much so, indeed, that they interfered very materially with the national business. Whenever the ministers wanted to consult him upon any matter of sudden and particular importance, they were fortunate, indeed, if they had not to seek him at Newmarket among the horses, or at Royston, among the dogs, engaged in the hunt. Mr. Edward Lascelles, in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, tells an agreeable story of a stroke of practical satire that was played off on the King. "There was one of the King's special hounds, called Jowler, missing one day. The King was much displeased that he was wanted; notwithstanding, went a hunting. The next day, when they were on the field, Jowler came in amongst the rest of the hounds: the King was told of him, and was very glad; and, looking on him, spied a paper about his neck, and in the paper was written—'Good Mr. Jowler, we pray you to speak to the King (for he hears you every day, and so doth he not us), that it will please his majesty to go back to London, for else the country will be undone; all our provision is spent already, and we are not able to entertain him any longer.'" The affair was "taken for a jest," as it should have been, but also for *no more*. We are told, as the conclusion, that the King "intends to lie there yet a fortnight." At this very time religious and state affairs of the highest importance were engaging the attention of every thoughtful man in England; it was the period when the nation was just about to be shaken to its very centre by the Gunpowder Plot.

The most favourable circumstances for learning what a great hunt really was in the seventeenth century, were those connected with the gatherings that annually took place in the Scottish Highlands; and at such a gathering the Water-Poet was present in the course of his penniless expedition. The hunts on such occasions lasted for several weeks, the season being the early part of the autumn. Then "many of the nobility," says Taylor, "do come into those Highland countries to hunt, where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highlandmen, who for the most part speak nothing but Irish; and in former time were those people which were called the Red-Shanks. Their habit is shoes with but one sole apiece; stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warm stuff of



2126.—Water-carriers.



2127.—Conduit at Leadenhall, erected 1665.



2128.—Piling in a Frost.



2129.—Sedan Chairs. (From Prints and Paintings of the Period.)



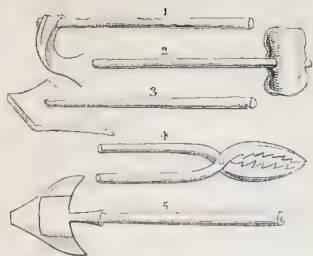
2130.—Sedan: 1638



2131.—Coaches of the time of Charles II. (Selected from Prints.)

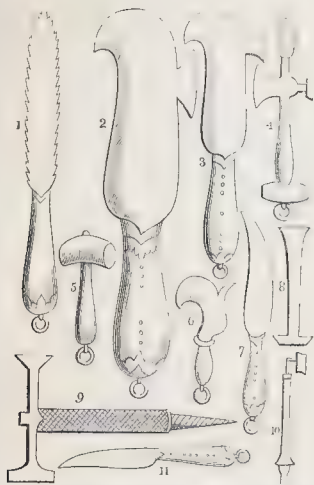


2132.—Hackney Coaches. (Selected from Braun's 'Civitates Orbis Terrarum,' 1594, and various Prints and Paintings of the Period.)



2132-2137.—Husbandry Implements. (From Gervase Markham's Farewell to Husbandry, 1620.)

Hack for breaking Clods after Ploughing. 2. Clotting Beetle for breaking Clods for Harrowing. 3. Cast Iron Hoe for Weeding. 4. Weeding Nippers. 5. Faring Shovel, for Clearing Ground and destroying Weeds.



2138-2148.—Grafting and Pruning Implements. (From Leonard Mascall's Countryman's New Art of Planting, 4to, Lond. 1592.)

1. Saw. 2. Great Knife with Chisel head. 3. Pruning Knife. 4. Chisel with a W. notch. 5. Mallet. 6. Vine Knife. 7. Shear Knife. 8. Grafting Chisel. 9. Hammer with a Flie and a Piercer. 10. Scraper, to scrape yew or Masses. 11. Grafting Knife. Each Instrument was fastened by a ring or button to the girdle of the labourer.



2149.—The Tinkbell.

Through heather, moor, amongst frogs, and bogs and fogs,
'Mongst craggy cliffs, and thunder-battered hills,
Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chas'd by men and dogs.

Taylor's Sonnet



2150.—James I., and Attendants, Hawking. (From a 'A Jewell for Gentry,' 1611.)



2151.—Tennis Court. (From Comenius's 'Orbis Sensuallium Pictus,' 1658.)



2152.—Pall-mall in St. James's Park. (From a Picture of the Period, engraved in Carter's 'Westminster'.)

divers colours, which they call tartan; as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with blue flat caps on their heads, a handkerchief knit with two knots about their neck; and thus are they attired. Now their weapons are long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks, and Lochaber axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for attire, any man of what degree soever that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it; for if they do, they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes." And a very good reason too; though there was another that an artist might have urged, the delightfully picturesque as well as appropriate effect of such costumes among the mountains and upon the heather. Taylor, having been made a Highlander for the occasion, accompanied the establishment of the Lord Erskine; for of course no one in his senses ventured without due provision for his daily wants, into a part of the country where not a house, corn-field, or habitation of any nature could be seen for "twelve days" together; but in their room, "deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like." And in a very luxurious manner did the Lord Erskine keep his establishment; "the kitchen being always on the side of a bank, many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer, as venison baked, sodden, roast, and stewed beef, mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, moorcoots, sea-throats, caperbellies, and termagants (ptarmigan), good ale, sack, white, and claret, tent (or elegant) with most potent aqua-vitæ." The real purveyors of all these goodly stores were the "falconers, fowlers, fishers," who whilst enjoying their respective sports, under more than usually stimulating and encouraging circumstances, fed the camp abundantly. At last the hunt begins. "Five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways; and seven, eight, or ten miles compass, they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds (two, three, or four hundred in a herd) to such a place as the noblemen shall appoint them; then, when the day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middle through bourns and rivers: and then they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground till those foresaid scouts, which are called the Tinkhell, do bring down the deer. But as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these Tinkhell men do lick their own fingers; for besides their bow and arrows, which they carry with them, one can hear now and then a harquebus or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then after we had stayed there three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood), which being followed close by the Tinkhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose as occasion serves upon the herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, four-score fat deer were slain (Fig. 2149), which after are disposed of, some one way and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us to make merry withal at our rendezvous." Taylor, whilst full of the impressions excited by this hunt, produced two sonnets: the lines beneath our engraving, commencing

Through heather, mosses, 'mongst frogs, and bogs, and fogs,

are taken from one of them.

Charles I. had unhappily little time for sports, but Charles II. was, like his grandfather, a perfect devotee to them. His personal habits, indeed, were in many respects of a very manly nature. Prince George of Denmark complained once to him he was growing fat. "Walk with me, and hunt with my brother [the Duke of York]," was the reply, "and you will not long be distressed with growing fat." The morose-minded bigot—the Duke here named—was as fond of out-of-doors sports as all the rest of his family. Charles's remark gives us a glimpse of his hunting enthusiasm, and we learn from Pepys, that the first time he ever saw the game of pall-mall (Fig. 2115) was when the Duke was playing it in the Park. The new game speedily became fashionable. The present Pall-Mall, London, not only derives its name from this sport, but points out the locality where the gossip watched the Duke's ploy. The Mall, it appears,

from Pepys, had to be very carefully made and kept, to fit it for the sport. He says, the keeper told him as he was sweeping it, that the earth was mixed, and covered over all with powdered cockle-shells, that made it "bind," as gardeners say of their gravel. In dry weather the surface, however, would turn to dust, and densen the spring of the ball. Nor was pall-mall the only novelty in which Pepys saw the sport-loving Duke engaged. Another time he followed him into the Park, "where, though the ice was broken, he would go slide upon his skais, which I did not like; but he slides very well." This is one of the earliest notices we possess of the now favourite English sport of skating: Evelyn refers to it as being after the "manner of the Hollanders;" so that it is most probable the Cavaliers had learnt the art during their exile, and brought it back with them to England at the Restoration. Tennis (Fig. 2151) was so eagerly pursued by Charles II., that having once caused himself to be weighed before and after playing the game, he found that he had lost weight in the interval to the amount of four pounds and a half. We perceive from the engraving of the Billiards of the seventeenth century (Fig. 2153), that the game was altogether different from what it is now. There were two instead of three balls, and a pair of little arches near the centre of the table, instead of the six "pockets" that are at present to be found attached on its outer edges, namely, one at each of the four corners, and one on each side, at the middle.

The love of the country for its own sake, and for the sake of the many pure and tranquil enjoyments that it never fails to yield to all who look for them, had glow'd no doubt in many an English heart, and given a sweetness to many an English life, before Izaak Walton sallied forth from his little linendrapery shop (seven feet and a half long, by five wide), in the Royal Burse, in Cornhill, or from the half-shop that he afterwards occupied in Fleet Street, whose corresponding portion was tenanted by a hosier, and, laying aside business, "went a fishing with honest Nat and R. Roe;" but, at least, Izaak was the first of that pleasing class of modern writers, the end and aim of whose productions is to allure others to the same love and study of nature, and to the enjoyments connected with it.

"The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," appeared in 1653; and its reception shows that the public taste—as yet uncorrupted by the example of Charles II. and his Court—could appreciate, and relish with hearty zest, a book breathing of all the freshness of unsophisticated rural life, and of the quiet pastoral scenes amidst which it had been designed and the materials for it collected, and which was also enriched by the fruits of long experience and a most unworldly wisdom. Izaak lived to see his book re-issued four times, so popular did it shortly become. And popular it has ever since remained, and so must remain while poetry, truth, and simplicity are dear to us. Is the reader familiar with good old Izaak's "Recreations?" If so, then, in fancy, he must often have risen with the early dawn to ramble with him in his character of Piscator, and with his scholar Venator, down the banks of the Lea, Walton's beloved river; he must often have breakfasted with them under the sycamore boughs in the open air, the water rippling and murmuring at their feet, and the eastern rays yet shining gloriously upon it. When caught in the "smoking" summer shower, he has sat with them under the honeysuckle hedge, fascinated by the sweet voices of the fair milkmaid and her mother, singing "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe."

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

And how full of wisdom, even to overflowing, the eloquent old man is: "Let me tell you," he says to his scholar, "there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on . . . he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy." So, "Let us not repine," he adds, "if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights."

We are sorry there is a shady side to Izaak's wisdom. "The scholar" of our day will often smile at the preference given to angling above all other pursuits as a means of attaining the happy and holy frame of mind which Izaak so delightfully commends; but that smile must often be changed into a frown, and he may be half inclined to turn away in disgust, when he reads one of Walton's barbarous directions for impaling live-bait for the angle, and will for the moment almost sympathise with Byron's wish that the

—quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

But we must recollect that Walton himself is perfectly unconscious of saying anything that can expose him to censure when he advises that the frog impaled on the hook shall be used as tenderly "as though you loved him," in order "that he may live the longer!" Both in innocence as well as in every other excellent quality, angling, according to Izaak, is pre-eminent. With combined wit and enthusiasm, he somewhere writes, "We may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did,' and so (if I might be judge) God did never make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

After the day's sport, Piscator takes his scholar to a house where he himself has often before found rest and refreshment; it is called Bleak Hall, and is situated about a mile from Edmonton, by the Lea side. Bleak Hall (Fig. 2163) is not a mansion, as its name would seem to imply; but simply "an honest alehouse, where might be found a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall; with a hostess both cleanly, and handsome, and civil." Piscator values the fish he has caught too highly to have them spoiled in the cooking. So they are dressed in accordance with his own views, and the pair sit down to supper, and what with good liquor, tale-telling, song-singing, and other recreations, they spend a delightful evening, before they retire to the bed which is so "white," and smells so sweet of the "lavender."

The building now known as Bleak Hall was formerly a kitchen, with a room over it (ascended by a staircase outside), called the "fisherman's locker," from its having been used as a place of deposit for their tackle. If it be not the identical hall of Walton, as has been supposed, it must have been a similar "alehouse" for fishermen on the Lea river; but if we cannot satisfy ourselves thoroughly of the identity of this interesting relic of the "contemplative man," no such doubt exists in respect to another, of equally interesting associations, the veritable "Fishing House" (Fig. 2162) on the banks of the Dove, built by Walton's true disciple and adopted son, Charles Cotton the poet, who resided in the neighbourhood. The situation of this little building was exactly such as might be anticipated—isolated, in a fine smooth stream, with a bowling-green close by, and meadows and mountains around. Well might the visitor exclaim in the words of Victor, "Now, I think this a marvellous pretty place?" when he looks "from the brink of the hill upon the river," and the "vale it winds through like a snake."

Izaak, in a marginal note to Cotton's account of this place, says, "Some part of the fishing-house has been described, but the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows about it cannot, unless Sir Philip Sidney or Mr. Cotton's father were again alive to

do it." This allusion to Cotton's father appears to be but one of the many tokens of affection that existed between Walton and Cotton—an affection as beautiful in its way as anything about them. This is still further shown by the initial letters of their respective names that Cotton had placed upon the fishing-house, "twisted in cypher:" and by the fact, that as in life they loved each other, so in death they were undivided: their reputation being indissolubly connected in the 'Complete Angler,' by the addition of Cotton's second part, which is not unworthy of its position. A few years ago the fishing-house was in a ruinous state, the roof decayed, the inscription illegible, the table broken, and moss and weeds over-running the whole, whilst a broken window afforded the only entrance. Yet even thus it gave a touching interest to the romantic river. Since then, however, a spirit that we rejoice to perceive breaking from its lethargy, that of veneration for the ancient landmarks, has cleared away the intrusive vegetation, removed the fallen fragments, and restored the whole to its primitive state. In legible characters may now again be read, as of old, "Piscatoribus Sacrum:" and there, too, is the "twisted cipher" over the door, and the date of the erection, 1674. The interior also has its stone floor and dozen comfortable arm-chairs, "a marble table and all, in the middle." In short, we recognise with delight the complete restoration of Cotton's own fishing-house. It is sheltered, we should add, by a few yew and other trees. Altogether it would be difficult to imagine a place that more predisposes one to trains of high and solemn thought; and Cotton himself has done justice to it. To read 'The Retirement' here, is like listening to one's own feelings and sentiments, expressed with more than one's own power:—

Farewell, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age outwears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where ought but vanity and vice appears.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!
How innocent from the lowd fashion
Is all our business, all our recreation!

Oh, how happy 's here our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
Oh, ye valleys! oh, ye mountains!
Oh, ye groves, and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!

Dear Solimide, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend,
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keeps the soul awake: &c.

Near the fishing-house stood Beresford Hall, Cotton's residence, where Walton, in his old age, found the ease and retirement so congenial with the favourite pursuits of his past life. His wife, "a woman of remarkable prudence and of the primitive piety," was the daughter of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. This union connected him intimately with the Royalist party; and Charles II. distinguished him by the perilous honour of conveying the "lesser George" to London, after the defeat at Worcester. But Walton was no reckless partisan. Ashmole says of him, that he was "well known, and as well beloved of all good men." He lived forty years after his retirement from business in 1643, spending most of his time in the houses of distinguished persons, whose friendship he had won by his goodness and his writings, or with whom his matrimonial alliance had connected him. Walton wrote several works besides his principal one, 'The Complete Angler,' and all were distinguished for charming simplicity, affecting moral sentiment, and impressive wisdom. His coadjutor, Cotton, furnishes a sadder history: his is the oft-told tale of opportunities wasted, and life declining into poverty as well as old age. His accomplishments, wit, and amiable disposition might have rendered him both happy and eminent, had he possessed more prudence or more wealth; but wanting both of those prime requisites of success in the world, he fell into difficulties and died insolvent, leaving behind him just such productions as serve to heighten our regret for the loss of what he might have done.



2153.—Billiards. (From 'School of Recreations,' 1710.)



2154.—Francis Moore, 1657. (From an anonymous Print published at that date.)



2155.—Jec.



2156.—Kelly



2157.—John Gadhury, 1658.



2158.—Lilly



2155.—G. J. P. P. P. P.



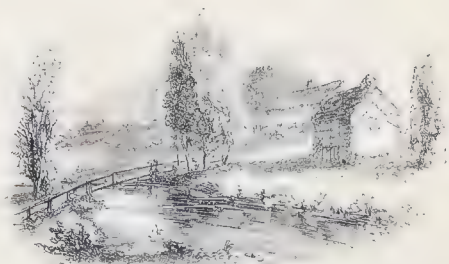
2156.—House of the Poet, and his study.



2161.—H. P.



2172.—The Tomb of the Poet.



2173.—The Poet's House.



2184.—S. M.



2185.—The Poet's Study.

The groups of portraits of eminent men (Figs. 2159, 2174) that appear among our engravings, may be viewed as representing something more than the mere fanciful linking together of so many contemporaries; they may suggest—not infelicitously—the peculiar ties of sympathy, intercourse, and friendship, that, directly or indirectly, bound the whole together. Of the great men of the latter part of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries, all those who were living at any one time—poets, dramatists, philosophers, historians, men of art or science—appear to have been personally familiar with each other. Defective as our knowledge of this matter must be in relation to a period in which Shakspeare could live, and leave behind him so little materials for a history of his individual life and character, we can yet trace the links of this intellectual chain with tolerable precision and certainty. Thus, for instance, to begin with the one who stood highest in worldly position—the prose-poet and philosopher, the Lord Chancellor Bacon. He was the intimate friend of Essex; and Essex was the patron and friend of both Shakspeare and Spenser. Could we restore the past, and have the chambers of Essex House in the Strand suddenly laid open to us, on some favourable occasion, we should see—there can be little or no doubt—three of the greatest of England's sons, the authors of the 'Novum Organon,' 'Hamlet,' and the 'Fairy Queen,' in high commune together. Then, we know that Bacon and Jonson were personally intimate: on the Chancellor's sixtieth and most memorable birthday, the poet was an honoured guest. As to Jonson himself he was everybody's friend, except at such times as he had taken it into his head to become, for a brief while, almost everybody's enemy. He was the friend of Shakspeare; and delightful is it to recollect the particular incident in which their friendship is said to have originated, although the story is held to be somewhat apocryphal. "It began," says Rowe, "with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature. Mr. Jonson, who was not at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons in whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superficially over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public." Inigo Jones was of course intimately connected with Jonson. The Masques of Whitehall have given a "Beaumont and Fletcher" kind of indivisibility to their names. Jonson, however, it must be confessed, was not an amiable man; so, when Jones offended him, tremendous was the storm poured down upon the artist's devoted head. Camden was Jonson's tutor, and we should say that seldom has scholar owed more to a master than in this case. But the poet's obligations to the learned and estimable antiquary did not end with the tuition of Westminster School. We learn from Wood that when Jonson early in his career was in great distress, and compelled to work as a common bricklayer in the erection of Lincoln's Inn, some gentlemen who saw him took compassion on him, and drew attention to his case. He was then sent, it is said, by his former master, Camden, who had probably lost sight of him for a while, to Raleigh, who made him tutor to his son, and sent him with the latter to the Continent. And thus began Jonson's connection with Raleigh, which ultimately extended even to their literary productions. Jonson wrote for the 'History of the World' an account of the Punic War; and though Raleigh neither acknowledges this nor many similar pieces of assistance that he is said to have received, it is Jonson who may give us the full explanation, though in few words. He said Raleigh "esteemed more fame than conscience." Here is indeed the key to Raleigh's whole character. Nor did divisions of countries keep asunder our great men. Jonson walked on foot to Hawthornden to see Drummond. Jonson, again, was a friend of Selden, "the great philologist, antiquary, herald, linguist, statesman, and what not." (Wood.) Jonson called him "monarch of letters," and lent him books out of his valuable library, that Selden could nowhere else find. And through Selden the men of the earlier part of the seventeenth century are connected with those of a little later time. He appears to have known all familiarly. We find him contributing notes to Drayton for his 'Poly-Olbion,' sharing in all the proceedings that led to the Civil War; and whilst for the most part acting on the side of the Parliamentarians, and agreeing with much of the views of such men as Milton, was on friendly terms generally with the Royalists: it is Clarendon who writes the most glowing of eulogiums upon his character;—we have seen in a previous page that Butler was one of his associates. A curious fact in relation to Milton and Selden may be here mentioned. Cromwell first desired Selden to write an answer to the 'Eikon Basilike'—and it was

after his refusal that Milton undertook and accomplished the task.

With Milton we might commence a similar series of literary connections. Marvel and Harrington were among his most intimate friends; and the latter established a club, known as the Rota, at the Turk's Head in Palace Yard, where, at one time or another, were no doubt to be seen every literary man of any eminence at the time, whose political position or views did not keep him away. We do not know whether Dryden was ever among the audience, but we do know that he was very proud of what little personal communication did take place betwixt him and the author of the 'Paradise Lost.' One of the oddest of these communications was that relating to the work just mentioned. Aubrey says Dryden went to the illustrious poet "to have leave to put his 'Paradise Lost' into a drama in eclogue. Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to tag his verses." Dryden was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society, and therefore in continual personal communication with such men as Waller, Denham, and Cowley, Boyle, Hooke, and Barrow, and others of equal learning and ability.

To these notices many similar ones might be added—such as that Hobbes made it his pride to act as amanuensis to Bacon—that it was Raleigh who introduced Spenser to Elizabeth, and who founded the Mermaid Club in Friday Street, the resort of all the most eminent intellects of the day, and so on. But enough has probably been said to give some idea of the close personal intimacy that existed among the eminent men of the periods in question; and which, in itself, shows how much more genial, to say the least of it, was the heart of society then than now, when the literary, artistic, and scientific writers have so little connection with each other, when each is divided into so many "cliques," and when among all our "re-unions" nothing like the pre-eminently intellectual unions of the Mermaid, the Falcon, or the Devil's Tavern, are in any quarter to be found. We have our great sociarian meetings plentiful enough, but they live and move and have their being in the public eye, and possess, therefore, little or nothing of the characteristic of the older assemblages that we refer to. Their greatest charm was the *abandon* that prevailed among them—a circumstance as favourable to the development of many intellectual qualities, as to the enjoyment of them.

In selecting from the men we have recently named, some few for especial comment, we must not forget one or two others whom we have not had occasion to mention. There is poor old Stow:—had he no recognized place among the eminent men of his day? Was he shut out from the mighty circle of mind that then surrounded England as it were with a halo of light? By no means. The Earl of Leicester, Spenser's patron, patronised him; though, as the patronage went no further than hearty thanks and commendations for a book written at the earl's request, we will not place much stress upon it. Archbishop Parker gave him more effectual encouragement in his antiquarian labours. Bacon and Camden knew him so well—in the best sense of knowledge—that they quoted facts from him on the bare strength of his statement that they *were* facts. Ben Jonson and he took their walks together, as we learn from an anecdote that has been preserved by Drummond of Hawthornden in the record of his remarkable conversations with the illustrious Ben. He says Jonson told him that as he and Stow were walking together, they met two lame beggars; Stow asked them, "What they would have to take him to their Order?" A superstitious mind would of course connect this incident by more than ordinary relations with the remarkable circumstances that accompanied the close of Stow's life.

He was the son of a tailor, and himself bred to the business. But the customs of the past soon drew away his attention from the costumes of the present, and he became an ardent chronicler and antiquarian. About 1560, when he was thirty-five years of age, he set out on a pedestrian journey through England, for the purpose of examining the historical manuscripts that were then lying scattered about in great profusion in the libraries of cathedrals and other public buildings. At the same time he collected, so far as his scanty means would permit, all sorts of old books and manuscripts—just then a plentiful commodity, owing to the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. The loss inflicted upon literature by that act can hardly, indeed, be estimated. Bishop Bale ('Declaration') has given us a melancholy view of the state of things that prevailed in consequence:—"A number of them which purchased these superstitious mansions" (the monasteries and other religious houses), "reserved of those library books some to serve their jakes, some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots; and some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers, and some they sent

over sea to book-binders, not in small numbers, but at times whole ships full. Yea, the universities are not all clear in this detestable fact; but cursed is the belly which seeketh to be fed with so ungodly gains, and so deeply shameth his native country. I know a merchant-man (which shall at this time be nameless), that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price: a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied instead of grey paper, by the space of more than these ten years, and yet hath he store enough for as many years to come." A priceless service, then, Stow must have rendered to the history of his country, by wandering about to collect the most precious of these scattered leaves. Necessity—a cruel one he must have felt it—interrupted these labours of love, and drove him back to the shop; until Dr. Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, to his honour be it remembered, assisted him with the means to resume his important vocation. The book suggested by the Earl of Leicester, a 'Summary of English Chronicles,' appeared in 1565. Above thirty years later, or in 1598, he put forth the work by which he is to this hour popularly known—his 'Survey of London,' a work that has formed, and must ever form, the basis of all accounts of the great British metropolis. Eight years he spent upon this Survey; a long time under any circumstances, but fearfully so to Stow, who was labouring under poverty and sickness, and extreme old age, through the whole of it. The worst privation was the interruption of his labours by the ailments that attacked him. "He was afflicted near his end very much with pain in the feet; which perhaps was the gout. In the year 1602 or 1603, he was fain to keep his bed four or five months with it; where, he observed how his affliction lay in that part that formerly he had made so much use of, in walking many a mile to search after antiquities and ancient books and manuscripts. He was now within a year or two of a good old age, that is, fourscore years." (Strype.) In the very absoluteness of his need the poor old man determined to apply for relief to the country for which he had done so much; and in what manner, thinks the gentle reader, was he compelled to do this? The answer is, the gracious and formal consent that was granted by the English Solomon, that the historian might go a-begging through certain districts of the country! To this effect, a paper was regularly drawn up, signed and sealed by James I., and addressed to "all and singular, archbishops, bishops, deans, and their officials; parsons, vicars, curates, and to all spiritual persons; and also to all justices of peace, mayors, sheriffs, bailiffs, constables, churchwardens, and headboroughs; and to all officers of cities, boroughs, and towns corporate; and to all other our efficient ministers, and subjects whatsoever, as well within liberties as without, to whom these presents shall come." The reasons for the issue of the grant are thus stated in the preamble: Stow, as a citizen of London, had "for the good of the commonwealth and posterity to come, employed all his industry and labour to commit to the history of chronicles all such things worthy of remembrance as from time to time happened within this whole realm, for the space of five-and-forty years, until Christmas last past (as by divers large and brief chronicles of his writing may appear), besides his great pains and charge in making his book called his 'Survey of London,' wherein he spent eight years in searching out of ancient records concerning antiquities both for London and Southwark." Accordingly, in answer to his humble suit, and in recompense of his labours and travail, and towards his relief now in his old age, power, licence, and authority are granted to Stow or his deputy, to ask and gather the alms and charitable benevolence of his majesty's loving subjects in thirty-six counties. These included the whole of England; Cornwall, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Cumberland alone excepted. The paper then concludes, "We will and command you, and every of you, that at such time and times as the said John Stow or his deputy, the bearer hereof, shall come and repair to any of your churches or other places, to ask and receive the gratuities and charitable benevolence of our said subjects, quietly to permit and suffer them so to do without any manner your let and contradiction; and you, the said parsons, vicars, and curates, for the better stirring up of a charitable devotion, deliberately to publish and declare the tenor of these our letters patent unto our said subjects; exhorting and persuading them to extend their liberal contributions in so good and charitable a deed." Strype has given us the means of forming some slight notion of Stow's success. The parish of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, contributed seven shillings and sixpence. Stow died in 1605, and was buried in the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, where a monument (Fig. 2166) was erected to his memory by his wife, which still remains.* Maitland tells a disgraceful story of the removal of his bones in 1732, to make way for those of some richer person. Opposite this church it is said

* A coloured engraving of this monument will form the frontispiece to Vol. II.

Stow lived, and used to witness year by year the scenes that he so picturesquely describes as taking place there on the 1st of May, when the May-pole was taken down from the hooks where it hung below the eaves of the neighbouring houses, and after it had been decorated with long and gaily-coloured streamers, was set up before the church; while quickly around its base, the summer-houses, bowers, and arbours were erected of green boughs, the Lord and Lady of the May selected, their braveries of dress put on—and the dances, the music, the shouts, the feasting—the mirth—the enjoyment—raised by rapid steps to their highest pitch. At one time, all this was put down by authority, in consequence of an attack made upon the foreigners resident in London, on one May-day—long known subsequently as the Evil May-day. But it should seem that already puritanism was directing its efforts against the national holidays. About the time that people began to talk of the restoration of the pole of St. Andrew of Undershaft to its legitimate uses, a clergyman preached against it at Paul's Cross. "I heard his sermon," says Stow, "and I saw the effect that followed. For in the afternoon of that present Sunday, the neighbours and tenants . . . over whose doors the shaft had lain, after they had dined to make themselves strong, gathered more help, and with great labour raising the shaft from the hooks whereon it had rested two-and-thirty years, they sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door and stall. . . . Thus was this 'idol,' as he, poor man, termed it, mangled, and burnt."

Stow appears to have been peculiarly thrown in the way of observing this worthy clergyman's behaviour. In the following anecdote we hear more of "Sir Stephen," as he was called, and obtain a fearful glimpse of the time, to say nothing of a bit of information as to Stow's own local position that comes in at the end. In the third year of Edward VI. a great insurrection broke out in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and other parts, and "Strict orders being taken," says Stow, "for the suppression of rumours, divers persons were apprehended, and executed by martial law, amongst the which the bailiff of Rumford in Essex was one, a man very well beloved. He was early in the morning of Mary Magdalen's day (then kept holiday) brought by the sheriffs of London and the knight-marshal to the well [or pump] in Aldgate, there to be executed upon a gibbet set up that morning; where, being on the ladder, he had words to this effect:—'Good people, I am come hither to die, but know not for what offence, except for words spoken by me yesternight to Sir Stephen, curate and preacher of this parish, which were these:—He asked me, "What news in the country?" I answered, "Heavy news." "Why?" quoth he. "It is said," quoth I, "that many men be up in Essex; but, thanks be to God, all is in good quiet about us." And this was all, as God be my judge.' Upon these words of the prisoner, Sir Stephen, to avoid reproach of the people, left the city, and was never heard of since amongst them to my knowledge. I heard the words of the prisoner, for he was executed upon the pavement of my door, where I then kept house." One hardly knows whether to wonder most at the execrable character of this murder, or at its ineffable stupidity. Acts like these, it must be acknowledged, form an ugly reverse to the picture of merry England. We learn from another of Stow's half-public, half-private stories, that property was as recklessly played with as life by the great men of his day. The Drapers' Hall in Throgmorton Street stands on the site of a magnificent palace erected by Sir Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, the favourite minister of King Henry VIII. "This house," says Stow, "being finished," and Cromwell "having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden," but not so much as he desired, "caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north part thereof, on a sudden to be taken down, twenty-two foot to be measured forth right into the north of every man's ground, a line to be there drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and a high wall to be builded. My father had a garden there, and there was a house standing close to his south pale; this house they loosed from the ground, and bare upon rollers into my father's garden twenty-two foot ere my father heard thereof; no warning was given him, nor other answer when he spake to the surveyors of that work, but that their master, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to do. No man durst go to argue the matter, but each man lost his land; and my father paid his whole rent, which was 6s. 8d. the year, for that half which was left." Stow adds quietly, but severely, "This much of mine own knowledge have I thought good to note, that the sudden rising of some men causeth them to forget themselves." Not the least interesting part of this story is the fact that a house could be moved in the sixteenth century with as much ease and success apparently as in the nineteenth, and with a great deal less noise and wonder.



2178.—St. Andrew's Monument, in the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft.



2169.—Inigo Jones.



2170.—Harvey. (From a Portrait by Cornelius Jansen.)



2166.—Statue of Francis.



2171.—Milton, at the age of Nineteen.



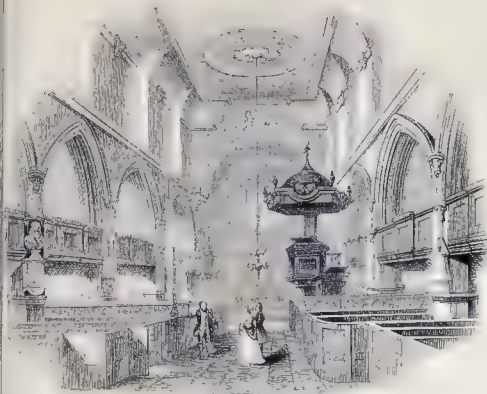
2172.—Portrait of Milton.



2173.—Portrait of Milton.



2173.—Milton and his Localities.—1, The Portrait, from an etching by Cipriani, after a picture formerly in the possession of Jacob Johnson.—2, Ludlow Castle, from a view drawn in 1750.—3, Chalfont, from a woodcut in a series of views of Poets' residences.—4, Christ's College, Cambridge, from a print in Ackermann's Cambridge.—5, St. Giles's, Cripplegate, with part of the London Wall, from a view in Wilkinson's 'Londinium.'



2175.—Chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate.



2176.
Sir Dudley North. (From a Print by Verelst.)
Dr. Davenant. (From an anonymous Print.)
Sir Josiah Child. (From an anonymous Print.)



2178.—Bacon's Ring.



2177.—The Lord and Lady of the Manor of Alderley, A.D. 1680.



2174.—Milton, from a Miniature by Faldorne.—Ray, from a Picture in the British Museum.—Temple, from a Picture by Sir Peter Lely.—Deven, from a Picture by Hudson, in Trinity College, Cambridge.—Hobbes, from a Picture by Dolson, in rooms of Royal Society.—Bacon, from a Picture in the Collection of the late Lord Dover.



2179.—Alderley Church.

What Charles I. did for painting in England, when he formed at Whitehall the first collection of pictures deserving the name of national, was done with equal zeal and ability, and more extensive opportunities, by the Earl of Arundel for sculpture, when he brought together at his mansion in the Strand the matchless collection of antique marbles that have ever since been known by his name. But to a certain extent even the credit of Charles's collection should belong to the Earl, as it was he who recommended and by his own example stimulated the King to the task. The mode in which the Earl set to work to accomplish the object he had determined to attain, is peculiarly worthy of notice. The exclusive services of two of the most accomplished men of the day, Evelyn and Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Petty, were secured by the Earl, and the former despatched to Rome, while the latter undertook a journey of no ordinary hazard to the Greek Islands and the Morea. Petty's expedition was full of interest. Having ransacked the islands of Paros and Delos with indefatigable zeal and a proportionate success, he took his way towards Smyrna, was shipwrecked opposite Samos, and escaped with his life only. In one hour all the fruits of his past labour were swept away. But instead of despairing, and doing nothing, there was only the more reason, he thought, for going on. And he was rewarded. At Smyrna he obtained many most valuable marbles—among them the Parian Chronicle, so called from its having been made (as supposed) in the isle of Paros, nearly two hundred and fifty years before the birth of Christ. It consists of a block of marble, and contained in its perfect state an account of the principal events in Grecian history for more than thirteen hundred years. If aught more be needed to show what a truly precious fragment of antiquity this is, we may extract one or two—from among the numberless—passages of the highest interest and historical value.—“Since Nereus formed a bridge of boats on the Hellespont, and dug through Athos, and the battle was fought at Thermo [py] lae, and the sea-fight by the Greeks at Salamis against the Persians, in which the Greeks were victorious, 217 years: Calliades being Archon at Athens.” Again: “Since Euripides, being 43 years of age, first gained the victory in tragedy 17 [9] years, Diphil [os] being Archon at Athens. But Socrates and A[naxa]goras lived in the time of Euripides.” The letters and figures in the brackets were supplied by Selden and others, in the place of those which had been effaced in the original.

When at length the Earl had collected together the results of the labours of his enthusiastic coadjutors and of his enormous expenditure, he found himself in possession of some thirty-seven statues, one hundred and twenty-eight busts, and two hundred and fifty marbles with inscriptions, in addition to various sarcophagi, altars, and a great number of fragments, and in addition also to a collection of gems of inestimable value. With these Arundel House was speedily adorned as never before was adorned any mansion in England. The inferior and mutilated statues were placed in the garden, and the statues and busts formed the gallery. Would the reader like to be able to take a single glance into that gallery as it then was? Our engraving (Fig. 2165) will enable him to do so.

As magnificent a spirit certainly reigned in the breast of this Earl of Arundel as in the breasts of any of the men who have been most famous for that quality. He honoured living artists as much as dead ones, and while he ransacked the world to discover any works that might yet exist of the one, he did all that lay in his power to promote the production of works that he thought ought to exist from the hand of the other. He patronised Inigo Jones and Vandyke; he brought over from Holland Wenceslaus Hollar, the engraver; he employed Nicholas Stone, Le Scour, and Fanelli, the sculptors; while other able men he maintained altogether. No wonder that Clarendon should be able to say, “His expenses were without any measure, and always exceeded his revenue.”

What remains of this noble collection, after the terrible inroads made upon it by the Parliament during the Civil War, by the Earl's own descendants in putting it up for sale, by repairing artists who ruined whatever they undertook to restore, by bequests, and so on—are now deposited at Oxford; part of them having been bequeathed to the University by the son of the founder of the collection, and the remainder by the Countess Dowager of Pomfret.

From Broad Street to Cripplegate is but a short way, according to ordinary modes of reckoning; yet, if we remember that Milton was born in the first, and died in the last, and that his whole and mighty life lies, in a sense, between them, the distance will appear strangely lengthened to the dullest imagination. We propose, as briefly as possible, to follow the local steps of the poet's life, pausing awhile

where he paused, and recall the recollections that he has bequeathed to every spot where he found for a time an abiding place or home. He was born, as we have said, in Broad Street, in the parish of All-hallows. His father was a scrivener; and the sign that was fixed over the door spoke of more than business to those who understood it—the Spread Eagle there represented formed the armorial bearing of the family. Poets, of all persons, are, by the very laws of their temperament, peculiarly subject to parental influences, and must benefit or suffer to an ill-important degree by their wisdom or folly—care or neglect—love or want of love. Milton had, in a word, one of the best of fathers, and was therefore one of the happiest of sons. And again and again the poet has taken opportunity to express in his own manner his affectionate and grateful sense of what he owed to him, and of his father's own skill and accomplishments. In a passage of his Latin poem *Ad Patrem*, translated by Cowper, he says,

Thou never badest me tread
The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on
To opulence, nor didst condemn thy son
To the insipid clamours of the bar.
The laws voluminous, and ill observ'd.

In another passage he says to his father—

Thyself
Art skilful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arion's fame.
Now say, what wonder is it if a son
Of thine delight in verse; if, so conjoin'd
In close affinity, we sympathize
In social arts and kindred studies sweet.

Under such a parent progress in whatever was undertaken would be rapid, and it was especially so with the youthful Milton. Whilst his education proceeded with such rapidity—first at St. Paul's School, and then at Cambridge—that he became one of the most accomplished of scholars before the years of manhood were reached, he at the same time cultivated the divine art with so much assiduity and success, that his scholastic attainments sink into comparative insignificance as the young poet rises before us, giving promise of the very highest future excellence. Milton was but fifteen when he went to Cambridge, and entered Christ's College (Fig. 2173). A mulberry-tree planted by his own hand flourishes in the college-garden to this hour. One of the most romantic incidents of the poet's life occurred here, if it occurred at all. It is well known that the poet was eminently handsome. Our portraits of him at different periods (in pages 244, 245) afford ample proof of this, especially the one that exhibits him in the bloom of youth (Fig. 2171), when he was about nineteen years of age. A still more forcible testimony to his personal beauty is the appellation given to him by his fellow-collegians—they said he was the “Lady of the College,” and Milton by no means relished the compliment. “Wandering one day, during the summer, far beyond the precincts of the University, into the country, he became so heated and fatigued, that reclining himself at the foot of a tree to rest, he shortly fell asleep. Before he awoke, two ladies, who were foreigners, passed by in a carriage. Agreeably astonished at the loveliness of his appearance, they alighted, and having admired him, as they thought unperceived, for some time, the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with a trembling hand into his own. Immediately afterwards they proceeded on their journey. Some of his acquaintance, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover that the highly-favoured party in it was our illustrious bard. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened. Milton opened the paper, and with surprise read these verses (in Italian) from Guarini:—“Ye eyes! Ye human stars! Ye authors of my liveliest pangs! If thus when shut ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open?” The story here told was first made public in a newspaper of the last century; which added also, that, “Eager from this moment to find out the fair incognito, Milton travelled, but in vain, through every part of Italy;” but this can be only a poetical flourish of the narrator, for it was later in life that he left his own country to travel on the Continent.

Notwithstanding Johnson's humiliating statement, who “is ashamed to relate what he fears is true, that Milton was one of the last students in either University that suffered the public indignity of corporal correction,” it is certain that he had great reason to be satisfied with his College residence. His abilities commanded

admiration, and as to the treatment he generally received, we have the best of testimonies—his own—that he met with more than “ordinary favour and respect,” and “above any of his equals” at the hands of the fellows of the College. But he did not like Cambridge, or the country around it, and he did like home. In his Latin elegy, addressed to Charles Deodati, and which was probably written when he was about nineteen, he thus delightfully speaks of his affection for—and his content to stay at—home, rather than return to the University:—

I, well content, where Thames with influent tide
My native city laves, meantime reside;
Nor zeal nor duty now my steps impel;
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell;
Nor ought of pleasure in those fields have I
That to the musing bard all shade deny.
’Tis time that I a pedant’s threats disdain,
And fly from wrongs my soul will ne’er sustain.
If peaceful days in letter’d leisure spent
Beneath my father’s roof be banishment,
Then call me banish’d; I will ne’er refuse
A name expressive of the lot I choose.

Who was the “pedant” mentioned in the above lines? and what were the “wrongs” the poet complains of? It must be owned there is here some support given to Johnson’s statement. Yet supposing it to be true, neither the offence given, nor the person by whose order the punishment may have been inflicted—not even the punishment itself, which was one that *had* been common enough—was therefore necessarily of a character to degrade Milton in the eyes of his associates, or, for any length of time, in his own. Punishments are sometimes inflicted in universities, as well as elsewhere, that have the effect of enhancing the general respect for and sympathy with the sufferer. Milton’s high-principled unbending character may have easily led him into collision with some one of the men in authority; on the question, for instance, of the politics of the day, that were fast assuming a most portentous aspect under the guidance of the new monarch, Charles I.

Milton leaves Cambridge, and his father soon after leaves London for a country residence; a delightful change in every way, and one that has left memorable proofs of its influence upon the poet. At Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where the family took up their new residence, the exquisite pair of poems, ‘L’Allegro’ and ‘Il Penseroso,’ with ‘Lycidas’ and ‘Comus,’ were all, it is supposed, written. And every one of these poems breathes, as it were, a fresh and pure country air. Here, too, the ‘Arcades’ was composed, and performed at Harefield House, the seat of the Countess Dowager of Derby, the actors being that lady’s children. To Harefield and its beautiful owner the following lines are supposed to have been applied:—

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom’d high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

The engravings of Harefield, given in an earlier page of our work, happily illustrates the first couplet of this passage. The circumstances in which ‘Comus’ originated are peculiarly interesting. Warton writes—“I have been informed from a manuscript of Oldys, that Lord Bridgewater, being appointed Lord President of Wales, entered upon his official residence at Ludlow Castle with great solemnity. On this occasion he was attended by a large concourse of the neighbouring nobility and gentry. Among the rest came his children, in particular Lord Brackley, Mr. Thomas Egerton, and Lady Alice,

to attend their father’s state,
And new-entrusted sceptre.

They had been on a visit at a house of their relations, the Egerton family, in Herefordshire; and in passing through Heywood Forest were benighted, and the Lady Alice was even lost for a short time.” Such is one record of this accident—‘Comus’ is another. Milton prepared it to be performed at Ludlow Castle (Fig. 2173), as a Michaelmas festivity, and the actors in the real were also the actors of the dramatic story.

Milton’s Italian journey (undertaken after his mother’s death in 1637) was full of incidents calculated to impress deeply a poetical mind. It will be sufficient to mention his personal interviews with Galileo, Grotius, and the patron of Tasso, Manso. But, to our minds, a still more important feature of this expedition is the proof it affords of Milton’s patriotism. Whilst other men were in many instances hastening to leave England on account of the political trouble that just then assumed a much more alarming aspect than they had ever done before since the commencement of the struggle, Milton, on the contrary, hastened home.

And now he is once more in London; the city of his affections and his pride. In the epistle to Deodati he had thus addressed London:—

Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
Whose towering front the circling realms commands!
Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.

And although in the interim he had been better able to judge of the truth of the admiration expressed in these lines than he could be when he wrote them, it does not appear that he had learned to love or admire his native place one jot the less. We find him from henceforth constantly residing there, when not called or driven away by the temptations of love or the threatened dangers of the plague. In 1643 he married. His wife was the daughter of a gentleman at Forest Hill, Oxfordshire, a Royalist—a circumstance that anguished ill for Milton’s future happiness. And it was not long before she parted herself from him, by declining to return from her father’s when she had gone home on a visit. Milton’s twofold comments upon this act were most characteristic. He published various treatises in justification of his right to repudiate her under such circumstances; and then he began to pay his addresses to a young lady of great beauty. About that time the poet called one day at the house of a relation in St. Martin’s le-Grand, and there suddenly appeared before him his wife, who cast herself upon her knees, and begged him earnestly to forgive her. No one can help connecting this scene with the famous one in ‘Paradise Lost,’ where Eve prays Adam’s forgiveness of the sin into which she has led him; and the result in both cases was the same. Of Milton, like Adam it may be said—

Soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress.

He forgave her; and if he thought at all of the possibility that the distress into which her friends had by this time fallen was partly the cause of her return, he only showed it by his magnanimity in assisting that family—politically opposed though they were—by every means in his power, even to the taking the whole, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, into his own house.

Let us here pause a moment to see what the poet had been doing since his return from Italy, and what he was preparing to do. Education, that mightiest of subjects—that basis of all national schemes of social, moral, or political reformation—at first engaged his mind. He adopted a new system of tuition, and applied it to the education of his nephews, John and Edward Phillips. Other pupils were subsequently added. We cannot here enter into Milton’s system; suffice it to say, that its paramount object appears to have been to form good citizens; its chief principle, in details, the stimulating thought rather than memory into action. He began his public career about the same time by the publication of various treatises and tracts, one among which, ‘The Reason of Church Government,’ contains the passage that gives us beyond question the most deeply interesting glimpse that was ever afforded to the world of the motives of a great poet in preparing himself for the accomplishment of the mightier tasks that he has set before him. Speaking of his visit to Italy, where he perceived that some poetical trifles he had in his memory—composed whilst he was under twenty—were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men this side the Alps, “I began,” he continues, “thus far to assent, both to them and divers of my friends here at home; and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in life) joined to the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me; and these others—that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard to be sooner had than to God’s glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the advancing of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end—that were a toilsome vanity—but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and safest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world, whose fortune hath hitherto



120.—William III. (from a painting by Sir G. Kneller.)



214.—William III. (from a painting by Sir G. Kneller.)



215.—William III. at Farby. (from a painting by Sir G. Kneller.)



216.—William III.



217.—William III. (from a painting by Sir G. Kneller.)



218.—William III. (from a painting by Sir G. Kneller.)



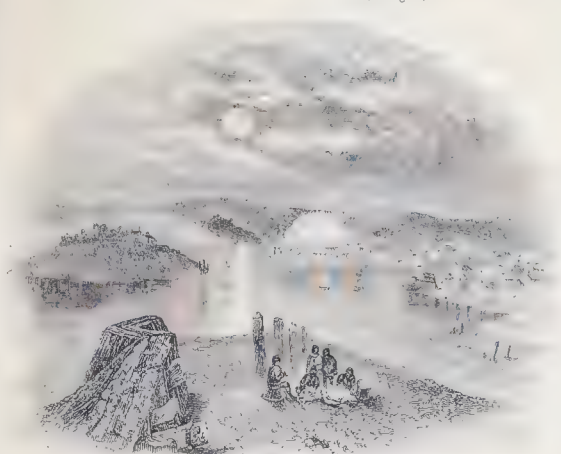
219.—William III. (from a painting by Sir G. Kneller.)



2187.—Regalia.



2188.—Earl of Albemarle, temp. William III. (From *Icones*.)



2189.—Kinsale. (From an Old Drawing.)



2191.—Battle of the Boyne. (From West's Picture.)



2192.—Medal struck to commemorate the Battle of the Boyne. The King seen crossing the River at the head of his Troops.



2190.—Limerick: showing a portion of the Old Walls.



2193.—Medal struck to commemorate the Siege of Londonderry. Obverse: Advance of the English Fleet to relieve Londonderry; in front, Bust of King William, crowned by Valour and Abundance. Reverse: Poverty and Slavery holding a broken Crown of Louis XIV.

been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics." He then proceeds to speak of what his mind in "the spacious circuits of her musings" hath contemplated; as the epic, with its modes of treatment, and its subjects;—the dramatic—and so on. The Scripture, he remarks, affords fine subjects; and he specifies, in the most magnificent prose sentences that ever flowed from mortal pen, the Apocalypse of St. John, as "the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies." "Paradise Lost," we see, is as yet in the dim distance, but *approaching*. In the mean time clear to his mind as the goodness of God himself, who gives the poet his peculiar gifts, are the objects of the poetical mission. His abilities "are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate, in glorious and lofty hymns, the theme and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice, and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexes of man's thoughts from within; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to point out and describe." It required a Milton to shape such a task; and how he, in the end, accomplished it, all men know. But that end was not as yet. He had to contend with his own friends by publishing treatises in favour of the Liberty of the Press, that were ever after to be so many text-books on the subject for posterity; he had to renew from time to time his attacks against his opponents, for supporting what he conceived to be royal and ecclesiastical tyranny. Nor did his labours cease even when the king was overthrown and beheaded. The men of the Commonwealth required that the world should know the motives that had actuated them in their tremendous career; who so fit as Milton to give the world the requisite knowledge? The tract on the 'Tenure of Kings and Magistrates,' proving that it is lawful to call to account a Tyrant or wicked King, &c., therefore appeared.

Cromwell was not the man to leave a Milton unemployed in the public service, if he could be induced to enter into it. The poet became the Foreign Secretary of the State at one of the most eventful periods in all English history. He takes up his residence at Whitehall. Thenceforth for some time the will 'of the most potent uncrowned king that ever ruled Britain was expressed in language that is probably also without parallel, for its nervous strength and classic elegance. It must be remembered that the whole of the communications between England and foreign states during the Protectorate were made in Latin. It is said that the poet kept up here a kind of semi-royal state; holding a weekly table for the entertainment of foreign ministers and persons of learning. It is most likely that Aubrey's remarks applied to this period. He says of Milton, "He was nightly importuned to go into France and Italy; foreigners came much to see him, and much admired him, and offered to him great preferment to come over to them; and the only inducement of several foreigners that came over into England was chiefly to see [Oliver Cromwell, the] Protector, and Mr. J. Milton; and would see the house and chamber where he was born. He was much more admired abroad than at home." Suddenly a terrible calamity fell upon the poet. What it was he tells us in one of his noble sonnets.

Addressing his friend Cyriack Skinner, he writes—

Cyriack, *this three years' day*, these eyes, though clear,
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs dark night appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Of man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor hate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, doth thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have *lost them, overjoyed*,
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side,
This thought might lead me through the vain world's mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

Milton left Whitehall in 1652, and finally quitted the post of

Secretary in 1655, the period of the composition of the above sonnet; but it does not seem to have been noticed that the poem explains *why* he left Whitehall: it was that day three years before the day of its composition that he lost his sight; the inference therefore is irresistible, that as he became suddenly blind in 1652, and left Whitehall in 1652, that he left at the time of his deprivation, on account of its incapacitating him for his duties. It might be desired that he should continue to hold nominally, perhaps in part really, his post until it was seen whether the blindness would pass away or be confirmed. In 1655, when he wrote the sonnet, it was but too evidently confirmed; and so the poet resigned the office. A pension of 150*l.* was assigned to him by Cromwell.

On leaving Whitehall, Milton removed to a house in Petty France (now Queen-Square Place), Westminster; the very same that Jeremy Bentham lived in for so many years, and at his death left to his friend and executor Dr. Bowring. A friend of ours, who had occasion when a boy to see Bentham in his garden, remembers the enthusiasm with which the philosopher spoke of the poet's walking in the same place. Milton's blindness was but the first of a series of blows calculated to test his fortitude to the uttermost. In the house just named he lost his wife, married again three years later (a most happy union it should seem), and within a single twelve-month lost her too, by the same cause—childbirth. His twenty-third sonnet forms her best memorial—

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestris, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued by force from death, though pale and faint.
Mine, as when wash'd from spot of childbed taint,
Purification in the old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she flew, and day brought back my night.

Next came the Restoration, when the poet was proscribed. And certainly a more zealous, as well as more able opponent, the Royalists had not. Up to the last moment Milton attempted to stem the reflux of public feeling towards monarchy. These were bold sentences to write when their author might so soon be called upon to answer for them:—"What I have spoken is the language of that—which is not called amiss—the good old cause. If it seems strange to any, it will not seem more strange, I hope, than convincing, to backsliders: thus much I should perhaps have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones, and had none to cry to but with the prophet, 'O, earth, earth, earth!' to tell the very soil itself what her perverse inhabitants are deaf to. Nay, though what I have spoke should happen (which Thou suffer not, who didst create mankind free, nor Thou next, who didst redeem us from being servants of men!) to be the last words of our expiring liberty." And they were the last words for many a long year.

Milton was proscribed; and when he found concealment in a friend's house in Bartholomew Close, a proclamation was issued for his apprehension, and for the similar apprehension of another Commonwealth-man, Goodwin, in these terms:—"The said John Milton and John Goodwin are so fled, or so obscure themselves, that no endeavours used for their apprehension can take effect, whereby they may be brought to legal trial, and deservedly receive condign punishment for their treason and offences;" that is to say, we presume, hanging, drawing, and quartering, after the style of the bloody handling of Harrison and his fellow-sufferers at Charing Cross. But the poet escaped the first "pelting of the pitiless storm" (it is said a mock funeral was performed to mislead the authorities); and subsequently, when the government had grown a little less thirsty of human blood, he was allowed to escape under the Act of Indemnity. He is stated to have owed this good fortune to Davenant, to whom some years before Milton had rendered a similar service. If he was not committed to the hangman, however, some of his books were: a bad answer to their contents, to say the least of it.

Peace at last: and time and opportunity for the realization of the dreams of enthusiastic youth, and which had only grown dearer and assumed a more practical shape to the mind of the mature man. So whilst other men of his age (fifty-two), and who had passed through a tithe of his troubles, would have been content to let the world glide along as it would, for the few years of life that remained to them, Milton sat down to a task far mightier than any that had ever before engaged even him. And what a privilege was that

enjoyed by Milton's friends, of looking, after a while, upon the results of his labours—of reading for the first time, from the author's own manuscripts, as yet virgin to the world—'Paradise Lost.' Such a privilege was enjoyed by Elwood the quaker, who had acted occasionally as his secretary. When the Plague broke out in London in 1665, Elwood took a house for Milton at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire. Here Elwood came one day to see him, and after some "common discourses," he says, "had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which being brought, he delivered it to me, bidding me take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him, with my judgment thereupon. When I came home, and set myself to read it, I found that it was that excellent poem which he entitled 'Paradise Lost.' It was in this same "pretty box" (Fig. 2173), as Elwood called it, at Chalfont, that 'Paradise Regained' was written.

Milton's last London residence was in Bunhill Fields: it was there that Dryden, and no doubt a host of other eminent men, from time to time visited him. Not unfrequently he was found sitting before the door, enjoying the sunshine, wrapped in a coarse grey coat—blind, but not the less seeing a thousand times more truly, and vividly, and usefully, than those around him who laboured under no similar deprivation. The serene wisdom that characterizes him whenever he is not engaged in actual disputation—a large exception, it must be owned—is in nothing more evident than in his habits. It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful domestic life than Milton's. His biographer, Todd, says, "Of wine, or any strong liquors, he drank little. In his diet he was rarely influenced by delicacy of choice; illustrating his own admirable rule—

The rule of "not too much," by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Our nourishment, not gluttonous delight.

He once delighted in walking and active exercise, and appears to have amused himself in botanical pursuits; but after he was confined by age and blindness, he had a machine to swing in for the preservation of his health. In summer he rested in bed from nine to four; in winter to five. If at these hours he was not disposed to rise, he had a servant by his bedside to read to him. When he first rose he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and commonly studied till twelve; then used some exercise for an hour; then dined; afterwards played on the organ or bass-viol, and either sung himself or made his wife sing, who he said had a good voice but no ear. It is related that when educating his nephews, he had made them songsters, and sing from the time they were with him. No poet, it may be observed, has more frequently or more powerfully commended the charms of music than Milton. He wished, perhaps, to rival, and he has successfully rivalled, the sweetest descriptions of a favourite bard, whom the melting voice appears to have often enchanted—the tender Petrarch. After his regular indulgence in musical relaxation, he studied till six; then entertained his visitors till eight; then enjoyed a light supper; and after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, retired to bed.

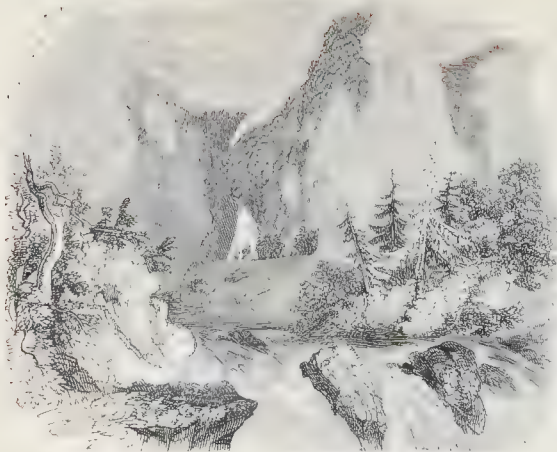
And death itself came as sweetly and gently as sleep must have done, after days so spent. The friends in the room did not know the actual moment of his departure. He was buried, where his father had been buried before him, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate (Fig. 2175); and if the visitor there can for a moment put aside the all-absorbing consciousness of the intellectual grandeur that seems to issue forth as it were from that little six feet of earth, and thence radiate into the furthestmost corners of the earth—if he can forget this, and recall in a more staid spirit the various associations of the place, he cannot but be struck with some surprise at the peculiarly happy conjunctions that the history of the church exhibits. Here Milton's friend and patron, the all-powerful Protector, was married to Elizabeth Bourchier; here do we find in the parish register, one entry after another relating to the Brackleys, and Egertons, and Bridgewaters, just as though the parish authorities, in their admiration of the poet and their pride in his memory, had thought it would be but a graceful act of attention to collect here the facts relating to the births, marriages, and deaths, of the noble family who had originated and first performed 'Comus.' At the same time we think it very likely that if the authorities were asked their opinion of the matter, they would in their modesty, disclaim the compliment, and say it was because the Earl of Bridgewater had a metropolitan residence in the neighbourhood.

If there had been no other fact to distinguish the England of the seventeenth century than the discovery of the circulation of the blood, it would have stood out, through all time, as one of the most eventful eras in the history of scientific progress. As usual, the

very extent and originality of the discovery unfitted men's minds for receiving it, and the discoverer was added to the list already, alas! but too long, of those who have been martyrs for Truth's sake. We often hear various kinds of causes alleged for the persecution of Galileo: it was bigoted individuals—it was the Inquisition—it was the Catholics—and so on; but in sober truth Persecution is of no particular class or religion, profession, or condition; the practical rule has hitherto been in all countries—proscribe what you do not understand—punish those who dare to think themselves so very much more enlightened than we are; and thus Harvey in England, by offending the prejudices of men of education and intellect—his professional brethren—fares no better than Galileo in Italy, when he cannot square his astronomical system with the religious notions of the Pope! The portrait in the apartments of the College of Physicians is in itself a revelation of human suffering and fortitude such as it seldom falls to the lot of painter to bequeath to the world. That portrait is by Cornelius Jansen; and our copy of it (Fig. 2170) may give some slight notion how worthy it is of his reputation, and of the painful, yet in many respects noble, recollections that it is calculated to recall.

But Harvey's, though the greatest, is not the only name of his own time that is illustrious in the annals of science. It was then that Ray (Fig. 2174) may be said to have laid the foundations of the science of botany. In 1682 he published his new method of classifying plants, which, after it had undergone some improvements by his own hand, at a later period, formed the basis of the system which has since obtained such wide acceptance in connection with the name of Jussieu. The characteristic of this system is, that it arranges all plants according to natural affinities, so far, of course, as our skill and knowledge can guide us to these affinities. But Ray experienced in a lesser degree the same kind of treatment as Harvey; the system was too great an innovation. Curious and most instructive is the result. Ray's discoveries were allowed to sink into oblivion, or something very like it; Linnaeus arose, and with wonderful skill and industry, constructed an entirely artificial system, which, as it did not establish any remarkably new and original principles, was received with universal favour: all our botanical books, those of very recent date alone excepted, have been founded upon this method: and the result is, that the best European botanists agree that the whole is one splendid error—our botanical books are worthless, and the despised Ray's system, carried of course farther, and made more perfect than by him, but still his system, is recognised as the only true one. To many of our readers these remarks may appear strange: we transcribe, therefore, for their satisfaction, a sentence or two from the pages of a periodical publication of high character, and edited by one of the most eminent botanists of the present time. In answer to a correspondent of the 'Gardener's Chronicle,' Dr. Lindley writes, "The Linnæan system of botany is not worth learning, and we cannot do you the disservice of recommending you a book on the subject." And again, "the Linnæan botany teaches nothing but names, and these with less certainty and advantage than the natural system. It had its use in former days, but is now abandoned by all botanists." It is a clear case, we fear. There is no help for it: we must burn our Linnæan-system books: or better still, keep them to remind us and our children, that when fresh alleged improvements are put forward, we shall act wisely not to reject them because of their originality, but remember Linnaeus and Ray.

Robert Boyle's name (Fig. 2174) must be added to those of Harvey and Ray, though in his own time his contemporaries would have thought the connection of three such personages ridiculous, so high stood Boyle's reputation, so low the reputation of his two contemporaries. Posterity, if it has not exactly reversed that position, has at least a little lowered Boyle and very much elevated Harvey and Ray. After all allowances, it appears to be unanimously agreed that Boyle was a great experimental philosopher, and one who, if he did not enrich science with any pre-eminent discoveries, did much to promote that state of knowledge and feeling in which both new discoveries will be made and old ones turned to increased advantage. In Boyle's life there are many incidents of a highly-interesting nature, as showing into what unscientific paths men of science then wandered. Boyle was a famous chemist; and his researches in chemistry caused him to indulge in the belief that he would discover, nay, that he almost had discovered—the art of transmutation of metals. Isaac Newton even was alarmed. In a letter written by him in 1676, he thus expresses himself: "But yet because the way by which mercury may be so impregnated has been thought fit to be concealed by others that have known it, and may, therefore, possibly be an inlet to something more noble, not to be communicated without immense damage to the world, if there should be any



2194.—Glencoe.



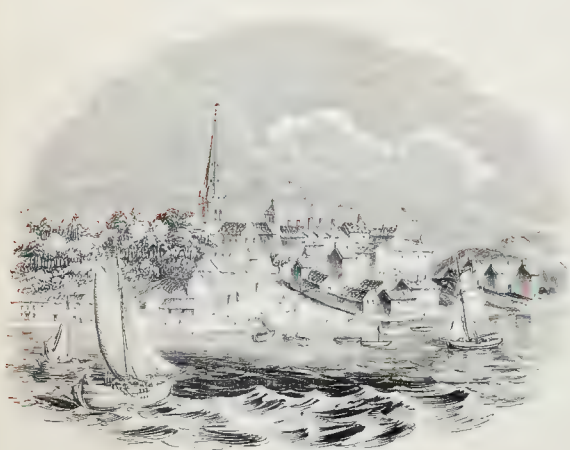
2195.—Hampton Court Palace. (From a Print of the time.)



2196.—Medal to commemorate the able Conduct of the Queen, after the Defeat of the Dutch Fleets in the Channel, in June, 1696. Obverse: Bust of the Queen. Reverse: A Dutch ship careening on the other; in front, a Trident in her right hand.



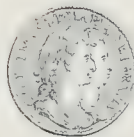
2199.—Great Seal of William III.



2197.—Lough Lenderry. (From an Old Print.)



2200.—Crown of William and Mary.



2201.—Shilling of William and Mary.

William R.

2198.—Autograph of King William.



2202.—Shilling of William III.



2203.—Halfpenny of William III.



2204.—Queen Anne. (From a Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)



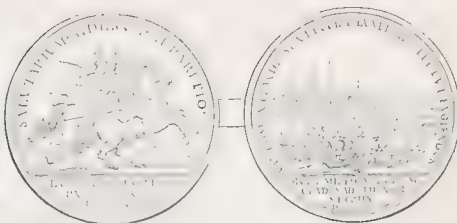
2206.—Arms of Anne



2205.—Prince George of Denmark. (From a Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)



2207.—Great Seal of Anne (before the Union with Scotland).



2208.—Medal struck to commemorate the Victory of Oudenarde



2209.—Medal struck to commemorate the Battle of Blenheim. On the Obverse are Portraits of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. On the Reverse, the Battle of Blenheim, showing the rout of the French army and the Surrender of Marshal Tullard.



2210.—Medal struck to commemorate the Surrender of Lille.

verity in Hermetic writers; therefore I question not but that the great wisdom of the noble author [Boyle] will sway him to high silence, till he shall be resolved of what consequence the thing may be." Boyle had faith too in spirits. Lastly, he had faith in what we now call Mesmerism: for it seems clear that the performances of Mr. Greatraks in the seventeenth century were identical with those of the disciples of Mesmer in our own time. And it is certainly very remarkable that the cures alleged to be performed by the gentleman we have named should have been attested by such men as Boyle, Cudworth, Andrew Marvel, Wilkins, Patrick, and Flamsteed; the last of whom went over to Ireland purposely to be touched, and said he was "an eye-witness of several of his cures." Marvel signed two certificates in one day, of cures effected by Greatraks; one, of a tumour in the breast, as large as a pullet's egg, by twice stroking; and the other of a general soreness and pains in the body, which were "run out" by the same means. Greatraks is described as a man of "graceful personage and presence." He used neither "charms nor unlawful words;" but attributed his power to a "ferment implanted in his body." He took no money for his services, and appears altogether to have been a man of estimable character, and of disposition and habits little suited to the notoriety he obtained.

If Boyle and his fellow-labourers in the walks of science erred by giving too ready a belief to the marvellous, it may be doubted whether this error is not more rational, as well as less dangerous, than the one of an opposite kind, which induces men to disbelieve

everything they cannot make palpable to the outward senses, of which they do not find in harmony with their preconceived notions of the economy of Nature. The moment science ceases to inquire or to speculate, it stops. It was not by mathematical demonstrations that Newton really discovered the law of gravitation; they only followed whither the imagination had gone before, and proved that the sublime height from whence as from a tower the imagination had seen the end of all, was no "baseless fabric" of a vision. That the man of science can speculate on the truth of the greatest marvels—absurdities as we generally call them,—and yet confer on science benefits that its matter-of-fact followers never dream of till they are realized, does not admit of question: the discoverer just named was, as we have seen, a believer in the transmutation of metals.

But there were beliefs of a past time, that one cannot be too grateful to see are beliefs no longer. Such was the faith in witches, which induced the high-minded and virtuous Sir Matthew Hale to condemn two poor women to death for an impossible crime. This took place at the assizes at Bury St. Edmund's, in the year 1655. In the course of the trial Hale avowed his belief in witchcraft; and this may have helped to influence the jury in finding them guilty. Both were executed. This incident formed the only blemish in the otherwise pure and unsullied character of one of the best of English judges. The Church of Alderley (Fig. 2179), in Gloucestershire, contains, as is most fitting, his remains; for in that village Hale was born.

BOOK VII.

THE PERIOD

FROM

THE REVOLUTION TO THE END OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

A.D. 1688—1760.

CHAPTER I.—ANTIQUITIES OF THE CROWN AND THE STATE.

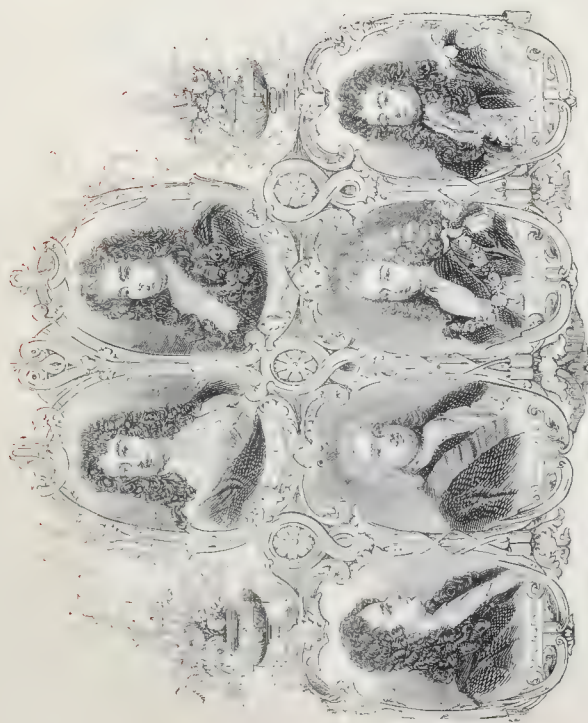


WILLIAM III.'s expedition to England may be termed the art of invasion made easy. It is true he had to make extensive preparations, collect a large army of soldiers (14,000), and provide a magnificent fleet to bear them from shore to shore in safety. It is true also that a hurricane somewhat discomposed him when he had embarked at Helvoetsluys (Fig. 2184), and set out on his voyage; for it compelled him to put back to Helvoet, and gave an opportunity to the well-wishers of King James to spread the report that the expedition was deferred. But again starting, with the flag waving to and fro from his own ship, declaring by its motto his purposes to the world—"I will maintain the Protestant religion and the liberties of England,"—William now passed the straits of Dover unmolested by any English fleet, and landed in perfect comfort at Torbay, where many of the invaded came forward full of enthusiasm to greet him (Fig. 2185). This invasion might almost be said to be too easy—and to have somewhat spoiled him for any difficulties that might occur. Having marched to Exeter, and not finding there the full cordiality of feeling he had anticipated, he had half a mind to go back, and punish those who he thought had not been sufficiently zealous in preparing for him a proper reception, after inviting him over, by publishing their names, and then leaving them to James's tender mercies. But the military and legal butcheries of Kirk and Jeffreys, that had followed the Monmouth insurrection, and spread the deepest misery and horror through Devonshire, Somerset, and adjoining counties, might well have excused the people of Devon from being lukewarm in any new schemes relating to the throne. But William advanced, entered London, waited in dignified silence while the Houses of Lords and Commons deliberated what they should do under such extraordinary circumstances, declined, without giving time for its being formally proposed—the Regency that James's adherents desired in order to preserve intact their master's right to the throne; declined also the proposition (founded upon a similar desire of reigning in right merely of his wife, Mary, James's daughter, and accepted, when at last it was fairly offered to him in conjunction with his wife (Figs. 2180, 2181), the throne of the British realms.

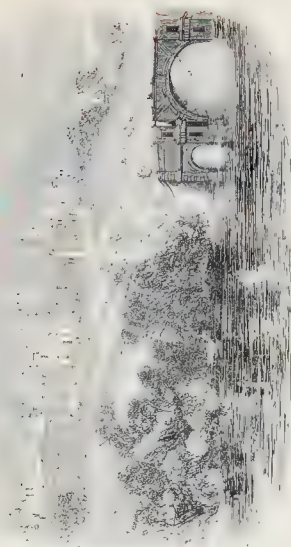
But if the tenor of all these preliminary proceedings were of a very unusual character, matters were soon to fall into the ordinary train; ease of obtaining the throne to give place to arduous efforts for maintaining it; negotiations and punctilios to broad swords and cannon balls. The royal bigot who had fled from England was "scotched, not killed;" the powerful Louis XIV. of France took up his cause, not so much perhaps for the sake of legitimacy, as in order to injure his most dangerous enemy—William of Nassau; who had now added to the power he already possessed, through his wisdom, courage, and devotion to the cause of Protestantism, all the influence that the sovereignty of England must naturally bestow.

The defender of the Protestants of the Continent now became a greater safeguard than ever to his friends, a source of infinitely greater apprehension to his enemies. Roman Catholic Ireland was, of course, to be the battle field. There James hastened with a powerful army. As he left the French court, Louis, embracing him, said, "The best wish I can give you is, that I may never see you again." Near Bantry Bay, James's French fleet met what he thought ought to be his own English fleet, and the latter were beaten off. When the French ambassador extraordinary, who accompanied James, exulted over this defeat of the English sailors, James sadly replied, "It is the first time." He landed at Kinsale (Fig. 2189). The siege of Londonderry (Fig. 2197) was one of the earliest events of importance that occurred. This was heroically defended by the townspeople, who were chiefly Protestants. Having no faith in William's governor, Colonel Lundy, they deposed him, and put in his place Walker the presbyterian minister, and Major Baker. The gallant minister had already raised a regiment at his own expense to oppose James, and endeavoured ineffectually to prevent the advance of the besiegers of Londonderry. The siege commenced about the middle of April, 1689, and the inhabitants were speedily reduced to a terrible state by the want of provisions. But every day supplies were expected from William by sea, and the two governors did all they could to inspire the people with courage and fortitude. Baker died in June, and then the sole command devolved on the minister, who proved to be one of the very best of soldiers. He was always to be seen where he was most wanted, now tightening the indispensable bonds of discipline, now preaching in the cathedral, now heading a rallying party from the gates. And at last the siege was raised; Major-General Kirk having succeeded in passing with three ships over a boom that James had erected in the river. A medal (Fig. 2193) was struck to commemorate this important success.

With so overwhelming a proportion of the people of Ireland in his favour, James was not however to be put down by ordinary fighting;—William determined to go over to Ireland in person; and the two kings were speedily confronting each other on the same soil; though not at so short a distance as to enable them to decide the contest by a bold encounter. There was much skirmishing, and a great deal of delay, before an opportunity of this kind was fairly offered to both parties. But at last it began to be noticed that the hostile armies drew near and nearer to each other, until on the 29th of June, when James crossed the river Boyne, and took up his position on its right bank, William was so near at hand, that on the 30th he too reached the river at the same point, and prepared for battle. The armies were very large: William's consisting of 36,000 English, French, Dutch, and Danes; James's of 27,000 French and Irish, independent of a body of troops who held Drogheda for him, on his right, so as to command the road to Dublin. The commanders included brave and eminent men on both sides. William had with him Duke Schomberg, and his son Count Schomberg, Generals Ginkel, Douglas, and Kirk; whilst for James fought the Dukes of Tyrconnell and Berwick, Generals Hamilton and Saarsfield, the Count Lauzun, and other able French



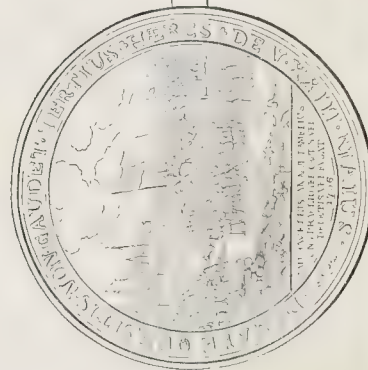
2213.—The Stuart royal family. The medallions are arranged in a circle, and the central figure is a portrait of Charles II. The medallions are arranged in a circle, and the central figure is a portrait of Charles II. The medallions are arranged in a circle, and the central figure is a portrait of Charles II.



2212.—Blenheim House, Woodstock, from the Park.



2214.—Wood's Irish Halfpennies.



2215.—A 1 shilling to commemorate the Battle of Marston, 1141, and the Battle of Tewkesbury, 1471, on the other is an emblematic representation of the Union of England and Ireland. Below the figure of England, and the figure of Ireland, is the motto: 'DIEU ET MON DROIT'.



2216.—The Palace in House, Woodstock.

officers. But then there was William, a host in himself; whilst as far as James's military abilities or courage were concerned, his troops would have been as well if not better without him than with him. An accident, however, had nearly wrought an overwhelming counterbalance in James's favour. As William, on the night of his arrival on the Boyne, rode up and down with his staff to examine the enemies' position, and judge how he might best attack them, two field-pieces were brought to bear upon his party, and fired with such precision, that a man and two horses were killed by the first shot, very near to William's side. A second shot followed, which grazed the bank of the river, then bounded along, *en ricochet*, as military men say, until it passed right across the King's shoulder, and tore away some little flesh. Lord Coningsby, riding up immediately, clapped his handkerchief to the wound; but William said he needed it not—that the ball should have come nearer to do him harm, and then after the wound was dressed proceeded with his employment, continuing on horseback nearly the whole of the day. But James's soldiers, seeing the confusion produced among the party fired on, jumped at once to the conclusion that William was killed, and sent off expresses to that effect to Dublin, to Paris, and to the other chief capitals of Europe. It may not be without interest here to state, that the handkerchief is to this hour carefully preserved in a cabinet at Cassiobury, the seat of the Earl of Essex, and by the side of the cabinet is Cooper's picture representing the incident we have described.

Towards night, William called his officers together, not exactly to ask their opinion, but rather to tell them what he had determined: he would pass the river on the morrow. Immediately all possible preparations were made. The men were to wear in their hats green boughs or sprigs, to distinguish them from the French and Irish, who wore pieces of white paper as cockades. At midnight, William rode amidst the light of torches through every part of the camp. When day broke, in all the splendour of one of the finest of summer mornings, the troops were roused, and by the time the sun was up, the leading divisions were on the march. Ten thousand horse and foot presently moved towards the fords below Slane, and five thousand of James's army advanced to dispute their passage. The contest was sharp, but short and decisive. James's officer, Sir Neale O'Neill, fell dead at the head of his regiment at the first charge; and his opponent, General Douglas, was soon firmly posted on the opposite bank. And now there opened a still more portentous attack from the centre of William's position. Amidst a general movement of Enniskillen infantry, regiments of French Huguenots, and of large bodies of cavalry, a dense mass of Dutch blue guards were in particular seen to advance, their drums beating a march, till they reached the water's edge, when they dashed eight or ten abreast into the river, and crossed towards the centre of James's army, which was partly covered by ditches and breast-works, and partly hidden by intervening heights. A tremendous fire was opened upon the guards as they reached the middle of the river, but they moved on, reached the opposite bank, and dislodged their enemies. The Huguenots and Enniskilleners crossed a little lower down, whilst the cavalry made way between them and the Dutch guards. But the attacks upon them were so fierce that the Huguenots were broken and lost their commander, and some of the horse driven back. Schomberg here started forward, passed the river, placed himself at the head of the Huguenots, and, pointing to the French Catholics in James's army, cried out, in words that must have had a most stirring effect upon those to whom they were addressed, "Come, gentlemen, see your persecutors!" but even as he spoke a ball passed through his neck, and the old veteran was presently dead. "The people here say that the German troops had offered violence to an Irish country girl, for which her lover swore he would take revenge; but being unable to discover the actual miscreant, he selected their general, and slew him." [Kohl.] Schomberg's loss was followed by another that was very much felt after the battle, if not at the time. Walker, the heroic defender of Londonderry, was here killed. It was high time for William to charge in person; which he did with the Enniskillen regiment, who now rallied, and redeemed themselves from the disgrace of their momentary retreat. William, with his sword drawn, though hardly able to carry it through the pain and stiffness of his wound the day before (Fig. 2191), directed them and the Dutch guards right against the centre of James's army, where, however, no James now was;—that prudent monarch was already thinking of the road to Dublin, and endeavouring to place himself in a convenient nearness to it. But his troops fought better for their master than he did for himself; and though they were driven back by the overwhelming impetus of William's attack, they rallied, and even repulsed their enemies for a time so vigorously, that the King was in great personal danger. But from

all quarters the charges grew more and more frequent and severe; again and again the Irish and French were compelled to retreat, till, in a word, it was evident the battle was lost, when there was a rapid dispersion of the mighty force that promised in the morning to restore James to his three kingdoms. The French alone retreated in good order. James's precautions for escape were perfectly successful; he went off under the protection of General Sarsfield's regiment of cavalry, and swept along as fast as fear could carry him to Dublin. Meantly enough, he endeavoured to throw the blame of the defeat on the brave Irish. As he reached the Castle of Dublin, and Lady Tyrconnell advanced to meet him, he said to her, "Your countrymen, the Irish, madam, can run very quick;" the stinging answer was, "Your majesty excels them in this as in everything else, for you have won the race." This was unpleasant, but James was not to be deterred by it from continuing his flight at so rapid a pace that he rode to Waterford by the next night, a distance of more than a hundred miles. Here he had shipping ready, and he at once embarked for France. As he ascended the side, the wind blew off his hat; General O'Farrell, to prevent his catching cold, put his own hat on the King's head, who seems to have been touched by the single act of kindness so far as to try to say something noticeable on the occasion. So he observed, "That if, through the fault of the Irish, he had lost a crown, he had gained a hat from them in its place." But the wit was on a par with the truth of the observation. An obelisk of grand proportions commemorates the battle, and marks the spot where William received the wound of which we have spoken. The medal, shown in our engraving (Fig. 2192), was cast in similar remembrance of the event, and of the personal bravery of the conqueror. "My friend," writes Kohl, "who had grown up in the neighbourhood, informed me, that at the present moment all the details of the battle live in the memories of the people who dwell around, and are handed down from generation to generation; and not these particulars alone, but all the high relationships and entire genealogies of the distinguished persons who were engaged in it. The Irish traditions still possess the peculiar precise character of the traditions of nations who have no books, and whose memory is therefore the stronger. In them everything is described with the greatest accuracy—the localities, the physiognomies, the speeches—just as if the people had seen everything themselves."

But the Irish were not cast down. They had lost a great battle, it was true; but they had not also got rid of James for a time from among them? Their opinions of the man for whom they were still willing to risk everything (because they thought that the interests of religion were bound up in his success) are forcibly shown in their remark, that if the English would only change kings with them, they would be glad to fight over again the battle of the Boyne. With great spirit did they make the best of their unhelpful position: and at Limerick (Fig. 2190), even the all-conquering William was brought to a stand-still. He battered—he made breaches—he assaulted, but was driven back, and nearly killed by a cannon ball. Then he formed more batteries, opened more breaches, guarded his troops by trenches, and again tried an assault with just so much success as to make more annoying the subsequent failure; he carried the covered way and effected a lodgment, but was then forced back again with heavy loss. And there for a time William was fain to let the siege rest, as far as he was personally concerned, for his presence was required in England. In the following year, Limerick capitulated, and in so doing put an end to the war in Ireland.

Through the transactions that have here been slightly noticed, as well as through all the others connected with his management of the public affairs of the nation over which he had been called to govern, William's conduct was of a character calculated generally to engage our respect, and never to call forth sentiments of an opposite nature. But we must now speak of a matter which has stamped lasting disgrace on his memory, and on the memories of every one who was connected with it, either as advisers or as the chief executive instruments: we refer to the slaughters among the wild and sublime rocks of Glencoe. After Ireland had ceased to trouble the new King, Scotland took up the ball, and harassed him incessantly with skirmishings, and plots, and all the outward manifestations of a wide-spread dissatisfaction with his dynasty. His most openly avowed enemies were the Highlanders. Lord Breadalbane thought that a good opportunity offered of turning their hostility, and directing it in favour of King William by a general pardon, a sum of money for division among them, and pensions to their chiefs, the sole but important condition being that four thousand clansmen should be held ready to resist any French invasion. The scheme was liked in high quarters, and a proclamation issued that all the rebels who took the oaths to the new government before the 1st of January, 1692, should be pardoned.

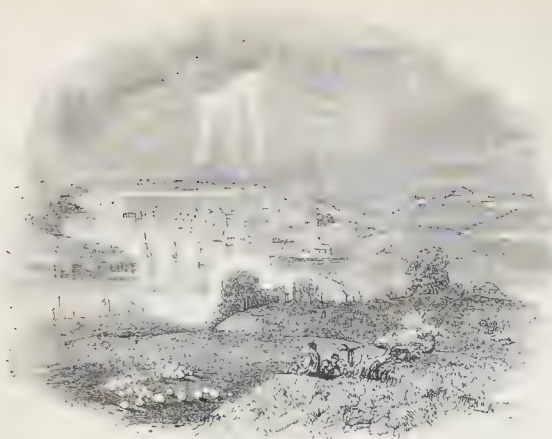
But the Duke of Hamilton had other schemes of his own to oppose to Lord Breadalbane's, and the Highland chiefs had no faith in the pecuniary honesty of the parties who would have to pay them the money. So they sought to play a double game; they wrote to James to solicit his acquiescence to their submission, which they engaged to throw off when necessary for his interests; and they also endeavoured to instil doubt into William's mind as to the fidelity of his supporters and ministers. Lord Breadalbane and the Scottish Secretary of State then, it should seem, determined to keep no measures with the chiefs, but make them submit, or destroy them like so many wild beasts. It was proposed by Breadalbane, and agreed to by the Secretary, and by their master, King William, that such of the Highlanders as still held out in opposition to his government should have that sort of execution practised upon them which was known in Scotland as "letters of fire and sword." This was bad enough, under the circumstances, as it is clear that the clans were prepared to submit if treated with clemency and frankness as well as firmness; but even this determination becomes a trifle in conjunction with what was done. The moment the clans saw clearly their danger they submitted, and hurried in to take the oaths. There was one exception—Macdonald of Glencoe, the hereditary enemy of Lord Breadalbane; he paused awhile, unable perhaps to stomach submission to *his* orders, perhaps even fearing he would be in some way treacherously dealt with. But on the last day of the year and of the term of pardon offered, he wisely made up his mind to yield, and so went to Fort William to take the oaths. The officer in command refused to administer them, on the ground that he was not a civil magistrate. The old chief had then no resource but to go on through rough roads and bad weather to Inverary, which he was unable to reach until two or three days had elapsed. Still, the sheriff, not anticipating the diabolical purposes of some of Macdonald's enemies, after some hesitation, administered the oaths, and the chieftain returned to his home. It has been supposed that William was deceived as to the circumstances when a warrant for execution was obtained from him. But supposing that he did not know that Macdonald had in effect submitted within the period named, it is inconceivable that his ministers should have ventured to practise so far upon him as not even to let him know that he *had* submitted—though in a formal sense—too late. So that, putting the king's conduct in the best light, if we acknowledge, for the moment, that he did not violate his pledge, he did condemn a whole band of men, about seventy in number, to murder—there can be no other word for it—because one man, their chief, whom they were bound to obey, had done the right act, but in a trifling degree, at the wrong time. But how much worse was the conduct—how much deeper the infamy that attaches to his ministers, Secretary Dalrymple and Lord Breadalbane! They knew the chief had in effect submitted within the allotted time. And what are the excuses offered for them or their master? It is said that the Secretary thought "mercy would be thrown away upon them, because they had been in the irreclaimable habit of making incursions into the low countries for plunder, and because he had himself obtained a pardon for them from King William, when, one of the clan having discovered his accomplices in a crime, the rest had tied him to a tree, and every man of the tribe had stabbed him with a dirk, Glencoe, the chieftain, giving the first blow." [Memoirs of Dalrymple.] But it has been justly observed "all this was Highland law and Highland usage;" and if the authorities thought the clans should be exterminated therefore, they should have said so, instead of offering a pardon. But supposing the Macdonalds guilty of these crimes, how did the administrators of law and justice in a Christian country proceed to teach the erring men? Why, by the committal of the two crimes that in all ages and countries have been thought the most detestable—murder and the blackest treachery.

In the secluded valley of Glencoe all was peace and satisfaction. The submission of the chief had hushed reasonable fears. Their late enemy William was no longer their enemy; and they might hope from his magnanimity that he would become their friend. It was with pleasure therefore that they beheld one day a body of soldiers, commanded by Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, a relative by marriage of their chief, enter their valley and take up their quarters among them. They were brother-highlanders, too:—how could they make them sufficiently welcome? Day by day passed on; the strangers ate and drank and made merry among their hospitable entertainers; entered—as men in such close companionship must—into all the little joys and sorrows, and hopes and expectations of the domestic life which they for the time shared; made perhaps their individual friendships among the children; and then—one night, when the glen was covered with

darkness, and the Macdonalds one and all were asleep, rose and *butchered them*. The chief and thirty-eight of his clansmen were rapidly despatched; and the rest would have experienced the same fate, but for a touch of foolish remorse that came over one of the murderers. He exclaimed—somewhat loudly and passionately perhaps—to a brother soldier that he liked not the work that he had not the courage to kill them so. That speech was heard by one of those who yet slept—a son of Macdonald!—and so a portion of the clan escaped. William, alarmed no doubt at the horror that the deed excited throughout Europe, sent down a commission of inquiry, which ended exactly as might have been anticipated, supposing William to have really sanctioned all that passed, and to have possessed throughout a tolerably correct view of the case—but *not else*. The Secretary alone was punished—by dismissal: and his punishment was a mere screen for his master's reputation; accordingly he was soon re-employed. Campbell's 'Pilgrim of Glencoe,' and Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's recent work on the same subject, testify, among other productions, how deep and permanent has been the impression made by these atrocities.

Glancing for a moment at the private life of William, it does not seem to suggest to us any very amiable or gratifying reminiscences. He was cold, haughty, and formal, and however great in war and politics, was little or nothing out of them. His tastes were at once bad and imitative. Thus when he built at Hampton Court the great and eastern fronts that we still find there, he thought nothing of the beautiful style of the other parts of the building that Wolsey had erected; he thought only of imitating the *Grand Monarque*. And although, again, he had Wren for his architect, he could not even leave him to do his best. Walpole tells us that Wren submitted another design for the alterations of the Palace, which was "in a better taste," and "which Queen Mary wished to have executed, but was over-ruled." William, however, was delighted with the result, of which our engraving (Fig. 2195) shows one aspect; he said, as we are told in the 'Parentalia,' "that the new apartments for good proportions, style, and convenience jointly, were not paralleled by any palace in Europe;" so that the *Grand Monarque* was beaten after all. Of the Queen's taste, on the other hand, Wren speaks in the highest terms. She "pleased herself from time to time in examining and surveying the drawings, contrivances, and the whole progress of the present building, and in giving thereon her own judgment, which was exquisite." Let us here observe that Mary had much of her husband's talent for business; as she proved on some trying occasions when he was absent, and all the duties of a King devolved upon her. The medal we have engraved (Fig. 2195) records one of these periods; another was when James thought he was all but restored to the British throne. He had then a great French fleet ready; he had reason to believe that the commander of the English fleet was favourable to his interests; that Marlborough, already the people's soldier of promise, would lead his armies; and lastly, that the Princess Anne, his second daughter, who was in England, would bring over to his cause the great body of English churchmen. But the Queen, with vigorous hand, soon put down the real danger—the plottings at home; Marlborough was made sure of in the Tower for a few days; and the English sailors as speedily, when they met the French, settled the foreign threatenings. The famous battle of La Hogue was fought in James's own presence, who, as he saw his countrymen and former subjects destroying the French ships and all his hopes by their invincible bravery, exclaimed, with truly national feeling, "See, my brave English sailors!" The Princess Anne, who resided, by the way, at Hampton Court, was in danger at this crisis. She had really expected her father's success, though not at all desiring it (the Parliament had declared her the successor to the throne, if William and Mary died without issue); and, in consequence of her expectation, somewhat committed herself. But the Government contented itself with watching her; and but a few years passed before she became the mistress of that Government. Mary died in 1695, and William in 1702, when Anne became immediately Queen of England, being then in her thirty-eighth year.

That peculiar reversal of the ordinary position of wifehood which occurs when a Queen in her own right marries, and thus holds as a subject bound in obedience to her the husband she has sworn to obey, a position exhibited in our own country at present, was first presented to England by Anne and her husband Prince George of Denmark, to whom she was married long before her accession to the throne. The Tudor Queen Mary's case, it will be remembered, was very different. The English Parliament authorized her husband, Philip of Spain, to bear the title of King, during his wife's life. But Prince George had not, nor has her present Majesty's



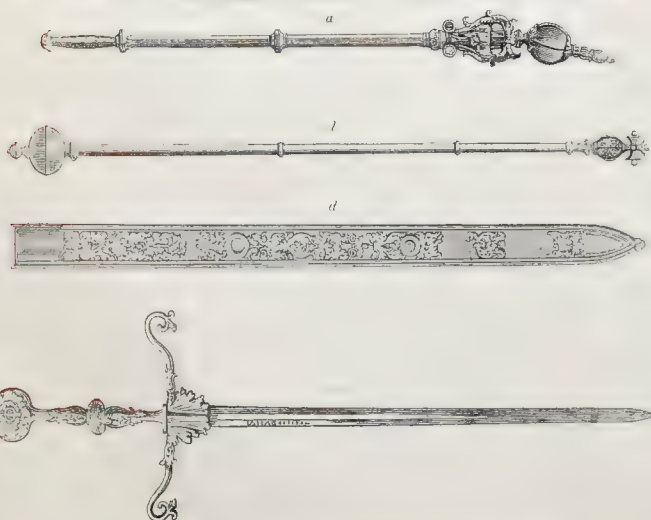
2220. — Clitheroe.



2221. — Parliament House and Square, Edinburgh.



2222. — Medal struck in London on the occasion of Sacheverell's Trial. — The Doctor's Portrait was accompanied by different Reverses, to suit the opinions of purchasers. In one case the Reverse would be a Mitre, emblematic of the Church of England; and in the other a head of the Pope, as the Representative of the Roman Catholic Church. The Inscriptions, which are continuous, would then, in either case, read — "H. Sach. D.D. is firm to thee."



2223. — The Regalia of Scotland. — a, Sceptre; c, Sword of State; d, Scabbard of date.



2224. — Crown R.



2225. — Halfpenny.



2226. — Halfpenny.

ANNA

2227. — Autograph of Queen Anne.



229.—George I. (From a Portrait by Sir Peter Lely.)



230.—Sophia of Ze'l, Wife of George I. (From the Strawberry-Hill Drawing.)



221 to 2236.—Queen Anne's Farthings. Complete Set.—The first of the series, on the lower line, is the one so highly valued by Collectors.



233.—Great Seal of George I.

227.—James Francis, the Old Pretender (From a Picture by A. S. Belle.)

husband any regal power or name whatever. The cause of the difference that prevails between the position of the wife of a King in his own right, who is crowned and recognized as Queen, and the position of the husband of a Queen in her own right, who remains only a private subject, is no doubt the greater jealousy felt by the State of interference in the one case than in the other. The ordinary law of marriage, that the husband's intellect and will should predominate in all questions relating to the weighty business of life, remains uninterfered with in the first instance; but were that same law to be fully acted on in the second, the effect would be practically a setting aside of the very principle of hereditary government; thus in the eighteenth century it would not have been the personage chosen by the Parliament, Anne, who would have ruled England, but George of Denmark—a gentleman that the Parliament certainly never would have chosen under any circumstances implying full freedom of choice. Quietly therefore, but decidedly, does the State express its opinion as to the behaviour it desiderates in a Prince Consort, by the difference we have pointed out. Of course we do not mean by these remarks to imply that there is no difference between Queen Regnants and Queen Consorts, or, in other words, between a Queen in her own and a Queen in her husband's right. There must be naturally a very great and self-evident difference here, as in all other cases of derived, as compared with original power.

Whilst upon a subject so intimately connected with the outward shows and pomps of sovereignty, let us pause to add a few words upon the Regalia, exhibited in another page (Fig. 2167). The Regalia, properly so called, are represented grouped on the left side of the engraving. The two crowns are the crown of state and the imperial crown. The imperial crown is also called St. Edward's crown, as having been made for the coronation of Charles II., to supply the place of the old crown (which bore the name of Edward the Confessor) destroyed, along with the other ancient regalia, by order of Parliament. The imperial crown "is the crown royal," which is set upon the King's head; the crown of state is for the accommodation of the King, to be worn in procession. The crown of state, represented above, was made for the coronation of George IV., the old one having been broken up. A new crown of state has been made for the present Queen, which contains all the jewels of the former crown, with many additional ones. Four swords are used at a coronation. The sword of state, represented above as sheathed in its ornamental scabbard, and the three swords of mercy and of justice. The sword of mercy is the curtana, or the pointless sword; the sword of spiritual justice is obtusely pointed; but the point of the sword of justice of the temporality is acute. St. Edward's staff is represented above as crossing the imperial crown; it is a large golden rod, with a mound and cross at the top, and is carried before the King in the procession to the coronation. The sceptre and the virge, or rod, are represented crossed in the foreground of the engraving. The sceptre, surmounted by a mound and cross, is placed in the king's right hand, and the virge, or rod, surmounted by a cross and dove, is placed in the left hand. The globe, or orb, surmounted by a cross, is supposed to have been used originally as a type or emblem of sovereignty. The other portion of the regalia are the spurs, of fine gold, curiously wrought, the ring, and the armil, or armilla, which is used in the ceremony of investiture. That portion of a regalia which is used when a Queen Consort is crowned consists of a crown of state, a circlet of gold, an orb similar to the King's sceptres, and a ring. They are grouped on the right side of the wood-cut, the sword of state crossing them.

The Scottish regalia (Fig. 2223) comprise a crown, whose circle or rim was made for Robert Bruce, a sceptre that belonged to James V., a sword presented by Pope Julius II. to James IV., and various other articles of interest as well as value. The well-known Scottish crystals, called "Cairngorms," are used extensively in the adornment of these insignia; which "have had," Kohl observes, "a more singular fate than any other in Europe, excepting perhaps the crown of Hungary. They entirely disappeared for more than a hundred years, and no one knew where they had been placed. In the year 1707, the period of the [legislative] union of Scotland with England, through the patriotism of some Scottish gentlemen, they were packed in a chest and concealed in the wall of an upper chamber of the castle, where they are now exhibited. This precaution was adopted, I believe, in the apprehension that the English might carry them off to London. Their place of concealment was afterwards completely lost sight of, until they were discovered again, for the first time, in 1818, and after the breaking down of the wall exposed to daylight—or at least to waxlight; for the small low room in which they lie, within a grating of iron, is lighted

by spermaceti candles, being quite inaccessible to the light of the sun."

If we look at the reign of Anne, in order to discover the most truly important of the events that signalize it, we shall, perhaps, select one that is seldom heard of now-a-days, although its consequences affect us hourly, and, it will be acknowledged, in all respects beneficially; we allude to the amalgamation of the legislatures of England and Scotland into one, an act which made the "Union" for the first time a real and permanently concluded event. This was not accomplished without a great deal of excitement in Scotland. More than once it was feared that the last sittings of the Scottish legislature in the Parliament House (Fig. 2221) would be accompanied by bloodshed. The Great Seals of Anne before (Fig. 2207) and after (Fig. 2217) this Union are given in another page. But if we look at the same reign with the eyes of those who lived at the time, it is warfare abroad and intrigue at home, the last in its way as gigantic as the first, that alone seem to occupy all thoughts and energies, from the sovereign downwards to her humblest subjects. It was then that some of England's mightiest victories both by sea and land were obtained; it was then that the fates of governments depended upon the good-will of chamberwomen, and a statesman's fitness for his office had to be decided by his skill in commanding the familiar back-stairs entry to the palace; it was then that party warfare rose to its highest pitch, and left the names Whigs and Tories so perfectly wrought as it were into the very intellectual being of the nation, that from that day nearly down to our own it has not known how to debate the simplest or the most abstruse question of politics until it was first decided by which of the two appellations it should be called.

We need not, like Lord Byron, ask for a hero for this age, who shall represent it in its essentials,—the man of his day, in the eyes of his contemporaries, still holds and must ever hold the same position. John, Duke of Marlborough, might have said with greater truth than the French king—"The State!—it is me!" Let us, for a brief time, imagine ourselves on a visit to that particular spot in England where the recollections of this period and of its chief moving spirit seem to be the most freshly and fittingly remembered. We will premise merely one or two points—very necessary to be known, but which we shall certainly hear nothing of at the place we propose to visit, respecting the Duke's conduct in the early part of his career. Whilst as yet but Colonel Churchill, and enjoying only in anticipation the success that the great French warrior Turenne had predicted for "his handsome Englishman," he married, and was thus rescued from a very dissipated career. The lady was Sarah Jennings, who, as his wife, became subsequently scarcely less famous than himself. She had, like her husband, been placed in early youth in the household of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and there acquired the powerful influence over James's second daughter, Anne, which, when the latter became queen, was productive of such momentous consequences. This lady was beautiful, and possessed a truly masculine vigour of intellect, added, unfortunately, to a very imperious temper. Both Churchill and his wife, it will be seen, were therefore intimately connected with the interests of James. And the duke's conduct after their marriage was of a nature to deepen whatever of grateful recollections they felt for him before. Both still remained in his service: confidential missions were from time to time intrusted to the Colonel; he was raised to a Scotch barony, and on James's accession further promoted to an English peerage by the title of Baron Churchill. James now placed the most unbounded confidence in him. When William of Nassau was known to be coming over to England, Churchill took the command of a large body of troops to oppose his advance—left James full of hope from his known skill and courage, and presumed devotion; and the end was—that Churchill went over as coolly as possible to the invader. It was thus he obtained his elevation to the earldom of Marlborough, bestowed by William when he became king. It was barely possible, still, that he had acted from a desire to secure the interests of the nation, and in opposition to all his own personal views and predilections. But not content with one act of treachery, John Churchill liked the game he had played so well that he tried it over and over again upon the very same parties. Now that William was king, he corresponded and intrigued with his former benefactor, James; in short, it is but too evident that Churchill, through all these transactions, thought only of advancing his own selfish interests, no matter at what cost. William knew him thoroughly; and so while he encouraged him to be honest to him by frequent employments, he warned and in some degree prevented him from an opposite course by intervals of imprisonment, or by cashiering him. Yet so

strong was the influence of his abilities upon the mind of the king in his dying hour, that he recommended Marlborough to his successor as the fittest person to "lead her armies and direct her councils." And he did both.

About eight miles from Oxford, and close by the town of Woodstock, we find ourselves in the vicinity of an extensive park, through which, at favourable openings, we look upon an edifice surprising for its magnificence and apparent extent, even in this country so thickly studded over with palace-like mansions. But this is in truth a palace, and of the first order. And here is an inscription, referring no doubt to its history, on the stately Corinthian arch or gateway before us. It is in Latin; but for the benefit of the unlearned there is a translation on the park side of the gate. As we read it, we perceive that all around us is but an evidence of what a generous nation can bestow on those who have greatly served it. This is Blenheim Palace, built for the most part with the money granted by a grateful parliament and queen. And the architect was a man of true genius, notwithstanding Pope's satirical epitaph—

Lie heavy on him earth; for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

This is Sir John Vanbrugh's greatest work, and it is worthy of him who, in a different walk, produced the 'Provoked Wife' and the 'Confederacy,' and was one of the very first of English comic dramatists. Mr. D'Israeli has devoted a chapter of his 'Curiosities of Literature' to the subject of the "secret history of the building of Blenheim," which shows the great difficulties the artist had to contend with in consequence of the irregularity of the supplies of money, and the conduct of the duchess, who, after the duke's death, had the superintendence of the erection. In the end, the "wicked woman of Marlborough," as Vanbrugh calls her, discharged him from his post, and refused to pay him what was due of his salary. But the work was at last completed in accordance with the architect's original designs—therefore, whatever merits attach to the palace must unquestionably be ascribed to him.

But what is this we read in the concluding part of the inscription?—"The services of this great man to his country, the *Pillar* will tell you, which the Duchess has erected for a lasting monument of his glory, and her affection to him." An excellent idea! Would that every one who has enjoyed the public bounty could feel an equal pride in recording publicly the reasons thereof! As we approach nearer to the castle, pausing every instant to admire the exquisite union of nature and art exhibited in the grounds, and the constantly changing character of the aspects in which the palace presents itself—now so picturesquely beautiful, now so solemnly grand, we arrive at a large sheet of water, winding through a deep valley, and crossed by a bridge of stone of such large dimensions that the centre arch has a span of one hundred feet. This bridge unites the hills on each side. Ah, there is the pillar! a fluted Corinthian one—standing on an eminence in the centre of a lawn—and the Roman figure on the top represents, of course, in accordance with the taste of the eighteenth century, the British hero. And here, on the pillar, there is indeed a full account of the duke's services in scribed. It will take one some half hour or more to read it. It is said, however, to have been written by Bolingbroke;—author and subject, therefore, alike command attention and inspire interest. We can only deal with it by snatches. It commences with a brief but comprehensive and clear view of the causes of the war in which William and Anne were engaged. "Philip, a grandson of the house of France, united to the interest, directed by the policy, supported by the arms of that crown, was placed on the throne of Spain. King William III. beheld this formidable union of two great and once rival monarchies. At the end of a life spent in defending the liberties of Europe, he saw them in their greatest danger. He provided for their security in the most effectual manner. He took the Duke of Marlborough into his service.

"Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary
To the States-General of the United Provinces."

The duke contracted several alliances before the death of King William. He confirmed and improved these: he contracted others after the accession of Queen Anne; and re-united the confederacy, which had been dissolved at the end of a former war, in a stricter and firmer league.

"Captain General, and Commander in chief
Of the Forces of Great Britain."

"The duke led to the field the armies of the allies. He took with surprising rapidity Venlo, Ruremonde, Stevenswaert, Liege. He extended and secured the frontiers of the Dutch. The enemies

whom he found insulting at the gates of Nimeghen were driven to seek for shelter behind their lines. He forced Bonne, Huy, Limbourg, in another campaign. He opened the communication of the Rhine, as well as of the Maes. He added all the country between these rivers to his former conquests.

"The arms of France, favoured by the defection of the Elector of Bavaria, had penetrated into the heart of the empire. This mighty body lay exposed to immediate ruin. In that memorable crisis the Duke of Marlborough led his troops, with unexampled celerity, secrecy, and order, from the ocean to the Danube. He saw, he attacked; nor stopped but to conquer the enemy. He forced the Bavarians, sustained by the French, in their strong entrenchments at Schellenberg. He passed the Danube. A second royal army, composed of the best troops of France, was sent to reinforce the first. That of the Confederates was divided. With one part of it the siege of Ingolstadt was carried on: with the other the Duke gave battle to the united strength of France and Bavaria. On the 2nd of August, 1704, he gained a more glorious victory than the histories of any age can boast. The heaps of slain were dreadful proofs of his valour: a marshal of France, whole legions of French, his prisoners, proclaimed his mercy. Bavaria was subdued, Ratisbon, Augsburg, Ulm, Memmingen, all the usurpations of the enemy were restored. From the Danube the duke turned his victorious arms towards the Rhine and the Moselle; Landau, Treves, Traerback were taken. In the course of one campaign the very nature of the war was changed. The invaders of other states were reduced to defend their own!" The reader has here as vivid a description as could well be given him, in the shape of a summary, of the doings of the duke of Marlborough during one campaign. And he has only to imagine all this, repeated over and over again, with fresh names—we know not how many times, for we have hardly quoted a fourth of the inscription—to arrive at a very fair notion of the extraordinary character of the Duke's abilities and successes; which fully equal those of the greatest military commanders the world has ever seen. He must have kept the Parliament, and the press, and the metallist tolerably busy at home, with the mere duties of passing thanks for them, and recording, and diffusing the knowledge of them among the people, and in making artistical memorials of them to be bequeathed to later times. Among our engravings will be found four medals illustrative of as many important successes achieved by the duke. One relates to the battle of Ramilies (Fig. 2215); another to the siege and taking of Oudenarde (Fig. 2208); the third to the siege of Lisle (Fig. 2216). "A numerous garrison," continues the inscription, "and a marshal of France, defended the place. Prince Eugene of Savoy commanded, the Duke of Marlborough covered and sustained the siege. The rivers were seized, and the communication with Holland interrupted. The duke opened new communications, with great labour and greater art. Through countries overrun by the enemy, the necessary convoys arrived in safety. One alone was attacked. The troops which attacked it were beat. The defence of Lisle was animated by assurances of relief. The French assembled all their force: they marched towards the town. The Duke of Marlborough offered them battle without suspending the siege. They abandoned the enterprise. They came to save the town: they were spectators of its fall. The fourth medal refers to the greatest of all the duke's victories, and the one that led to the gift of Blenheim—of course the battle of that name—and the "more glorious victory than the histories of any age can boast," of the passage of the inscription already transcribed.

It was after a series of the most intricate and skilful manœuvres that, at the dawn of the day before that of the battle, Marlborough and Prince Eugene (whom the medallists happily represented as the Castor and Pollux of modern military life, see our engraving, Fig. 2209) found themselves with their respective armies once more in close union, on the banks of the Danube, and prepared to resist the attacks, that appeared to be imminent, of the immense Gallo-Bavarian army, commanded by Marshal Tallard, General Marsin, and the Elector of Bavaria, whose "defection," as the inscription has told us, had enabled the French to penetrate to their present position. Whilst Marlborough and the prince were surveying the ground, they ascended a church tower, and distinctly perceived the quarter-masters of the enemy marking out a camp between Blenheim and Lutzingen, in the place of the one he then occupied. It was at once determined to give battle whilst the removal was going on. But the enemy was stronger both in numbers and position—urged some of the officers. "I know the danger," said the duke in reply, "but a battle is absolutely necessary, and I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops, which will make amends for our disadvantages." During the night the French and Bavarians



2230.—F.R.H. (From an old Print.)



2240.—Medal struck to commemorate the Battle of Dunblath.

George I

2241.—Autograph of George I.



2242.—Cross



2243.—Shilling



2244.—Halfpenny

2242 to 2244.—Coins of George I.



2245.—George II. (From a Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)

George II

2246.—Autograph of George II.



2247.—Queen Caroline. (From a Painting by Vanderbank.)



218.—Medal struck to commemorate the Capture of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon. (From an Original in the British Museum.)



2248.—Medal struck to commemorate the Battle of Dettingen. (From an Original in the British Museum.)



2250.—Great Seal of George II. (No perfect impression is known to exist.)



2251.—Charles Edward Stuart, the young Pretender. (From a French Print.)



2252.—The Forth, from Camluskenneth Abbey; Stirling in the distance. (From an Old Print.)

began to move to their new camp, and at two in the morning of Sunday—the day of battle—the duke and the prince prepared to follow them, over very difficult ground, and hardly certain, even to that time, as to what precise spot they would have to occupy. The prince led the right wing, the duke the left. The ground was intersected with ditches and little streams. Most circumspectly was the advance made. Every inch of ground within reach was examined—every hill, and wood, and large water-course in front were rigidly scrutinized. And at one point the two generals rode forward to obtain a still more accurate view of their opponent's position. By seven o'clock they had approached so near that the outposts and picquets of the French and Bavarian army drew back rapidly from all points, and the columns of their main body obeyed the warning, and formed in order of battle. Their number amounted to about 56,000 men: they were opposed to about 52,000.

The Elector and General Marsin commanded the left, at Lutzingen. Tallard held the right—the post of honour—or that of the greatest danger, by the side of the little village of Blenheim. The village itself was occupied by three brigades, who were strengthened by every possible means—palisades, gates, barricades—by blocking up every little open space with felled trees, empty carts, or even boards, every foot of defence at the same time having its concealed defender,—by fortifying the church tower and a little old castle close by with musketeers,—by a whole battalion of artillery distributed over every convenient spot; and lastly, by an advanced barricade, formed of waggons, between the village and the Danube, behind which a brigade of dismounted dragoons were posted. The artillery was under the command of General Clerambault, whose orders were to maintain the village to the last extremity—a tremendous position indeed to assail, and one that might have cast a little apprehension into the hearts of the bravest soldiers. But, of course, it is precisely where the enemy is strongest that in ordinary cases he must be sought; so was it here. While Eugene moved forward and attacked the Elector and Marsin, Marlborough, after a short cannonade, in which he had been very nearly struck by a ball, led on the left, to attempt the more fearful part of the undertaking, by Blenheim. To increase his difficulties, a little river, the Nebel, had to be crossed. Lord Cutts was sent forward to the village, while Marlborough advanced along the banks of the Nebel, under a heavy storm of grape-shot, in order to be ready to interpose between the two great divisions of the French army, which he saw were very inefficiently connected. Lord Cutts, disregarding the grape-shot, threw fascines into the river, got across, and marched right towards the terrific position we have described. All was silence until he was within some thirty paces of the defences, when such a volley burst forth that no inconsiderable portion of the whole number of the English were at once swept down. On they went, however; General Rowe, who was at the head of the leading brigade, actually sticking his sword into the palisade before he gave the word to fire. But even then, what could be done by men every where exposed, against others equally brave, who were every where sheltered? The chief officer fell: one third of the soldiers of that leading brigade were lying prostrate. However bitter their feelings, they must retreat: in so doing they were attacked by a body of gens d'armes. The Hessians, however, came up to their support, and drove back the French horse; and Lord Cutts speedily brought up in their place a large body of our own cavalry, notwithstanding the great difficulty found in crossing the swamps. Other brigades now arrived, and the fight waxed fiercer, and over a larger space. It has been noticed that the national animosities between the French and English were remarkably conspicuous at this period. The officers of the two countries crossed their swords between the palisades, and the English soldiers, too impatient to load their pieces, thrust with their bayonet points through the defences, or struck over them with the butt-ends, at their opponents. Still it was all useless. The one body remained sheltered and the other exposed; and their losses and successes were in accordance with their respective positions. Lord Cutts was beaten back to a rising ground.

Marlborough all this time watched those two great and partially sundered divisions, of which we have spoken, with the eyes of some magnificent bird of prey, preparing to pounce upon a quarry that is hardly less powerful than itself, and may prove much more so if aim and opportunity be not exact. At last he darted forward, his infantry crossing the river by means of little bridges, his cavalry by planks and fascines; formed on the opposite bank of the Nebel, threw back, as by a mere impatient wave of his arm, the charges of the French and Bavarian cavalry, and then paused one instant in calm but grim expectation of the arrival of the artillery under the Prince of Holstein-Beck, who found such great difficulty in passing

the Nebel, on account of the desperate charges of an Irish brigade in the pay of the French King, that Marlborough was obliged to gallop to his aid, drive back the French, and help the prince over. Another inexplicable movement or two was made by the man on whom all eyes were now directed in intense expectation, and behold, he and Prince Eugene, in short the whole confederated army, were joined, and ready to burst in with irresistible force between the doomed divisions of the French and Bavarian army. Tallard must have now seen, too late, his ruinous error, in making the separation in question. At five in the afternoon, with the cavalry formed in two lines, and the infantry in their rear, Marlborough, amidst a terrific fire of musketry and cannon, moved forward, and ascended a steep hill, where the French horse had gathered together, with a part of Tallard's infantry. The skill and bravery of these troops shook him for an instant—he paused, and was even driven back; but as he receded, the fiery storm poured faster and faster from his own side upon the enemy, until at last it overpowered them; then there was a fresh charge from Marlborough, and the cavalry were broken, and the infantry were presently all dead men or prisoners. In vain Tallard sent to demand from the Elector a reinforcement, or an attack by way of diversion on the rear of those who were so destroying him. Prince Eugene gave the Elector full and very unsatisfactory employment for every man he had. Nor was there time to draw from Blenheim the troops now wasted there. Tallard found himself suddenly borne down by the whole force of Marlborough's horse; and about as suddenly his troops were flying in every direction, seeking vainly for safety in the waters of the Danube, or in the marshes of Hochstadt; in some cases whole battalions laying down their arms at once, and crying for mercy. After this Tallard might think it mattered little that among the countless prisoners he was one. The troops who held the almost impregnable position of Blenheim, after a sharp struggle, surrendered. The loss of the French and Bavarians on that fatal day is said to have exceeded thirty-five thousand men, including those who were slain, drowned, or taken prisoners.

Passing over all the other deeds recorded by the inscription, we find the result thus stated:—"The French acknowledged their conqueror, and sued for peace." The famous Treaty of Utrecht was concluded in 1713.

The parliamentary vote for the magnificent building before which we now stand in admiration was 500,000*l.*, but much more than that sum was ultimately expended. We shall not attempt to lead our reader through, in order to make him familiar with the contents of, all the great apartments of Blenheim—from Corinthian portico to hall, hall to bay-window room, thence to the duke's study; east drawing-room, grand cabinet, little drawing-room, saloon, state drawing-room, state bed-chamber, and so on, according to the usual round of visitation, but say in brief, that all are in the most sumptuous possible style; and that among the more conspicuous features of the treasures of Blenheim are the magnificent library, and some of the finest paintings of Rubens, which were presented by the States of Holland to the great duke. A statue of Anne, in white marble, by Rysbrack, adorns the library, and is noticeable not only for its own excellence, but for the reminiscences aroused by it, which are not altogether of the character that one would anticipate from merely reading the record on the pillar, of the duke's services to his mistress, and the rewards he received, of his dukedom, and this most superb of palatial mansions. At first, so enthusiastic, nay romantic, was the friendship felt by Anne for Marlborough's wife, and through her in a lesser degree for him, that the queen could not be content to correspond under all the formalities of rank, but, as Mrs. Morley, must write to her dear Duchess under the name of Mrs. Freeman. But the queen was a Tory, the duchess a Whig; and as gradually the former yielded to her prepossessions, and the latter somewhat imperiously opposed them, and made her mistress throw herself into the arms of the people she most disliked—the love of youth passed away, and was succeeded by a still more cordial hatred. And then the duke, whose services were before the world, was to be degraded on account of these private feelings and views. He endeavoured, not in a very manly and dignified manner, to avert the storm, but failed, and withdrew to the Continent until the death of Anne, and the accession of George I. (Fig. 2228), who restored him to office and favour, and thus enabled him to pass the last few years of his life in somewhat like the sunshine he had deserved.

The career of the Duke of Marlborough is so essentially the same thing as the reign, in a political sense, of Anne, that we need not add to the foregoing view of both, anything more than a few words upon the group of portraits of Anne's chief ministers, Whig and Tory. The former were the Lord Chancellor Somers, Walpole, Earl of Orford, and the Earl of Halifax; the latter, Harley, Earl of Oxford, and St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, the subtlest and in

some respects loftiest spirit of the whole. Godolphin, like Marlborough himself, had at first a leaning towards the Tories, but gradually he turned towards the other party, and before he died had the reputation of being a very good Whig. It was during his administration that Marlborough's brilliant victories were obtained, and the legislative union of England and Scotland consummated; yet such was the power and baseness of faction at the time, that he was suddenly dismissed by a letter, of which the bearer was a livery servant! This dismissal he owed to the prince of intriguers and back-stair statesmen, Harley, who was aided by the influential services of the bed-chamber woman, Mrs. Masham. Mr. Hallam, looking at the results of the interference of this lady on the one side, and her enemy, the Duchess of Marlborough, on the other, observes, "It seems rather a humiliating proof of the sway which the feeblest prince enjoys even in a limited monarchy, that the fortunes of Europe should have been changed by nothing more noble than the insolence of one waiting woman and the cunning of another. It is true that this was effected by throwing the weight of the crown into the scale of a powerful faction; yet the House of Bourbon would probably not have reigned beyond the Pyrenees, but for Sarah and Abigail at Queen Anne's toilette."

The terms Whig and Tory demand a few words of explanation. They rose into use about 1670. It appears the friends of the Duke of York (James II.) were at first called Yorkists, which "served," says Roger North, "for mere distinction, but did not scandalise or reflect enough. Then they came to *Tinistry*, which implied *riding post* to Rome." Next it was observed "that the Duke favoured Irishmen; all his friends, or those accounted such, by appearing against the exclusion [of the Duke of York from the throne], were straight become *Irish*, and so *wild Irish*, thence *Boytrotters*, and in the *copia* of the factious language the word *Tory* was entertained, which signified the most despicable savages among the wild Irish, and being a vocal clever-sounding word, readily pronounced, it kept hold, and took possession of the foul mouths of the faction; and everywhere, as those men passed, we could observe them breathe little else but *Tory*, together with oaths and damnation." So much for the origin of one of the great party nicknames; now as to the other. Of course the "Tories" were not to be so called without repaying their opponents in their own coin. How was that to be done? "Birmingham Protestants" was thought of, as reminding us of the false groats counterfeited at that place, and other epithets and designations; but at last, in allusion apparently to the objecting, fault-finding characteristic of the opposition mind, they hit upon the name *Whig*—a Scotch word signifying corrupt, sour whey. At first, then, *Tory* was applied to the favourers of James, and *Whig* to the favourers of William III.; from whence the words soon became fixed designations for those who supported arbitrary and despotic—as contrasted with "constitutional"—principles in Church and State. As an illustration of the vehemence with which these principles struggled for the mastery during Anne's reign, though happily in more peaceable arenas than the battle-fields of the commonwealth, we may mention the case of Dr. Sacheverell, who turned the pulpit into a forum for the expression of the extremest *Tory* views, and excited the whole nation into a state of the highest ferment. He was impeached and convicted, but punished so mildly that he was considered as really acquitted. He then took a journey through England, which proved a perfect triumph, so prevalent yet among the people were the views he had advocated. Medals were cast in his honour, the most amusing feature of which was their adaptability to the different religious views of purchasers. Those who thought the Doctor was promoting the Romish Church, bought one with a picture of the Pope on the reverse, whilst those who attributed to him a firm devotion to the English Church, bought one with a mitre, as symbolic of that establishment. The Doctor's portrait was on the obverse, with the words, "I am firm to thee." You turned the medal, and according as you saw the Pope or the mitre, you saw to which he meant he was firm. (Fig. 2222.)

Passing for an instant from these disputes about the best forms and principles of government, let us mention one practical event of the reign of Anne, upon the value and importance of which all good men were agreed—the opening of Greenwich Hospital. At first erected as a royal palace, and used as such by Charles II., it was owing, it is said, to the benevolent thoughtfulness of Queen Mary that her husband, William, was induced to agree to the foundation of a hospital for disabled seamen, and to consent to Wren's proposal that "Greenwich House" should be assigned for the purpose. It was then in an unfinished state. Wren undertook to complete and greatly enlarge it—to put it, in short, into the state in which we find it at present (Fig. 2218). The hospital was opened in 1705.

VOL. II.

Before we touch upon the events that occupied so large a portion of the thoughts of King, Government, and People, during the reigns of the two first Georges—the attempts made by the son and grandson of James to re-obtain possession of the throne for their family—we may narrate, in connection with a very unromantic personage, one of the most romantic of historical passages. In 1682, George, son of the Elector of Hanover, married Sophia Dorothea of Zell (Fig. 2229), a young, beautiful, and highly accomplished woman, and therefore, as the result showed, peculiarly unsuited to his tastes. The Princess had the misfortune to offend one of her husband's father's mistresses, and thence probably all her subsequent misfortunes may be dated. While her husband was absent with the army, there came to the electoral court Philip, Count of Königsmark, a brother of the man who had obtained in London, a few years before, a kind of infamous reputation by his assassination of Mr. Thynne in Pall Mall in the open day, an incident commemorated on the monument of the unfortunate gentleman in Westminster Abbey (Fig. 2177). The Count, as a member of an ancient and distinguished family, was received by the Elector with respect, and, it is said, with more than respect, on account of his handsome person, by Sophia Dorothea of Zell; but there does not appear to be any evidence that her indiscretion proceeded farther than mere coquetry and flirtation with the Count; and, in looking at what followed, it is only just to observe that even if she were faithless to her husband, he had been already notoriously untrue to her. Incited by the secret representations of the lady before referred to as the enemy of the young Princess, the Elector immediately commanded the Count to leave his dominions. Before he did so, he obtained, some say without the Princess's previous knowledge, a private interview with her, to kiss hands on taking his departure. On leaving her bedchamber, where he had been introduced by the ladies in waiting, he disappeared, and from that day Count Königsmark was never again seen alive, and his fate was left buried in the profoundest mystery. The Princess was placed under arrest; and soon after her husband, it was stated, obtained a sentence of divorce from the Consistory. Horace Walpole observes, "Of the circumstances that ensued on Königsmark's disappearance I am ignorant; nor am I acquainted with the laws of Germany relative to divorce and separation; nor do I know or suppose that despotism and pride allow the law to insist on much formality when a sovereign has a reason or a mind to get rid of his wife." The detention of the Princess Sophia, thenceforward known as the Duchess of Halle, in the solitary castle of Ahlen, on the river Aller, for the whole remainder of her life, thirty-two dreadful years, seems to make it doubtful that any real divorce had taken place; and when George ascended the English throne, in right of his grandmother, Sophia, Electress of Hanover (the nearest *Protestant* member of the old royal family of England, to whom the English parliament had confirmed the throne, should Anne die without issue), the people of this country, instead of seeing the court presided over by one who would have given lustre to it by her beauty, accomplishments, and abilities, had the degrading spectacle before their eyes, of a monarch whose tastes were, if possible, lower even than his morals. Horace Walpole thus describes his two favourites, the Duchess of Kendal and the Duchess of Darlington:—"The last he saw at his mother's in his infancy, and 'whom I remember,' he says, 'by being terrified at her enormous figure.' She had 'two fierce black eyes, large and rolling, beneath two lofty arched eyebrows, two acres of cheeks overspread with crimson, an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body,' &c. The other he saw when he had obtained permission to gratify his boyish passion to see the King. 'The night but one before he began his last journey, my mother carried me, at ten at night, to the apartment of the Countess of Walsingham, on the ground floor towards the garden at St. James's, which opened into that of her aunt, the Duchess of Kendal. Notice being given that the King was come down to supper, Lady Walsingham took me alone into the Duchess's ante-room, where we found alone the King and her. I knelt down and kissed his hand. He said a few words to me, and my conductress led me back to my mother. The person of the King is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday. It was that of an elderly man, rather pale, and exactly like his picture and coins (Figs. 2238, 2242-2244); not tall, of an aspect (Fig. 2228) rather good than august, with a dark tie-wig, a plain coat, waistcoat, and breeches of smut-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue riband over all. So entirely was he my object that I do not believe I once looked at the Duchess; but as I could not avoid seeing her on entering the room, I remember that just beyond his Majesty stood a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady," &c. No wonder that "the mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of so uncommon a

2 M 2



2233.—Preston Tower. (Near which the Battle was fought.)



2254.—Seaton House



2255.—View of the City of Carlisle.



2256.—Birth-place of Colonel Gardiner.



2257.—Carlisle Castle.



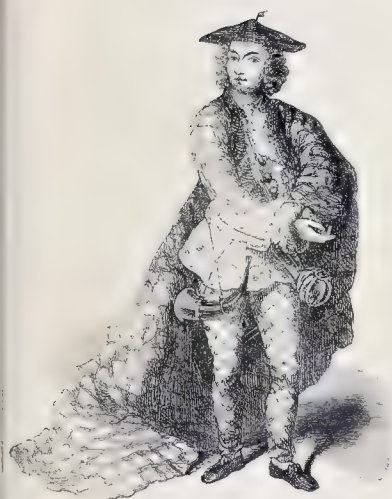
2258.—The House in which the Pretender lodged at Derby.



2259. Falken.



2260. — Outlook, or Drums, ss. & M. or.



2261. — The Young Pretender in Highland Costume. (From a Portrait in the possession of Mr. G. A. Williams, Cheltenham.)



2262. — Lord Lovat. (From a Drawing made by Hogarth the morning before his lordship's execution.)



2262. — Flora Macdonald. (From a Painting by Ramsay.)



2263. — Medal struck to commemorate the Battle of Minden.

seraglio." The son of the King, Prince, afterwards King George II., had, it appears, perfect confidence in his mother's innocence, and once made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to see his mother by riding through the river, and endeavouring to gain admittance, but the gaoler, Baron Bulow, sternly refused his request. It has even been asserted that his father, as though himself half inclined towards the same belief, once made some proposals for reconciliation, when he received this answer from his injured wife:—"If what I am accused of be true, I am unworthy of his bed; and if the accusation is false he is unworthy of me: I will not accept his offer." When her death, so long protracted, drew nigh at last, she wrote, if we are to believe the account given by Lockhart of Carnwarth, to the King a letter containing a "protestation of her innocence, a reproach for his hard usage and unjust treatment, and concluded with a summons or citation to her husband to appear, within the year and the day, at the divine tribunal, and there to answer for the long and many injuries she had received from him. As this letter could not, with safety to the bearer, be delivered in England or Hanover, it was given to him in his coach on the road [in the 'last journey' that Walpole speaks of]. He opened it immediately, supposing it came from Hanover. He was so struck with these unexpected contents, and his fatal citation, that his convulsions and apoplexy came fast on him. After being blooded, his mouth turned awry; and they then proposed to drive off to a nearer place than Osnaburg, but he signed twice or thrice with his hand to go on, and that was the only mark of sense he showed." Lockhart says he obtained this relation from a person of "superior rank and great esteem," and that he had before heard it imperfectly from a "lady of quality." When the new King, George II. (Fig. 2245), took his first journey to Hanover after the death of his father, he caused some alterations to be made in the electoral palace, when at last the body of Königsmark was discovered under the floor of the Princess Sophia's dressing-room, so that he had been buried, in all probability, beneath the very spot where he had been murdered.

Among the rumours that from time to time were disseminated through England during the reign of Anne, were some that showed, if true, she was strongly inclined to restore the regular line of her family's succession. Thus it was whispered that her brother, the son of James II., had once clandestinely made his way into England, and had actually visited her at the palace, in order to concert with her measures to defeat the Hanoverian succession. It seems certain that she had a strong desire, and that so also had Bolingbroke and others of her ministers, to secure the throne to her brother; and most natural, on her part, was the wish. She could not but sympathize with his misfortunes, and with the disappointment that he experienced in seeing himself finally excluded by the English parliament from the throne. Her dying words were said to have been an expression of pity for him. The "Pretender," all things considered, had certainly powerful excuses for his pretensions, and for his determination to press them even at the point of the sword.

It was on the 6th of September, 1715, that his standard was set up by the Earl of Mar, at Braemar in Scotland. Before long, the rebels, as they were called, were established at Perth (Fig. 2239), twelve thousand strong, in cavalry and infantry. After some hesitation, and many ineffectual movements, they marched into England, but with so little success, notwithstanding the many advantages they possessed, that on one and the same day (the 13th of November) nearly fifteen hundred Jacobites surrendered themselves prisoners at Preston, and their army, under the Earl of Mar, was defeated at the battle of Dunblane (Fig. 2240); and on that day also the news arrived of the treachery of Lord Lovat (Fig. 2262), who had yielded the pass of Inverness. It was not long before London witnessed a sad spectacle. A long train of prisoners entered the metropolis, each pinioned with cords upon the back of a horse, which was led by a foot soldier, the drums of the accompanying troops beating a triumphal march. This, though the first, was by no means to be the last of the sad evidences that met the eyes of the Londoners, of devotion to the Pretender's cause, notwithstanding the ruin and misery that from time to time overwhelmed his partisans.

In spite of this ill success, the Pretender came over personally to Scotland, was proclaimed, assumed royal state, formed his court, and granted honours: knights and peers sprung up under his creative hand, to enjoy, however, but for a short time their new dignities. But even while all this gallant show of assured success was made to the world, James and his council were discovering that the expedition was a failure, and beginning to exert all their energies to run away from instead of to fight their enemies. A satirist might have said that in this they showed more skill and alacrity than in any

other portion of the expedition. They raised new batteries, destroyed place after place to prevent the English from obtaining supplies or shelter, and in one way or another raised such a bustle that every one thought some grand attack must be contemplated; but when the Earl of Argyll, on the part of King George I., pressed forward, the Jacobites retreated to Dundee, and then, more suspicious still, were ordered by their commanders to march to Montrose, where certain French ships of war lay at anchor. Suddenly the troops refused to move. The idea had crossed their minds that they were going to be sacrificed—that they were helping to secure James's escape, and then would be themselves left to the kindly consideration of Argyll's dragoons and troopers. How very unjust, nay, how unkind, after all the labours of the sovereign and his council! The Earl of Mar must have blushed to have found himself under the necessity of assuring them that the King was going to place himself at their head, and make a bold stand at Aberdeen. If he did not, his countenance must have been of brass; for while, to deceive the troops, the Pretender's horses and body-guard were all drawn up before his door, that he might, as had been promised, lead them, that careful personage was slipping out at the back door, walking as quickly as he could to the Earl's lodgings, and from thence proceeding to the sea-shore, where a boat conveyed him and the Earl to a French ship. Seventeen other persons of consequence were got off in safety at the same time. So ended this expedition. Let us here avail ourselves of a very striking description of the chief actor in it, written by one of his own partisans. It will show us in a great measure, the cause of that want of enthusiasm that pervaded all the business operations of an army who were individually inclined to be full of enthusiasm for him and his cause. "His person very tall and thin, seeming to be inclined to be lean rather than to fill up as he grows in years. His countenance (Fig. 2236) pale, yet he seems to be sanguine in his constitution, and has something of a vivacity in his eye that perhaps would have been more visible if he had not been under dejected circumstances, and surrounded with discouragements which, it must be acknowledged, were sufficient to alter the complexion even of his soul as well as of his body. His speech was grave, and not very clearly expressing his thoughts, nor over-much to the purpose; but his words were very few, and his behaviour seemed always composed. What he was in his diversions we know not. Here was no room for such things: it was no time for mirth; neither can I say I ever saw him smile. . . . We found ourselves not at all animated by his presence; and if he was so disappointed in us, we were tenfold more so in him. We saw nothing in him that looked like spirit. He never appeared with cheerfulness and vigour to animate us; our men began to despise him; some asked if he could speak. His countenance looked extremely heavy. He cared not to come abroad amongst our soldiers, or to see us handle our arms, or do our exercise. Some said the circumstances he found us in dejected him; I am sure the figure he made dejected us." How could such a man conquer? It is only wonderful that he should have made the attempt amidst so many dangers.

And what was the fate of the unhappy prisoners who had been led so ignominiously into the metropolis? A thousand of them having petitioned to be transported to the North American colonies, had their prayer granted, but many others, less fortunate, were executed. Among the prisoners, the most important were the Earls of Wintoun, Kenmore, Derwentwater, Carnwarth, and Nithsdale, and the Lords Widdrington and Nairn; all of whom had been taken at Preston. On the 19th of January they were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, where they knelt, and with one exception (Lord Wintoun), confessed their guilt, and begged for mercy. Sentence of death was pronounced, and preparations made for the execution. Shocking as their sentence must seem if it be remembered that in every part of the nation, not excluding the houses of legislature, there were men who agreed in the views of the condemned men, and thought they had only done their duty, yet King George I. was as odious as though they had been the vilest possible of miscreants. Watching their opportunity, the ladies of Nithsdale and Nairn suddenly stepped forth from behind a curtain as the king passed through an apartment in St. James's, and throwing themselves at his feet, pleaded for their husbands' lives. He could listen, but would not be moved. Lord Nairn, however, was saved by the interposition of one of the ministers, Lord Stanhope, who had been his school-fellow. For the other lords every possible effort was made. As bribes had been taken before in similar circumstances, sixty thousand pounds were offered for the life of Lord Derwentwater, but in vain. In vain also the heart-rending grief of the young Countess of Derwentwater, assisted though she was by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton. These

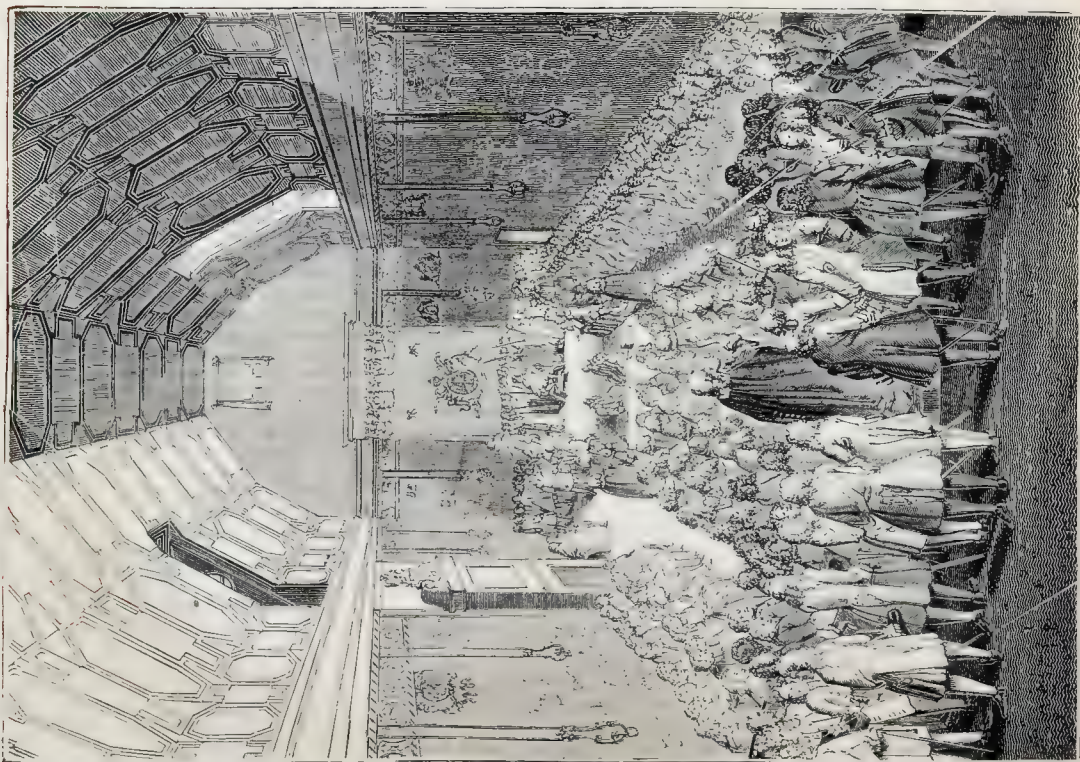
three ladies were all introduced at one time to the royal bed-chamber, but with "no better success than the other ladies had obtained in their personal application. Yet there were men in the houses of parliament who, rising above the cruel selfishness and short-sighted policy of these proposed executions, raised their voices for mercy toward their opponents. Steele—honour to his memory for it—was one of those men. In the Lords there was actually a motion carried for an address to the king for a reprieve; but the mover, a minister and a Tory, was immediately turned out of the Cabinet. It was finally decided that two of the lords who were less deeply implicated, Carnwarth and Widdrington, should be pardoned, but the rest were ordered for execution. On the following morning, to the astonishment of the people of London, who had heard that three were positively to be executed, two only appeared on the scaffold at Tower Hill, the English Lord Derwentwater, and the Scottish Lord Kinnure. Both died bravely, and regretting their plea of guilty, as they had done but their duty to their true sovereign, as they considered him, James III. But where was the third victim, the Earl of Nithsdale? Why, one cannot avoid feeling a sense of pleasure in saying it, he had escaped, and was hidden in impenetrable secrecy, from the vengeance of his enemies. He had been saved by the noble devotion of his wife: how, she herself has told us, through the medium of a letter addressed to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, Abbess of the Augustine nuns at Bruges. Immediately after the House of Lords had expressed itself so favourably toward the question of the reprieve of the condemned lords, she says, she thought she could draw some advantage from it in favour of my design, "so hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the house in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and his majesty, though it was but trifling: for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion they might suspect my designs, and that giving something would give them good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution." Her next business was to find assistants. Mrs. Mills, her landlady, and a lady, Mrs. Morgan, to whom she had been introduced by a friend, agreed to help her in her hazardous and difficult task of getting her husband out of the Tower, and if they succeeded, then the friend—Mrs. Evans—was to receive him. The fearful character of the circumstances inspired the Countess with more than ordinary skill, courage, and presence of mind. She says, "When we were all in the coach *I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect.* Their surprise and astonishment on my first opening my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences." On their arrival at the Tower Mrs. Morgan was first introduced, as the Countess was only allowed to take in one person at a time; and that lady had concealed about her person the clothes that Mrs. Mills was to put on when she had given those she wore to the earl. When the clothes were safely deposited in the cell, the Countess took Mrs. Morgan back to the staircase, begging her aloud to send the maid to dress her, and saying she was afraid she would be too late with her last petition, unless her maid came immediately. "I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had indeed desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of her's to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as her's, and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber, and in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable I said, 'My dear Mrs. Catherine, go in all haste and fetch me my waiting-maid; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is; she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards'

wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the sentinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and affected; and the more so because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the piteous and most afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had vexed me by her delay. Then said I, 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly, and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if you ever made despatch in your life, do it at present, I am almost distracted with the disappointment.' The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch.

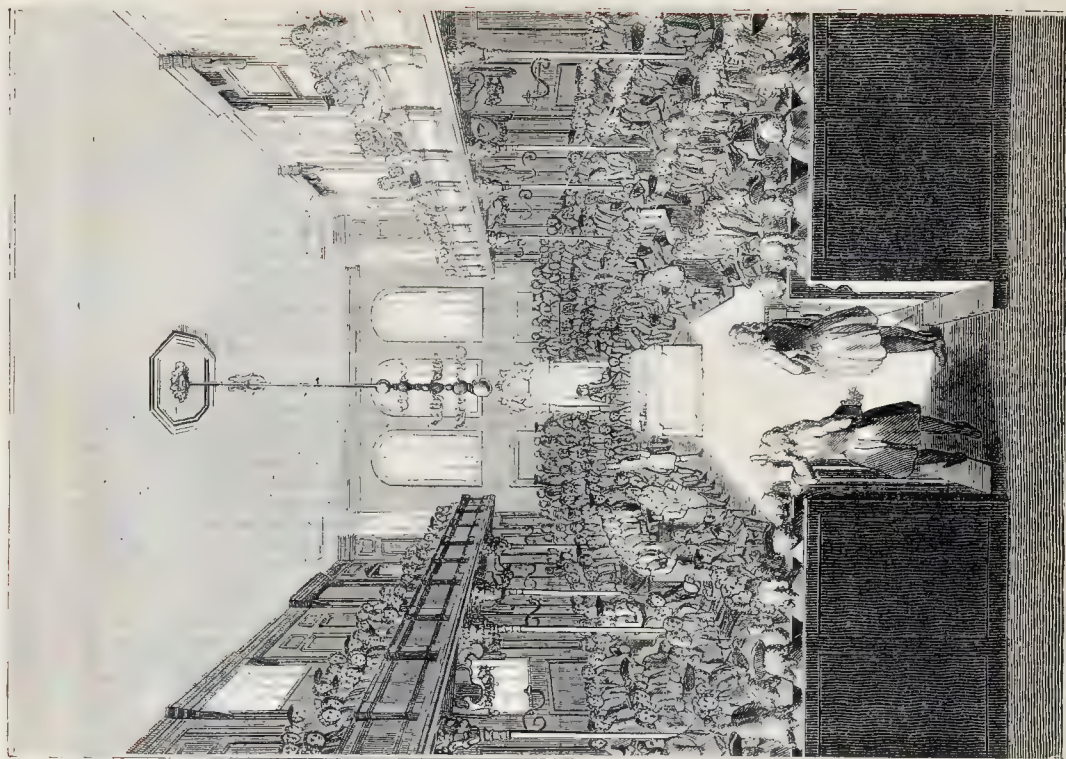
"As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinels should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs, I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us threw him into such consternation that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him and left him with them, she returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself of his astonishment. They went home together, and having found a place of security they conducted him to it.

"In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room in some feigned anxiety of being too late, so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathize with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it; I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell for the night, and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifle; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person: that if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs, and called a coach," and so, in short, she escaped, as well as her husband. After some day's concealment in an obscure house, the Venetian ambassador unwittingly enabled them to leave London, by sending down his coach to Dover to meet his brother. Through the assistance of one of his servants, the earl, having been dressed in livery, was conveyed to that place, among the ambassador's retinue. At Dover he embarked for Calais, and reached the French coast in safety in so short a time, that the captain, who knew nothing of his passengers, remarked, that if they had been flying for their lives the wind could not have served them better. The Earl of Wintoun also escaped from the Tower, but as there does not seem to have been any desire to act upon the sentence passed against him after his trial, the escape itself may have been connived at, to rid the government of difficulty.

We shall not here follow any further the fortunes of the Old Pretender, but take up the account of the movements made on the part of his family, when his son Charles Edward came forward as the leader, in the years 1744-1745. After the destruction by the



223. House of Commons in the time of George II.



226. House of Commons in the time of George II.



2267.—Medal struck to commemorate Hawke's Victory in Quilberon Bay. (From an Original in the British Museum.)



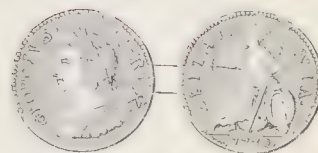
2268.—Crown.



2272.—Taylor Institute, Oxford; erected 1844.



2269.—Sixpence.



2270.—Halfpenny.

2271.—Oxford from the Abingdon Road.



2271.—Oxford from the Abingdon Road.

conjoined effects of a violent storm and the attack of the British navy, of a magnificent fleet, bearing an army of 15,000 men, he crossed the Channel with only two ships; and one of these was so much damaged in an encounter that took place with one of King George's cruisers, that it was obliged to put back into Brest. But the prince went on in the other, saying he would either die or be crowned: the Old Pretender, it is to be observed, had resigned his claims to his son.

The King of England, George II., was at the time absent at Hanover, Scotland was guarded by few troops, the Highlanders generally were thirsting for revenge for their former defeats, and for an opportunity to displace a government that they detested;—not without reason, as Glencoe reminds us. Although the English government at first treated the affair with ridicule, the progress of the Young Pretender soon changed their sentiments. Accordingly George hurried back from Hanover, and a proclamation was issued, offering a reward of 30,000*l.* to any one who should secure the person of the Pretender's eldest son; an act that the latter met in a similar spirit by proclaiming a reward of 30,000*l.* for the apprehension of the Elector of Hanover. The Forth (Fig. 2252) was passed by means of a ford, and Colonel Gardiner's dragoons, instead of fulfilling their promise of cutting the rebels to pieces if they made an attempt to cross, turned tails, and trotted away. The city of Edinburgh was given up to Charles without a struggle, and for a brief time, as he moved to and fro in the regal halls of Holyrood House, he might persuade himself he had re-won his inheritance. Home, the poet, saw him there. He says of him, that his figure and presence (Figs. 2251, 2261) "were not ill suited to his lofty pretensions. He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, and of a fair complexion." The armies met near Prestonpans, in Haddingtonshire, the English setting up a great shout, to which the Highlanders replied. The former were commanded by Cope, who occupied a position in which Prestonpans lay on his right, and Seaton House (Figs. 2253, 2254) and the sea on his left. Charles's army was lodged among the declivities near the little town of Tranent. Between the combatants extended a morass, crossed by hedges and dry stone dykes, with here and there willow-trees scattered about. During the night that ensued, while both armies lay in profound silence and apparent sleep, a Jacobite gentleman of the name of Anderson offered to guide the prince to a spot where the morass might be crossed, unseen by the enemy. He was led by the officer to Charles, who was stretched asleep upon the ground, with a sheaf of peas for his pillow. It was determined to trust to the knowledge and fidelity of this gentleman. At daybreak, while the ground was covered by fogs and mists, the Highlanders moved forwards, in almost unearthly quiet, three abreast. As they drew near to the spot in question, they disturbed some mounted dragoons in picket, who called out, Who goes there?—then, hardly pausing for an answer, rode off to give the alarm. Still more rapidly, then, the Highlanders moved forwards, crossed the morass, which in some places took them in up to the middle, and formed in perfect order on the other side. The ground that now intervened between the armies consisted of an extensive corn-field. "Harvest," says Home, "was just got in, and the ground was covered with a thick stubble, which rustled under the feet of the Highlanders as they ran on, speaking and muttering in a manner that expressed and heightened their fierceness and rage." A battery of cannon, that fired upon them as they advanced, was speedily taken possession of. Colonel Gardiner with his regiment in vain endeavoured to stem the torrent; and then, when the infantry saw the ill success of their artillery and horse, they appear to have wavered; and as the Highlanders, claymore in hand, rushed upon them, were presently broken, and driven to seek safety in flight, where flight was possible, or otherwise in surrender. Sir John Cope himself was among the fugitives, and it is said that he fled in headlong speed to Berwick, where Lord Mark Ker welcomed him with the observation that he "believed he was the first general in Europe that had brought the first tidings of his own defeat."

After a pause of some weeks in Scotland, the young Pretender determined to march upon England. His friends urged him to reconsider this determination; but after three several discussions in council, he said to them, "I see, gentlemen, that you are determined to stay in Scotland and defend your country; but I am also resolved to try my fate in England, even if I should go alone." He went, but of course, not alone; and his success was for some time tolerably satisfactory to his adherents. Carlisle (Fig. 2257) was besieged, and surrendered to the Duke of Perth. And then Charles boldly resolved to march direct for London. At Manchester he was joined by two or three hundred men under the command of Colonel Townley. There, too, as well as at Preston, the bells rang out a cheering welcome. Still there were no symp-

toms of a general rising in his favour. His wellwishers seemed deterred, by the frightful danger they would incur, from aiding him, until he had given decided earnest of his permanent success. It was clear that the issue was fast approaching. Three several armies, moving in as many different directions, were preparing to stop the way to the metropolis, and drive back the bold invader. On the 4th of December the entire rebel army was encamped at Derby (the house in which the Pretender lodged (Fig. 2258) is, we believe, still standing at the bottom of Full Street), and their antagonists were not far off. The Duke of Cumberland, the English king's son, was at the head of an army who held possession of Lichfield, Coventry, and Stafford. And now the courage and determination of the rebels began to melt away. First they thought they would endeavour to avoid the Duke, and still push on towards London; then that they would retreat. The young Pretender, though much dissatisfied at this course, was induced to adopt it on the advice of the brave and able Lord George Murray, who desired to form a junction with another army that was advancing from Scotland to their aid. So they returned to Scotland, and the junction was completed. The rebels then numbered nine thousand men. Stirling was attacked, but the castle held out, although the town was occupied. And now once more the forces of King George and of his rival confronted each other at Falkirk (Fig. 2259), and the former were completely routed. Thus two royal armies had been beaten in the field. The matter began indeed to look serious. King George trembled for his crown. But his cause was in potent hands—those of his son, the Duke of Cumberland, who was now also in Scotland, following with a kind of dogged determination and confidence, that looked ominous, the steps of the rebel force. And so again they avoided him, by suddenly raising the siege of Stirling, and retreating towards Inverness. Here a bold attempt was made upon the person of the chief causer of the war. Lord Loudon, who was at Inverness, hearing that the Prince had only five or six hundred men with him, set out one evening in the dark to surprise him. Charles lodged that night at the seat of the laird of Mackintosh. Lady Mackintosh in some way or other (it is supposed by means of letters from her mother) heard of this attempt, and prepared to resist it. Saying not a word to the Prince, she ordered five or six men well armed, and who were under the guidance of a smith, to watch the road from Inverness. As the troops of Lord Loudon came stealthily and rapidly along, the little band fired upon them, and began to call upon all the Macdonalds and Camerons who were lying concealed—as the royalists, at least, believed—in order to surprise them whilst they sought to surprise the Pretender. They thought themselves, in short, out-manœuvred—and they were so, but only because they so thought. They hurried back instantly, and the lady's stratagem was completely successful. Yet, ever behind them moved on that dreaded Duke, his portentous shadow "thrown before," dimming the sunshine of every success. Inverness was taken, but to what end?—the Duke, they heard, was marching there too. So they left it, and went on towards Nairn. And there they would stop—and confront him. But when, following them there, the royalists entered Nairn at one end, they found the rebels quitting at the other.

However, on the 15th of April, 1746, the whole rebel army was drawn out in order of battle upon Drummoissie Moor (Fig. 2260), about a mile and a half from Culloden House. And while the men were refreshing themselves for the combat that they now knew was imminent, Charles and his council determined upon a night attack. The Duke's army lay then at Nairn. At eight o'clock in the evening the Highlanders set forth, but were so hindered on their way by the darkness, that at two in the morning they were still three miles from Nairn. A drum was now heard. The Duke of Cumberland had obtained intelligence of their approach, and was prepared. Weary, and out of spirits, the rebels returned to Culloden, and lay down to sleep. It was but for a short time. Once more the Duke pursued—at eight o'clock his forces were actually in sight—by one, they were upon the Highlanders, opening a cannonade. The Duke's previous experience of their particular objection to meet him had led him to the conclusion that they would not now fight. But he was to be undeceived in that matter. When his ordnance began to play upon them with the most murderous effect, "they came," says one of the English officers, "running forward in their furious wild way on our right, where his Royal Highness had placed himself to receive them, imagining the greatest push would be there. They came down three several times within a hundred yards of our men, firing their pistols and brandishing their swords; but our soldiers appeared as if they took little notice of their bravadoes." A similar feeling induced the clan Mac Intosh to start forth from the centre of the rebel army, and endeavour to bring the contest to as

summary a conclusion as possible. What followed has been so vividly described in Chambers' 'History of the Rebellion,' that we avail ourselves of the passage:—"A Lowland gentleman, who was in the line, and who survived till a late period, used always, in relating the events of Culloden, to comment with a feeling of something like awe upon the terrific and more than natural expression of rage which glowed in every face and gleamed in every eye as he surveyed the extended line at this moment. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front line of English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry—notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grape-shot, swept the field as with a hail-storm—notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment, onward, onward, went the headlong Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon the lines of the enemy, which indeed they did not see for smoke, until involved among their weapons. It was a moment of dreadful agonizing suspense, but only a moment, for the whirlwind does not sweep the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. They swept through and over that frail barrier almost as easily and instantaneously as the bounding cavalcade brushes through the morning labours of the gossamer which stretch across its path; not, however, with the same unconsciousness of the events. Almost every man in their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons they had braved; and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife. When the first line had been completely swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous advance till they came near the second, when being almost annihilated by a profuse and well-directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been but an hour before a numerous and confident force, at last submitted to destiny, by giving way and flying. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die than to forfeit their well-acquired and dearly-estimated honour. They rushed on, but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets."

It appears that there was a particular reason why the Highlanders suffered so greatly in the beginning of this attack, notwithstanding their success in breaking the line. A new mode of managing the bayonet was adopted. Previously the bayonet-man attacked the adversary who stood direct before him, but now he was trained to single out the one who stood opposite to his next neighbour on the right hand. The consequence was, that his body was in a manner defended on the left by the target of the Highlander in front, whilst he found the right of the Highlander, whom he thus obliquely attacked, quite exposed to his thrust. "This manner," it is said, "made an essential difference; staggered the enemy, who were not prepared to alter their way of fighting, and destroyed them in a manner rather to be conceived than told. This sanguinary commencement of the battle proved also in effect its conclusion. It is true that other clans partially imitated the example of the Mac Intosh clan, but soon stopped short, and fled: and all else that day were but flight and pursuit, the cries of the dying, and the exulting shouts of the victors—the suffering and horror, carnage and butchery. Prince Charles advanced with the intention to endeavour to rally the Highlanders, but Sir Thomas Sheridan not only strenuously opposed this desire, but led the Prince's horse by the bridle away from the field. On the other hand, a less favourable view has been given of his conduct. It is said that this hesitation occurred at a time when hesitation was disgraceful as well as ruinous. Some of the Highland regiments yet kept their ground, when Lord Elcho rode up to Prince Charles, and earnestly exhorted him to make one final attempt to rally his troops, and, at least, to die like one worthy of a crown. But Charles hesitated, and Lord Elcho, seeing that then indeed all was lost, turned away with execrations, swearing he would never again see his face. Nor did he. The loss of the Highlanders on that day amounted altogether to nearly two thousand five hundred men, two-thirds of whom had been put to death *after* the battle. It was the savage cruelty of this pursuit, and the still worse proceedings that followed, that caused the Duke to receive a name that even in his own day made his "glory" but a mockery, and which promises to stick to his memory as long as that memory itself shall exist. "The King," says Horace Walpole, "is much inclined to some mercy, but the Duke, who has not so much of Cæsar after a victory as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the city to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud, then let it be the *Butchers*." A word, however, as to the British "Cæsar" during "the victory." The noble and witty letter-writer appears to have forgot that Cæsar did not gain his reputation by fighting and winning battles in which his forces, as compared with the enemy's numbered two to one; yet that was but the proportion of the royalist and the rebel forces at

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Culloden. Among the host of popular ballads that sprung into existence, in record of the chief incidents of this rebellion, and of the feelings excited during its progress, there are few more pathetic than the one containing the lines—

Drumossie Muir, Drummossie day,
A wae! day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

And thus unsuccessfully ended the last of the organized schemes for the restoration of the expelled Stuart line. The solemn decision of the people of England upon their unworthiness for the position to which they had been called, was confirmed now and for ever. And, like a hunted deer, the miserable Prince Charles found himself flying hither and thither, with hardly a moment's rest for body or mind, harassed and tortured by fatigues and misery that one might say were beyond endurance, but that they were endured by this young representative of a long line of kings. It is at this period, in truth, that the most painfully-interesting part of his career commences. It is his sufferings and his romantic adventures, and the sacrifices that were made for him by his adherents, during the few months that elapsed between the battle of Culloden and his escape from the country, that have made the subject so full of attraction, and which have rendered his name a fond recollection, even to this hour, in the districts where he found shelter.

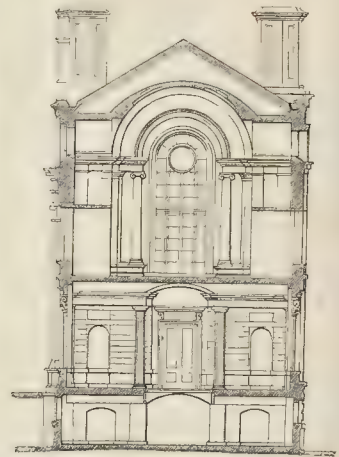
The Prince's first movement after the battle was a flight to the castle of the man who had deceived alike him and the English government—a man so old that he had long had, as it were, one step in the grave, and yet who knew no better mode of spending the last few years, days, or hours that might elapse, before the other must follow, than plotting, and juggling, and breaking faith with every one who trusted him. To the castle of the old, wily, and powerful Fraser of Lovat (Fig. 2262), Charles Stuart now for the first and last time took his way. Sir Walter Scott thus describes the meeting, on the authority of an eye-witness:—"A lady, who, when a girl, was residing in Lord Lovat's family, described to us the unexpected appearance of Prince Charles and his flying attendants at Castle Dounie. The wild desolate vale, on which she was gazing with indolent composure, was at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the castle, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland tradition, are visible to men only from one twinkle of the eyelid to another, she strove to refrain from the vibration, which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. To Lord Lovat it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies or than even of demons. The towers on which he had depended had fallen to crush him, and he only met the Chevalier to exchange mutual condolences." Lovat and the other chieftains agreed, to keep their clans together, and abide if necessary a mountain warfare until they might exact honourable or merciful conditions. And had the Prince seconded their efforts, no doubt they would have succeeded. The English government had too much reason to be alarmed at any show of resistance, not to be willing to agree to reasonable conditions for getting rid of it, if they could not of themselves, and by force, at once put it down. But the Prince most probably thought to himself, that whilst *they* might gain or save everything personally important to them, as life, property, or rank, by such a course, *he* could only still further endanger his own life by staying; and he possibly even thought that there might be such a thing as the servants making favourable terms by the sacrifice of the master. Lord Lovat's character was enough to generate such suspicions. So he determined to trust only to himself, and get away in secret as fast as possible to France. For a time he concealed himself in the islands of North and South Uist, dwelling in the huts of the fishermen or wherever he could find shelter, and supported by the bounty of the islanders. But the hunters were upon his track. General Campbell searched the islands of Barra and of South Uist: and Long Island, where also Charles hid himself, was surrounded by ships of war. Strange to say, at one period, while he was tossing about in the rough waters surrounding these islands, he saw and might have reached with ease two French frigates, which would at once have borne him off in safety; but they were mistaken for English vessels, and so helped only to increase the unfortunate fugitive's alarms. How he managed to escape the hot pursuit that was made for him through the islands is wonderful. Ever moving about as the hunters moved, it is only to be accounted for by the circumstance that nearly all the residents must have been in the secret, and have proved themselves worthy of the confidence reposed. Still the reward was 30,000*l.*!—the position terrible. It was idle to suppose that the capture could be much longer prevented, if the Prince stayed within so limited and so strongly guarded a space. Yet how could he move



2243.—Radcliffe's Library.



2274.—Christ Church, Oxford.



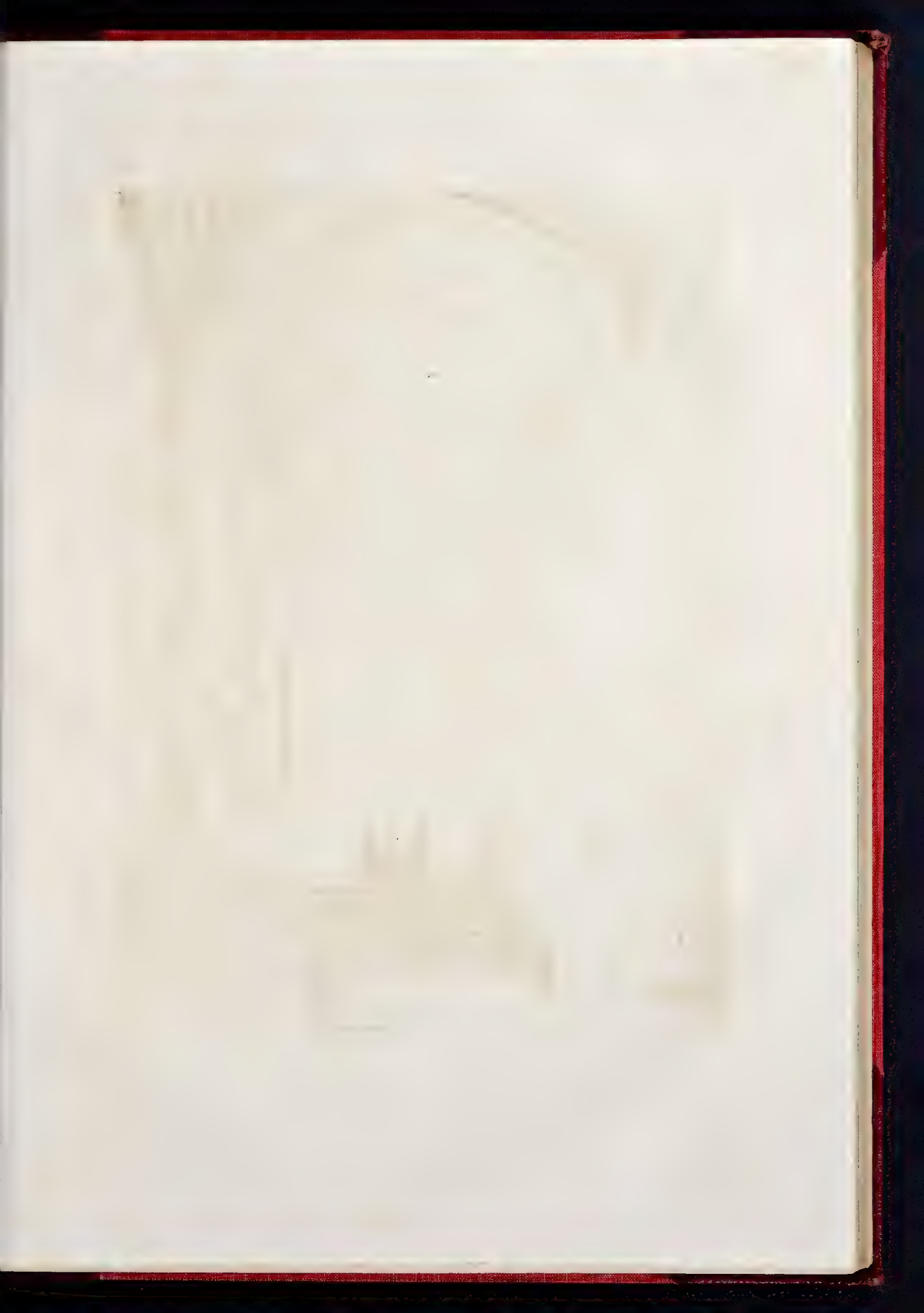
2275.—Section of King's College Library, Cambridge.



2277.—Gate of Botanical Garden at Oxford.



2276.—Queen's College, Oxford, in the Sixteenth Century.





KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.



2278.—New University Printing-office, Oxford.



2279.—Chins Gate of Honour, Cambridge.



2280.—The Pepsian Library, Magdalen College, Cambridge.

from it? A woman gave him the answer, who had determined to risk everything to save him. This was Flora Macdonald (Fig. 2263), the daughter of Macdonald of Melton, in the island of South Uist. She was introduced to Charles, and undertook to convey him to Skye, habited in female apparel, as her maid. She procured a passport accordingly for herself and Betty Burke—not a soul being allowed to leave the island without this authority. One circumstance was favourable to her views; her stepfather, Hugh Macdonald, who secretly sympathised with the misfortunes of the young Pretender, was one among the commanders who pursued him. It was he who granted this passport. Another danger—that of scandal—the gallant-minded maiden put aside without a thought or a fear, after the first moments of hesitation and scruple. Her own man-servant was to be with her. As a striking feature of the actors and the highly-wrought state of feeling that prevailed among them, it may be mentioned that Charles's only follower, O'Neil, offered to marry her in order to allay her scruples; but she declined the offer, while fully appreciating the delicacy, and chivalry of feeling in which it had originated.

At length, with the assistance of Lady Clanronald, Flora completed her preparations, and the two ladies, with the servant of the latter, Mackechan, went to seek him. He was found in a wretched hut by the sea-side roasting a sheep's liver for his dinner; and when he saw tears starting from the eyes of those who beheld his occupation, he remarked gaily, and with true wisdom, that it might be well for other royal personages to go through the ordeal that he was enduring. The next morning witnessed the transformation of the Prince into Betty Burke. But the party were not able to embark till night, as wherry after wherry with armed soldiers were seen to pass the spot. Their destination was the island of Skye. And what a memorable night was that in which they then trusted themselves to the waters that washed the Hebrides. Except the Prince himself, all were in wretched spirits, worn out by fatigue, privation, and fear. The night was rainy. But Flora, notwithstanding, fell asleep, while Charles, who had begun to sing to cheer them, now continued singing in the hope of prolonging her slumbers. When the sail had to be re-adjusted, he guarded her with his hands during the operation. She found him thus employed, with his hand stretched over her, when she awoke: what a subject for a picture! At day-break they knew not where they were, being out of sight of land. But at last they perceived looming through the distance the great headland of Skye, and made all haste to land at a point called Watnish. To their horror they suddenly found themselves almost in the very middle of their enemies—there was a party of militia on the shore, a boat at the water-side. Happily the tide was out, the beach long and rough, and the boat had no oars. The militia shouted to them to land, an invitation that was of course declined; and then they were fired upon. The Prince bade the boatmen not "mind the villains;" and when they remarked that their apprehensions were only for him, said, "Oh, no fear of me!" Eventually he stretched himself at the bottom of the boat, but it was only because Flora refused to do so until he himself did the same. No one was hit; and they were soon out of danger from the soldiers' fire.

Flora had intended to lodge her charge in the house of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was himself at that very time in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland, and therefore from home; but whose wife, Lady Margaret, was a Jacobite in heart, and prepared, as far as her presence and wishes were concerned, to aid the Prince's escape. But several of the King's soldiers were at that very time in her house, and Flora had the courage and presence of mind to meet the commanding officer, Lieutenant Macleod, in Lady Margaret's drawing-room, and answer all his questions, as to where she had come from, where she was going, and so forth. Lady Margaret was naturally alarmed to hear of the arrival of the Prince at such a time; but it was speedily arranged that he should be conducted to the house of a gentleman named Kingsburgh, who was also present, and a sound Jacobite; while Flora, to make all safe, waited behind for a time, keeping the officer in conversation. Kingsburgh, it should seem, went reluctantly to meet the fugitive, who accosting him told him that "his life was now in his, Kingsburgh's, hands to dispose of; that he was in the utmost distress, having had no meat or sleep for two days and two nights—sitting on a rock, beat upon by the rains, and when they ceased ate up by flies; he conjured him to show compassion but for one night, and he should be gone. This moving speech, and the visible distress prevailed, for he was meagre, ill coloured, and overruin with the scab."

Among the party who accompanied Flora when she rode off after Charles and Kingsburgh, were two servants, who knew nothing of

the weighty business that was being transacted, and whom Flora desired to get rid of before again entering into personal communication with the Prince. One of these servants, as they passed the two pedestrians on the road, was struck by Betty's unfeminine movements, and said to Flora, "See, what long strides the jade takes! I daresay she's an Irishwoman, or else a man in woman's clothes." Flora said, no doubt she was an Irishwoman, and so stopped that very alarming conversation. When these servants, with their mistress (who was in the secret), had departed, and Flora had joined the pair, they were troubled to find the people quitting church, and coming along the road, as they advanced. For Betty was still the observed of all observers. And as everybody knew Kingsburgh, why they could talk with and question him freely. We may judge of his annoyance and difficulty. But at last he got rid of them by a happy thought. "Oh, sirs," said he, "cannot you let alone talking of your worldly affairs on the Sabbath, and have patience till another day?"

As Lady Kingsburgh (so the laird's wife was called) that night after supper discoursed over with Flora all the moving adventures that she had experienced, she asked what she had done with the boatmen who brought them to Skye. Flora said she had sent them back to South Uist. It was immediately pointed out to her that they might fall into the English officer's hands, and divulge the all-important news of his movements. Flora in consequence determined to change the female garb that very night. It was a wise determination;—and offered the only chance of redeeming the oversight that had been made. Within a week after Charles had landed at Skye, he was followed by Captain Ferguson, who was in possession of every particular as to his disguise and companions; the boatmen having been seized and compelled to speak. With keen sagacity he now followed his footsteps. He learned that Flora had been at Lady Margaret's, but no tall female servant. He learned that she had also been at Kingsburgh, and that there the tall female had been seen among Flora's attendants. Kingsburgh professed to have taken no notice of these attendants. But Captain Ferguson discovered that she, or he, had been placed in the best bed, so Kingsburgh was marched off to a prison, and which he did not leave for a twelvemonth. Flora herself was soon also in custody. And still growing nearer and nearer to the fugitive, Captain Ferguson and his associates were shortly able to hem him completely in, within a very limited circle of posts—ignorant of his precise position, but feeling sure, for the first time, that he was within their grasp. He had then too reached the mainland. These military posts were so close to each other, that Charles had to creep up the channel of a brook in order to avoid two of them. He was accompanied now by Macdonald of Glenaladale, and after fresh difficulties and adventures, succeeded in reaching with him the hill of Corado, situated between Kintail and Glenmoriston. Here, in a wretched cave, suited to their and his fallen and desperate fortunes, Charles found a few of his most faithful followers, who knew him notwithstanding his strange aspect and appearance, and fell on their knees before him.

The poet Home thus describes Charles's dress at this time:—"He had a coat of coarse dark-coloured cloth, and a wretched yellow wig, with a bonnet on his head. His brogues were tied with thongs so worn that they would hardly keep on his feet. His shirt was saffron, and he had not another." Here Charles stayed between five and six weeks, supported by the same means as his companions, who "lifted" whatever they wanted from wherever they could obtain it. He then moved along over the tops of the mountains, in a stormy night, to another hut, and from thence to a "cage" that one of his devoted followers, Clunie, had fitted up for the shelter of himself and a wounded friend and fellow-chieftain, Lochiel. The maker of the cage was also its describer, and it must have been, as he says, "a great curiosity." It appears it was situated on the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Letternilich, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. "The habitation called the cage, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation; and, as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joints and planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were between the trees growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which with the trees were interwoven with ropes made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the cage, it being of a round, or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered with fog [moss]. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end, all along

the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage. And by chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons; four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking on, one baking, and another firing bread and cooking." Ample provisions were laid in before the Prince arrived. "There was plenty of mutton, an anker of whiskey containing twenty Scotch pints, some good beef sausages made the year before, with plenty of butter and cheese, besides a large well-cured bacon ham." Upon the entry of Charles into the Cage, he "took a hearty dram, which he sometimes called for thereafter to drink the health of his friends. When some minced collops were dressed with butter in a large saucepan which Lochiel and Clunie carried always about with them, being the only fire-vessel they had, his Royal Highness eat heartily, and said, with a very cheerful countenance, 'Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince.'" However, he was now near his long and terrible journey's end. He left the cage on hearing that two French frigates were waiting for him, and, travelling only by night, reached Lochanuaigh, and re-embarked for France at the very spot where he had landed from that country in order to achieve the conquest of Great Britain.

And what became of poor Flora? As might have been expected she was the theme of universal admiration. It is even said that the King's own son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, and father of George III., did not hesitate to express his sympathy with the popular views of her conduct. His consort having condemned Flora, the Prince replied, "Let me not hear you speak thus again, Madam. If you had been in the same circumstances, I hope in God you would have acted as she did." As Flora was on her way towards Leith, she found on board the same vessel, and also in captivity, Captain O'Neil, who had before offered to marry her, and who had first advised her to embark in the enterprise that had ended so successfully as regards the Prince. She went up to him, and slapping his cheek gently and playfully, said, "To that black face do I owe all my misfortunes." Never, perhaps, did monarch hold a more popular levee than Flora Macdonald, when, having anchored at Leith, the public were allowed to come on board to see her. The clergyman of Leith was among the visitors, and has left us a record of his impressions of her conduct and appearance. He says, "Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in all her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of a low stature, of a fair complexion, and well enough shaped. One would not discern by her conversation that she had spent all her former days in the Highlands; for she talks English (or rather Scots) easily, and not at all through the Ears tone. She has a sweet voice, and sings well; and no lady, Edinburgh bred, can acquit herself better at the tea-table than what she did when in Leith-roads." She was subsequently taken to London, and confined for a short time in the house of a private family; but when the Act of Indemnity passed, July, 1747 she was set at large. She subsequently married the son of Kingsburgh, her partner in loyalty and danger, and, after a long and adventurous life, died at Skye in 1790.

Lamentable was the fate of hosts of other adherents of the young Pretender. The executioner went to work with frightful assiduity and remorselessness. Among the most pitied of the victims were the Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino; among the least pitied was the old Lord Lovat, caught like a rat in a trap, where his cunning might no longer avail him. Even the Tower, he thought and said, would not have been able to hold him, if he had been a little younger man. And when it was replied that much younger men had been kept there, he replied, "Yes, but they were inexperienced; they had not broken so many jails as I have." On his trial he laughed and jested, even whilst the sentence was being pronounced. The day before execution Hogarth took his portrait (Fig. 2262). The old man was in the best possible spirits. He said he would die as a Christian, and as a Highland chief should do—not in his bed. On the scaffold he sat down and talked with great composure to the people, quoting Horace in the course of his remarks. Walpole, who said he "had been living at old Lovat's trial," was of course not absent from the execution. He thus describes the behaviour of Lovat: "He died extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery, or timidity, his behaviour being natural and intrepid." He had said that he would be hanged, for that if beheaded he should be struck upon the shoulders; but

the executioner was skilful, and performed his horrible office so expertly, that the one blow sufficed.

Of all those who fell at the battle of Prestonpans the most regretted was Colonel Gardiner, a man as much esteemed by his superiors for his military skill and courage, as by a large body of those persons who have generally little sympathy with the class to which he belonged, for his character and conduct as a man. His life, indeed, formed a kind of new era in what may be called the English soldier's domestic history. Before Colonel Gardiner's time the state of morality among military men was very low indeed; and as to religion—it consisted in a hurried prayer now and then, when danger threatened, but had no practical effect in exalting the feelings, or principles, or business of daily life. Gardiner did not differ from his brethren up to a certain period of his career. He was dissolute and reckless; nor did—what he afterwards esteemed his first warning—a remarkable wound in his neck, received at the battle of Ramillies, work any change in his conduct. But in July 1719, when he had retired to his chamber for the night, he took up for an hour's diversion, a book in which his profession was spiritualized. Suddenly "he thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall on the book while he was reading, which he at first imagined might happen by some accident in the candle. But lifting up his eyes, he apprehended to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory; and was impressed as if a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him to this effect (for he was not confident as to the very words), 'Oh, sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?'" The Colonel's excellent biographer, Dr. Doddridge, remarks on the possibility of his having fallen asleep and dreamt this vision; whilst it has been supposed by other writers that the mind had been in a peculiarly susceptible and imaginative state; to which also a fall that the Colonel had experienced a little time before, might have contributed by slightly injuring the brain. Colonel Gardiner, however, was perfectly satisfied that he had experienced a "supernatural soliciting," and he obeyed the call. Thenceforward he became a man of the most exemplary piety.

As illustrating at once the effect of this conversion, which made a great noise throughout the country, and the state of the military profession at the time, we may here give an interesting anecdote. The Colonel had invited the commanding officer of the troops, then at Edinburgh, to dine with him at his house at Bankton. Knowing—too well—the habits of the guests he had to entertain, and at the same time determined not to compromise his own sense of what was right, he addressed them, when they were all assembled, with an air of mingled respect and firmness, saying that he had the honour to be a justice of the peace in that county—and therefore sworn to put the laws in execution, and among the rest those against swearing. He entreated them, accordingly, to be on their guard, and hoped that if any oath or curse did escape them, they would consider his animadversions as a necessary part of the duties of his office, and as implying no want of deference to them. The commanding officer received this address in the proper spirit; and said he would himself pay the penalty if he offended. He even undertook the office of watching for violators of the law during the Colonel's temporary absences from the room, and was, no doubt, not a little amused by the opportunity he found of fining one of the persons present on such an occasion.

That the Colonel's religious views did not prevent him from being an excellent soldier was strikingly proved at the battle, in which, as we have seen, he lost his life. His behaviour, indeed, stands out in marked contrast to the behaviour of the English officers generally, and especially of their commander, who has been immortalized in no pleasant fashion by the author of the well-known ballad—

Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wauking yet?

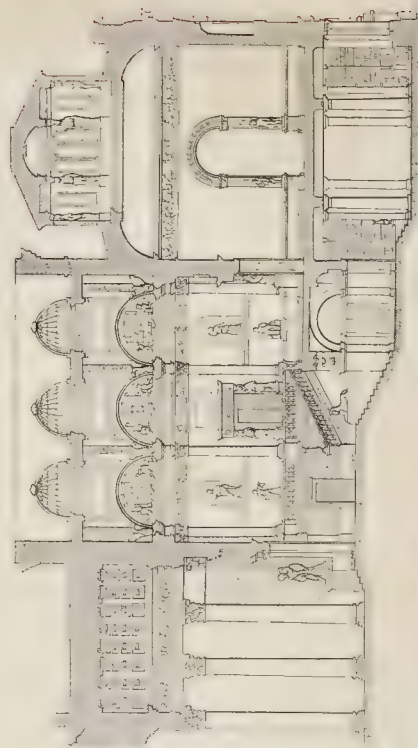
The Colonel, it appears, was wounded in the very beginning of the combat, by a bullet in the left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in the saddle. His servant wished him to retreat, but he said it was only a flesh wound, and fought on. Presently he received a second shot, which lodged in the right thigh. When his regiment fled, Gardiner, with characteristic courage and presence of mind, seeing a party of foot fighting near him, without any officer to guide them, close by the park-wall of his own happy home, he said, "These brave fellows will be cut to pieces for want of a commander;" and riding up to them, exclaimed, "Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing!" At that moment, a Highlander armed with a scythe fastened to a long pole, struck at him, and his sword was seen to fall from his hand. He was then dragged from his



2231.—Bridge connecting the Colleges of St. John's, Cambridge.



2232.—The Great Hall, Cambridge, 1842.

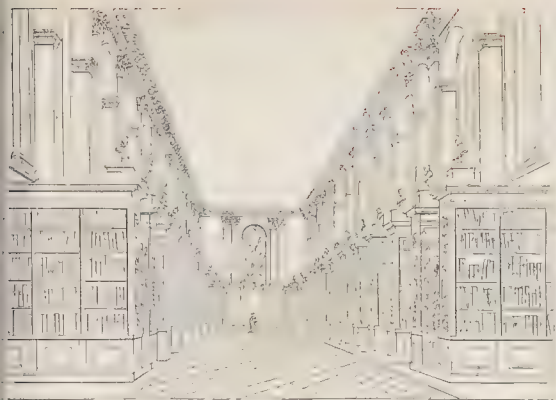


2233.—Section of Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.
SCALE OF 113 FEET.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.





2284.—Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.



2285.—St. Olave's School, Southwark (as rebuilt).



2286.—Lady Owen's School (as rebuilt).



2288.—Costume of William III.



2287.—Bedford School (as rebuilt).



2290.—Costume of Queen Mary. (From two Prints of the time.)



2289.—William III. (From a Print dated 1694.)



2291.—Gentlemen of the reigns of Queen Anne, George I, and II. (From Jeffrey's Collection, published in 1757.)
a, 1700-15; b, 1735; c, 1745; d, 1755.

horse, and had scarcely touched the ground before another Highlander struck him on the back of his head. The dying man's last act was to wave his hat as a signal to a faithful servant that he should fly. The man did so, but returned disguised two hours after the engagement, and found the Colonel still breathing; but he died the same morning, in the house of the minister at Trarant.

Our engraving (Fig. 2236) exhibits the house in which he was born, which is situated in a sequestered spot between Blackness Castle and Borrowstoness, in Linlithgowshire, and commands a delightful view of the Frith of Forth.

We shall not, of course, plunge into the almost unfathomable sea of European politics during the reigns of the first and second Georges; but content ourselves with the mention of two or three of the particular incidents that have obtained so wide a reputation as to be still popularly remembered, when the circumstances and motives in which they originated are forgotten, or at least have ceased to command any general interest. Thus few now-a-days care to know about the war with Spain in 1739, but there are few who do not still warm with enthusiasm as they read of the skill and courage with which Admiral Vernon reduced Portobello (Fig. 2248), in the Isthmus of Darien, in the course of that war. The battle of Dettingen (Fig. 2249), fought in 1743, by our own king in person, and with great bravery, is a pertinent matter still to us. And lastly, though no doubt it was a great source of satisfaction to Englishmen in the eighteenth century that the French had been driven back to the Rhine, we in the nineteenth should listen to the statement of the facts with lack-lustre eyes, but that we hear of the mode in which the feat was accomplished, namely, by the great battle of Minden (Fig. 2264), fought in 1759, when English gallantry was, if possible, more than usually conspicuous.

There is, however, another class of foreign operations that affect us very differently. The events we have named, and a host of others like them, have left no permanent record behind them that can satisfactorily explain their utility. They look like so many

tremendous evidences of a belief on the part of the most civilised nations of the earth, that it is a part of the economy of Nature that they should fight with one another, and therefore that they have sought for causes for warfare, rather than merely fought when the causes of themselves came. It seems, therefore, an approach to common sense to become selfish under such circumstances, and fight for territories, instead of "balance of power," or "glory;" and so obtain results that posterity shall at least see and understand. The reign of George II. was to be for ever remembered in connection with such efforts and successes. Wolfe won Canada at the cost of his own life, by winning the battle of Quebec; Clive in effect won the East Indies by overpowering the native combatants, and driving out the French from almost every one of their possessions in that most real of *El Dorados*. Of the ministers who, during the two reigns in question, guided the public affairs, two only need be mentioned. One is Sir Robert Walpole, a man of greater ability even than contemporaries give him credit for, able as he was acknowledged to be, and all-powerful as he evidently was, but whose name has also become synonymous with all the arts of political corruption. The other is that of a younger man, who began to rise as Walpole began to fall, and who, when rebuked by the brother of Walpole for his presumption, is reported by Johnson to have said, "The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience." The acclamations of a crowded House of Commons (Fig. 2266) no doubt carried home to the quarter at which they were levelled the severe but polished sarcasms of this remarkable speech, for the speaker was then rapidly becoming popular. It was the elder Pitt who thus spiritedly defended himself. His character and influence, however, belong not to 'Old England.' It is in connection with the reign of George III., and with events of which the excitement and party feeling have hardly yet entirely subsided, that his name became illustrious.

CHAPTER II.—POPULAR ANTIQUITIES.



THE last of the colleges that can be properly said to belong to 'Old England'—we refer to Worcester College, Oxford—was founded in the year 1714; we may, therefore, in connection with the present period, glance at the general subject of Education, as viewed in association with the two principal English universities, and with some of the more important of the public schools that yet exist in our great towns.

If in one of those magic freaks of which eastern tales are so full, a person who had never seen Oxford or Cambridge, nor paid much attention to aught he might have read about them, were set down just outside one of these cities, say, for instance, Oxford, and on the Abingdon road (Fig. 2271), and were conducted from thence into its streets and among its population, he would be apt to think he had been transported to some foreign country; so unlike in various respects would seem the aspect of the place as compared with the aspect of other English towns. The ladies, it is true, dress there much as elsewhere; but the gentlemen—some in black togas and black square caps—others with their robes displaying rich red silk linings, and wearing lace and embroidery, and yet others who move splendidly about beneath quantities of gold lace and gold thread—what are these who wear the most picturesque of dresses with so picturesque and gallant an air?

Turning from these, who form so large a part of the entire population of the place, the place itself presents new cause for wonder and admiration. Never surely before were so many magnificent edifices congregated in so limited a space. Private buildings and public ones have here reversed their usual numerical proportion. Here, if anywhere, may one speak with propriety of a city of palaces. And then the gardens—those paradises of peaceful delight—which seem as though each must join at some corner or other the one nearest to it, and so the whole extend all over Oxford. Truly, it is a thing worth remembering, the first sight of the students and the streets of this famous University.

We will imagine ourselves for the moment in the position of one who walks through the city with an intelligent Freshman, explaining as he goes whatever objects arrest the eye, or that suggests itself as matter of inquiry to the thoughts of the new comer, who is, of course, as usual, full of the novelty of the place and his own future connection with it. The first things that surprise him are the bridges. Whether he comes from the south, east, or west, the entrance into the town is still by bridges. With something like poetical emotion he looks down from the western one, should his route lie that way, for it spans the waters of the classical Isis—the stock figure for prize poems innumerable. Or should he come from the south, he pauses at Folly Bridge to look at the spot where was Friar Bacon's study, and haply wonders whether Nature is here dealing—by this odd conjunction of names—in one of those little bits of practical satire of which she often seems to be fond. Or if, lastly, he come with the great stream that pours in eastwards, chiefly from London, the street view that there presents itself may fix him spell-bound with admiration. It has been said that this High-street is one of the finest in Europe; and without having gone all over Europe to obtain materials for the comparison, one can feel tolerably sure it must be so. But what, he asks, is this building here by the bridge, that we have just passed? What a curious old pile it is, and what a beautiful pinnacled tower!

That is Magdalen College (Fig. 2280), founded by William of Waynflete, and the tower is said to have been designed by Wolsey; but the story appears to rest on no better foundation than the fact that Wolsey was a bursar of the college at the time. And he is

but one of the many eminent men who have issued forth from its walls into the active business of the world, including Bishop Wilkins, the poet Daniel, Sir Harry Vane, Sir Julius Cæsar, Lord Clarendon, Sir Matthew Hale, and others. A noticeable feature of Magdalen College is the custom, that it is bound to observe by statute, of playing the entertainer whenever royalty visits Oxford.

And that modern and magnificent pile of building in the Grecian style, with the queenly statue in front?

That is Queen's College, founded by the confessor of good Queen Philippa, and was so called probably in order to commemorate his admiration and affection for that admirable woman. Not only she herself, but other queens since that time, have delighted to honour the establishment; so that it peculiarly deserves the name it bears. Queen Charlotte owes the especial respect paid to her in the erection of the statue over the gateway to a gift of 1000*l.* towards the building of the quadrangle. The victor of Agincourt was here educated, and there was in a room over the gateway a very ancient portrait of him in glass. The engraving (Fig. 2276) represents the ancient College, over whose gateway Henry V. is said to have lodged when a student. Barnard Gilpin and the poet Collins were also members of Queen's. But now turn your eyes to the opposite side of the street, to the long and grand-looking front of University College, with its double gateways, and towers, and statues; that is the parent establishment of the whole university; and if tradition and some writers are to be believed, had no less a personage for its founder than the great Saxon king Alfred, who is understood to have resided at one period in Oxford with his three sons. The story has at least this much evidence to be put forth in its favour; we know Oxford to have been become reputed as a place of study so far back as the time of the Confessor. And it is not an uninteresting occupation to contrast the state of the university in its earlier stages with its present sumptuous magnificence. The university began humbly, with mere schools for the instruction of youth attached to religious houses, or supported by the masters and other inhabitants of Oxford. There were schools for grammar, sophistry, arts, medicine, law, divinity, &c. When many of the scholars resided together in the secular schools or houses of study, these establishments became known as halls or hostels, and governors were appointed to superintend the discipline and instruction. No regular plan, however, can be traced until the foundation or revival of University College by Walter de Merton in 1247; but his statutes were gradually adopted, with alterations, by other succeeding colleges. These facts, on the whole, give us a kind of glimpse of the mode of formation of the present university. And comparatively rude and simple as the arrangements no doubt then were, as compared with the elaborate system that now prevails, there is one startling fact in connection with this foundation or revival of Merton College; there were then at Oxford no less than fifteen thousand scholars! It is a common remark to say that these and the thirty thousand students of the reign of Henry III. are mere exaggerations; but apparently the assertion is made on no better foundation than the fact that no such state of things prevails now.

And what is that hybrid-looking building a little farther on, where ancient and modern architecture seem to have tried to amalgamate, but have only very indifferently succeeded?

That is All Souls'; or, to give it its proper statute designation, "The College of the Souls of all faithful people deceased, of Oxford;" seeming to convey the idea of a sort of spiritual cemetery. Perhaps some malicious tongues would say it is so in its business of education; but the names of the men who have been educated there—Linacre, the first great English physician, Leland, Jeremy Taylor, Wren, the poet Young, Blackstone, Heber—form a triumphant answer to the calumny. It appears that the idea so quaintly expressed was chiefly intended to apply to the praying for the good estate of Henry VI. and the Archbishop Chicheley, who was the founder, and also for the souls of Henry V., the Duke of Clarence,



2292.—Costume of the Nobility and Gentry, temp. William and Mary. (From Prints by Romain de Hooge, 1689, and Costumes by Myer, 1691.)



2293.—Costume of the Commonalty, temp. William and Mary. (From Prints by Romain de Hooge, 1689, and Mauro's Cries of London.)



2294.—General Costume, temp. Anne. (From Prints dated 1708—1719, and figures in Jeffrey's Collection.)



2295.—General Costume, temp. George I. (Selected from early works of Hogarth.)



2296.—General Costume, temp. George II. (From Prints of the Trial and Execution of the Rebel Lords, &c.)



2297.—Military Costume, temp. George II. (Selected from Hogarth's March to Finchley.)



2298.—Ladies of the reign of George II. (From Jeffrey's Collection)
a, 1735; b, 1745; c, 1755.



2299.—Fashionable Costumes, 1760.



2297.—A Man and a Woman.



2303.—House of Commons in the time of Sir R. Walpole.



2301.—Scene in the Park.



2302.—A Couple as Maids.



2304.—Alamode, 1735. Mall in St. James's Park.



2305.—Alamode, 1745. Mall in St. James's Park.

and of all those dukes, earls, barons, knights, and esquires, and other English subjects, who had fallen in the war with France. A pious thought. The hecatombs of human victims that had been sacrificed to that brilliantly conducted but unjust war might well seem to need some expiation. We must examine the interior at another opportunity; suffice it therefore at present to tell you there is a statue, by Bacon, of Blackstone, among the works of art of the College, and that one of the finest libraries in England is to be found at All Souls'. We refer alike to the place and its extent. The one measures one hundred and ninety feet in length, by thirty-two feet and a half in breadth, swelling out in the centre to above fifty feet, whilst the height, forty feet, is sufficient to allow of a gallery that extends round three sides of the room. And the whole sprang from the munificence of a single individual, Colonel Codrington, governor of the Leeward Caribbee islands. As to the books, it may be briefly said that they form one of the finest collections that even Oxford, so rich in literary wealth, can boast of, and is constantly increasing. It was something to lay the first stone of such a building; and for once, literary and learned men exhibited a proper respect for their own order, by choosing one of themselves for the honour. Could they have a better man than the author of the 'Night Thoughts'? Let us pause here a moment at this noble opening—called after a well-known name, and who has been a truly princely benefactor of Oxford—Radcliffe Square. The buildings on its eastern side are, as you see, part of All Souls', and the remainder belonged to the now extinct foundation of Hertford College. On the opposite or western side, that range of buildings of antique cast, and with the beautiful Gothic entrance gateway, belongs to the College of Brazen Nose.

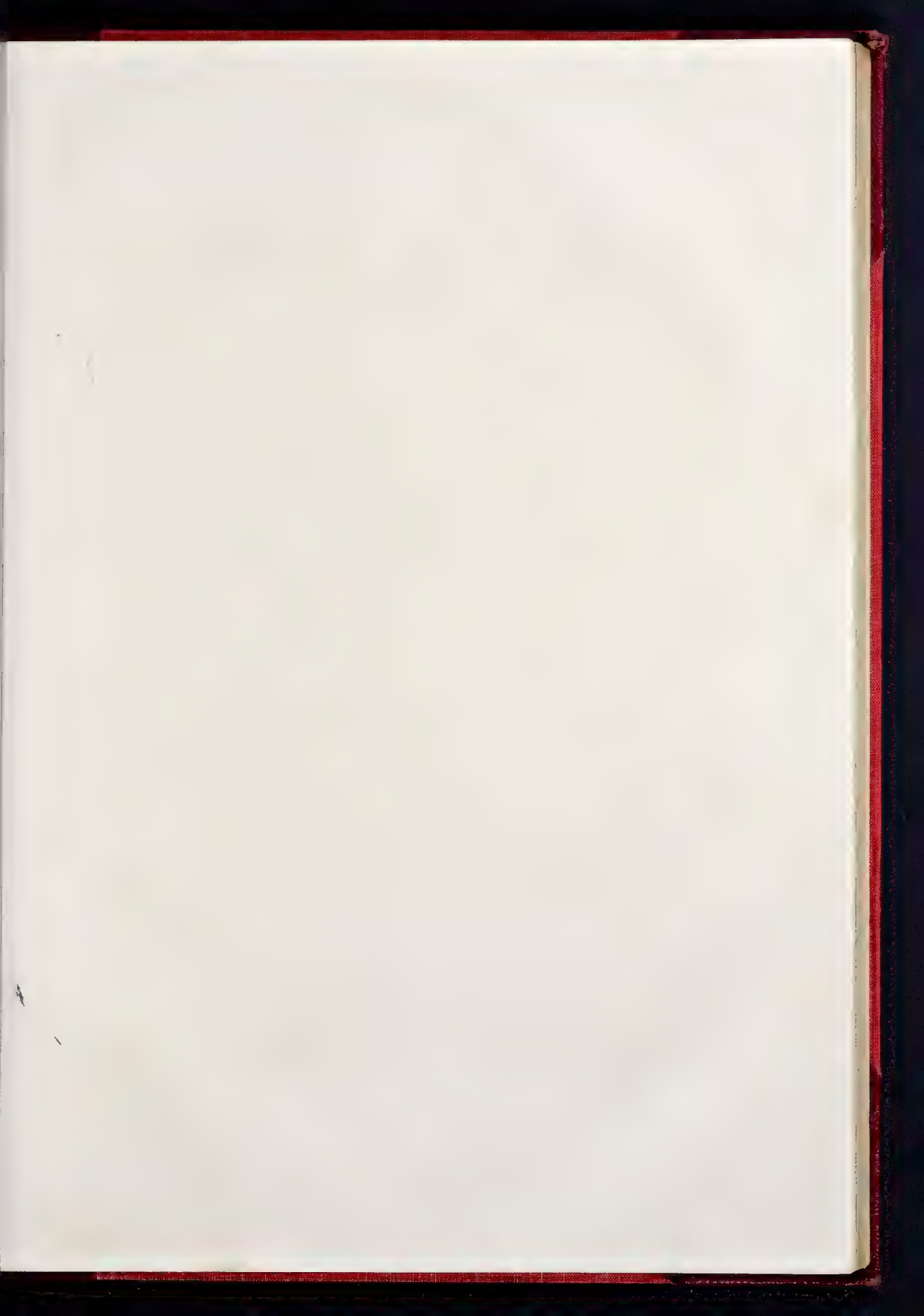
Brazen Nose!

Yes, an odd name, and arising from an odd combination of circumstances, some of which are among the most interesting features of the history of the university. From the earliest period the members of the university and the townspeople were engaged in continual broils, breaking out sometimes into such violence that bloodshed ensued. The townspeople, however, appear to have had the best of it, and so again and again their antagonists withdrew from the place, and left Oxford without a university. At one time Northampton was the place of their retreat; at another, Stamford in Lincolnshire. At this last-named place we have often paused to gaze upon the remains of a Norman gateway belonging to one of the colleges thus established. On the door there was of old an iron ring fixed in a nose of brass, to serve the purpose of a knocker, and the college became known through that feature as Brazen Nose. On the return to Oxford, which took place after a little time, the members of the college took the name with them, and left it attached to one of the two halls that were removed when the present establishment was founded on their site. And that foundation reminds us of the very important period to which it belongs. It is a curious, but perhaps, when thoroughly examined, very natural circumstance, that the fourteenth century, which marks the revival of modern learning, should be distinguished by very high individual genius—Chaucer's works, for instance, were then produced—and also the sixteenth, when English literature had, as far as we can yet judge, reached its culminating point; but that the century between should be remarkable for the absence of any literary productions of a permanently high intrinsic value. And yet that is the century in which so gigantic a movement was made in the establishment of houses of learning. Here at Oxford, for instance, was Brazen Nose founded in 1511; Corpus Christi, in 1517; Cardinal, by Cardinal Wolsey, in 1525 (and which on his fall fell too); Henry VIII.'s, in 1532 (an intended continuation of Wolsey's, but dissolved in 1545, when was erected in its stead) Christ Church, also by Henry; Trinity, in 1554; St. John's, in 1557; and Jesus, in 1571. And at Cambridge a parallel state of feeling and activity prevailed. It has been observed that "this indeed was the natural and proper direction for the first impulse to take that was given by the revival of letters: the actual generation upon which the new light broke was not that in which it was to be expected it should do much more than to awaken the taste for true learning, or at most the ambition of excellence: the power of accomplishment could only come in the next era. The men of the latter part of the fifteenth century, therefore, were most fitly and most usefully employed in making provision for the preservation and transmission to other times of the long-lost wisdom and eloquence that had been found again in their day—in building cisterns and conduits for the precious waters that, after having been hidden for a thousand years, had burst their fountains, and were once more flowing over the earth." ('Pictorial England,' vol. ii. p. 813.) Now, though this is in the main no doubt as true as it is eloquent, it appears to us to require some mo-

dification. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio in Italy, and Chaucer in England, were the real revivers of modern learning and literature by the impulse that their genius and learning and literary tendencies gave to the study of the ancients; and they all belong to the fourteenth, not to the fifteenth century. The "first" impulse, therefore, in England was really one to stimulate production, as in the works of Chaucer and Gower; for it is clear that they were influenced, and deeply, by the Italian movement. But the sudden energy aroused in individual minds would no doubt subside with them, and then the general mass of society would remain to be affected in the mode above described. But stay, here we are opposite what is called the University Church, because the members of the university commonly attend here; sometimes to please themselves, sometimes because they happen to have been pressed into the service, as, with their thoughts and their feet running in some contrary direction, the proctor happened to meet them. And an amusing thing it is, though not exactly in accordance with the sentiments that the sight of such a place should call forth, to see that official on some particularly successful occasion entering with his reluctant train. "Of course, all the pressed men walk out of the church the moment they are in it. There is no one to prevent them, as the authorities sit in a different part. One of the proctors, once meeting a gownsman walking away from the church just as he himself was going there, stopped and indignantly asked him, 'Is this the way to St. Mary's, sir?' 'No, sir, that is the way,' said the youth, pointing out the spire to the offended dignitary." You smile, but beware; jokes with proctors are very well when perfectly successful, but uncommonly awkward in every other case.

And what is that splendid circular many-sided building, with its Corinthian columns and dome, in the centre of the square? (Fig. 2273.)

The Radcliffe Library, rich beyond measure, as it should be, in books of medicine and natural history, and forming altogether one of the most magnificent individual bequests ever known in the country. Radcliffe's biography gives us some indication of the circumstances that may have influenced him. He was first a student here, though a very strange student. He had so few books that Dr. Bathurst, the President of Trinity, once on a visit to him in his rooms, asked him where was his library? "There, sir," said Radcliffe, pointing to some glass vials, a herbal, and a skeleton, "there, sir, is Radcliffe's library." And it would be well if every student could make such good use of his books. He became a fellow, took the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and went out, as it was called, a Grand Compounder, with all the usual splendid ceremonies, including a general procession of the members of the college who went with him, who was bare-headed, to the Convocation House. In the mean time he had obtained a very high reputation for professional skill; in short, he was emphatically a prophet in his own country, and—what does not often follow—able to maintain or even to advance his reputation when he went elsewhere. In London he speedily became known, and courted; his caustic wit aiding in no slight degree the fame of his cures. He once said to Dr. Mead, "I love you, and now I will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune; *use all mankind ill*." Happily there is not the smallest need to accept his philosophy for anything more than a superficial view of the nature of men, for we know he did a very great deal in the way of using them well: in hosts of cases he alleviated or cured the diseases that afflicted or threatened to bring to a premature close the lives of his fellow-men, and which were often perfectly intractable in all other hands, and thus added, in no slight degree, to the comfort and enjoyment of his fellow-creatures. Radcliffe was, in short, the Abernethy of his day. His London residence was in Bow-Street, Covent Garden, and next to him resided the painter Kneller, a juxtaposition that with two such men was sure to lead to some passages of arms between them. And so, when they quarrelled about the door into the garden that the painter threatened to close up, he was told he might do aught but paint it; to which his retort, at once witty and kindly, was, that he could take anything from the doctor but physic. Radcliffe is another instance to be added to the many that before existed, of men who were misers to themselves or their contemporaries in order to benefit posterity. He has owned that he was "avaricious, even to spunging, whenever he any way could save, at a tavern reckoning, a sixpence or a shilling among the rest of the company, under pretence of hating (as he ever did) to change a guinea, because (said he) it slips away so fast. He could never be brought to pay bills without much following and importunity, nor then, if there appeared any chance of wearying them out." (Richardson.) His death furnishes a very different moral to his life than he could have ever anticipated. It was brought on, it is said, by the public indignation and excitement at his refusing





THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.

to attend Queen Anne when she was dying. Such was the man who left 40,000*l.* to build a library at Oxford, and other large funds to provide for repairs, the librarian, and the purchase of books. And various other bequests were also left, in one way or another, to the university, of such value that, in addition to the constant and handsome support of two travelling fellowships in connection with University College, his executors have been able to build entirely the Infirmary and the Observatory of Oxford (the last at an expense of 30,000*l.*), and to render great assistance to other charitable and important establishments.

But Oxford possesses a yet more important library than this—a library that has obtained an European reputation for the amazing extent and value of its contents; and which is, properly speaking, the public library of the university. There it is—forming a part of that great quadrangle, which ranges along the northern side of the square. The original founder was the good Duke Humphrey, who gave the library a superb collection of manuscript books, one only of which—out of it is said six hundred—now remains. The existing specimen is a folio MS. of Valerius Maximus, most elegantly decorated. Sir Thomas Bodley, a favoured public servant of Elizabeth, set to work about the close of the sixteenth century to restore to Oxford a library. He gave his own collection, worth 10,000*l.*, to begin with. Such examples are apt to be infectious from their very impressiveness and magnificence. He found it so. Never was there such a sudden inroad of books into a building before or since. Every corner, however remote, began to fill; at last there was not an inch of space remaining—and still the stream poured on. So a new library, the present one, was erected; and subsequently the university added the three other sides of the quadrangle, forming the schools, &c. To give any adequate idea of the contents in any short space were impossible. It is not one, but a dozen libraries collected together. A poetical mind would probably be most interested in the choice collection of the earliest editions of *Slakspere* here preserved. The German, Kohl, was chiefly interested with the topographical portion. "Every shire has here its own department, and I was astonished at the minute accuracy with which the petty history and geography of every village, hamlet, and parish in England was here detailed. In some cases the history of every family of any importance was given." It is unpleasant to be told by the same writer that "Access to the library is granted very sparingly, and even the students have to pay an annual sum for the use of it." Our view represents its interior (Fig. 1602).

The Divinity Schools (Fig. 1605), the very ancient piece of architecture that you see there, connected with the Bodleian Library and the more modern schools, was also founded by Humphrey of Gloucester. In that same pile, too, we shall find all that remains in a collective form of the famous *Arundelian marbles* (Fig. 2165).

And what is that handsome building, with the portico, in the open square beyond?

The Clarendon Printing-office, erected from Vanbrugh's designs; a very satisfactory and tangible evidence of the value of a copyright. That edifice was built with the profits of the famous "History of the Rebellion," Clarendon's son having given the copyright to the university. One may here muse over the extraordinary changes that a few years may produce in the views and condition of men; when we see the University of Oxford at one period sending forth, with the stamp of its authority and sanction, a work steeped in bitterness towards those who had fought in the senate or in the field against Royalty, and then, when we see at another, and but a little earlier one, Cromwell in the position of Chancellor—the same post that the Duke of Wellington now holds: Kohl may well observe, "These are the two most remarkable Chancellors of Oxford I ever heard of." The University Printing-office is a distinct building, situated at the back of the Observatory, and forms one of the "lions" of Oxford (Fig. 2278). Think of a "press-room" two hundred feet long and twenty-eight wide! But the office enjoys privileges that sufficiently account for the vast business preparations that here meet the eye. There are but three printers in England entitled to issue the Bible without notes or comments: they are the King's printer in London, and the printers of Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

We need not stop to describe the theatre further than to say that here the principal public meetings of the university are held, and that it was one of the works by means of which Wren stepped upwards to the highest pinnacle of architectural reputation. The Ashmolean Museum, that you see there adjacent to the theatre, was also from Wren's designs; and the establishment itself is interesting as being the first public collection of the kind that existed

in England. But Elias Ashmole was the very man to collect all sorts of curiosities in natural history or the arts. He had a faith in them beyond the faith of those who now collect such things. He was, in a word, an alchemist, and had every expectation of finding the philosopher's stone—and who should say in *which* stone, or odd piece of metal, or other "curiosity," he might find it! He even studied Hebrew in order to a better understanding of the old Hermetic writers. But he gave up the pursuit at last, and settled down into a very active and able antiquarian. He aided Dugdale; he was intimate with the Tradescants of Lambeth. These last were men after his own heart. They believed in griffins; and rocs that can truss elephants; and why not? did not the historian *Sindbad* see the birds? And yet, while we smile at these credulities, we forget how often they are in truth no credulities at all, but the mere readiness of the believer to own that there may be more mysteries in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in men's philosophy. The man of science of the present day, who would have rejected with scorn the Tradescants' relics of the griffin and the roc,—would, no doubt, have done the same with the marvellous relic of the dodo, long placed in the same category, but now universally acknowledged to be a part of a creature that has existed, though it may now be extinct. And it is often thus: he who has the most faith in the possibilities of Nature is in the long run the more likely to be right than those who, undertaking the mission of interpreters, limit her in every direction by the range of their own senses. Nevertheless, we own we should like to inquire at the museum what has become of the griffin and the roc—or their representative fragments. They should be still preserved as parts of the Museum of the Tradescants, which they bequeathed to Ashmole, and which he gave to the university, with his own additions. Should either of the two great Archaeological Societies hold their meetings at Oxford, we hope that they will not overlook either the roc or the griffin.

We must now quit the chief streets for a time. Oxford does not display all her wealth there, though it must be acknowledged she does pretty well.—Near the museum, but more hidden among the retired parts of the city, we find Lincoln, Exeter, and Jesus Colleges; whilst in another direction, beyond the Clarendon Printing-office already mentioned, is Wadham College. The first of these is almost a holy place in the eyes of a great body of the people of England, thousands of whom, too, never saw or cared about universities or colleges, or aught that belongs to them. It was in Lincoln College that John Wesley prepared himself for the gigantic task that he had determined upon; it was there, in effect, that he laid the foundations of Methodism. His brother Charles was, at the time to which we refer, a member of Christchurch, and belonged to a little band of religious students whose pursuits and views may be gathered from the epithets so plentifully showered upon them. There were the holy club—the godly club—bible moths—bible bigots—sacramentarians—*Methodists*. And certainly their habits of life were calculated not only to attract attention, but ridicule in the eyes of the great mass of their fellow-students. Not content with the divinity that in one shape or other they were obliged to familiarise themselves with, they must, of their own accord, devote their Sunday evenings to that express study. And when they got laughed at for so doing, they only replied, if they replied at all, by giving up secular business on all other nights, and so devoting the entire week to religious exercises and reading. Twice in each week they communicated; hence the name fastened upon them of Sacramentarians. They had also their weekly fast-day. They were, in a word, constantly engaged in devout exercises, prayer, meditation, and self-examination. So much for their discipline among themselves, which gave promise of something like a restoration of the old severities of monachism in its purest days. One member, it is said, shortened his life by them. Beyond the walls of the college the Methodists exhibited themselves as the visitors to the sick, or the poor, or the imprisoned. Such were the men that John Wesley joined about the year 1729. And if aught more need be added to show what a remarkable association this must have been, it will be found in the fact that Hervey, the author of the *Meditations in a Churchyard*, and Whitfield were among them. How Whitfield—the son of very respectably-descended but poor parents—got there is worth narrating. Not long before, he had been assisting his mother (a widow) in the business of her tavern, and, as he himself states, with a kind of exultation in his abasement.—"At length I put on my blue apron and my snuffers, washed mops, cleaned rooms, and in one word became a professed and common *draiver* for nigh a year and a half." Subsequently his mother became still less able to aid his views as to a university education, which he ardently desired, and for which he was prepared, having been an excellent scholar at the grammar-school of Gloucester. But after a time,



256.—Lafayette.



257.—Lafayette.



258.—Wassmer.



260.—Fountain with Horses.



261.—Cobbler's Stall, 1763.



262.—Fountain with Horses.



263.—Sir Roger de Coverley and the 'Spectator.'



264.—Sir Roger de Coverley and the Picture Gallery.



2311.—Sir Roger de Coverley at a Church.



2315.—Sir Roger de Coverley as Sheriff.



2316.—Sir Roger de Coverley and the Hare.

"a young student," he continues, "who was once my school-fellow, and then a servitor of Pembroke College, Oxford, came to pay my mother a visit. Among other conversation he told her how he had discharged all college expenses that quarter, and saved a penny. Upon that my mother immediately cried out, 'That will do for my son!' Then turning to me, she said, 'Will you go to Oxford, George?' I replied, 'With all my heart!' Whereupon, having the same friends that this young student had, my mother without delay waited on them. They promised their interest to get me a servitor's place in the same college;" and were successful. Whitfield, a year after, joined the little circle of which he had heard so much. Gradually, however, the numbers declined. The physical hardships were probably too much for them, or doubts began to exist as to their necessity; so the seven-and-twenty dropped down to five. And for a time even Wesley himself disappeared from the scene: he went to America with a party of Moravians—and on Whitfield alone was left all the burden and heat of the day. But he had enthusiasm enough to triumph over all difficulties. Methodism began to number its disciples by hundreds and thousands. And then Whitfield set out for America at the very time that Wesley was departing for England. And by a noticeable coincidence the two ships passed each other which bore respectively the two friends, neither of whom were conscious that they were thus changing places. As yet Wesley, according to his subsequent statements, had not obtained those true views of Christianity that were to be productive of such amazing energy and self-devotion. One night, however, he happened to go, unwillingly, to a society in Aldersgate-street, and heard some one read Luther's 'Preface to the Epistle to the Romans,' and he was "converted." The time, we were told, was a quarter before nine in the evening, the day Wednesday the 20th of May, the year 1733.

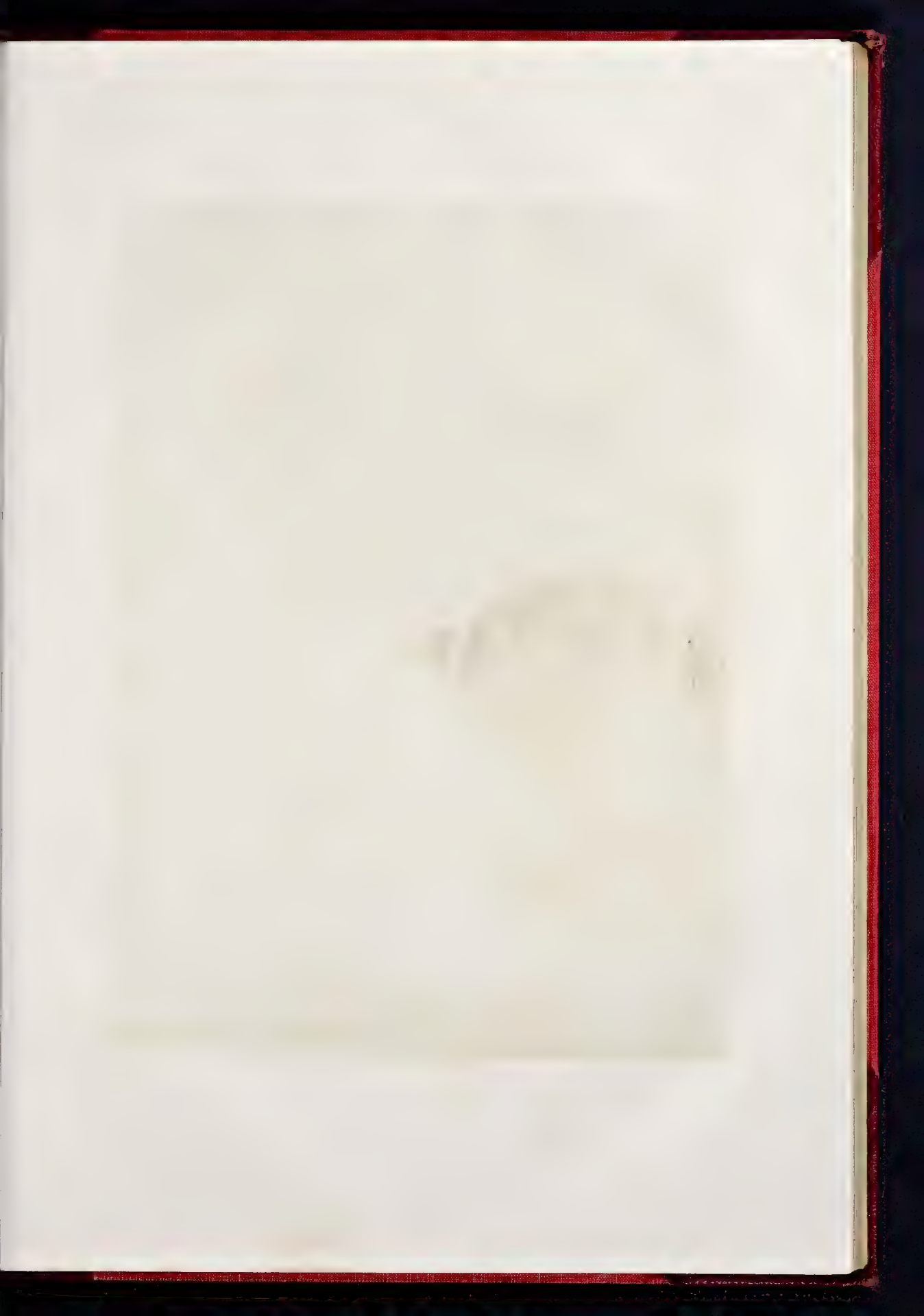
It was not until Whitfield's return from America that any very important movements were made. One of the first steps then taken was preaching in the open air, Whitfield, with characteristic ardour, leading the way. The effect was magical. Crowds followed them everywhere, though all were not convinced, and though many sought, by violent means, to hinder others from being convinced. The first act that looked like dissent from the Established Church, by those who had been bred in her communion, was Wesley's sanction of lay preaching. He consented, with some hesitation, that a person of the name of Bowers, who had never entered into holy orders, should preach in Islington church-yard. Presently the two founders quarrelled and divided; and though they subsequently were reconciled, their respective followers remained permanently distinct from each other. But, divided or in union, the movement they had originated went on with giant strides. Wesley hardly rested two days in the same place, nay, in the rural districts hardly two hours. He preached, rode on—preached again, and again rode on—and so continued till he had ridden from forty to sixty miles, and addressed four or five different congregations between day-break and night-fall. No weather stopped him: no other cares or pleasure distracted his attention. When he married, he made it an express stipulation that he should not be expected to preach one sermon nor travel one mile the less. Whitfield's career was essentially the same, varied only in its details. He not only made it his general rule to traverse England and Scotland through, yearly; but he thought no more of a voyage every now and then to America than we do now that steam-boats waft us over in twelve or fourteen days. He was in some respects more popular than Wesley; for men of the highest intellect delighted in his fervid eloquence even when they had no sympathy with his doctrinal views. The man who could bring a Chesterfield and a Bolingbroke, a Hume and a Franklin, to hear him preach, needs no other vouchers of his intellectual power: and to this power was added worthy instruments for its exercise. Whitfield's voice could be heard, it is said, to the distance of half a mile, and was as flexible and expressive as it was strong; "capable of taking every various tone of emotion, and whether poured forth in thunder or in softer music, making its way to the heart with irresistible force and effect. Then he gesticulated, he stamped, he wept with a tempestuous abandonment, to which the most successful efforts of the counterfeit passions of the stage seemed tame and poor." (Life of Whitfield, in 'Penny Cyclopædia.') And so these good and great men—for they were both—went on rejoicingly, making themselves the awakeners, civilizers, and spiritual guardians and advisers of the poor, at a time when no other body of religionists took any particular trouble upon the matter. This is the glory of Methodism, and one that no change of position, no adversity, can deprive it of.

Exeter College reminds us of one of those tragical incidents that throw so deep a gloom over many of the earlier portions of

English history. It was founded by Walter de Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter, in 1314. That prelate was left by Edward II. governor of the city of London at the time that he fled from it with his unworthy favourites the Despensers, in order to avoid the threatened attacks of the nobles who were then advancing towards the metropolis, having all the sympathy and support that Edward's own wife, son, brothers, and cousin, could give them. No sooner had he disappeared than the London populace rose, and murdered the royal officer—the Bishop of Exeter: an act of "bloody sacrilege," as Speed phrases it. Two of the scholarships of this college were founded by William Gifford, who rose from being a poor shoemaker's apprentice to the editorship of the potent 'Quarterly Review,' a publication that he did much to establish as well as to conduct. These scholarships show that he had no desire to forget the lowliness of his origin. They are intended solely for natives of his own county, Devonshire, and with a preference for the inhabitants of his own town, Ashburton. This kind of local partiality forms a characteristic of the colleges generally; some of them being indeed expressly founded for the assistance of particular parts of the country. It was thus with Jesus College, established by a patriotic Welshman, in the reign of Elizabeth, for the especial benefit of his countrymen. Wadham College exhibits a similar preference for the good people of Somersetshire and Essex. We must approach close to this. Over yonder gateway you will find a great room: you must at your leisure visit it. In that room was established the most illustrious of all English societies, ancient or modern. You will not, I am sure, be unwilling to hear something of the circumstances.

One of the most eloquent writers of the present day has wittily illustrated the peaceful and studious character of the mind of a man who was a most distinguished ornament of this University, Sir Thomas Browne. He says, "he had no sympathy with the great business of men." In that awful year when Charles I. went in person to seize the five members of the Commons' House, when the streets resounded with shouts of 'Privilege of Parliament!' and the King's coach was assailed by the prophetic cry, 'To your tents, O Israel!'—in that year, in fact, when the Civil War first broke out, and when most men of literary power were drawn by the excitement of the crisis into patriotic controversy on either side—appeared the calm and meditative reveries of the 'Religio Medici.' The war raged on. It was a struggle between all the elements of government. England was torn by convulsions and red with blood. But Browne was tranquilly preparing his 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica,' as if errors about basilisks and griffins were the fatal epidemic of the time; and it was published in due order in that year, when the cause which the author advocated, as far as he could advocate anything political, lay at its last gasp. The King dies on the scaffold. The Protectorate succeeds. Men are again fighting on paper the solemn cause already decided in the field. Drawn from visions more sublime—forsaking studies more intricate and vast than those of the poetical sage of Norwich—diverging from a career bounded by the most splendid goal—foremost in the ranks shines the flaming sword of Milton. Sir Thomas Browne is lost in the quincunx of the ancient gardens; and the year 1658 beheld the death of Oliver Cromwell and the publication of the 'Hydrotophia.'

But it would be a mistake to suppose that it was only Browne who was thus playing the imaginative recluse at a time when all the world of England was in arms. It is really to our minds a very striking as well as interesting circumstance, to perceive that the Royal Society itself may be said to have been originated at exactly the same time, and of course exactly under the same circumstances. It was just three years before the execution of Charles that several lovers of knowledge and science agreed to meet together and form themselves into a club, where the distracting subjects of politics and religion should be excluded, so that Cavalier and Parliamentarian, Episcopalian and Puritan, might meet in harmony on the same common ground, of desire to enlarge the boundaries of learning—and, what is an inevitable consequence, at the same time enlarge their own minds. A German, Mr. Haak, had the honour of originating the idea; which was speedily adopted by Dr. Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester; Waller, the famous mathematical scholar; Goddard and Ert, well-known physicians; with others of kindred views, including Foster, the professor of astronomy of Gresham College. They met where they found it most convenient—sometimes at the houses of members, sometimes in Gresham College. Boyle called them the "Invisible" Society. Wilkins, Walter, and Goddard went to Oxford in 1651, having obtained appointments there, and speedily drew around them others who could help them to carry on at Oxford a similar





CHRIST CHURCH HALL, OXFORD.

society. Doctors Seth Ward, Bathurst, Petty, and an eminent physician of the name of Willis, whose name is too well known to need illustration, joined them. At first they met at Petty's lodgings, in the house of an apothecary, who gave them access to his drugs for the purposes of examination. A little later Boyle, who had joined them, accommodated them occasionally in his apartments, he being then settled at Oxford. But the chief place of meeting seems to have been in this great room over the gateway of Wadham College, where they were the guests of Dr. Wilkins. In 1659, the chief members of the society found themselves again in London, united to the former association, and with one man of no ordinary mark or likelihood, among many others, joined to their numbers, Christopher Wren. Two years after the Restoration, Charles II. granted them a charter of incorporation, and the Royal Society was firmly established in the land. There must have been something like pride and exultation felt by the earliest members, when they fixed for the first time to a document that stately-looking token of their independence, the society's seal. And beyond all praise were the motives of those scientific men of the seventeenth century. Would that every new institution of a parallel nature would adopt at starting an equally clear and noble declaration of principles! It was agreed by the society's resolutions—"That records should be made of all the works of nature and art of which any account could be obtained; so that the present age and posterity might be able to mark the errors which have been strengthened by long prescription, to restore truths which have been long neglected, and to extend the uses of those already known; thus making the way easier to those which were yet unknown. It was also resolved to admit men of different religions, professions, and nations, in order that the knowledge of nature might be freed from the prejudices of sect, and from a bias in favour of any particular branch of learning, and that all mankind might as much as possible be engaged in the pursuit of philosophy, which it was proposed to reform, not by laws and ceremonies, but by practice and example. It was further resolved that the society should not be a school where some might teach and others be taught, but rather a sort of laboratory where all persons might operate independently of one another. (Article, "Royal Society," in the 'Penny Cyclopædia'.) To carry out their magnificent schemes the members divided into committees; and these divisions alone, if we knew nothing more of the views of the founders of the society, would be sufficient to prove that we have gone back rather than advanced since that time in the two grand essentials of all such associations—that is, enthusiasm to inquire, and wisdom to know how and as to what it were best to begin to inquire. There were nine committees; and passing over the more obvious subjects dealt with, we may particularize the committee on histories of trade—the committee for collecting all the previously observed phenomena of nature, all made and recorded experiments—and the committee for improving the English tongue—especially for philosophical purposes. Such universality of scope attracted to their place of meeting, Gresham College, nearly all the men of eminence of the time. Dryden was there—so was Waller, and Cowley, and Denham—so was Sir Kenelm Digby—so were Ashmole, and Aubrey, and Barrow. Would the reader like to be able to take a peep at this remarkable body of men in their very *sanctum sanctorum*? A Frenchman, Sorbiere, the historiographer of Louis XIII., affords us the opportunity. Having noticed that the beadle went before the President with a mace—the very one, by the way, that was the subject of Cromwell's command in the House of Commons, "Take away that bauble!"—he continues: "The room where the society meets is large and wainscotted; there is a large table before the chimney, with seven or eight chairs covered with green cloth about it, and two rows of wooden and matted benches to lean on, the first being higher than the other, in the form of an amphitheatre. The president and council are elective; they receive no precedence in the society, but the president sits at the middle of the table in an arm-chair, with his back to the chimney. The secretary sits at the end of the table on his left hand; and they have each of them pen, ink, and paper before them. I saw nobody sit in the chairs; I think they are reserved for persons of great quality, or those who have occasion to draw near the president. All the other members take their places as they think fit, and without ceremony; and if any one comes in after the society is fixed, nobody stirs, but he takes a place presently where he can find it, so that no interruption may be given to him that speaks. The president has a little wooden mace in his hand, with which he strikes the table when he would command silence; they address their discourse to him bareheaded till he makes a sign for them to put on their hats; and there is a relation given in a few words of what is thought proper to be said concerning the experiments proposed by the secretary. There

is nobody here eager to speak, that makes a long harangue, or [is] intent upon saying all he knows; he is never interrupted that speaks; and difference of opinion causes no manner of excitement, nor as much as a disobliging way of speech; there is nothing seemed to me to be more civil, respectful, and better managed than this meeting; and if there are any private discourses held between any, while a member is speaking, they only whisper, and the least sign from the president causes a sudden stop, though they have not told their mind out. I took special notice of this conduct in a body consisting of so many persons and of such different nations."

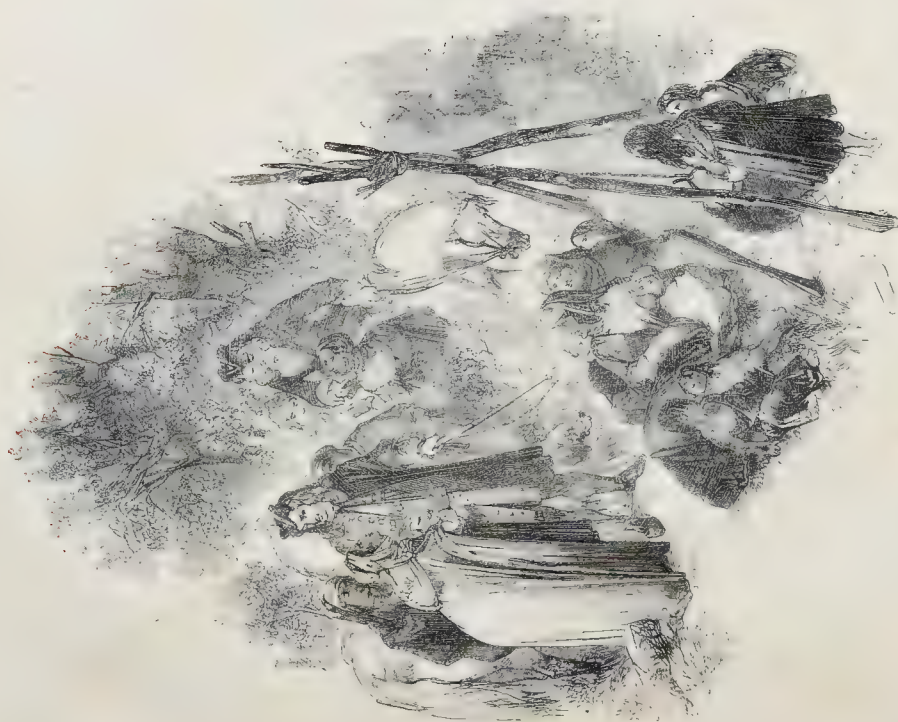
The first practical business recorded, appears to have been the appointment of Wren to conduct certain experiments on the vibrations of pendulums, and of Lord Brouncker (the president after the incorporation), to prepare instructions for others to conduct experiments on the Peak of Teneriffe, relating to temperature, moisture, and so on. We shall only add to these notices of the society a few words relating to one of its members, who joined in 1672. In that year there was among the members elected Isaac Newton; and between one and two years later, we read in the book an order of the council to excuse Isaac Newton from the customary payment of a shilling weekly. If, as it appears probable from this circumstance, his means were straitened, his appointment to the wardenship of the Mint in 1695 completely relieved him. In 1703 he was elected president of the society, and so remained until his death. His experiments on light and colours were among the earliest papers that gave a permanent lustre to the published 'Transactions of the Society.' But the most mutually honourable circumstance of this connection was the publication of the 'Principia' by the Society at its own expense, and at a time too when it was somewhat in difficulties as regards money matters. Newton sat for the last time as president on the 28th of February 1727—and the 20th of March he was dead. "I know not," he had said a little time before, "what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me." What a lesson of humility for the world at large, to think that a Newton could thus speak!

Hark, what a noble-sounding bell!

That is Great Tom of Oxford that you have so often heard of. Is it not fine? And very fond of hearing himself Great Tom is. Every evening, for instance, not content with summoning together all the fellows ("students" they are here called) of the college—Christ's (Fig. 2274—from their wandering in the town and elsewhere, he must give each of them his own particular warning. So not till he has pealed out his 101 strokes, that being the number of the "students," will he cease. Christchurch, you have no doubt heard, is the richest, most magnificent, and most celebrated of all the collegiate establishments of Oxford. It is the especial resort of the sons of the richest gentry and higher aristocracy of England. Kohl reminds us that Sir Robert Peel was educated here. It has been honoured by hosts of men who have belonged to a different aristocracy,—men who are seldom acknowledged to be illustrious during their lives, but whom none deny to be so for ever afterwards. Sydney, Ben Jonson, and Otway, Locke, Penn, and Canning, were all members of Christ's. The founder was Wolsey; and everything one sees here harmonises with the associations suggested by his name, although his scheme was but in part accomplished. A view of Christ Church in the sixteenth century is elsewhere engraved (Fig. 1602). The front of the pile is three hundred and eighty-two feet long. The hall measures one hundred and fifteen feet by forty, and is fifty feet high. And as if these dimensions were not in themselves enough to distinguish it from most other famous English halls, the roof is of elaborately carved oak, and among the contents are an extensive collection of pictures. Even the kitchen of Christ Church is on such a scale as to be alone worth a visit. "It is said to be the largest kitchen in England, much larger than that of Windsor Castle, or even that of the Reform Club. It is of course very splendid, and complete in all its arrangements." (Kohl.) It is delightful to see how thoroughly and unselfishly in earnest Wolsey was for the completion of his foundation according to the gigantic original design. When power, royal favour, and with them nearly all else that were dear to Wolsey's heart were departing, or rather we might say had departed—he pleaded more strenuously for the completion of Christ Church than for anything else. The brutal king was influenced; but being as shabby as he was brutal, determined, while he listened to the entreaties of his former dear friend and servant, and to the entreaties of the university, to re-found the establishment so as to deprive Wolsey of all the merit of the deed. But that was impossible. He



2318.—Sir Egmont, Coverly and the Beggar



2319.—Sir Egmont, Coverly and the Gipsies



2118.—Sir Roger de Coverley at Westminster A. W. V.



2120.—Sir Roger de Coverley & the Playhouse.

has only after all deprived Wolsey of the name. It should have been the Cardinal's—it is Christ's. But who forgets that it is in effect his? The noble cathedral of Christ Church, which forms the chapel to the college, has been mentioned elsewhere (vol. i., p. 175).

But let us here pause to take another street view of Oxford. We are now in St. Giles's Street, which crosses Oxford from the north to the centre of the town. What length and breadth—and then what a magnificent avenue is formed by the row of elms on each side,—what fine terminations to the vista—St. Giles at one end, St. Mary Magdalen at the other, two thousand feet distant! But see, another college, St. John's, noted for its beautiful little gardens; and yet others, as we move on, still keep pressing forward, as it were, upon our attention. There is New College, which Kohl designates as "one of the handsomest in Oxford. Its gardens are splendid, commanding wide and beautiful prospects of the surrounding country. How luxurious must be study and meditation among the ivy-clad ruins and rich verdant groves of these antique gardens!" Next we have Balliol, of which we give an engraving (Fig. 1603) of its appearance in the sixteenth century, founded by the father of him who made the name so famous, John Balliol, King of Scotland; Trinity, Corpus Christi, Oriel, Merton, Pembroke, and Worcester. And there are five halls, which differ from the Colleges in this—they are not endowed with estates, but are simply so many places for the residence and education of students, under proper superintendence. In addition to all these are various other buildings, worthy of more attention than we can now pay to them. Let us however take a glance, if but one, at the stately façade of the Taylor Institute (Fig. 2272); and also at the entrance gateway (Fig. 2277) of the Botanical Gardens, which were designed by Inigo Jones.

A great British university is a centre of which the radiations extend all over the kingdom in the shape of such schools as Acton, Harrow, Westminster (Fig. 1593), St. Paul's (Fig. 1590), Christ's or the Blue Coat School, Charter-House (Fig. 1606), Merchant Tailors' (Fig. 1594), King's school at Canterbury (Fig. 1588), and hundreds of others, known for the most part as grammar schools, of which St. Olave's, Southwark (Fig. 2285), the Bedford school (Fig. 2287), and Lady Owen's, in Goswell-street, London (Fig. 2286), may be taken as examples. Generally in these a university education forms the termination of the scholastic vista, no matter how few or how many the number of those who endeavour to reach it. It is in consequence an almost self-evident fact that the quality and modes of the education given in the schools will be materially influenced by the quality and modes of the education in favour at the universities.

Of course Cambridge is in many essential respects similar to Oxford. We confess for our own part we were almost as much disappointed at the first sight of Cambridge as we were beyond measure charmed and gratified by the first sight of the sister university. But this impression certainly wears away, in part, as you become more thoroughly acquainted with Cambridge. Much has been done, especially along the banks of the Cam, to improve upon the ancient appearance of the place (Fig. 1604), since Milton wrote—

Next Camus, reverend sire, came footing slow;
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge—

and since he spoke of the absence of trees to make a shade. There are now some truly magnificent avenues of limes and chestnuts. Dyer, in his 'History of Cambridge,' contrasts Oxford and Cambridge with not more partiality towards the latter than might have been reasonably anticipated from a Cambridge man. He says, "It may be admitted that the public walks of our sister university have some superior charms over those we are now describing: the walks are generally more winding, without so many formal straight lines and acute angles; the trees have greater variety of foliage (and consequently you have bolder lights and shades), and there is more of underwood and shrubbery amidst their fine oaks, beech, birch, and elms. But still our walks have their peculiar beauties adapted to the place; and the walk planted with limes from Clare Hall forms a vista lengthened and of admirable effect. You might say, perhaps, that Oxford has not anything of the kind equal to this. Taking into consideration the beauty and grandeur of the several buildings to be seen from Clare Hall or King's College, Oxford must yield to Cambridge: nor must you say this is not Grasmere nor Keswick; there is no scene of the kind throughout all England that can be compared with these. The aspect, too, is the best that could be, both for the walks and effect on the adjoining buildings."

The oldest of the colleges is Peter's House, or St. Peter's, which was endowed in 1257; the youngest, Downing College, established within the last quarter of a century. The most magnificent, if only on account of its chapel (see vol. i., p. 355), is King's College: the largest, Trinity; and which claims by right the honour of entertaining Royalty whenever it visits Cambridge. Queen Elizabeth was a visitor, and found her scholar-subjects so cordial in their reception, that she stayed five days; during which time, to allay jealousies, as well as to gratify her own curiosity, she visited every one of the houses. Queen Anne's visit here had a consequence of a memorable kind. Whilst she held her court at Trinity Lodge, she knighted Isaac Newton. Poor Trinity—for she then was poor—was obliged to borrow 500*l.* to defray the expenses of its hospitality on that occasion. But the most magnificent of all the feasts to Royalty that Trinity has given, is said to have been the banquet for George II. in 1728. A perfect shower of degrees then fell, to do honour to the time, upon the students of the university. No less than fifty-eight persons were made Doctors of Divinity. The library of Trinity, an edifice said to be unrivalled for magnificence and convenience (Fig. 2284), was built by means of a subscription of its members, under the auspices of Barrow.

It may give some idea of the grand scale in which everything is established at Trinity, to state that it possesses, besides its sixty fellowships, its sixty-nine scholarships, and its numerous exhibitions or pensions for the assistance of poor students, no less than sixty-five rectories, vicarages, and perpetual curacies,—that is to say, they are all in its gift. The actual number of its members generally approaches towards two thousand. One of the finest of all sights, or sounds, may be enjoyed in the chapel of this college, or of King's, on Sundays and on certain holidays, when the full cathedral service is chanted, and the students attend in white surplices. "The effect of this on a Sunday evening, when there are between three or four hundred thus assembled in the long narrow aisles of Trinity, is very striking—with the tones of one of the finest organs, struck by one of the finest players in England, pealing upon the ear."

With some omissions, the same observances take place in the chapel of St. John's. The "Johnians are always known by the name of Pigs; they put up a new organ the other day, which was immediately christened *Baconi Novum Organum*." But the Johnians have of late years put up something more than this—an entirely new and superb pile, which is now picturesquely connected, by a bridge (Fig. 2281), with the older one. But perhaps the most picturesque thing in Cambridge is the Caius Gate of honour, belonging to Gonville and Caius College, the founder of which, Dr. Caius, an eminent physician, built three gates, one of which was named and inscribed the Gate of Humility; the second, the Gate of Virtue; the third, the Gate of Honour (Fig. 2279). Pembroke College originated in a very affecting circumstance. It takes its name from the Countess of Pembroke, whose husband, during the reign of Edward, was accidentally killed at a tournament held in honour of their wedding-day. The countess, plunged in melancholy, retired from the world and made acts of charity her only solace. The foundation of Pembroke College was one of these acts. The chief peculiarity of Corpus Christi, or Bene't's [Benedict's] College, is its foundation by the brethren of two ancient guilds, who desired not so much to promote learning generally, as to train up young men who should be well fitted to make prayers, and perform masses for the souls of departed members of the said guilds. Cromwell was a student of Sussex College; and it is supposed by some that he gave an evidence of his attachment to the university by saving the painted windows of King's College chapel, when threatened by the Puritans. But there is also another motive that might be attributed to him for such an interference, and which people often forget in estimating his character. He who saved the Cartoons—and whose great delight was in listening to sacred music—might be safely esteemed a lover of the arts for their own sake. His illustrious secretary, Milton, was a sizar of Christ's College. We shall only mention one more establishment, Jesus College—of which Gilbert Wakefield tells a humorous story in connection with a Dr. Boldero, a master, who is buried in the chapel. This gentleman had been treated with severity during the Protectorate for attachment to the royal cause, in which the Bishop of Ely had been an equal sufferer. On a vacancy of the mastership, Boldero, without any pretensions to the appointment, plucked up his spirits, and presented his petition for the place to the bishop. "Who are you?" said the bishop; "I know nothing of you; I never heard of you before!" "My lord, I have suffered long and severely for my attachment to our royal master, as well as your lordship. I believe your lordship and I

have been in all the gaols in England." "What does the fellow mean! Man! I never was confined in any prison but the Tower." "And, my lord," replied Boldero, "I have been in all the rest myself." The bishop made Boldero master.

Some of the numerous public buildings of the University challenge our admiration. Perhaps the most recent is also the finest—the Fitzwilliam Museum (Figs. 2282, 2283). As an instance of individual munificence, this may parallel Dr. Radcliffe's bequests at Oxford. Viscount Fitzwilliam, at his death in 1816, bequeathed to the University, in addition to his books and pictures, and other collections, *a hundred thousand pounds* in the South Sea Annuities, of which the interest alone was used in the erection and permanent endowment of the Museum. The Pepysian Library (Fig. 2280) was the gift of the well-known gossip to his own college, Magdalen. He has given us the particulars, in his own inimitable way, of two visits he paid to Cambridge, one when he was led up to the Senate House to vote, the other later in life, when he amused himself by coming, as it were, incognito to the college. As to the last, he says, "I took my boy and two brothers, and walked to Magdalen College; and then into the butteries as a stranger, and there drunk of their beer, which pleased me as the best I ever drunk; and hear by the buttery-man, who was son to Goody Mulliner, over against the college, that we used to buy stewed prunes of, concerning the college and persons in it; and find very few that were of my time." Pepys was in his way a very able public servant, and no doubt, in private life, a kindly and good man. James II. must have felt a more than ordinary attachment to him to do what he did. The news of the landing of the Prince of Orange was brought to him as he sat to Kneller for his portrait, which was to be given to Pepys; but, instead of hurrying away, he bade the artist finish the picture, that his friend might not be disappointed. This is about the most graceful incident that we remember of James's history. An exceedingly valuable portion of the Pepysian library is the collection of English ballads, in five great folio volumes. The work that contributed so materially to revolutionize and to improve our poetical tastes in the last century, Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry,' was chiefly formed from the contents of these volumes.

Giving a kind of new reading of Milton's "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," the beaux and belles of the eighteenth century thought it better to be original even in the extreme absurdities of costume than to imitate the most graceful of the habits of their forefathers. You can hardly think of an eminent man of the time but up rises a figure with the imposing periwig shaking its curls before you, waistcoat descending almost to the knees, and the whole ending with breeches, stockings, and high-lows—for, notwithstanding the silver buckles, and some little peculiarities of their own, those shoes in which the gentlemen of the time stalked about were but modern high-lows; and indeed the whole style of the adornments of the nether man are precisely those which, in humbler materials and colours, find favour among our coal-heavers. Is it that they are the very conservatives of dress?—that they have preserved the garb of their grandfathers, whilst all the world around them has been seduced by the successive attractions of pantaloons and trousers?

And can it be that it was but from a century to a century and a half ago that men from the monarch William III. (Fig. 2289) downwards, wore a dress of this kind (see the different views of costume in pages 284, 285); that the slow, graceful, and stately minuet (Fig. 2300) filled the place that quadrilles and polkas now occupy; that footmen were forbidden to carry swords or offensive weapons; that ladies wore patches on their faces explanatory of their politics; that gentlemen made it a point to look like modern bendles (see the front figure in Alamode 1735, Fig. 2304), and to carry great oaken staves as tall as themselves, with the ugliest possible faces carved upon them; that persons of both sexes walked about with their heads in a state somewhat resembling the lawyer's after leaving the flour-bag, in one of our popular farces? Could these and a hundred other fantastic peculiarities, of which we have now not a trace left, have belonged to a time so little removed from our own, that many an aged man now living may have heard his father describe nearly the whole from his own youthful experience?

Can it, again, be London, of which it was written at the same period,—

Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,—
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

Yet even these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the streets, and terror of the way,
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine:
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train and gilded coach.

A pretty picture of the streets of the metropolis of the British empire. Where and who were the guardians? Alas, poor fellows, notwithstanding their tremendous weapons, they had enough to do to take care of themselves, whenever it was most desirable that they should be protecting others. But we need only take one glance at them to understand the matter. We present a group (Fig. 2308). Do they not remind us of forms that have not long since vanished from our own eyes?—Look they not like so many spectral watchmen revisiting the glimpses of the moon, and haunting the places from which they were banished by the new police?

Ay, now we begin to track the England and the London of the eighteenth into the England and London of the nineteenth century. Often in our boyhood, as we passed through some of the older squares of the metropolis, have we wondered to ourselves what could be the meaning of those straight trumpets—for so we thought them—affixed on each side of the doors. Were they placed there, as at old castles in old times, for visitors to blow upon and rouse the inhabitants? We live to learn; our trumpets were extinguishers—flambeau extinguishers (Fig. 2309). When the "gilded coach" had set down the party from the theatre, or the masquerade, or the rout, the "flambeau" was thrust into the extinguisher; and the neighbourhood relapsed into its usual darkness.

As to lamplighters (Fig. 2306), and link-boys (Fig. 2307), and street shoe-cleaners (Fig. 2311), we have them all yet—unless the last has very recently disappeared. Many will remember the man who stood at the edge of a court in Fleet Street, a few years ago. Was he in truth the last of all his race? The cobbler's stall (Fig. 2310) is still to be found in many a corner:—

No juttie, flieze,
Nor buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed.

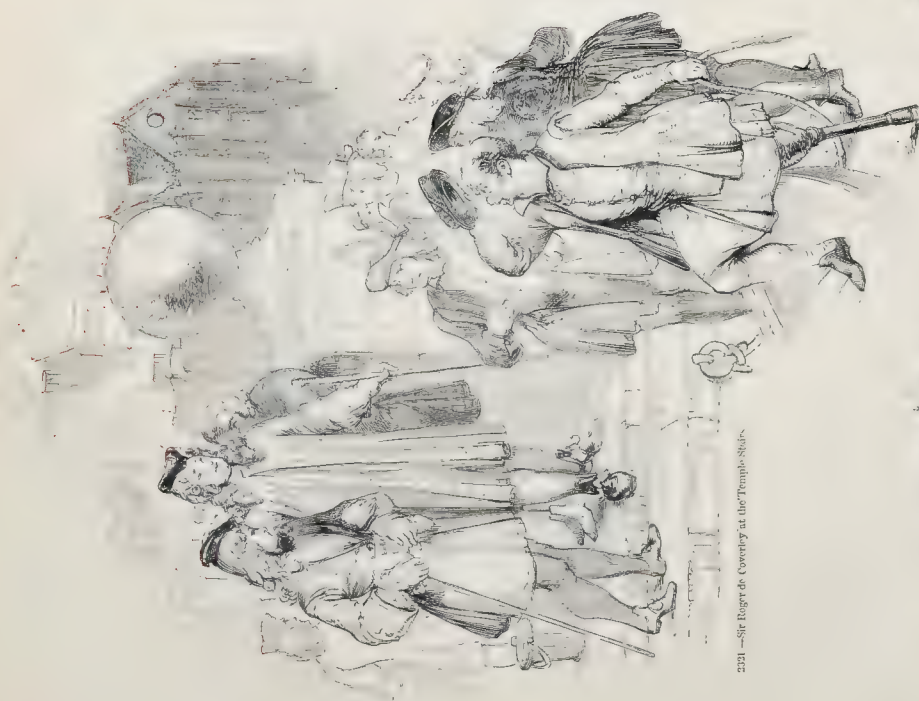
We fear it is a bad sign of the morals of the fraternity that—

Where they most do breed and haunt, we have observ'd
The air is

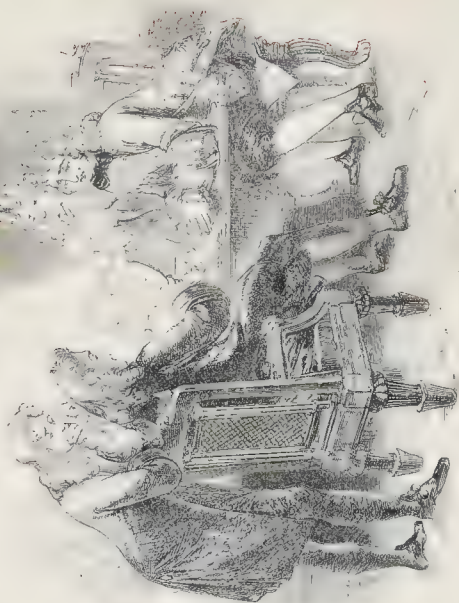
anything but "delicate" with the fumes of the public-house, to which they have attached their nests.

But let us now turn to the pages of those who, in a time so fruitful of materials, began their rambles of observation, and gave us as the result, the series of well-known papers entitled the 'Spectator.' Let us glance over the pages of Steele and Addison; men who were as minute as they were comprehensive, as profound and eloquent as they were shrewd and witty; as kindly and just towards individuals, as they were severe and uncompromising towards the vice and folly that prevailed among them. One of the earliest papers that refer to the manners and customs of the period (and such only shall we notice), shows us that masks and masquerades were then in the height of their popularity, and yet that they were not then much more distinguished for innocence, or for the skilful personation of the characters assumed, than at present, when some worthy manager endeavours to revive those good old money-making scenes. Truly "we have had now and then rakes in the habit of Roman senators, and grave politicians in the dress of rakes." And still "the misfortune of the thing is, that people dress themselves in what they have a mind to be, and not what they are fit for." We have had our judges "that danced a minuet, with a Quaker for his partner, while half a dozen harlequins stood by as spectators;" a Turk drinking off his "two bottles of wine," and a Jew eating his "half a ham of bacon." We have before had occasion to observe how fashion seems eternally to reproduce itself—making the dress of to-day the mere revival of the dress of some former day, sufficiently long past to be forgotten. The 'Spectator' on one occasion speaks of a little muff, of silver garters buckling below the knee, and of fringed gloves; two out of the three, the little muff, and the fringed gloves—or what we take to be the same—gloves edged at the wrist with lace, may again be seen constantly in our streets. And though we have not now the multitudes of signs that formerly kept up an eternal creak over the head of the pedestrian, there is yet no lack "of blue boars, black swans, and red lions, not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africk."

The fair sex, as was but proper, enjoyed the chief attention of



221.—Sir Roger de Coverley at the Temple Stairs.



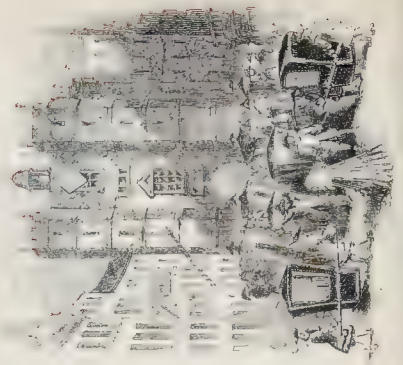
222.—Death of Sir R. de Coverley and others. From the 11th.



223.—State Coach.



224.—State Chair.



225.—The Palace Gate, St. James's.



2326.—Sofa, Chairs, Cabinet, &c., temp. William III. and Anne. (Selected from Specimens at Penshurst and in Private Collections.)



2327.—Sitting-Room Furniture, temp. William III. (Selected from Specimens at Knowle and in Private Collections.)



2328.—Cabinet, Chairs, &c., temp. William III. and Anne. (From Specimens in Private Collections.)



2329.—Bed, Cabinet, Chairs, &c., temp. George I. and II. (From Specimens in Private Collections and in Prints of the Period.)



2330.—Sitting-Room Furniture, temp. George I. and II. (From Specimens in Private Collections, and in Prints of the Period.)



2331.—House built by Inigo Jones, in Great Queen Street.

the 'Spectator,' in these questions of dress and habits of life; an attention, however, that the ladies would no doubt have gladly spared. Let us for a moment imagine what would be the sentiments and words of a fine lady of the time, as number after number of the provoking publication was placed on the table. There, exclaims she, as one of them is perused, we have got rid of our old head-dresses, and are busy considering how best to replace it with something equally striking and new, and now everybody is to laugh at us, by being told—"There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, inasmuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men (Fig. 2290). The women were of such enormous stature, that we appeared as grasshoppers before them. At present the whole sex is in a manner diminished and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of; or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something of that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before." Next, our fans, it appears, do not quite please him, and so he must expose all the little trickeries that have been sacred from time immemorial. The ladies must be represented as having an academy for the instruction of the right mode of managing their weapon. An impertinent correspondent is even allowed to say he has undertaken the duty of drilling them in the most approved style of military science. "The ladies," says he, "who carry fans under me, are drawn up twice a-day, in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command: handle your fans—unfurl your fans—discharge your fans—ground your fans—recover your fans—flutter your fans." And as though the innuendo was not plain enough, Mr. Spectator must go into particulars, showing that the whole business is rank flirting, and coquetry, and affectation. And though we know as well as he does, perhaps after all, better, that "there is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan," and that there is "the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter," what business has he or his readers with it? But, indeed, he stops at nothing. Another of his pretended correspondents, supposed to be writing to him during his absence, tells him, in order that he should tell the world, their hooped "petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise every day more and more." (and so, it appears, from our engravings, Alamode 1735, Fig. 2304, and Alamode 1745, Fig. 2305, remained for a long time). He follows us in our walks, where, if a lady happens to be dressed something rakishly, he describes at length the extraordinary young gentleman he had seen; he watches us to the theatre, and retails all the little conversations that we carry on during the play; he penetrates to our library, and becomes very sarcastic on the mingling of our books, and the dear old china; and very witty on the sorts of books that he finds there, in company: 'Locke on the Understanding,' with a paper of patches in it, and a Spelling Book; a book of novels, and the Academy of Compliment—all the classic authors in wood, and Clelia, which opened of itself in the place that describes the two lovers in a bower—'Taylor's Holy Living and Dying,' and 'La Ferte's Instructions' for country-dances. But worst of all—the what shall I call him—this most impudent of Spectators—finds his way into our bedrooms—exposes all the little delicate mysteries of the toilet—says coarsely of our slight tintings, we "paint." Nay, that there are some of us "so exquisitely skilful in this way, that give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows by their own industry." In a word he calls us Piets! And then, too, to complain of our male valets-de-chambre, and to print, as though it was something so very extraordinary, that he had himself "seen one of these male Abigails tripping about the room with a looking-glass in his hand, and curling his lady's hair a whole morning together. I know who he means well enough. Above all—that charming fashion that we brought over from France, of receiving company in bed when we are not very well, or have got the vapours. I am told he denounces that. Let us see, where is the paper?"—The

lady, though willing to appear undrest, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulder was ruffled with great care." Hem—well—and what's this?—"As the coquettes who introduced this custom grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing, that a woman of three-score may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impression." There's a malicious thought for you!

These were strokes that must and did tell indirectly, if not directly. The fine lady would carry it off with a high hand for a time, but not the less did she find, now in this quarter, now in that, and at last in her own mind, an opinion growing up that disconcerted her in spite of all her thoughtlessness and waywardness. The genial love and wisdom that pervaded the Spectator's lucubrations were ever winning their way into and healing the wound that the searching exposure made. Men and women discovered (almost for the first time) that it was not very difficult even to laugh at themselves, when it was an Addison and a Steele who made others laugh at them. Take this little picture, for instance, from the same paper that we have just been referring to, descriptive of ladies receiving visitors in bed. "It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass which does such execution upon all the rude standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her women and her visitants! What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon to an ivory comb or a pincushion! How have we been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels by a message to her footman, and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection by applying the tip of it to a patch!" Now the very intellectual power required for all this piquant sort of coquetry involved the power to perceive its absurdity when pointed out in so exquisite a manner. Would that all satirists at least would give their days and nights to Addison, in order to learn how they may really exercise their tremendous power with the greatest amount of benefit to their fellows.

It appears that this custom of ladies receiving visitors in their bed-rooms was used, like every other available influence, for party political purposes. The second daughter of the Duke of Marlborough for instance, commonly known as the Little Whig, had, like her mother, the impetuous and haughty Duchess Sarah, a very beautiful head of hair. So when it was desired to secure the votes of certain gentlemen of the Tory party—young and romantic men perhaps, who could not be corrupted by mere bribes, the policy was for the Little Whig to receive them at her toilet, and converse with them whilst her fair tresses were let out and sported with on pretence of dressing them; until the visitor was caught in their magic snares, and paid the price of his vote to get away again. Many a politician no doubt had sighed, as he repeated, with the poet—

And beauty draws us with a single hair.

But now for a portrait of another kind. It is that of the country gentleman of the sixteenth century, as Steele and Addison painted him, partly perhaps from the life as it existed, partly to the life that it was desired to make exist. And how refreshing it is to turn from the contemplation of a society that could present so many fantastic aspects as those we have noticed, to the delightful simplicity of mind and goodness of heart that characterise a Sir Roger de Coverley. We are told he is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent. "His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manner of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this his view creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho-square," then the most genteel part of London. It appears Sir Roger keeps a bachelor "by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him a youngster." This Bully Dawson was a man worth kicking. He was a debauchee in his habits, a swaggerer in his behaviour and discourse, a sharper in principle and practice; so that whenever opportunity offered for punishment, there would no doubt be a long

arrear of offences to be settled. Sir Roger's ill success with the widow made him "serious for a year and a-half, and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good home both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mindful cast in his behaviour that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess to love him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at quarter-sessions with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act." Such is Sir Roger de Coverley.

The Spectator being invited by him to spend a month in the country, goes to the baronet's seat, where they stroll about together (Fig. 2312), the good knight only showing him to the country gentlemen of the county from a distance, and begging them in the Spectator's own hearing not to let him see them, for that he hates to be stared at. And there fresh traits of Sir Roger's character are constantly made apparent to him. He so seldom changes his servants "that you would take his valet-de-chambre for his brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the look of a privy counsellor." He has a chaplain in his house, who has lived with him thirty years, chosen by the baronet for his good sense rather than his learning—Sir Roger did not want to be insulted with Greek and Latin at his own table—for his clear voice, amiable temper, and his skill at backgammon. His choice has been a wise one. Not a lawsuit has there been in the parish since the chaplain came. If the parishioners quarrel, they appeal to him; and if that fails—as in a few rare cases only—then they appeal to Sir Roger himself.

Sir Roger, like most other gentlemen of his birth and position, has his picture-gallery, and filled much in the usual way with portraits of his ancestors (Fig. 2313). The history of all these is described to the Spectator; from him who wore the vast jutting coat and small bonnet of Henry VII.'s time, a costume preserved in the yeomen of the guard of the nineteenth as well as the eighteenth century, down to the one whom Sir Roger took to be the honour of the house—a man as punctual in all his dealings as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman; and who would have thought "himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy," and who was, finally, a brave man; he had narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars, "for," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester." So private, no doubt, that one may feel satisfied that no temptations would induce this "brave" ancestor of Sir Roger to expose its nature.

We must now follow this beau ideal of the good old English gentleman to church. The interior is adorned with texts in various parts, chosen by the baronet, and wherever we look some token of his munificence meets the eye. Even the hassocks and prayer-books are his gift—a subtle stroke of his policy to induce the congregation to kneel and join in the responses. He has also had them taught by an itinerant singing-master how to sing properly the tunes of the psalms. "As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them." When the sermon is over, "nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants (Fig. 2314), that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent."

Sir Roger has served as a sheriff, and rode in procession at the head of a whole county, with music before him, a feather in his hat, and his horse well bitted (Fig. 2315). Of course, he is a keen sportsman. "He has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season: and tired many a salmon with a line consisting of but a single hair." He is a distinguished foxhunter, "having destroyed more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the whole county could have produced." And indeed the knight had swelled the native-bred animals by sending for great numbers out of adjoining counties, and turning them loose by night, in order that he might catch them again the next day. All his dogs are so well

matched, that the voices make a complete concert. He sent back one hound that was presented to him because he was a bass, whereas he wanted a counter-tenor. The Spectator is witness to a hare-hunt, in which the knight's goodness of heart makes him save the poor animal just at the last moment, by taking her up in his arms (Fig. 2316), and delivering her to a servant, to be let loose in an orchard where he has others of these prisoners of war.

Sir Roger and the Spectator on one occasion light upon a troop of gipsies; and it may be considered as an evidence (so far as a period of a century and a quarter is concerned) of the unchangeable character that has been ascribed to this remarkable people, to find Addison describing them exactly as we should describe them now, unless it be that we might speak of them as a trifle more honest, or at least more under the wholesome fear of the law than he does. At first, says the Spectator, "my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop," as many a modern country magistrate no doubt has done many a time for exactly the same reason. So Sir Roger contents himself with giving the Spectator "a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods, and spoiling their servants. If a stray piece of linen hangs upon a hedge, says Sir Roger, they are sure to have it: if the hog loses his way in the field, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year, and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be while they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon, every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them; the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes." Sir Roger and the Spectator cannot, of course, do less than have their fortunes told (Fig. 2317), and in both cases the operation is performed very satisfactorily. The hints about the widow are particularly relished by Sir Roger. But he subsequently finds he has paid well for his gratification. The gipsies have picked his pockets.

Charity and hospitality are conspicuous traits of Sir Roger's character. Of course he must not forget he is a magistrate. The Spectator overhears him chiding a beggar for not finding work, but he sees him in the end slip a sixpence into his hand (Fig. 2318). As to his hospitality, the good old customs are kept up at his mansion in their fullest integrity. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a-running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie on the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another." Happy landlords! happy tenantry! ye are no fiction. Few were the manor-houses in England a century or two ago, that did not present such scenes at all such times.

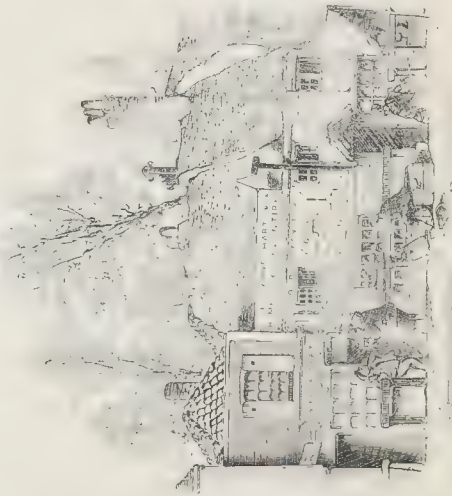
And we may here observe, that we wish to illustrate the manners, customs, and men of the age, and not the 'Spectator,' or that most perfect of its gems, the individual character of Sir Roger; except, indeed, so far as the two aims are indissolubly bound together; we dwell, therefore, only on those points which may best promote the object we have in view. Sir Roger, like his country prototype whom Addison probably had in view, is proud of his historical knowledge, though derived simply from 'Baker's Chronicle.' He comes to London, and accompanies the Spectator on a visit to Westminster Abbey, where he is quite puzzled at the story of the maid of honour who killed herself by a prick of a needle, and at last observes, "I wonder that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her." But when he gets to the Sword of Edward III. (Fig. 2319),



273.—St. John's Church, Warrington.



274.—St. John's Church, Warrington.



275.—Old Watlington House, Watlington, as it appeared in 1840.



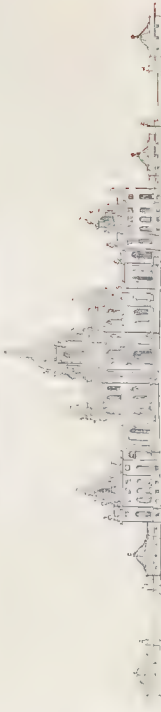
276.—Mansion in Moor Park.



277.—The Royal Observatory, Greenwich.



2307.—The House of Representatives, New York City, N. Y.



U. S. HOUSE.



2312.—St. George's Hospital, ab. 1750



2322.—Hemp.



2328.—Hemp.



2341.—Wanted House

Sir Richard Baker and he are at once at home, and so the whole history of the Black Prince is narrated. Sir Roger is a Tory, as we learn from his remark on being shown the headless Henry V., and told that the silver head had been stolen years before—"Some Whigs, I'll warrant you."

The pair go to the playhouse, Sir Roger not having been there for twenty years before. On the last occasion he had seen the 'Committee,' having been previously satisfied it was a good Church of England comedy; now he proposes to see 'The Distressed Mother,' a tragedy recently brought out. An interesting illustration of the state of the streets as regards their insecurity, and of the tendency of the country visitor to believe them even worse than they were, here occurs. The knight inquires if there be no danger from the Mohocks, and states that he had thought he had fallen into their hands the previous evening, when two or three lusty black men had followed him half way up Fleet Street. But if, as is most probable, these lusty black men were Mohocks only in the worthy knight's imagination, the class was real, and terrible, and villainous enough. It was headed by a president, whom they called the Emperor of the Mohocks. Their objects, it appears, may be summed up as comprising every kind of detestable outrage they could think of, on the persons of those who fell into their hands, during the night, in the streets of London. To prepare for their sport, they drank themselves into a kind of frenzy, when they sallied out sword in hand, and woe to those they met with. Watchmen were especial objects of their vengeance; but they were not at all particular as to the sort of persons they attacked, always excepting those who were numerous enough to hold out a reasonable prospect of defence. The unmanly wretches did not spare women. Some Mohocks were known as tumblers, because they turned the females whom they caught topsy-turvy on their heads. Another class were very fond of throwing a woman into a barrel, and then setting it rolling down a steep part, as Snow Hill. Sometimes the persons caught were "tipped the lion," that is to say, had their noses violently flattened, and their eyes gouged out with the fingers. The dancing-masters were those Mohocks who chiefly luxuriated in making their victims cut capers by continually pricking them with their swords. But the most favoured of all these diversions was the one in which it was thought something like wit and humour were mingled with the other enjoyments. A body of Mohocks would give chase to some person before them, raising a regular view-halloo, and shouting "A sweat! a sweat!" When they had overtaken their trembling prey, they formed in a circle about him, with their swords drawn, the points upwards. The sport now began. Some one behind pricked him in the legs or elsewhere, with a sword, and he turned round to avert the attack; then some one else drew his attention by the same mode in a different direction; and so he was kept wheeling round and round, until cruelty had exhausted its appetite, and he was dismissed, as being sufficiently sweated. The Mohocks borrowed their name from a well-known tribe of Red Indians. These are the gentry that Sir Roger desires to guard against, and amusing is the account of his precautions. A friend, Captain Sentry, is to accompany them. When they all met at Sir Roger's house, the captain "bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among them the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken flails, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up, and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seemed pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit (Fig. 2320), that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience." Sir Roger now plays the critic, and in a delightfully amusing manner, but as his various observations do not bear upon the manners and customs of the stage at the time, we may here throw in a few remarks derived from other quarters.

Sir Roger, we see, had previously taken care to go to a good Church of England comedy; a touch of the Spectator's satire, we presume, of the custom then prevalent on the stage, of introducing party religious and political allusions. Of course this custom would leave men generally to choose their plays as they now choose their newspapers, that is to say, in accordance with their own predilections. We may judge how far party feeling was carried, when we learn that the lady Whigs and the lady Tories sat on

opposite sides of the house. But Addison's own history, or rather the history of one of his books, shows this feature of the time in a peculiarly interesting manner. No inconsiderable portion of the success that marked the production of 'Cato' in 1712 was caused by the circumstance that each of the two opposite parties claimed its sentiments as being in accordance with and supporting their own. The chief part was performed by Barton Booth, one of the most eminent of English actors. During the performance a purse of fifty guineas was collected in the boxes by the Tories, and presented to him as a "slight acknowledgment of his honest opposition to a perpetual dictator, and in dying so bravely in the cause of liberty." So that even the actor was perforce enlisted into the cause of party. If such was the favour shown to 'Cato' by the Tories, its popularity with the Whigs was necessarily still greater, as the author was one of themselves, without, however, the fanaticism and absurdity that too many of them generally exhibited. The state of things here described was attended by an important consequence to the interest of the stage. Annoyed by the unceasing storm of attacks that the petty dramatists of the day kept up on him and his administration, Sir Robert Walpole brought in a bill, in 1737, prohibiting the representation thenceforward of any play until the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain had been obtained. And so dramatists to this hour, no matter what their character, genius, or position, must submit their productions to the perusal of a government official, on account of the demerits of their predecessors in the reign of George II.

The stage appointments had now risen to a high pitch of splendour. Nothing could be more superb or costly, but also nothing more absurd, than the costumes then worn by the greatest actors, even by Betterton and Garrick. The Roman Cato, the Trojan Hector, the Danish Hamlet, the Scottish Macbeth, and in short all the chief heroes of tragedy, were played in the same garb—the dress of a gentleman of the day. The same with the ladies. Cleopatra was the very pink of perfection, in her hooped petticoats, stomacher, and powdered commode, and with the richly ornamented fan in her hand (Figs. 2301, 2302). Not the least striking part of the business is this, that although in the 'Spectator' we find many of the absurdities of the opera pointed out with the keen perception that we should anticipate from the accomplished writers, the similar absurdities of the English stage quite escape attention. Addison's own Cato exhibited himself in a "long wig, flowered gown, and lacerated chair."

Sir Roger's next important movement in the business of sight-seeing is his visit to Vauxhall, then called Spring Garden. It was the usual mode to go thither by water. A charming trait of Sir Roger's character occurs at the outset. "We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him attentively, spied one with a wooden leg (Fig. 2321), and immediately gave orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me that has not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar, than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg." Our readers will mark the illustration here given of old London life. It appears there were still noblemen and bishops who "kept a barge" for moving up and down the Thames.

On the way to Vauxhall the knight turns two or three times to survey the great city, and his observations remind us of an event of the time that materially changed the appearance of London. He "bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. 'A most heathenish sight!' says Sir Roger. 'There is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow.' Well might the good knight say so; a considerable portion of those fifty churches never came into existence. The Act for their erection was passed in 1710, and one of the objects to be attained by them was the "redressing the inconvenience and growing mischiefs which result from the increase of Dissenters and Popery." Among the churches that were erected we may mention that fane where, says the poet Savage,

God delights to dwell, and man to praise;

namely, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, built by Gibbs (Fig. 2367); and the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, erected by Hawksmoor (Fig. 2366.)

At length the party reach Vauxhall, so called from Faux Hall,

the manor-house that originally belonged, it is supposed, to one of King John's soldiers of fortune, a well-known Norman, named Faulk de Brent. Addison's description of the place is very short, but very much to the purpose. The chief period of visiting it was probably the spring (hence the name), for he says, the garden is "excellently pleasant at this time of the year (May). When I considered the fragrance of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribes of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise." The lovers of Burton ale may be interested in knowing that this was the beverage that Sir Roger and the Spectator partook of, with a slice of hung-beef, a century and a quarter ago at Vauxhall. The gardens, we may add, had not yet risen to the zenith of their reputation. About twelve years after the date of Addison's paper on the subject of this visit, Mr. Jonathan Tyers, a friend of Hogarth's, opened them in a style of novel magnificence, and then Vauxhall in a very short time assumed the character that it has ever since borne, and became the great attraction of the day. The boxes were painted by Hayman with copies from Hogarth's pictures. One peculiarly magnificent work of art graced the gardens, Roubiliac's statue of Handel. This was the first important evidence of his genius that the sculptor exhibited to the English public, and it immediately brought him into repute. It was cut in the dwelling-house at the Gardens, where Handel sat; and the resemblance was so forcible, that a person who had never seen Handel, discovered him one night as he walked in the Gardens, merely by the knowledge that the statue had given him of the musician's face. In a work of such excellence in higher qualities, this is indeed a merit also worth mentioning. Some poet paid Roubiliac the following compliment:—

That Orpheus moved a grove, or rock, or stream
By music's power, will not a fiction seem;
For here as great a miracle is shown—
A Handel breathing, though transform'd to stone.

But Sir Roger's career now draws to a close. As the club to which the Spectator, Sir Roger, and several of the other characters that are from time to time introduced, belong, is sitting one evening, news is brought of the good knight's death (Fig. 2322); which, according to a Whig justice of the peace, Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist, had been caused by catching a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, and in which he succeeded to his wishes. But Sir Roger's butler gives a very different version; who ascribes his visit to the sessions to a determination to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman. And it seems he died as he had lived, thinking still how he could best promote the interest and comforts of all around, and especially of those who, he considered, had been in a sense committed to his charge, namely, the poor of his estate, and the servants of his household. From high to low there is therefore in the will a kind word, and gift for all. The butler thus continues his letter to the Spectator, in a passage that we extract as containing a charming picture of the customs that once prevailed in England when death came to the Manor-house:—"He has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a-hunting upon to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and has left you all his books. He has moreover bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge; and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley Church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held by six of the quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods."

Vauxhall had a formidable rival in Ranelagh, which possessed attractions peculiarly its own, and views of both will be given

hereafter. The water, for instance, formed a pretty feature of the gardens, whilst the rotunda was a building of extraordinary pretensions, size, and magnificence.

Here public breakfasts were held and here concerts and other musical performances were given. The musical reputation of Ranelagh is sufficiently established by the fact that Dr. Arne was engaged to add choral and instrumental accompaniments to the glees and catches that were sung there. Here also masquerades were held, and in a style of dress that exposed the sharers in them to a still severer satire than Addison or Steele had found necessary. A writer in the 'Connoisseur,' one of the many publications that afterwards sprung up in consequence of the success of the 'Spectator' and the 'Tatler,' announces a remarkable species of entertainment that he understands is to take place at Ranelagh, namely, a naked masquerade, when the weather gets hot enough. "One set of ladies, I am told, intend to personate water-nymphs bathing in the canal; three sisters, celebrated for their charms, design to appear together as the three Graces; and a certain lady of quality, who most resembles the goddess of beauty, is now practising, from a model of the noted statue of Venus de' Medici, the most striking attitudes for that character. As to the gentlemen, they may most of them represent very suitably the half-brutal forms of Satyrs, Pans, Fauns, and Centaurs." That this satire had a solid foundation, we learn from many corroborating circumstances. It is after a masquerade here that the ruin of one of Fielding's female characters—in 'Amelia'—is accomplished. But, after all, the chief attraction of Ranelagh seems to have been very much the same that draws people to such places now, the desire to see and be seen. Bloomfield pleasantly ridicules the empty character of the amusements there in some of his verses. He says,

To Ranelagh once in my life
By good-natur'd force I was driven,
The nations had ceas'd their long strife,
And Peace beam'd her radiance from Heaven.
What wonders were here to be found
That a clown might enjoy or disdain?—
First, we traced the gay circle all round,
Ay—and then we went round it again.

Another verse gives us some touches of costume, and shows that it was not only in masquerades the ladies wore their dresses so very scanty:—

A thousand feet rustled on mats—
A carpet that once had been green;
Men bow'd with their outlandish hats
With corners so fearfully keen.
Fair maids, who at home in their haste
Had left all clothing else but a train,
Swept the floor clean as slowly they paced,
Then—walk'd round and swept it again: &c.

Ranelagh existed until the beginning of the present century. The rotunda was pulled down in or about 1805—and Ranelagh was no more. Its beautiful gardens, adjoining those of Chelsea College, are now covered with houses.

We have given in an earlier page (Fig. 2216) a group of portraits of the most eminent divines of the period at present under review; two of these, Wesley and Whitfield, have been already noticed in our account of Oxford—we may here say a few words upon the others. William III. used to observe of the man he had raised to the deanery of St. Paul's immediately after his own elevation to the throne, and on whom he subsequently conferred the archbishopric of Canterbury,—William used to say of Tillotson, that there was no honest man, and that he himself had never had a better friend. Excellent in and every way unobjectionable as was this appointment, it excited a great deal of envy and discussion at the time; partly because Tillotson leaned neither to the Catholics nor to the Calvinists, and still less to the body of those who, in their practice at least, were men of no religion; but partly, also, because it was remembered that he had been bred a Puritan, had acted as tutor in the family of Cromwell's Attorney-General, Prideaux, and, lastly, had married Cromwell's niece. The archbishop did not long enjoy the exalted position to which he had attained; he died within four years of his appointment, and was buried in the church of the parish (St. Lawrence in the Jewry) where he had laid the foundations of a better reputation than any archbishopric could establish for him, by the delivery of his well-known sermons. Sillingleet rose at the same time, and by the assistance of the same royal hands, to the high dignity of a bishopric; and, to say nothing of his able and zealous controversial writings in the cause of Protestantism, he had by one particular



2313.—Chatsworth.



2314.—The Mansion of Strand Palace, the Seat of His Duke of Wellington, from the River London.



2315.—Westminster Bridge.



2316.—House of Commons, 1760.



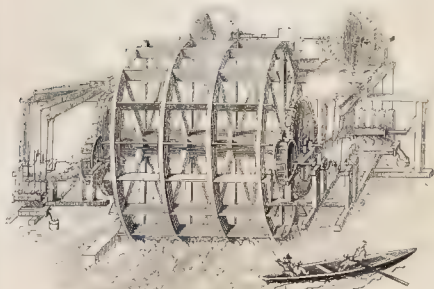
2317.—House of Commons, about 1760.



2348.—London Bridge just before the Houses were pulled down in 1760.



2349.—The Floating of Westminster Bridge.



2349.—Water-works at Old London Bridge.



2350.—Hogarth's View of cart Horses at London Bridge.



2357.—The Old College, Warwick Lane, as it appeared in 1843.



2354.—The Mansion-House, 1771

act done something to challenge attention to his merits, should an opportunity offer for rewarding them: when James II. revived the Court of Ecclesiastical Commission, Stillingfleet declined to become a member. One of the host of persons who combated his views, or whose views he combated, was the great philosopher Locke. Among the bishop's writings we may mention the work on the antiquities of the British church, from which we learn that he inclined to a belief in the truth of a deeply interesting tradition connected with the establishment of Christianity in England, namely, that the Apostle Paul visited Britain.

As Bishop Stillingfleet distinguished himself as one of the opponents of Unitarianism, so on the contrary Bishop Hoadley was, if not exactly a supporter of that sect, at least strongly inclined to favour opinions which were supposed especially to belong to it. Bishop Hoadley was also the great advocate of what were called Low-church principles, and in that character a curious and very complimentary incident occurred to him. He published a work on the 'Measure of Obedience to the Civil Magistrate,' which Bishop Atterbury, a man in all respects opposed to him in opinions, denounced. Hoadley then defended himself, and with such spirit that the House of Commons presented an address to Queen Anne representing the signal service he had done in the cause of civil and religious liberty. Another of his publications, a sermon on the text "My kingdom is not of this world," roused a much more formidable contention; the Bangorian controversy (so called because Hoadley was then Bishop of Bangor) was originated by it. Dr. Hoadley, the physician, and author of one of our standard comedies—'The Suspicious Husband,' was the son of the bishop.

Samuel Clarke was a name that in its owner's day could not have been pronounced in any mixed company of intelligent men without rousing at once warm friends and equally warm enemies. Never hardly was a life more fruitful in controversy. He was continually publishing works on philosophy or religion; and almost every one raised up its own particular set of opponents. In his sermons on the 'Being and Attributes of God,' he attacked Spinoza; but in such a manner that it was doubted by many whether he had not rather thrown back than advanced his object. Pope refers to Clarke when he writes—

And reason downward till we doubt of God.

His lectures on the 'Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion' laid him open to the lash of another writer, as capable as Pope himself of making the satire permanent. Every reader of 'Tom Jones' must remember Square, and his "fitness of things." Fielding borrowed the phrase from Dr. Clarke, who said morality consisted in the immutable differences, relations, and eternal fitness of things. Baptism, the Trinity, Free Will, Primitive Doxologies, were among the other subjects which he discussed with all sorts of opponents, and with all the ardour of his busy and powerful mind. We are told that when he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity, in consequence of his appointment to be chaplain to Queen Anne, such a logical conflict ensued between him and the professor, James, as never was heard before in the schools of Cambridge; and we can well believe it. Newton, we may observe, was Clarke's intimate friend. The latter did much to introduce the writings of the great philosopher into notice. He published a Latin translation of the 'Treatise on Optics,' and Newton in a princely spirit gave him in return 500*l.* for his five children. He died in 1729.*

Among the few public exhibitions of royal pageantry that are still to be occasionally seen in London, there is one—a levee at St. James's Palace, that never fails to attract a curious multitude of spectators. Yet even the most regular of the levee-hunters among these would find it difficult, we think, to recognise the same essential scene, under the very different aspect that it bears, if we look back upon a levee-day at St. James's in the eighteenth century (Fig. 2325). Every thing seems changed: the carriages (Fig. 2323) are very unlike our carriages—a large portion of the distinguished visitors come in sedans, the chairmen of which (Fig. 2324) seem to be dressed as sumptuously as though they intended to take 'their burdens into the very presence of royalty; the place itself is so narrow, that it is wonderful how the guests can all arrive in any reasonable time at their destination: everything, we repeat, seems changed except the old palace itself, and the hearts and minds of the human actors in the show,—those who are going in—the privileged and gratified few, and those who must stay without—the curious and scarcely less gratified many.

The sedan chair was in the eighteenth century a favourite mode

of conveyance, not merely, as we might suppose, for delicate ladies, or scarcely less delicate gentlemen, but for general purposes. And they were very cheap, considering the nature and severity of the service afforded; a shilling an hour, or a guinea a week, were the common prices for the sedan and its two bearers, who were mostly Irishmen, and proverbial for their firm thick-set build, and immense calves to their legs. It is curious to note that the sedan obtained its popularity in spite of the objections that were raised when they were first introduced; but which objections have overthrown them at last. It was not pleasant to our forefathers, this idea of making men beasts of burden; though they soon got over the sentiment, and began to enjoy the sin—if sin it were, leaving it to a later generation to grow virtuous and renounce the luxurious vehicle. The introducer of the sedan was Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles I., who on his return from his romantic but not very creditable love-expedition into Spain with "Steenie" (Buckingham) brought back with him three sedan chairs. Two of these were given to the favourite, and he immediately used them; and in consequence "the clamour and noise of it was so extravagant, that the people would rail on him in the streets."

If one were to judge of the taste of the eighteenth century simply by its furniture (Fig. 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330), we should say it was at once refined, elegant, and original; nay, we have only to glance in the windows of some one or other of the commercial palaces of Regent or Oxford Street, to perceive that if there be any thing in them more than ordinarily attractive, it is almost certain to be some revival or imitation of the styles so fashionable in this country during the last century, in connection with the names of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze of France. And these names remind us that the English taste for such furniture was not original; but had come from the same quarter from whence our countrymen had before obtained no inconsiderable portion of the architectural, artistic, poetical, and dramatic tastes that still prevailed among them.

It was during this same period that the best English houses became for the first time what we should call completely furnished. We have altered and improved, and in some cases have perhaps altered without improving upon, the furniture of the eighteenth century, but we have added little of decided novelty and importance to it. The little nick-knackeries of the present day have only replaced an equally various and indescribable tribe belonging to an earlier one. Old China was the all-absorbing passion of the female subjects of Anne, as Berlin wool is of those of her present Majesty; and for our parts, we dare not venture a word of opinion as to the respective merits of the taste in these matters of the two eras.

There was one novelty, however, of the eighteenth century of a permanently valuable character; mahogany then began to be used in England. Dr. Gibbons, a physician of London, brought over the first block, towards the close of the previous century; this block was manufactured into articles of ornament, and excited universal admiration. Painted and gilded woods speedily lost all their attractions, and the new comer carried all before it, until it became almost the only material used in cabinet-making.

In architecture the present period certainly could claim some originality; for it produced, though it did not apparently justly appreciate, Vanbrugh, whose great work of Blenheim we have already noticed. And it is not an uninteresting task to compare some of the views of this building (see the additional engravings,—Figs. 2337, 2335) with views of Castle Howard, the architect's first important achievement, and with other buildings of his time, the product of various contemporary artists.

Who can look without admiration upon the superb front of Castle Howard (Fig. 2339, 2340)? Who can avoid being instantly impressed with the idea that this is indeed, whatever its faults, true architectural grandeur? And the more you look, the more the stately and picturesque, yet withal solemn beauty of the pile grows upon you. The play of light and shade—the constantly-changing outline, the climbing as it were of its more salient points one above another, till the loftiest, in the shape of the tower, surmounts and tranquilly looks down upon everything else, are all features of the exterior of Castle Howard, that strike alike the most unarchitectural and the most professional of spectators. Vanbrugh had here full scope for the display of his genius. He had neither littlenesses of space nor littlenesses of patrons to deal with. The front of Castle Howard extends to no less than six hundred feet, or two hundred yards! The contents of the interior are worthy of such an exterior. To give a mere catalogue of the pictures would occupy no inconsiderable

* We have to express our thanks to a correspondent for pointing out an error in the notice of Walker, the hero of Londonderry. He was not a Presbyterian, as there stated, but the Episcopalian rector of Donaghmore.

siderable space in our pages. Ask for what master you please, and you can be shown specimens of his finest days. But as even in such collections there is generally one work that stands out beyond all others, partly by its surpassing excellence, partly by the natural tendency of the mind to collect, as it were, all its strength for admiration and remembrance and enjoyment, upon one picture, rather than lose the whole in the vague dreamy kind of wonder that such a multiplicity of artistical wealth is apt to generate,—so at Castle Howard there is a favourite—a focal centre to attract and concentrate the dispersing rays of admiration. This is the Three Marias with the dead body of Christ, by Annibal Carracci. The money value of such works is but a poor evidence of their intrinsic value; yet it is an evidence. For this picture, then, it is said the Court of Spain offered as many louis d'ors as would cover it, or in a simpler mode of calculation, something like 8000*l*. Nay, it is even added, that this offer has been outstripped in our own country.

In articles of virtù Castle Howard is of course rich to repletion; for the time of its erection and furnishing was the time, above all others, when such things were sought with avidity, and purchased at incredible prices. But the most precious article of this class that Castle Howard possesses was a gift; and the giver was a man who could enhance the value of the thing given, by the mere fact that it was a gift from him. We refer to the small cylindrical altar, about four and a half feet high, that stands in the Museum, and of which the verses inscribed on its top record the history:—

Pass not this ancient altar with disdain,
'T was once in Delphi's sacred temple reard,
From this the Pythian poured her mystic strain,
While Greece its fate in anxious silence heard.
What chief, what hero of the Achaian race
Might not to this have clung with holy awe?
Have clung in pious reverence round its base,
And from the voice inspired received the law?
A British chief, as famed in arms as those,
Has borne this relic o'er the Italian waves,
In war still friend to science, this bestows,
And Nelson gives it to the land he saves.

It is but an act of justice to the founder of this noble edifice, and the patron of Vanbrugh, to state, that at a certain portion of the park the visitor will find an open place formed by the meeting of four avenues of great trees, and in the centre of that place stands an obelisk a hundred feet high, which informs us that "Charles, the third Earl of Carlisle, of the family of the Howards, erected a castle where the old castle of Hinderskelf stood, and called it Castle Howard. He likewise made the plantations in this park, and all the outworks, monuments, and other plantations belonging to this seat. He began these works in the year 1712, and set up this inscription An. Dom. 1731."

Wilton House (Fig. 2332) looks tame and common-place in the comparison with Castle Howard, though great men have been at work upon it; the original designer was Hans Holbein; and when his pile was injured by fire, the restorer was Inigo Jones. But since the time of the latter artist, Mr. Wyatt has been also very busy at Wilton, and according to the opinion of Sir Richard Hoare, not with the most satisfactory results. In short, as the building now is, it belongs to neither of the great men we have named, nor can it be said altogether to be a product of their successor. A specimen of Holbein's architecture, however, does still exist—a porch and gateway at one end of the gardens. This is of strikingly beautiful proportions,—contains two series or stages of pillars, one above the other, and has recesses with busts.

But in its contents Wilton may vie with Castle Howard, or any other of those great mansions which make our English noblemen appear like so many inferior sovereigns on their own domains, whilst in its associations Wilton surpasses nearly all of them. Its hall, for instance, contains nearly two hundred pieces of ancient sculpture, many of them literally of incalculable value—and there are paintings of the first order by Rubens, Holbein, Vandyke, &c., and a host of other masters. It was at Wilton, again, that Massinger was born (he was the son of a retainer of the Pembroke family). It was at Wilton that Philip Sidney wrote the 'Arcadia,' and probably made love to Lady Penelope Devereux, the Philoclea of that romance, Sidney's sister being then the Countess of Pembroke—and lastly, it was upon this lady that Jonson wrote his well-known epitaph—

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse—
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother!
Death, ere thou hast killed another,

* The next earl.

Wise and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Moor Park (Fig. 2334) was originally built by the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth; subsequently it belonged to a gentleman, Mr. Styles, who, having obtained a splendid fortune by the South Sea scheme, was wise enough to keep it—by withdrawing in time; and by him the brick building was cased over with stone as we now see it, and the noble portico added. Subsequent alterations have, however, given the building somewhat of an all-portico character. The wings added by the fortunate speculator were taken away by an unfortunate one, who subsequently possessed the mansion. This gentleman threw up a good place—a directorship at the East India Board, in the hope of obtaining a still better at the Board of Control under Fox's famous India Bill, but when disappointments clipped the pinions of his soaring hopes, he cut off the wings of his mansion at Moor Park too, and sold the materials, as though to show his consciousness of how he had been misled, and his determination that the lesson should not be again repeated.

It is curious how the all-portico character of the exterior finds a correspondence of expression in the all-saloon character of the interior. This saloon—or entrance-hall—is very large, and according to the ideas of the last century, very magnificent, with its gilt-railed gallery, its marble door-cases opening in all directions, above as well as below, and each surmounted by great pieces of sculpture, its endless series of white stucco compositions on the walls, and its mass of painting and gilding on the ceiling. Here too there is a series of immense and very showy pictures, three in number, illustrative of Ovid's story of the Metamorphosis of Io. But as to any architectural beauty, or elegance, or picturesqueness—as to any general expression of architectural grandeur or architectural character of any sort—the less said the better, in connection with the hall of Moor Park. Yet such as it is, it is the whole: there is no other part of the interior in which there has been any attempt made to raise domestic convenience into Art. Step out of the chief hall into the smaller one behind (probably the original hall of the Duke's mansion), and you are disagreeably impressed by the contrast. This saloon is dark and gloomy, without being at all solemn and impressive; and when you are told that those are the pictures that you see there on the walls and ceiling, for which Sir James Thornhill recovered 3500*l*. in a court of law, you can hardly help wishing that the jury had sat on the spot to determine the case with the gaudy subjects of the demand before them. They would assuredly have revenged upon Sir James the headache his works would have given them after an hour or two of their company.

The next step is still worse—as it conducts us to the staircase, which is absolutely mean. There are pictures here too on the walls, but there is no spot of ground large enough to stand upon to look at them in comfort. This was the way they worked in the last century: Mr. Styles, the South Sea speculator before mentioned, spent 150,000*l*. in the improvement of Moor Park, yet left this staircase.

The apartments contain many objects of interest, and one of them, the drawing-room, is truly superb and beautiful. The grounds of Moor Park were highly celebrated whilst the taste lasted from which their peculiar attractions had sprung. They formed, in the opinion of Sir William Temple, the "perfectest figure of a garden" he ever saw. As a peculiarly favourable example therefore of the style of gardening produced in the seventeenth, and forming the beau idéal of the eighteenth century, we may here transcribe Sir William's account of Moor Park. Having observed that it was "made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Dr. Donne [the poet], and with very great care, excellent contrivances, and much cost," he proceeds to his description of the results:—"It lies on the side of a hill, upon which the house now stands, but not very steep. The length of the house, where the best rooms and of most use and pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden: the great parlour opens into the middle of a terrace gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may be, as I remember, three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border set with standard laurels, and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange trees out of flower and fruit. By this walk are three descents, by many stone steps in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight statues in the several quarters. At the end of the terrace-walk are two summer-houses, and the sides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloisters open to the garden upon arches of stone, and ending with two other summer-houses even with the cloisters, which are paved with stone, and designed for walks of shade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over these



235.—Cornhill, the Exchange, and Lombard Street. (From an Old Print.)



236.—The South Sea House.



2361.—The Treasury, from St. James's Park, 1775.



2356.—Old East India House, 1720



2358.—The South Sea House.



2362.—The Admiralty, as it appeared before Adam's Screen was built.



2363.—Surgeons' Theatre, &c., Old Bailey



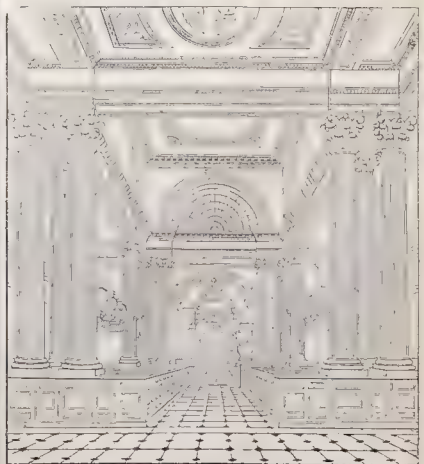
2367.—St. Martin's Church.



2364.—Pall-Mall, about 1740.



2365.—The Second Royal Exchange.



2366.—St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street.

two cloisters are two terraces covered with lead, and fenced with balusters; and the passage into these airy walks is 'out of the two summer-houses at the end of the first terrace-walk. The cloister facing the south is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-house, and the other for myrtles and other more common greens, and had, I doubt not, been used for that purpose, if this piece of gardening had been then in as much vogue as it is now. From the middle of this parterre is a descent by many steps, flying on each side of a grotto that lies between them covered with lead, and flat, into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness, which is very shady; the walks here are green, the grotto embellished with figures of shell-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden, and the wall was not bounded by the common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens; but this want is supplied by a garden on the other side of the house, which is all of that sort, very wild, shady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains. This was Moor Park when I was acquainted with it, and the sweetest place, I think, that I have seen in my life, either before or since at home or abroad." Reading this, how could Lord Anson, the great navigator, when he purchased Moor Park, let loose Mr. Capability Brown among the greens, and the shady places, and the fountains? Or how could Mr. Brown himself talk of the *capabilities* of a place that was already the very acme of perfection, and persuade his employer to let him pull the whole to pieces, as he did, and re-construct it? Yet it must be owned, as one sees what he made of the ground, and what his successors, under the direction of the present proprietor, the Marquis of Westminster, have made of them, there does not seem to be felt the smallest regret for the destruction of this "sweetest" of all gardens.

And it is after reading of such a place we should go to see the grandest and most beautiful of all English gardens in our own time—that of Chatsworth. There, too, we shall find fountains, though the child's toys of the one become indeed sports for men in the other. Think of a fountain that sends up a column of water nearly *three hundred feet* high—in other words, to the height of the top of St. Paul's! Think of *such* a fountain shaking its loosening silver in the sun! This is indeed the "Emperor" of fountains; and, like other emperors, requires large supplies: say, for instance, an acre of water of a foot in depth hourly. Another fountain at Chatsworth is as fairy-like and enchanting as the Emperor is grand and royal in its character; this sends up various jets, that rise and fall in such a peculiar manner that you can scarcely repress the almost involuntary exclamation when you first see it—Why the water is dancing! And so it is;—inspired by the artistical skill of its designer. Chatsworth, too, has its rocks. And what rocks! One can hardly expect to be believed in stating the dimensions and weights of the pieces of which it is composed. There are single masses weighing upwards of three hundred and seventy tons! But mark too to what purposes all these magnificent materials are turned. The mistake is not made here of treating them as an end in garden scenery—they are only the means of producing some grand effect not indigenous to the place, but which shall still be made to appear as indigenous. So in one part of the grounds of Chatsworth the rocks form an exact imitation in all their savage grandeur of the Strid at Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire, the original design being (which is probably by this time completed) to have a mountain torrent, some three hundred feet long, with banks thirteen or fourteen feet high. Contrast this with the "shell-rock work" of Sir William Temple's sweet gardens. But in short it is useless to pursue the parallel, which we only instituted for the purpose of showing how much purer and loftier the taste of the present day is in such matters than it was but a hundred or two years ago, when Nature everywhere bore the stamp of extreme artificiality, whereas now our best landscape gardeners seek rather to give to the highest efforts of their art something of the impress of Nature.

The fountains and rock-work of Chatsworth, vast as they are, appear to be only on the proper scale to accord with everything about them. One of the most magnificent conservatories in existence is at Chatsworth, and almost overpowering are the sentiments of wonder and admiration that it excites as you pass along the stateliest of terraces, Solomon's Walk, and through the rock garden to the upper terrace, and catch from thence the first view of the "Mountain of Glass." And beyond all comparison as this is in size with the various other erections that are found in the different parts of the ground, as the Orangery, the Musa House, the Greenhouse, the Orchidaceous House, Camellia House, and so on—yet would some of these, if placed singly in almost any other grounds, be considered remarkable for their dimensions and general excel-

lence of adaptation to the purposes for which they were erected. Then Chatsworth has not only its flower-gardens of different kinds and styles, but its Arboretum; and the Duke of Devonshire, we believe, has even his own collector, whose business it is to explore the most distant parts of the world for new floral treasures wherewith to enrich the Palace of the Peak. In brief, all the arrangements of the gardens are on the very largest and most magnificent scale, and such as, we believe, taken for all in all, are without parallel in any part of the world. It is not often the Sovereign of England can look upon a place where the finest of her own gardens look almost insignificant in the comparison, and where there has been such an outlay that even she might hesitate to venture to incur an equal expenditure; yet when Her Majesty visited Chatsworth just two years ago, some such thoughts must have been suggested by the sight of the surpassing grandeur that met her eyes.

On the whole the "palace" itself is not unworthy of the scene around it; and that is high praise. It was planned by William Talman, Comptroller of the Works to William III., but it was reserved for the present Duke to finish what Talman began, and in finishing to enlarge and improve at the same time. And though this sort of process is one that generally ends in the production of works that have no harmony of idea apparent through all their members, it is not so at Chatsworth, as our engraving will sufficiently show. It will be there seen (Fig. 2343) that the mansion has a very stately, simple, and expressive aspect. Its anterior is, as a matter of course, as sumptuous as the taste and skill, aided by unlimitable pecuniary means, can make it. Some of Gibbons's very choicest wood-carvings are here. And here, too, are a class of works that were famous, and are still notorious, if only on account of the positions they occupy,—the very large and very bad pictures that Pope so justly commented on. It should seem indeed that the satirist had Chatsworth itself in his eye, for it is in its *chapel* that Verrio's master-piece is to be found. Pope writes:—

And now the chapel's silver bells you hear,
That summon you to all the pride of prayer;
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre.

Now one of the works in the chapel by Verrio is a painting of the Ascension that covers the ceiling, and Laguerre was with Verrio at Chatsworth, acting as his assistant.

Chatsworth has had some noticeable guests—guests, we mean, of a comparatively permanent character. Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner here. Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, had his chief home at Chatsworth. Lastly, when Tallard was brought to England as a prisoner by Marlborough after the battle of Blenheim, he resided for a short time with the Duke of Devonshire. With the politeness and felicity of thought and diction that have been considered so characteristic of his countrymen, the marshal, when he took leave of Chatsworth, said to the Duke, "When I return to France, and reckon up the days of my captivity in England, I shall leave out all that I have spent at Chatsworth."

Strathfieldsaye (Fig. 2344), like Blenheim, is a memorial of the English nation's gratitude to one of her very greatest warriors for *his* greatest victory. And, as in the case of Marlborough, all the honours it was in the State's power to bestow had been exhausted before the battle of Blenheim was won, and it was therefore most powerless just when it desired to be most powerful in expressing its sense of the mighty services rendered,—so was it with the Duke of Wellington before the battle of Waterloo; in each case, therefore, all that could be done was to confer a magnificent estate upon the conqueror, accompanied by such universal and enthusiastic expression of thankfulness as made the gift a thousand times more precious.

Two hundred thousand pounds were accordingly granted after the battle of Waterloo; and this sum was added to various other sums that had been previously granted, making in all seven hundred thousand pounds. Truly it is something to serve England! The estate purchased is held from the crown by the tenure of the presentation of a tri-coloured flag on the 18th of June—a pleasant mode of making even the acknowledgment of lordship only another opportunity for recording the merits of the vassal, and of reminding the descendants of both, of the price paid for the estate—Waterloo.

Strathfieldsaye is situated in the north of Hampshire, near the place so dear to antiquarians, and so interesting to others also—the Roman Silchester. The Park is small, but pleasant, of an undulating surface, well wooded and watered. The name appears to be derived from Strath—a stretch of level ground with elevated sides;

field—a word requiring no explanation; and Say—from a family of that name, who originally possessed the manor. Before it came to the duke's possession, the two Chathams, father and son, both possessed the estate, and resided here. Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire (Fig. 2333), has been already noticed (vol. i. p. 376). Wanstead House (Fig. 2341) may be referred to as a favourable specimen of the style of Colin Campbell, one of the architects who shared with Kent the patronage of Lord Burlington. Street architecture in the period exhibits no improvement upon the individual specimens that have been preserved of an earlier date, as, for instance, the house built by Inigo Jones in Great Queen Street (Fig. 2331). This forms an interesting specimen of street domestic architecture of the higher class; while the old watering-house at Knightsbridge (Fig. 2335) with its rest for the porter's load in front, may be contrasted with the palatial character of Jones' mansion, as a specimen of the residences of the middling classes of London about the same—down to a much later—time.

It is a common question with those who are apt to look upon themselves as really practical men, whenever new discoveries or new efforts for discovery are made in scientific matters, to ask—what good? The history of the foundation of Greenwich Observatory furnishes a very striking illustration of—as well as a very happy answer to—the common fallacy involved in such questions; which assume that no steps are to be taken in the path of knowledge, unless we are assured as to the exact amount and nature of our rewards for so doing. Before the latter part of the seventeenth century, there was no national Observatory. Men had been from the earliest times aware in a vague way of the advantages of some astronomical lore to those who in Chapman's words ploughed "Neptune's salt wilderness," yet still no efforts were made to establish a place for the express advancement of the science by means of careful and continuous observations. And why? Simply, we presume, because our statesmen and others saw no especial practical object to be attained, and would not move without. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the business of navigation began to assume a much more imposing aspect than it had ever done before, and the art of navigation became in consequence of the most signal importance. Yet still nothing was done until it began to be remarked that if the motion of the Moon among the Stars could be exactly pointed out before a ship left England, the crew would at any part of their voyage have the means of discovering their longitude, by observing what position the moon then occupied among the stars; and thus determining the exact London time. A plan founded upon this principle was proposed to Charles II. by a Frenchman, named St. Pierre, but it was then found there were no exact lunar tables in existence, and that the scheme was impracticable simply on such grounds. No doubt there ought to have been such tables; and had astronomers received the attention and assistance they had a right to ask, no doubt they would have been ready when they were wanted. Of course practical men of all kinds now knew the defect, and set to work to remedy it. Charles II. caused the Observatory at Greenwich to be erected (Fig. 2336), and Flamsteed was appointed Astronomer Royal. But the impulse died before it had accomplished anything like a complete working agency for the attainment of its desires—so the Observatory was left without instruments, and the whole project might have fallen to the ground, but for Flamsteed's public spirit, who made what instruments he could, and expended his own money in purchasing the remainder. The accuracy that has been since attained in our lunar and all other astronomical tables by the labours of Flamsteed and his successors, and the value of these tables to navigation, are now matters thoroughly and universally understood. But this is not the only or the most important proof of the truth of the position we have assumed, that Greenwich Observatory affords. That establishment, as we have seen, however long wanted, could not be obtained, till practical evidence was given of its necessity; and in that necessity, and in the delay that men found inevitable, because they had made no previous preparation, they might have discovered the folly of dictating to Science the terms upon which she shall live and move. But, we repeat, the fallacy of the "what good?" kind of questioning, receives a happy and most complete answer in the records of the Greenwich foundation. "The first edition of Newton's 'Principia' had appeared shortly before Flamsteed had supplied himself with his best instruments; and at Newton's request many of Flamsteed's observations on the Moon, reduced as was then practicable, were communicated to him to aid in perfecting the theory deduced from the principle of universal gravitation. The time at which these observations were made was in fact a most critical one; when the most accurate observations

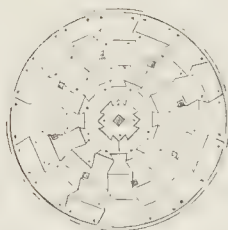
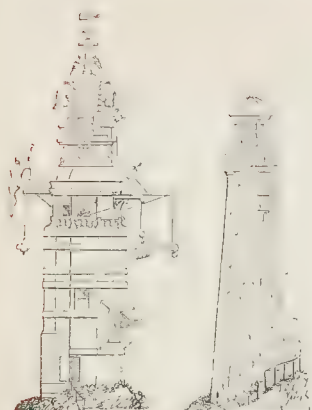
were needed for the support of the most extensive philosophical theory that man had invented." (Penny Cyclopædia. And they were ready. But where would they have been, if the founders of the Observatory had received no other assurance than a vague one of the advantages that *must* result to science from its erection, and so on. And this, though the mightiest, is far from being the only assistance that scientific men have derived from the erection of the Observatory, independent of the direct purposes for which it was called into existence.

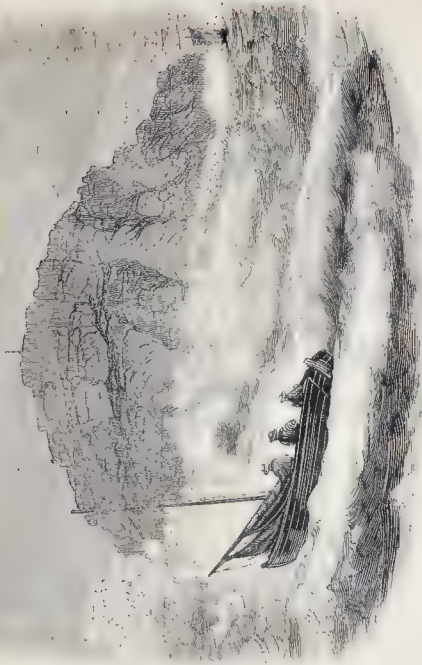
The every-day business of the Observatory cannot be better described than in the words of the writer from whom we borrowed the previous passage:—"It is not devoted to the gazing at planets or nebulae, or to the watching the appearances of the spots in the sun, or the mountains in the moon, with which the dilettante astronomer is so much charmed; it is not to the measures of the relative positions and distances of double stars, or the registering the present state of the nebulous bodies which appear liable to change—measures and registers of great importance, but which possess a charm sufficient to persuade private observers to undertake the observations, and which do not demand extreme nicety of adjustment of the instruments, nor require much calculation afterwards. But it is to the regular observation of the sun, moon, planets, and stars (selected according to a previously arranged system) when they pass the meridian, at whatever hour of the day or night that may happen, and in no other position; observations which require the most vigilant care in regard to the state of the instruments, and which imply such a mass of calculations afterwards, that the observation itself is in comparison a mere trifle. From these are deduced the positions of the various objects, with an accuracy that can be obtained in no other way; and they can then be used as bases to which observations by amateur astronomers, with different instruments, can be referred." Nothing need be added to this passage in explanation of the duties of the Astronomer Royal and his assistants, nor as to their relative position with respect to the many persons who, spread through the country, use their leisure and pecuniary means in an honourable and delightful manner, by the promotion of astronomical science.

We have referred to the great value of the Observatory to the class of men for whom it was especially erected; but we must not forget that it is now becoming still more valuable to them, by making itself apparently less so. It has been found that clocks or watches of great excellence will enable the mariner to determine the exact London (or Greenwich) time without any further aid. The Royal Observatory, therefore, is doing its best to give him such instruments, by receiving on trial chronometers of every kind of construction, to see which is the most accurate. As many as sixty of these have been undergoing the severe ordeal of the Observatory at once. That was during the period when prizes were given for the best; a system no longer in existence. But by such trials, which are still continued, the chronometer has been raised to an extraordinary pitch of excellence.

We may conclude these notices with a somewhat amusing and certainly very striking evidence of the practical disfavour that was shown by society at large to those who studied science for its own sake, and for the consequences that flow from it,—but, be it observed, only to such men; as though Science did not choose to make her revelations to any but her loving and confiding disciples. When Flamsteed sent those observations on the moon to Newton, that were so full of importance to the latter, he mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Wallis, in a letter that was published. This aggrieved the great philosopher, who wrote to Flamsteed, "I do not love to be printed on every occasion; much less to be dinned and teased by foreigners about mathematical things; or to be thought by our own people to be trifling away my time about them, when I should be about the King's business." If the people here referred to could have been made aware that we should now think about the "King's business," in contrast with what we should now think about the "trifles," they would have been strangely perplexed and astonished; if indeed they did not summarily settle the business by a deep sigh over the coming degeneracy of human nature. It may have been in this slight circumstance that the ill-feeling originated, which was afterwards so unpleasantly apparent, between Flamsteed and Newton in their well known quarrel. But it is always an ungracious and seldom a useful task to dwell on the weaknesses of great men; so untold by us shall be all the hard names they called each other, and the severe retorts that followed in rapid succession, from side to side.

There are probably few persons who have not noticed with surprise the apathy—as they cannot but call it—of persons resident in





137.—St. Alban's Head, Pembrokeshire.



138.—The Llanes, W. Wales.



139.—Shannon Dockyard, and Fortification of the River.



140.—Lynn, as it appears at the commencement of the 19th Century.

remarkable scenes or places to the objects that have brought them, and are constantly bringing others as pilgrims, to gaze on the wonders they have so long heard of—and so long yearned to see. Take London for instance. How delightful it is to watch the pleasure that young intelligent spirits feel and exhibit on their first entrance into that mightiest of human hives. To persons familiar with all the things that excite astonishment and admiration in the minds of visitors, there are no "lions" half so attractive as those who come to look at the "lions." It is too often forgotten by persons who are surprised to see us calm amidst the sights and wonders that make them enthusiastic, that the impulse of novelty that moved them is lacking with us; and when novelty dies away, there survives only the love and admiration that has been called forth by truly worthy objects. Such sentiments, under ordinary circumstances, delight not in display, but are the most true when most serene and unobtrusive.

How many are there in London who, for aught they talk about Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, might never have entered their doors, and yet in whose hearts rests for ever a deep sense of their solemn and impressive beauty and grandeur, mingling with and elevating their thoughts in many an hour of solitary communion, or even influencing them unconsciously into a sympathy with higher things, when business and the cares of the world are most actively pressing upon them.

Yet since the mere reflection in another's feelings of what we have ourselves once felt, is so agreeable to us, one cannot but sometimes wish we knew less of the things about us, in order that we might begin again to know more, or at least seem for the moment to do so, in the momentary activity of thought and enjoyment thus produced. And what is Antiquarianism, in a popular sense, but a kind of possible substitute for this impossible desire? What is it that gives Antiquarianism its greatest charm, when it is permitted by its nurses to have any charms, but that it enables us, when wearied of the sights of the present, to run back and enjoy the sights of the past? And as Time is ever bringing fresh changes, so is he therefore ever heaping up fresh materials for this kind of recreation. The great features of London, for example, may remain on the whole much the same now that they were a century or so ago; yet on looking back to the metropolis at the earlier period, we find differences sufficiently extensive and numerous to interest us. Many of these differences we have already taken opportunities to point out; and others may be here thrown together into a collective form. We will suppose ourselves to be following the steps of a visitor to the metropolis during the last century, after he has been the formal round regularly pointed out to him and to his class, and when he is beginning a more independent career—starting hither and thither just as the whim of the moment or his book-knowledge of metropolitan localities may suggest. Westminster Bridge was then building. Of course he went to see it, if it were only because he had heard the scheme so much laughed at, and seen how manfully its supporters had fought their way through parliament. Crowds were congregated around the workmen, and many of them had an expression in their countenances that showed there would be mischief, did not the "I would," wait upon the "I dare not." Some talked of the ferries that it would destroy, and the distress it would bring upon the watermen and their fellows. Others prophesied the destruction of the very navigation of the Thames, and of hosts of lives of the men who were engaged on the river. One orator hoped the bridge itself would be the first to experience the terrible resentment of Father Thames; and another significantly added—amid a general expression of sympathy and approval—"Wait till you see it built." It was evident, after all, that the thing was looked on as impossible. Presently the visitors heard exclamations—"There he is—that's the Swiss"—and Labelye, the architect, was seen bustling about, now encouraging the artisans by his cheerful countenance and assured tones, that ill agreed, however, with his doubting and aching heart—and now explaining with great deference, except when for the moment he forgot himself in his earnestness, to the pompous-looking "Commissioner" by his side, how he would remedy that difficulty that had been experienced, how he would obviate this objection that had just been put forward. His doubt, however, is not as to his powers, but as to the means that will be afforded to him to evidence his powers. He works in the constant dread of being stopped in his labours by the incredulity and illiberality that prevail with regard to them, even in quarters where he might have least expected to find such obstacles. But he goes on—and triumphs. The bridge was completed (Fig. 2345). And our visitor might have seen one near the bridge, who, we might say, judged correctly of the success that would attend Labelye's efforts, or he would otherwise have hardly thought it

advisable to bind up with it a work of his own. The Venetian artist Canaletto was there, making a drawing of the scene (Fig. 2351), that will live even when in the progress of engineering skill and public taste, the bridge of Labelye shall be replaced by an improved structure.

The visitor then pursued his way to the Fleet Ditch, which Pope had immortalized to him and all readers, and was presently quite satisfied as to the justice of the character given to the

King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood—

of the Thames, into which the sluice opened (Fig. 2358), at the spot where Blackfriars Bridge has been since erected. And the visitor would smile as he remembered the invitation which the goddess of the poem—(the 'Dunciad')—gives to her favoured heroes—

Here strip, my children; here at once leap in,
And prove who best can dash through thick and thin.

Ascending the hill, the visitor began to look for the College of Physicians. He had no need to ask the way. He knew—Garth had told him long before in his 'Dispensary'—that it stood

Not far from that most celebrated place
Where angry Justice shows her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;

or, in more prosaic language, Newgate. He also knew by what signs and tokens he might recognise the building when he was within sight of it. He knew that it had

A dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its awful height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill.

And thus aided he soon finds the College of Physicians; the old college, as we now call it, but which then stood too high in reputation for any one to anticipate the time when it should become necessary to have a new one. And those who may now go through the professionally deserted place, and see in what really excellent preservation the whole yet is, even to the admirable wood carvings, will learn that the necessity for change has been of that kind merely which sprung from the desire to be in a more agreeable atmosphere than that of the butchers, and to possess a more splendid building, according to the present tastes, than even a Wren could give the wealthy and dignified licentiates and fellows of medicine. And certainly it is a strong contrast—that of the College of Physicians at the corner of Pall Mall, and that of the College of Physicians in Warwick-lane (Fig. 2357). If after visiting these we go to the house in Knight Rider-street, where the college was first founded, we have a very fair visible representation in the three buildings of the history of the rise of the professors of the healing art in this country during the last three centuries and a quarter. That house in Knight Rider-street was the residence of the most eminent of our early physicians, Linaere; and he it was who founded the college, and allowed the members the use of his own house for their meetings during his lifetime, and subsequently gave it to them in perpetuity. As curious illustrations of the state of the profession, and of a portion of the professors, we may here mention that there was a time when the College of Physicians made astrology one of the subjects in which it examined; and a time, still nearer to our own, when surgeons were impressed in shoals like so many seamen: warrants of impressment are still to be found among the records of the Barber-Surgeons' Company. But indeed it was only a century ago that the legislature recognised any particular difference between the excision of a man's leg and of his beard, by incorporating the surgeons into a separate college. These met first in Monkwell Street, and then built themselves a handsome pile in the Old Bailey, next to Newgate, in order, we suppose, that their theatre (Fig. 2363) might be adjacent to the horrid instrument that then alone, legally speaking, supplied them with subjects for dissection. We have somewhere met with a strange story of this building, said to have been told by John Hunter, in one of his lectures. When the operators were about to dissect the body of a criminal who had only been recently cut down, they discovered to their astonishment and horror that he was alive. They might have wished to spare the unhappy wretch from a double punishment, and yet have felt that their duty was imperative not to conceal the circumstance. They sent to the sheriffs, who took the man back to Newgate, from whence he was allowed by the King to depart for a foreign country.

As visits to London were not quite so common in the last century as now, when a person did come he had generally a variety of commissions to execute for friends in addition to his own business.

Our visitor has promised to inquire concerning a will at Doctors' Commons, so he bends his way thither, surprised to find what an unambitious-looking place it is—this great national will-depository of which he had heard so much; this place of purgatory for the unhappy wedded, from whence the unfaithful depart to the Tartarus of public infamy, and their released partners to the Elysium—if they so please, and so estimate the state—of a new marriage. And the visitor here is deeply interested in all the departments of the great business of Doctors' Commons. In the Will-office he amuses himself by watching the emotions that are exhibited in the countenance of some of the will-explorers as they discover that they have been remembered, as they could wish, by the "excellent deceased," or only after the fashion that Peter Pindar attributed to royalty—"remembered to be forgot," by the "miserable ingrate." In the hall of Doctors' Commons (Fig. 2368) he is chiefly struck by the mode in which the business is managed of the different courts that sit here, namely, the Court of Arches, the supreme ecclesiastical court of the province of Canterbury; the Prerogative Court, for the determination of all Will causes; the Consistory Court of the Bishop of London; and—an odd connexion—the Court of Admiralty. The counsel in any particular case, after a long series of preliminary movements, come into court, each armed with a formidable batch of papers that include the examinations of all witnesses, taken, however, under the responsibility of the examiners as to their correctness, and then the two advocates begin the war upon each other, and in the end the judge settles the business, without ever seeing a witness or any of the parties concerned. Many, like the visitor, have perhaps wondered how the powers of Doctors' Commons originated. The answer is, that they are but the remains of the once formidable system of ecclesiastical government that pervaded every department of the State, and when ecclesiastics thought the care of the temporal wealth of the community quite as much their business as the care of its spiritual aspirations. It sounds hardly credible at the present day, when we are told that testamentary causes came under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Doctors' Commons, "at a period when the bishops and other clergy claimed the property of intestates, to be applied to pious uses, without even being required to pay their debts. In the course of time this claim had been considerably limited, and the clergy were obliged to pay the debts of the intestate out of his property before any of it could be applied to pious uses. Subsequent restrictions had, however, required that the property of the intestate *should be given to his widow and children*; and afterwards it was enacted, that where such relations did not exist, the property should go to the next of kin, and failing these, should go to the crown." Does not this read as a fiction? Is it conceivable that there could ever have been a time when the clergy could systematically and avowedly take from the widow and children the property of the deceased husband and father? Yet the statement to this effect was made in the House of Commons; the speaker was Dr. Nicholls, an authority on such a point alike beyond suspicion of an unfavourable bias or a want of sufficient knowledge.

Our visitor of the last century next proceeded towards the centre of all English as well as of all metropolitan commerce, and which, curiously enough, has been so from the days of the Romans downwards—we refer of course to the spot upon which stand the Merchants' Exchange, the Mansion-house of Mayoralty, and the Bank, whose names have scarcely less weight in the most distant part of the world than in the neighbourhood of their own Threadneedle and Lombard Streets. The scene that met his eyes at the junction of Cornhill and Lombard Street (Fig. 2355) was very different from that we at present see. The Exchange was partly shut up among houses, instead of presenting the magnificent façade to the opening of Cheapside that now makes every one who approaches in that direction pause in admiration as he draws near to it. The Mansion House was then building, the governing officer of the city having never before had any residence especially set apart for him. It is noticeable how often we trace this kind of neglect of the outward shows of power when the power itself is most active and unquestioned; and then, as that begins to decay, how much more magnificent and prosperous it begins outwardly to look. The Lord Mayor of London is no doubt in our own era a really important and most laboriously-worked dignity; but there is also no doubt that in individual power he is but a shadow of what he was in past times, when he maintained a position equalling baronial rank, and when the government of the civic community not only meant what it does not now mean—the government of London—but was a government almost approaching to the despotic, though extended over willing and anything but enslaved subjects; when, lastly, the

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first citizen was also the first merchant, first patriot, first soldier of the community, and qualified, therefore, alike to administer the extensive and somewhat intricate business of the municipality, which included supervision over every trade, and over every person engaged in it; to regulate all the relations of London with foreign countries; to stand as a bulwark between grasping sovereigns and his fellows; to fight even, should fighting become necessary, either against or for that sovereign, and at the head of citizen troops, that were probably then among the very best of English soldiers.

The visitor now heard the chimes of the Exchange playing one of their favourite and popular tunes, and he hastened thither;—paused for a moment to gaze on the statue of Gresham at its entrance, and then stepped quickly in, to the scene that Addison had already made tolerably familiar to him, but with that kind of "familiarity" which breeds respect and interest, rather than "contempt." Gresham's, or the first Exchange, we have already described [Vol. I. p. 102]. The Exchange our visitor looked upon (Fig. 2365) was the second, and built by Wren after the fire had destroyed Gresham's; and this, we need scarcely say, is the one that was recently destroyed by the same agency, and replaced by the present pile. It was therefore the second Exchange that the illustrious essayist referred to, when he said, "There is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange;" and as the picture he describes was the same that our visitor looked upon, we cannot do better than transcribe his description:—"It gives me," he continues, "a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high Change to be a great council in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world: they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London; or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times; or rather, fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world. This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainment. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, inasmuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock." Presently the essayist illustrates the genial character of the commercial spirit in a very happy series of illustrations, borrowed from the history of English horticulture. He says, "If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren and uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us that no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate, of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advance towards a plum than a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country if they were wholly neglected by the planters and left to the mercy of the sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world than it has improved the whole face of Nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan; our morning draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth; we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend, Sir Andrew, calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the Spice Islands our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-weavers; and



272. — Castle of Hesse.



273. — Castle of Hesse.



274. — Castle of Hesse.



275. — Castle of Hesse.



View of York.



282. The Hill in Caversham Hill (Hill of the Owl) Duff.



284. St. Andrew's as it appeared in 1710.

the Chinese our potters. Nature, indeed, furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which gave them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics. For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of Nature, find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the Frozen Zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep." One of the most striking features of the late Exchange—Addison's Exchange, as we may call it—was the range of statues, by Cibber chiefly, that decorated the quadrangle. These suggest to the essayist the concluding passage of a paper, which is even more than ordinarily full of the wisdom and quiet eloquence that characterise the 'Spectator.' "When," he says, "I have been upon the Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominion, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes, for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury. Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the land themselves."

Such were the merchants on 'Change. Our visitor was desirous of seeing them off 'Change, and so, being himself a mercantile man, obtained an introduction, which enabled him to follow them to their warehouses or counting-houses facing the streets, and thence into the hidden retreats behind, where suddenly the visitor found himself stepping out of some dark and narrow court, into apartments most richly and picturesquely furnished. He soon found, too, that many of the very greatest merchants did not attend the Exchange at all, but were only to be met with at one or other of the famous coffee-houses—Robins's, Jonathan's, and Garraway's, in Change Alley. The last of these—Garraway's—seemed to suggest to him thoughts of a not very cheering character. He remembered Swift's lines—

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down,
Each paddling in his leafy boat,
And here they fish for gold and drown.

Now buried in the depths below,
Now mounted up to Heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro
At their wits' end, like drunken men.

Meantime, secure on *Garraway* cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the foundered skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

Probably also the visitor remembered how his youthful patrimony had been squandered away among this "savage race," the brokers of Change Alley, during the madness of the South Sea scheme. After a glance at the interior of the coffee-house (which, be it observed, yet remains and flourishes), he went on toward the building that had obtained so evil a reputation, the South Sea House in Threadneedle Street (Fig. 2360), which the essays of Elia have since invested with a new interest, and which was already putting on much of the aspect that Lamb so charmingly describes. The bubble had long before burst, and "the magnificent portals ever gaping wide" began to disclose to the view "a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balcutha's" in 'Ossian.' And the visitor, as he stood in grave and thoughtful mood before it, might then have said, "This was once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here, the quick pulse of gain, and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled." The folly of the deluded in this South Sea scheme, the stupendous knavery of the deluders, and the all-pervading mischief and misery which affected England in consequence, are but too well known,

and should form an everlasting lesson to us, of the dangers that attend the attempt to make shorts cuts to wealth.

And as the visitor threaded his way up Cornhill, and went on pondering upon the history of the gigantic bubble, it seemed like a sudden light thrown upon the subject, when the old East India House (Fig. 2356) met his eye. Here was a token of what commerce can do when it pursues its old course, of making sure of one step before it takes another, instead of rearing—as at the South Sea House—magnificent-looking fabrics upon nothing. How soon the adventurers of the one were up to the highest pinnacle of apparent prosperity! How many years were spent by the adventurers of the other before they had even obtained an honourable position on the great East Indian continent! But yet a little longer the adventurers go on—and the first class are ruined, and not a word or look of sympathy attends their fall; while the second have become the virtual sovereigns of a region that really was what the South Sea Islands, on an infinitely smaller scale, were only thought to be.

Of course our visitor did not forget the water-works on London Bridge; nor, as he approached the venerable old pile, could he avoid being struck with its exceedingly picturesque character, a feature in a great measure owing to the battlemented gateways, and to the masses of old houses that had clustered together upon it so thickly, that they even overhung, and seemed ready to fall into, the water. Hogarth, in a part of his sixth plate of *Marriage-à-la-Mode* (Fig. 2350), and Pennant in his work on London, enable us to revive the scene that then met the visitor's eyes. Pennant says, "I well remember the street on London Bridge, narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers, from the multitude of carriages; frequent arches of strong timber crossed the street from the tops of the houses, to keep them together, and from falling into the river." Through this narrow way the visitor moved along, casting a glance as he went at—but not daring to stop to examine—the shops of the pin and needle makers, which, notwithstanding their position, were so attractive, that the economical ladies from the West End would come thither to make their purchases. At last he looks down upon the famous water-works, which then occupied no less than five arches of the bridge, and had become, by successive additions and improvements, a unique and truly ingenious and powerful piece of mechanism (Fig. 2349). By this was the city chiefly supplied for a long period of time. The founder was Peter Morris, who erected the first work in 1582; they were removed by Act of Parliament in 1822.

The visitor now took boat, and returned up the Thames towards Westminster, desiring to see the Supreme Courts of Law in Westminster Hall (Fig. 2347), those landmarks of the past which still tell us in their names—Court of King's Bench, Court of Exchequer, and so on—of the time when justice was looked upon but as an emanation from royalty, government but as an instrument for filling the king's coffers; and which still remain, notwithstanding all other changes, on the same spot where they first became fixed, after ceasing their ambulatory progress through the country. A curious and unseemly custom we are apt to think this itinerating system. Yet it is possible that we have not taken the right view of it. It may have been, after all, a partial fulfilment of the very demand that has sprung up in our own day—that for, to speak figuratively, justice at every man's own door. When the monarch moved about and the court followed in his train, who can say but that it was the practice fixed by opinion (for there has been always some kind of atmosphere of opinion, even for the most despotic) that the monarch should in ordinary cases regulate these movements by some consideration of the legal necessities of his subjects? Whilst in the neighbourhood, our visitor strolled on towards St. James's Park, to see some of the other public offices, among which the business of government in modern times is distributed. First there was the Treasury (Fig. 2361), originally the Cock-Pit of Harry the Eighth's palace of Whitehall; then the Horse-Guards; then the Admiralty, as it appeared before Adam's screen was built (Fig. 2362); but there was no telegraph in those days, sticking its tall beam of timber up towards the sky, and making the passers-by wonder how long it will be before it again begins to work—or if it be working, what can be the nature of the information it conveys. So our visitor, thinking of all sorts of naval heroes, past, present, and future, who had looked or would look towards that building as their Polar star, he wandered on into Pall Mall (Fig. 2364), and was presently lost in the contemplation of the variety of persons—dresses, equipages, shops, houses, &c.—that there met his eye, and in the hosts of literary recollections, satirical and others, which the very name of Pall Mall aroused. Here it was that the shoemakers were accustomed to exhibit those delicate slippers which provoked the ire of Isaac Bickerstaff, and especially that pair "with green lace

and blue heels." Here was situated the coffee-house which the same censor satirized by giving notice "to all the ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of music, poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna Coffee-house in Pall Mall, between the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed gratis, with elaborate essays by word of mouth, on all or any of the above-mentioned arts. The disciples are to prepare their bodies with three dishes of bohea, and purge their brains with two pinches of snuff."

But what would the frequenters of Pall Mall at the present day think of a smock-race taking place there? So late as 1733 this choice amusement drew crowds to Pall Mall. And what shop is this before which the visitor has stopped? It is Dodsley's—once a poet-footman, now an enterprising bookseller; a man who obtained in this last position the respect of all who knew him, and whose shop was the resort of the ablest and most distinguished men in London, either as writers engaged by him, or as idlers for the hour seeking to enjoy a pleasant lounge. Dodsley may be said to have been to a certain extent the patron of both Johnson and Burke, for he gave literary employment to both, when they most needed it, and thus aided materially their subsequent advancement. Wistfully does the visitor look at all who go in and out. He knows not but there may be among them the men we have named, or others of equal eminence. Nay, Dodsley is even the publisher of Pope;—but then he would know *him* well enough.

There is a class of works occasionally attempted, of such vast, and to most men's eyes insurmountable, difficulty, that when accomplished even the works themselves become less impressive than the qualities of mind that could alone achieve such successful results: their moral overthrows their physical grandeur. Such a work has been the Thames Tunnel in the present century; such a work was the Eddystone lighthouse in the last century. The rocks to which the word Eddystone has been applied (from the eddies, no doubt, the stones cause in the surrounding water) are situated in the English Channel, about fourteen miles from Plymouth. At high water they are covered, and at no time do they project very much above the surface of the sea. As might have been expected, therefore, from such rocks in such a position, many terrible accidents occurred through the ignorance of the unfortunate mariners, who frequently saw them not until they struck upon them, and went down in the very sight of the port that they felt, as it were, they had already reached. Who could build a lighthouse upon these destructive rocks? Again and again the question was agitated; and at last a Mr. Winstanley undertook the bold task. He was a kind of amateur engineer, and possessed of independent property. He had, therefore, ample leisure for making the attempt, and he possessed the tastes that would make his severest labours—labours of love. He began in 1696, and finished it in about four years. He was, no doubt, proud of his work, deeply gratified with the everlasting fame that he thought awaited him. It is said that he frequently declared that his only wish was that he might be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens. Such was the strength of the lighthouse in his opinion. He was to be terribly undeceived. If the rocks and waves were to have a master—he was not the man; and tragically poetical was the punishment for his attempt. One night during the progress of some repairs he was in the lighthouse with his workmen. A tempest of the kind he had so desired came—the next morning all was gone—engineer, workmen, lighthouse—not a vestige appeared to be left to assure the spectators that they did not dream it was there the tall building had been erected, until it was discovered that there was just one piece of iron chain that Nature herself, as if in sport and mockery of man's ambition and failure, had driven so deep into a chasm, that nothing could move it.

It was not likely that any further attempt would be made until fresh calamities should again stimulate fresh hope and enterprise to prevent their recurrence for the future. Some hapless vessel perished, with nearly the whole of the crew; and then again there were calls for the lighthouse. Parliament authorised the erection, and presently a second amateur was found bold enough to undertake the Herculean task. This was John Rudyerd, a silkmercer on Ludgate Hill. Wishing to profit by experience, he determined, as Winstanley had built the lighthouse partly of stone, he would construct his entirely of wood; Winstanley's had been angular, his should be round (see the engraving of both, Fig. 2370). He began in 1706, completed it in 1709; and this at least promised to be perfectly successful. Year after year passed on—storms beat—the waves rose wildly around and dashed over the slender structure, but it still

remained unshaken. Even the severe tempest of September 26th, 1744, left it unscathed. But at last the evil day came, when the powers of the air and water, having vainly gathered together and concentrated their utmost force in the endeavour to strike down the building of Rudyerd, as they had struck down the building of his predecessor, called to their aid another element—fire. About two in the morning of the 2nd of December, 1755, one of the three men, Henry Hall, who had the management of the pile, went up to snuff the candles in the lantern, which he perceived to be full of smoke, and when he opened the door flame burst forth. A spark, it is supposed, had in some way or other ignited the woodwork. The man, who was in his ninety-fourth year, but full of physical and mental activity, immediately shouted to his companions, who were in bed asleep, to come to his assistance, and in the mean time threw water up as well as he could upon the fire, which was burning four yards above him. There was but a tubful of water; and when his companions were at last roused, and came to his aid, they could only keep running up and down a distance of seventy feet, with as much water as they could carry. The lead of the roof now began to melt, and came down in a torrent upon the brave old man, who then, and not till then, descended with the others from room to room as the fire crept down after them, until they were at last compelled to seek the shelter of a hole on one side of the rock. There they remained until almost stupified, and until, probably, they had given up all hopes of escape; when they were released by boats from the shore. Some fishermen had seen the lighthouse on fire, and immediately given the alarm. The most extraordinary and painful part of this incident was the fate of the old man. He said he had swallowed some of the molten lead; and the only effect of his statement was to make people believe the fire had injured his wits rather than his stomach. Still he persisted in his view that the doctors could do him no good, unless they took the lead from him. On the twelfth day he died—was opened—and there, truly enough, was a piece of lead weighing nearly half a pound.

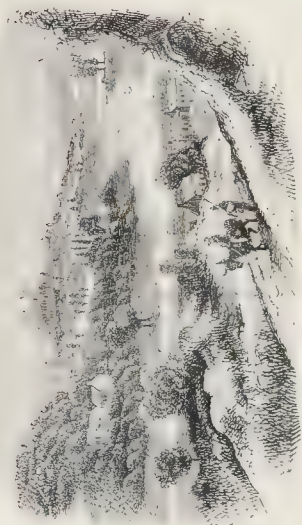
And still the lighthouse had to be built. There must be no more timber structures. Yet who was to construct one of stone, capable of resisting the immense action of the elements about the Eddystone rocks? The Royal Society was applied to; and the president answered the application by a recommendation of Mr. Smeaton. And he accepted the undertaking; though now the opinion as to the impracticability of the work had become more general than ever.

He began on the 5th of August, 1756, and the foundations were cut before the expiration of the season. That was the engineer's opening campaign. On the 12th of June, 1737, the first stone was laid, and others rapidly followed, until by August, 1759, the entire stonework of the building was completed. Of the ingenuity that was brought to bear upon the performance of this part of the process, the view of an horizontal section, showing the dovetailing of the stones together (Fig. 2371), forms a very striking memorial. Of the patience with which the work had to be pursued, no better illustration can be desired than the statement of the fact that during the whole period of erection, extending to a little more than three years, there had been but four hundred and twenty-one days on which it was possible for the men to be on the rock; and of these days only so small a portion could be used, that the whole time really spent upon the erection of the lighthouse did not amount to sixteen weeks. Of his care for others during such dangerous operations, we need only say, in the words of Smeaton himself, that the whole was accomplished "without the loss of life or limb to any one concerned in it," of his own courage and participation in the perils of the work we had wellnigh had too conclusive an evidence given; he was nearly lost upon one occasion when he was returning in a sloop with some of the labourers to the shore.

This lighthouse has had its trials too; but the waves and winds of Eddystone have found their master. The greatest storms have burst upon it without effect. In 1762 there was one of so furious a character, that a certain person who had been in the habit of predicting the destruction of the building, said if it stood that it would stand anything until the day of judgment. In the morning there was the lighthouse safe as ever—not even a pane of glass broken in the lantern. No wonder there were people who now went a little to the opposite extreme. The men of Plymouth began to talk of the inhabitants of the lighthouse being rather more secure under their building, exposed to all the violence of winds and water, than they were themselves in their houses, endangered by the former only. Our engravings (Figs. 2372, 2373) show the form of the lighthouse, and many readers will recognise in it the architect's model. It was Nature who taught him how to resist herself—she bade him mark how the oak withstood the mightiest warfare that the elements



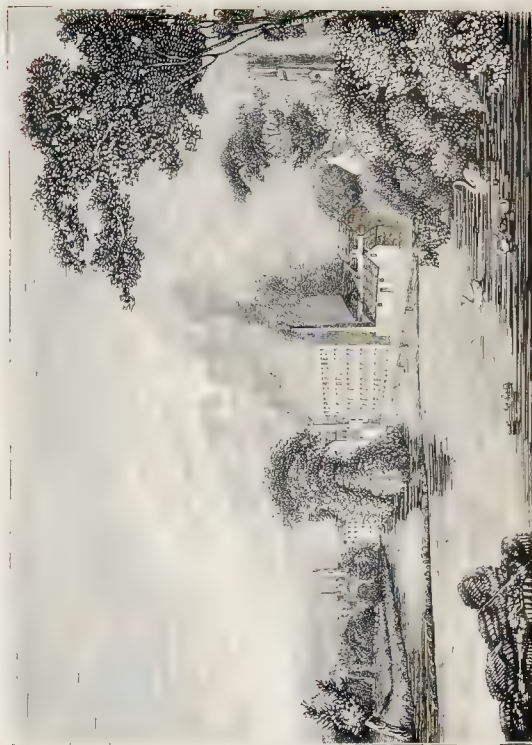
2177.—Glasgow, (From an Old Print.)



2180.—Exeter, (From an Original Print.)



2182.—Rushleigh Gardens, Bath, &c., 1774



2180.—Thomas Lombe's Silk Mill, Derby.



2391.—Dance of the Puppet-Show.
(From a Picture by the same artist.)



2392.—Puppet-Show, the Great.



2393.—Dancing-dolls. (Hogarth's Southwark Fair.)



2394.—The street-master.



2395.—Dancing-dolls — Fashion.



2396.—Vanish in 1751.



2397.—Rosamond's Pond, 1752.

could wage against it—she bade him study the form she had given to that tree as the best calculated for its defence: he did so, and went and copied it for his Eddystone Lighthouse.

Glancing from the Eddystone and other lighthouses (see an engraving of North Foreland lighthouse, Fig. 2374) that protect the way to the different ports of England, we may let our attention rest for a few moments upon the ports themselves. The important events of the history of Plymouth (Fig. 2385), such as its being again and again attacked by the French, its sufferings at different periods from the plague, and the two sieges it experienced during the civil war, when the royalists endeavoured in vain to force their way into it, all belong to an earlier time. So also does one of the great works that have made its name famous—Drake's noble achievement of bringing water from Dartmoor, by a channel twenty-four miles long, for the supply of Plymouth. But the reign of William III. witnessed the establishment of the dockyard, esteemed one of the finest in the world, and the consequent foundation of the great town of Plymouth Dock, as it was formerly, or Devonport, as it is now called. This dockyard forms one of the most interesting of all sights, on account of the gigantic scale and the perfect system of management, even in the minutest details, of all the arrangements for the building, repairing, rigging, and so on, of great ships for the navy. Thus the blacksmiths' shop is a building two hundred and ten feet square, contains forty-eight forges, and consumes annually one thousand three hundred chaldrons of coal, and in front of it, piled upon the wharf, are hundreds of anchors, some of them weighing five tons. The rigging-house is four hundred and eighty feet long, three stories high, and forms one side of a quadrangle, the area of which is composed entirely of stone and iron, and called the *combustible* storehouse, though incombustible would be the more appropriate name, since it is the contents of the house alone that are inflammable, and for that reason are placed here. Then there are rope-houses one thousand two hundred feet long, where cables are manufactured of one hundred fathoms, measuring twenty-five inches round, and weighing singly above one hundred and sixteen hundredweight, also a boiling-house, mast-house, mast-pond, &c.; and everything else in and about Plymouth connected with the public service is on the same grand scale. The harbour of Hamoaze is so big that all the great men-of-war of all the states of the world could probably be comfortably accommodated in it at the same time. And this is but one of the harbours of Plymouth. Another, called the Catwater, an estuary of the river Plym, will hold a thousand vessels of ordinary size. The fortifications, partly old, partly of the last and partly of the present century, are, as a matter of course, as strong as English engineering science can possibly make them. Lastly, there is the Breakwater, composed of vast stones thrown together till they formed an immense rampart—or dyke—nearly a mile long, which was commenced in 1812. All these great works, combined with the natural position of Plymouth as a chief place for the collection of the navies of this country, whether for the purposes of defence or offence, have raised Plymouth and the adjoining places to a high pitch of prosperity. No one can walk through their streets without perceiving what a great number of handsome houses have been erected of late years, or without admiring the liberal spirit apparent in their numerous public buildings, their churches, their splendid hotel and adjacent theatre—built by the corporation, their baths and hospital, their libraries, Athenæum, Plymouth, and Mechanics' Literary and Scientific Institutions; the iron bridge, a most beautiful structure, the floating steam-bridge, the railroad to Dartmoor, and so on.

Chatham (Fig. 2220) owes a considerable part of its present importance to the measures taken in the last century to strengthen the defences of the place. De Ruyter had proved their miserable inefficiency in 1667. Having taken Sheerness (Fig. 2375), he sent a part of his fleet to Chatham, and caused several ships to be burnt or sunk there, and one to be carried away. Something, it is true, was done immediately afterwards to remedy this dangerous state of affairs, but not enough. In the reign of Anne two Acts of Parliament were passed for the extension of the dockyards, arsenals, &c. But as all remembrance of the original cause of alarm died away, the matter sank into comparative neglect till the threats of invasion by the French caused from time to time a series of active but intermitting labours to be carried on. When our continental brethren were very menacing, then, and then only, were the workmen at Chatham very busy. And so gradually the place became surrounded by almost impregnable defences. The dockyard here, too, as at Plymouth, is on a very large scale, and Chatham enjoys an especial reputation for the excellence of its machinery in all the public departments. Two or three other features of Chatham

deserve notice, namely, the school for engineers, established in 1812; the Naval Hospital, that originated in a suggestion made by William IV. when he was Duke of Clarence and the Lord High Admiral; and the establishment, consisting of four ships, for convicts, who are employed in the dockyard and arsenal. The entire list of the royal or national dockyards of England comprise Deptford, Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Pembroke.

Beyond their general aspect in the present period, which our engravings may best show, there is little demanding attention in the views of Lynn (Fig. 2376) in Norfolk, the capital, as it might be called, of the fenny districts of England, or in those of St. Alban's Head, Dorsetshire (Fig. 2377), Portland, from Sandsfoot Castle (Fig. 2380), so famous for its quarries, and the Thames at Wallingford (Fig. 2378). And as we have already had various occasions to speak of all those cities whose glory is their cathedrals and other remains of high antiquity, we may pass over the views of Canterbury, Lincoln, York, Gloucester, and Exeter, contained in pages 316, 317, and 320, with only a momentary pause to note any especial changes that may have taken place in either of them during the eighteenth century. Canterbury, for instance, then obtained the charming walk that now so much interests every visitor to the venerable place. It was in 1790 that an alderman of the city, Mr. James Simmonds, converted a large artificial mound standing close to the old wall, and in a field called the Donjon field, into a mall for the inhabitants, by cutting serpentine paths all round it, so as to make an easy ascent to the summit. A terrace also was formed within the wall 600 yards long, and connected with the walks of the mound, and additional walks were made in the field before mentioned. The principal of these has a double row of limes on each side. The inhabitants, to their credit be it mentioned, gave the finishing touch to the work, by erecting a pillar on the top of the mound in commemoration of the patriotic founder. In York the assembly-room was erected in the same period, and is considered one of the finest buildings of the kind in England. It was erected after a design by Palladio, and by an amateur architect, the Earl of Burlington. Lastly, Exeter owes to the same period its charter, which George III. granted in 1770, and its stone bridge over the Ex, which cost 20,000*l*.

St. Andrew's, in Scotland, was formerly an important place, with its opulent merchants, its fair lasting for several weeks, to which hundreds of vessels resorted from all parts of the commercial world, its wide and bustling streets, its cathedral, its university. What it had become by the last century is shown in our engraving (Fig. 2384), or may be briefly summed up in the words of Dr. Johnson, who visited it in 1773. "One of its streets is now lost; and in those that remain there is the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation." Since then, however, there has been a great revival, and St. Andrew's may yet recover all its former prosperity. Its university, the most ancient in Scotland, has an income of 3000*l*. a year; and Dr. Bell, the founder of the Madras system of education, has given 45,000*l*. for the establishment of a Madras College. These establishments alone are amply sufficient, under ordinary good management on the part of those who have influence in the affairs of the town, to secure its prosperity. The antiquities of St. Andrew's are exceedingly interesting. In the parish church is a monument to Archbishop Sharpe, showing in rude sculpture his murder. The university buildings are, in parts, of handsome appearance. The cathedral is a ruin, but there are portions still standing, which may serve to show the architecture of the pile. Then there are relics of three monasteries. A fragment of the arched roof of one of them exhibits a beautiful specimen of the pointed style. The ruins of a castle, a cave, and various other features, help to swell the long list of matters that the antiquary finds so full of material for his enjoyment and study at St. Andrew's. But the most precious to him of all these relics of the past is the chapel founded, it is said, by St. Rule, or St. Regulus, and which, according to the most careful observers, must be at least a thousand years old. But as this chapel is connected with the foundation of the town, we must here briefly tell the story of the saint in question. He was, it appears, the abbot of a monastery of Patras, in Achaia, in the fourth century. At a certain time he was warned in a dream to depart without delay to an island called Albion, situated, he was told, at the very extremity of the western world. The saint was obedient and zealous. He collected together seventeen monks and three nuns, and with these, and some of the relics of St. Andrew, to guard the party from danger, set out to reach the strange and distant place to which he had been directed. While, probably, he was wondering how near he was to the spot, or by what token he would be satisfied of its correctness, he was wrecked in a bay; the shores

of which were covered with wood and infested with huge and fierce wild boars. Nothing was saved but the lives of the party and the sacred relics of St. Andrew. So there could be no doubt that it was here, in this unpromising-looking place, that the saint's lot was ordained to be cast. He speedily set to work among the natives, and converted their governor, the king of the Picts, who erected a chapel in honour of the pious man. Of course St. Andrew's bay was the bay in question—the chapel the chapel of St. Regulus. Hence, too, the origin of the name of the town.

Commerce, like war, has its chivalry, and like that, is indebted for no inconsiderable part of its possessions to those who may be called its most distinguished knights. Let us give one striking example. There were in London at the beginning of the last century three brothers of the name of Lombe, carrying on the business of silk-throwsters. They had been previously manufacturers at Norwich. These gentlemen were deeply impressed with the disadvantage England laboured under through its being compelled to receive all its silk thread from Italy, where machinery of a very superior kind had been applied to the manufacture, with such success, that the English manufacturers were totally unable to compete with the Italian. How could the nature of this machinery be discovered? Would it be possible to send any one to Italy who might succeed in fathoming the secret? But then the hazard of so doing! We are informed in a document subsequently issued by one of the brothers, that the Italians, "by the most severe laws, preserved the mystery among themselves for a great number of years, to their inestimable advantage. As, for instance, the punishment prescribed by one of their laws for those who discover or attempt to discover anything relating to this art is *death*, with the forfeiture of all their goods, and to be afterwards painted on the outside of the prison walls, hanging to the gallows by one foot, with an inscription denoting the name and crime of the person; there to be continued for a mark of perpetual infamy." Not the less, however, was one of the brothers Lombe determined to risk this frightful punishment; and the only point of consideration was, how the attempt might be best and most safely made. The firm had an establishment at Leghorn for the purchase of raw silk sold by the Italian peasantry at the markets and fairs; and of course there were scattered about among the Italian ports and chief towns many other English mercantile houses. Now it was a custom among the English merchants engaged in this trade, to send their sons and apprentices to the houses of their agents or correspondents in Italy, in order to obtain a complete knowledge on the spot of the transactions between the two countries with which they were to be afterwards so intimately connected. The idea of the brothers was to take advantage of this custom, and send the youngest of the three to attempt the discovery of the Italian processes of silk-throwing. But the circumstance that it was necessary to send a very young man, made the danger greater—the chances of success less. But there are young men whose youth consists only in their age; such a man was John Lombe. He set out for Leghorn in 1715. One of his first movements was to go as a visitor to see the silk-works; for they were occasionally shown under very rigid limitations, such as that they could be seen only when in motion—the multiplicity and rapidity of the machinery making it impossible then to comprehend them—and the spectator was also hurried very rapidly through the place. At first young Lombe thought he could have accomplished his object in this way, by going again and again, under different disguises. One time he was a lady—another a priest. He was as generous too with his money as he could be without exciting suspicion. But it was all in vain. He could make nothing of the hurried glimpses he thus obtained; and every effort to see the machinery put in motion, or at rest, failed. He now tried another course. He began to associate with the clergy; and being a well-educated man and of liberal tastes, he succeeded in ingratiating himself with the priest who acted as confessor to the proprietor of the works. And however revolting it is to our notions of patriotism to see a man who should be of more than ordinary moral elevation playing the traitor both to his country and to his friends, there can be no doubt of the fact that this priest's assistance was obtained by Lombe. Neither do we think there can be any doubt of the means by which that assistance was won. Hardly any bribe could be too great, that enabled the young adventurer to succeed in his object. A plan was now devised and put in execution, for Lombe's admission into the works. He disguised himself as a poor youth out of employ, and went to the directors with a recommendation from the priest, praising his honesty and diligence, and remarking he had been inured to greater hardships than might be supposed from his appearance. Lombe was engaged as a boy to attend a

spinning-engine called a *filatoe*. He had now evidence afforded of the sufficiency of his disguise, or rather perhaps of the fulness of the confidence the directors placed in the priest who had sent him; he was accommodated with a sleeping-place in the mill. In a word, his success was as it were at once secured. But even then he had an arduous and most hazardous task to perform. After he had done his thorough day's work—the secret work of the night had to begin; and if discovered in that employment!—the young man must have felt many a cold shudder pass over him as he contemplated such a possibility. Even the few appliances he required were an additional source of danger; their discovery would have opened the eyes of the directors to what was going on. It appears there was a hole under the stairs where he slept, and there he hid his dark lantern, tinder-box, candles, and mathematical instruments. And now the work went rapidly on. Drawing after drawing was made from different parts of the machinery, and handed over to the priest, who called occasionally to inquire how the poor boy got on that he had recommended. The priest handed the drawings over to the agents of the Messrs. Lombe, who transmitted them to England piecemeal in bales of silk. And thus at last every portion of the machinery from beginning to end was accurately drawn, and the all-important secret—a secret no longer.

It would have been suspicious to have left the works until a ship was ready to place the suspected out of reach; so Lombe stayed in the mill. And this, as well as all the other circumstances we have narrated, may show how shrewd a head was placed upon these young shoulders. But the ship came, Lombe immediately went on board, and was off. And instantly—so quick did the suspicion he had anticipated arise—instantly was there an Italian brig despatched in pursuit. And the English merchant would have been more than one of the knights of commercial chivalry—he would have been a martyr to the cause—had not the English vessel been the better sailer.

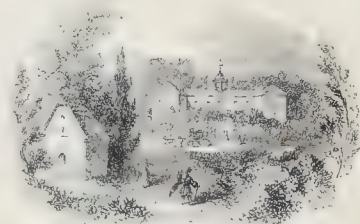
It is said the priest was tortured; but a much more probable version of his fate is that suggested in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' where it is observed that after Mr. John Lombe's return to England an Italian priest was much in his company. Of course no one in his senses would have done what the priest did, and have stayed to see what his countrymen thought of him.

And after all it does not seem certain that John Lombe was *not* one of the martyrs of trade. He died at the age of twenty-nine, and there is a tragical story told of his death, which is likely enough to be true. It is said the Italians, when they heard of the whole affair, sent over a female to England, commissioned to poison him. Lombe had brought with him from Italy two natives of that country, who were accustomed to the manufacture for which he had risked so much. The woman obtained the ear of one of these, and succeeded through his means in administering a deadly poison.

Sir Thomas Lombe, the head of the house, having thus obtained the long desiderated secret, built his famous silk-mill at Derby (Fig. 2390). And though since that time many others have been erected in the neighbourhood, which as a matter of course surpass it in every respect, yet there is none of them that can give a stranger a title of the pleasure that he feels on witnessing the first mill of the kind established in England, and under such extraordinary circumstances.

Our streets now-a-days are growing very dull in contrast with what they were one, two, or three centuries ago. There are more elegant shops now, more articles calculated to tempt the curiosity or the pocket, within their windows; but where are the picturesque signs, the animated cries of the tradesmen at the doors—the witty or humorous gibes bandied between apprentice and apprentice, making the whole street resound again as with so many intellectual crackers? where are the fops who dare now to court public admiration, like the fops of a former day, by the most fantastic extravagance? where are the shouts of "Clubs! Clubs!" by day—or the "A Sweat! a Sweat!" of the Mohocks by night? where, above all, are the smock-races of Pall Mall, the foot-ball contentions of the Strand, and a variety of other popular sports—where the tight-rope stages—the puppet-shows that enabled the genius of a Powell to blaze out so gloriously before the world—where are the dancing-bears, where the medical mountebanks? Alas! Punch alone seems to support successfully his claim to a vested interest in our public thoroughfares; Punch alone seems to be truly immortal. But let us at least trace with emotions befitting the occasion the more leading features of the rise and fall of the history of street sports and recreations during the last and previous century.

And how is it we have no learned horses now? What has become of the art of equine education, that the subjects of Elizabeth





2458.—A Busy Morning in the Street. (From a Print of the time.)



2459.—Examining the Wages of the Poor. (From Hogarth's Plates.)



2467.—Jonathan Wild.



2468.—Gang of Prisoners being conveyed to Trial. (From an original Drawing.)



2469.—Sir John Fielding.



2470.—Portrait of Hogarth, painted by himself.

alone could witness such exhibitions as that of Bankes's horse (Fig. 1803, page 326)? Let no one be placing this illustrious animal on a level with the learned pig, or any other of the brute literati. Raleigh himself did not disdain to notice the horse in his 'History of the World.' And of course it was an event, the advent of such a creature. Raleigh's words are in connection with the master: "If Bankes had lived in olden times, he would have shamed all the enchanter in the world: for whosoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did" his famous horse Morocco, for so was he called. Then again a bishop—even a sedate bishop—(Hall)—condescends to speak in his satires of

Strange Morocco's dumb arithmetic.

And yet a greater than either has also helped to immortalise him. When we read in 'Love's Labour Lost,' that "The dancing horse will tell you," it is to Bankes's horse that Armado is referred for information. And what was it the horse did to excite such admiration? Sir Kenelm Digby tells us, he "would restore a glove to the due owner after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; and would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin newly showed him by his master." But these were among his ordinary feats. One of his extraordinary ones seems to have been the telling the *Sieur de Melleray*, in Paris, not only the number of francs in a crown, but in so doing making regular commercial allowance for the depreciation of the coin at that exact time. In short, such were the horse's performances, that in France he and his master had a narrow escape from being taken up and burnt as wizards. Bishop Morton speaks of the story as told to him by Bankes himself, "from his own experience in France among the Capuchins, by whom he was brought into suspicion of magic, because of the strange feats which his horse Morocco played (as I take it) at Orleans, where he, to redeem his credit, promised to manifest to the world that his horse was nothing less [or, as we might say, anything rather] than a devil. To this end he commanded his horse to seek out one in the press of the people who had a crucifix on his hat; which done, he bade him kneel down unto it; and not this only, but also to rise up again and to kiss it." "And now, gentlemen," quoth he, 'I think my horse hath acquitted both me and himself;' and so his adversaries rested satisfied: conceiving (as it might seem) that the devil hath no power to come near the cross." And yet, unhappily, there does seem reason to fear that superstition found at a later time the victims that escaped her now. Jonson says—

Among these Tiberts [cats] who do you think there was?
Old Bankes the juggler, our Pythagoras!
Grave tutor and the learned horse; both which
Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat.

Whether these lines are to be taken as recording a truth or no, it is impossible to say. The fate of the pair rests in obscurity. And this public recreation may be taken as an example of a class that especially delighted our ancestors (another bishop, Burnet, speaks of his seeing an elephant play at ball), and who, consequently, rewarded their prompters so liberally as to encourage them to develop their skill to the utmost; for of course it is hardly necessary to say, that in all such cases the real wonder is the ingenuity and patience of the human teacher, rather than the capacity of the brute performer; though even that is worthy of more attention than it has received. The ordinary theories of instinct seem to us quite inadequate to explain the multiplied and varying and individual manifestations of animal sagacity that have been recorded. The Raree-showman, given in an earlier page (Fig. 206), stood between this class and the class of those who had no other share in the wonders they exhibited than the business and profits of exhibition. He had such natural monstrosities as Jonson speaks of in the 'Alchemist,'—a strange calf with five legs—a huge lobster with six claws—tame hedgehogs and wonderful snakes; but he had also

The fleas that run attill
Upon a table—

and which must have required no ordinary amount of tuition before they mastered the accomplishment. This part of the raree-showman's exhibition has been revived in our own days with eclat, under the title of the "Industrious Fleas."

We have seen the Dancing-dolls (Fig. 2395), but that is all we can say; for rarer and rarer becomes their presence in our streets. And they are under the guidance of Italians. The Englishmen have given them up. (Fig. 2393). Was it thought society was growing too old for them? If so, perhaps *Young*

England may give us back the dancing-dolls among the other revivals it promises us.

Posturing was a favourite exhibition; and the art had its great man, about the period of the Revolution, in Joseph Clark (Fig. 2394). No motion, however unnatural or preposterous, was impossible to him. He could be a cripple, a hunchback, a big man, a little man—and, in short, set at naught all the laws of anatomy in so complete a manner, that he deceived one of the most celebrated surgeons of the day, who dismissed him as an incurable cripple. Scientific men were so interested in Joseph Clark, that a record of the case found its way into the 'Philosophical Transactions.' It is there stated that "Clark had such an absolute command of all his muscles and joints, that he could disjoin almost his whole body."

Street fairs, too, are passing away; and if only those who are anxious for their overthrow will take care not to be misunderstood, and show, by the institution of other and better-managed holidays, that they are not at all desirous to lessen the amount of the people's enjoyment, already much too small, no one need regret the circumstance. Streets are no places for them. Contrast an old Bartholomew fair-day with the fair in Hyde Park at the time of the queen's coronation! Why, the two seem as though they ought not to be classed under the same appellation. A child—nay, the most nervous and delicate invalid—might have gone in perfect safety, and with much enjoyment, if only to see how others enjoyed themselves, through the countless thousands of the one; whilst in the other, any man of intelligence who might once pass through it, would hardly know which most to wonder at—the danger and difficulty of getting at the recreations offered, or the pitiful and degrading character of those recreations when reached. Nearly all that was really full of interest in the fairs of a former day has disappeared, or has dwindled into exhibitions calculated to beget disgust rather than interest at their barefaced—unintelligent—and in every way vagabond character. This degradation is, however, of long date. If in some respects the Bartholomew Fair of the last century was better, there were many also in which it was worse; and without entering into particulars, it will be sufficient to point to the proclamation issued by the lord mayor in 1702, for the suppression of the "great profaneness, vice, and debauchery too frequently practised there." Our engravings of Lee and Harper's booth (Fig. 2391), and of Vaux the conjuror's (Fig. 2392), are copied from painted fans of the time. The conjuror of late years seems to have lost his popularity at fairs—partly, perhaps, because the more practised *artistes* have withdrawn from them. In their systems each must be the only sun.

The foot-ball playing in the Strand (Fig. 2400), to which we incidentally referred, is spoken of by various authors. Stubbs refers to it as a "bloody and murdering practice, rather than a fellowly sport or pastime," and those who have seen the game played in the present century as we have seen it in the fields around Exeter, must acknowledge that it is painful work for the shins, and that the players do not trouble themselves about the consequences of their kicks, when they grow thoroughly excited in the sport. There was a work published some years ago by a French author, M. Souvestre, on Brittany, in which there occurs a most glowing description of the same game (there called the *soule*), as played in that province. We extract a passage that forms a complete illustration of the strong terms used by the Puritan recorder in connection with the English game:—"The ball or *soule* is at first carried on only by the weakest players: the strong keep aloof. They look on with crossed arms, throwing out to the combatants encouragement or hisses, but they take no part in the mêlée, save by from time to time leaning with the strength of their hands upon some knot of players, so as to drive them ten paces off, to roll in the dust over and over the others. But, little by little, these preludes excite them, and whip their blood up. The *soule*, taken and retaken, is already far from the place where it was launched. The outskirts of the township are near: all feel the time is come to interfere. The most impatient lets himself go: the first blow is given; and then a cry is raised: all join the fight, and push and strike: nothing more is heard but complaints, curses, threats—the rude and dull sound of fists punishing flesh. Blood soon flows, and at its sight a sort of frenzied intoxication possesses the *souleurs*. The spirit of a herd of wild deer seems to awaken in the hearts of the men. . . . They are mingled confusedly—they press on each other; they writhe one above the other: in an instant the players form only one single body, above which may be seen arms rising and falling incessantly, like the hammers of a paper-mill. At a great distance, faces—pale or bronzed—show themselves—disappear—then rise again, bloody, marbled with blows. In proportion as this strange mass struggles

and heaves, it is seen to melt and to diminish, because the weaker get struck down, and the contest continues over their bodies; generally the last two combatants on the two sides meet face to face, half dead with fatigue and pain. It is then that he who has yet some strength escapes with the *souls*. Feebly pursued by his exhausted rival, he soon reaches the neighbouring *commune*, and thus obtains the prize so fiercely disputed." (Translation in 'Westminster Review,' Aug. 1838.)

D'Avenant's Frenchman [Entertainment at Rutland House] thus pleasantly satirizes the English custom of choosing such unfavourable localities for the game. "I would now make a safe retreat, but that methinks I am stopped by one of your heroic games, called football; which I conceive (under your favour) not very conveniently civil in the streets; especially in such irregular and narrow roads as Crooked Lane. Yet it argues your courage, much like your military pastime of throwing at cocks. But your mettle would be more magnified (since you have long allowed these two valiant exercises in the streets) to draw your archers from Finsbury, and during high markets let them shoot at butts in Cheapside." Still the game went on. In the early part of the last century, Gay, in his 'Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets,' says—

The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew;
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue;

In slinty (Fig. 2403), which is so favourite a sport in the Highlands of Scotland, the ball is struck by a stick, and the object with each party is to drive beyond certain opposed boundaries. This game is essentially the same as that formerly known as hurling in England. Golf was also once popular in this country. Nay, the very best golf-player upon record is said to be no other than King James II.; surely the last man one would expect to see engaging, much less excelling, in this or any other genial sport. Yet, as we have before had occasion to observe, he was an excellent player at Mall, one of the first skaters in point of time in this country, whilst as to his golf-playing, Kohl says he had but one rival, an Edinburgh shoemaker of the name of Paterson. When the traveller just named was in Scotland he met with a most enthusiastic golfer, who explained the sport and all its adjuncts to him in the most amusing manner. We learn from this that the leather of the ball must be first of all soaked in boiling water, and the interior stuffed with feathers by means of an ingenious little machine. Then it must be painted several coats thick with white-lead to distinguish it from the green and other colours of the field, and to give it the requisite hardness. The head or knob of the club or kolbe must have the right bend, and be neither too heavy nor too light—must be at once strong and elastic, and be filled with lead, and strengthened by a plate of iron on the side that strikes the ball. The wood of the handle must be very carefully chosen, and where the hand grasps it, bound with silk, in order to ensure a better hold. But to do all this requires skill and experience; or, as the describer observed to Kohl—"Gracious powers! to make the thing properly is the immense difficulty!"

The parks of London were, of course, in the last century as in the present, the most frequented of all the public walks; and we find continual reference to them in the writings of the day. Swift, we find, was regularly walking in St. James's Park, except when the Mohocks were more than usually threatening. In one passage, under the date of January, 1711, he writes, "Delicate walking weather, and the canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble, sliding, and with skais, if you know what that is." The Rosamond's Pond here referred to (Fig. 2397) as a favourite resort of skaters, was also but too well known through its tragical associations. Beneath the print in the Pennant Collection, we read, "The south-west corner of St. James's Park was enriched with this romantic scene. The irregularity of the trees, the rise of the ground, and the venerable Abbey, afforded great entertainment to the contemplative eye. This spot was often the receptacle of many unhappy persons, who in the stillness of an evening plunged themselves into eternity."

We have not hitherto noticed one appendage of the dress of the day, the bag-wig, which has such an irresistibly ludicrous effect in the works of the satirical painters and caricaturists of the last century. So we may here give an amusing story from a publication of the period, illustrative of the very general use of this article of costume. We read in the volume of the 'Annual Register' for 1761—"June 24. Last Sunday some young gentlemen belonging to a merchant's counting-house, who were a little disgusted at the too frequent use of the bag-wig made by apprentices [and others, down] to the meanest mechanics, took the following method to burlesque that

elegant piece of French furniture. Having a porter just come out of the country, they dressed him in a bag-wig, laced ruffles, and Frenchified him up in the new mode, telling him that if he intended to make his fortune in town, he must dress himself like a gentleman on Sunday, go into the Mall in St. James's Park, and mix with people of the first rank. They went with him to the scene of action, and drove him in among his betters, where he behaved as he was directed, in a manner the most likely to render him conspicuous. All the company saw by the turning of his toes that the dancing-master had not done his duty; and by the swing of his arms, and his continually looking at his laced ruffles and silk stockings, they had reason to suppose it was the first time he had appeared in such a dress. The company gathered round him, which he at first took for applause, and held up his head a little higher than ordinary; but at last some gentlemen joining in conversation with him, by his dialect detected him, and laughed him out of company. Several, however, seemed dissatisfied at the scoffs he received from a parcel of 'prentice boys monkeyified in the same manner, who appeared like so many little curs round a mastiff, and snapped as he went along, without being sensible at the same time of their own weakness."

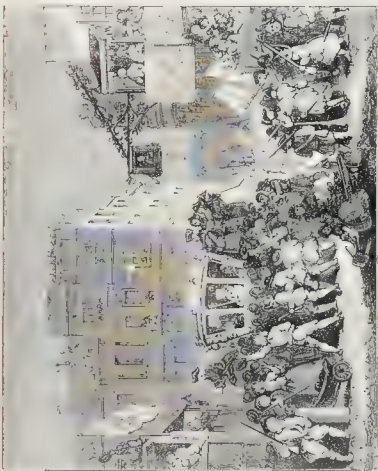
The most noted public places of entertainment during the eighteenth century (after Ranelagh and Vauxhall, already noticed) appear to have been Bellsizes House, on the Hampstead Road (Fig. 2404), the Floating Coffee-House on the Thames (Fig. 2399), the Folly House, Blackwall (Fig. 2398), and the White Conduit House (Fig. 2402). We need only describe the first. Bellsizes consisted of an ancient and stately manor-house, with a large park and handsome gardens, and commanding, as those who may now be familiar with the spot well know, a charming prospect. In 1720 the opening advertisement explained to the public the nature of the entertainment proposed to be given there, "the park, wilderness, and gardens" in the meantime having been "wonderfully improved, and filled with variety of birds which compose a most melodious and delightful harmony. Every morning at seven o'clock the music begins to play, and continues the whole day through; and any person inclined to walk and divert themselves in the morning, may as cheaply breakfast there, on tea or coffee, as in their own chambers." Coaches were to ply between Hampstead and Bellsizes, to fetch visitors at sixpence each; and lastly, there is an announcement, which, however calculated to encourage hesitating visitors then to come to the place, would have a very different effect now. Imagine the proprietors of Vauxhall, for instance, putting at the bottom of their bills—"For the security of the guests there are twelve stout fellows completely armed, to patrol betwixt London and Vauxhall, to prevent the insults of highwaymen and footpads which may infest the roads." Yet such, with the mere alteration of the word Vauxhall for Bellsizes, was the conclusion of the first advertisement issued from this famous place of entertainment.

There was something fresh, pleasant, and poetical about the idea of these early morning recreations; and, whether on that account or other less innocent causes, Bellsizes became so fashionable that on one occasion the Prince and Princess of Wales dined there. But rapidly the place degenerated. The twelve armed men swelled up to thirty—the breakfasts, and huntings, and fishings became less attractive than the deep play and the illicit love intrigues that were carried on under cover of the dance or the concert, or the quiet walk in the extensive and secluded grounds.

There was one class of the community—parents—who must have had a great horror and dread of Bellsizes, and all such places, on account of the fatal facility that existed for every sharper or adventurer, whether male or female, to inveigle some young, wealthy, and credulous partner into a Fleet marriage. What that was is worth showing. No feature of London in the last century was more noticeable, few more important for evil. A person could not then pass frequently along Fleet Street or Ludgate Hill without having such occasional interrogatories put to him as—"Would you like to be married, sir?" If he looked in a window in the same neighbourhood it was most probable he saw a card, or a large board, with the announcement, "Weddings performed here!" Even the newspapers spread far and wide the tempting invitation in the shape of advertisements, one of which is here transcribed verbatim:—"Marriages, with a licence, certificate, and a crown stamp, at a guinea, at the new chapel, next door to the china-shop near Fleet Bridge, London, by a regular-bred clergyman, and not by a Fleet parson, as is insinuated in the public papers; and that the town may be freed [from] mistakes, no clergyman, being a prisoner in the Rules of the Fleet, dare marry; and to obviate all doubts, this chapel is not in the verge of the Fleet, but kept by a gentleman who was lately chaplain on board one of His Majesty's men-of-war,



241.—Eng. (From Hogarth's "Scene")



242.—Eng. (From Hogarth's "Scene")



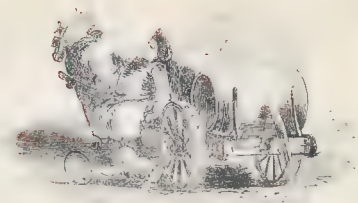
243.—The Palladium.



244.—Temple Bar. (Hogarth.)



2415.—Swift, from a Picture in the Bodleian Library.—Locke, from a Picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller.—Hogarth, from a Picture by himself.—Newton, from a Picture by Vanderbank.—Addison, from an anonymous Picture.—Pope, from a Picture by Hudson.



2416.—From the artist's copy.



2422.—From the artist's copy.



2423.—Woolthorpe Manor-house, Sir Isaac Newton's birthplace.



2424.—Isaac Newton's House.



2427.—Observatory at Greenwich.



2425.—Freyne.



2426.—Davenant.

and likewise has gloriously distinguished himself in defence of his king and country, and is above committing those little mean actions that some men impose on people, being determined to have everything conducted with the utmost decency and regularity, such as shall all be supported in law and equity." But the most amusing feature of the place was to see the contention that was aroused if a carriage appeared with a couple bound for the Fleet. Up they rushed, clustering, struggling on each side of the window—one shouting, "Madam, you want a parson? I am the clerk and registrar of the Fleet!" Another, "Madam, come with me; that fellow will carry you to a little peddling alehouse!" And yet a third, "Go with me; he will carry you to a brandy-shop!" So one is speedily chosen, if only to get rid of the rest, and the pair descend, with the bridesmaid following quick after, as soon as she has released her immense hoop from the temporary restrictions it has experienced. The clergyman—a pretty fellow, we may be sure—advances to meet them, all smiles: he expects to be well paid from the appearance of the pair. Such is the nature of the scene presented in an interesting print of the time, copied in our engraving (Fig. 2405). And how is the ceremony performed within? Let us step in and see. As the party ascend the prison stairs and pass along the gallery, they receive various invitations to stop—a coal-heaver is especially pressing: "This," says he, "is the famous Lord Mayor's chapel; you will get married cheaper here than in any other part of the Fleet." The chaplain who has got the job looks daggers at him, but receives a horse-laugh in reply. And, by-the-by, the pair are fortunate,—their worthy conductor is sober to-day. They enter his rooms. There is a hint about brandy and wine, which the excellent priest deals in as well as wedlock; and both are called for. And the ceremony now proceeds, and is performed on the whole decently enough. It is the last bit of professional dignity or pride left in the functionary's heart—the going solemnly through the service: he is even indignant when jokes are played upon him, and tries hard to obtain credit for his rigid sense of the proprieties. All that sort of thing of course ceases with the conclusion of the ceremony; and woe betide the bridegroom if he has not made up his mind to pay handsomely, even according to the Fleet standard, otherwise he will not soon forget the Fleet parson's lesson in Billings-gate.

This is but a literal description of what was taking place daily and hourly in the Fleet prison or precincts. And most calamitous frequently must have been the results of the unions thus formed. There is an entry in one of the registers full of significance:—"William — and Sarah —: he dressed in a gold waistcoat, like an officer; she a beautiful young lady with two fine diamond rings, and a black high-crown hat, and very well dressed—at Boyce's. N.B.—There was four or five young Irish fellows, seemed to me, after the marriage was over [we beg the reader to mark the rascal's cunning], to have deluded the young woman." False names, false names, or even no names at all, would do with these most liberal gentry; and if all that was not sufficient, they would get up a "sham" certificate of marriage without any marriage taking place. A marriage of to-day could be dated back for a twelvemonth or two; if bride or bridegroom could not conveniently come, there was one ready to act proxy; women who were in debt might come here, be married to a husband regularly attached to the place for the purpose, and as soon as married part to meet no more—he quite content for a handsome gratuity to be liable to all her debts; she able to laugh at her old creditors, and take in new ones. Lastly, if money was short, you might go "upon tick," as the 'Register' has it; but then we presume, the security was unexceptionable.

A roaring trade was thus obtained. As far as mere income was concerned, it was almost as good for a clergyman to be put into the Fleet for debt, and become popular there, as to achieve some of the highest dignities of the church. Wyatt was one of these popular Fleet parsons; he received, as we learn from his own memorandum book, 37*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* (money of the last century, be it observed) for a single month's marriages. William Dare's average complement was some one hundred and fifty or two hundred couple a month: he had a curate to assist him. The most notorious of them all was Keith, "who had constructed a very bishopric for revenue in May Fair, by performing that charitable function for a trifling sum which the poor successors of the apostles are seldom humble enough to perform out of duty."—(Walpole.) But the glory of the Fleet marriage system was to depart from it at the inexorable fiat of King, Lords, and Commons. A new Marriage Bill was brought forward in 1753, making the publication of banns indispensable, and was passed, though in the face probably of the most determined opposition that a successful bill ever met with. Most ludicrous were the reasons alleged against it. A naval captain remarked

that he had once given forty of his crew leave to go on shore, and the whole returned married: of course, therefore, he was agast at the idea of a bill that would stop all such proceedings for the future. The last marriages in the Fleet were fixed to take place on the 24th of March, and the utmost use was made of the time afforded. In one day Keith married one hundred and seventy-three pairs; and in the last—the terrible 24th—we have records of above three hundred marriages having taken place, and even that number may not have included the whole.

These Fleet marriages speak trumpet-tongued of the state of the Fleet prison; of course they were only possible through the connivance of the authorities. Yet it should seem that the marriages only took the place of still more detestable abuses: when cruelty and cupidity were stopped in one way, the cupidity, at all events, found vent in another. It was but a few years before the Fleet marriage system was in the very height of prosperity that a memorable inquiry was carried on which has been ever since referred to as one of the earliest and most important of the series of movements made by philanthropists for the amelioration of prison discipline. There had been for half a century a sort of general consciousness in the minds of the people that all was not as it should be at the Fleet. Prisoners had petitioned—inquiries had been made, followed by some slight attempts to redress the evils that were most apparent. But it was not till 1727 that anything really important was done. A parliamentary commission of working and determined men then began to inquire into the state of the Fleet, and some pretty discoveries they made. From beginning to end the whole management of the prison, first under Mr. Huggins, and then under Mr. Bambridge—such were the wardens' names—was one gigantic system of extortion from all who had anything to be extorted—and of cruelty to those who had not. A prisoner of ordinary respectability, for instance, was not carried direct to the prison, but to one of Bambridge's sponging-houses, where the hourly expenses might almost be counted in guineas. Yet to get away from this place, and into the prison, was not to be thought of without a fee proportionate to the advantages relinquished. So the fee was paid, and the prisoner inducted into the Fleet, where a new series of demands awaited him. In short, the expenses in the case of a gentleman who had four detainees lodged against him were estimated at 45*l.* 1*s.* 0*d.*, for nothing more than the right of quiet residence and the liberty of the rules in the place where his creditors had sent him. But even that sum, after a time, was thought insufficient, and fresh payments required. Some would resist them, who had never resisted before, as seeing the hopelessness of satisfying such harpies. The gentleman just referred to, an architect, did so. And what were the consequences? He was arrested whilst enjoying what he had purchased the right of moving about in the precincts—thrown into the sponging-house as before, and had actually to repeat the former processes, of paying to get away from it, and then paying to get again into the prison. It is most probable that the unhappy gentleman's means were utterly exhausted, and he was unable to do what was required. But the small-pox was raging in the sponging-house, and the new prisoner had never had that disease. In frantic anguish and alarm he begged to be removed, and the tipstaffs were men for once, and seconded the petition; but the governor, no doubt with scorn of their soft hearts, rejected the prayer. Mr. Castles died, leaving a widow and a numerous family in the deepest pecuniary and mental distress. An enormous income was levied by this system. But Bambridge was ambitious and inventive; he wanted and obtained more. Prisoners occasionally found their way into the Fleet—rich smugglers, for instance—who could afford to pay well for being themselves smuggled out of it. That method Bambridge made so good use of, that we find he actually broke the prison wall down, in a certain part, repeatedly, in order to allow one Boyce to pass through it. Another person—a prisoner—was sent to France to buy wines; pay for them with bills drawn on a tipstaff of the prison, which were duly accepted and honoured till a sufficient amount of credit had been obtained, when the tipstaff suddenly refused to accept any more; the drawer returned to prison, and both sat down with the governor to count and divide the profits. And then, in their despair, we suppose, of discovering any new modes of realising, their insatiable hands began to tamper with the prisoners' poor-box! After that trait it were idle to add anything.

From all these practices the very poor prisoners were necessarily free. But the practices could not be maintained without victims to show the consequences of any resistance to them; the poor were therefore, in a word, all victims. And there can be no doubt that even murders were perpetrated; for although on a subsequent pro-

secession of Bambridge and others, by the crown, a verdict of Not Guilty was recorded, it was evident to all men that it was in a legal sense only that the evidences of guilt were insufficient. Among these helpless victims of the gaol there was a Portuguese who had been confined for months in a filthy dungeon, manacled and shackled, and whose sufferings had been so severe, and bred in him such a terror of the inflictors, that when in the course of his examination he heard something that appeared to imply that Bambridge would return again to the Fleet as Warden, he fainted, and the blood streamed from his mouth and nose. It was in spontaneous manifestations like this, quite as much as in the sight of the infernal instruments of tyranny, or the explanation of the mode of using them, that the Committee, and through them the public, arrived at a correct notion of the atrocious system of the prison government. Hogarth and Thomson have each helped to make memorable these incidents; the first, in his view of the examination scene, where Bambridge stands—no one can mistake him—on the left hand (Fig. 2406), and the second, in his lines in the 'Seasons'—

And, here, can I forget the generous hand,
Who, touched with human woe, redressive searched
Into the horrors of the gloomy goal,
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans,
Where sickness pines, where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice,
While in the land of liberty, the laud
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rage;
Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed;
Fien robbed them of the last of comforts, sleep:
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of enmity prevailed,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes,
And crushed out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toiled or bled.
O great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal,
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search,
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hand oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pain they give:
Much still untouched remains; in this rank age
Much is the patriot's wedding band required.

If any readers have been surprised by the Bellsize announcement before spoken of, showing the audacity of highwaymen and foot-pads but a century ago in the suburbs of London, what will they think to hear that they actually formed a design to waylay and rob the queen in the very streets of London in the year 1728, as she returned, without state, from a supper in the city, to St. James's? And most probably they would have accomplished their purpose but that, after all, the villains were but of a mongrel kind, and could not confine themselves to their ambitious purpose; so when the queen's carriage did pass, they were busily engaged upon the person and possessions of an alderman of London, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who was then going home from the House of Commons. This impudent attempt naturally excited an unusual degree of attention and activity, and the consequence was, that for a brief time there was so vigorous a system of repression adopted, that, says Maitland, "the streets were soon cleared of those wicked and detestable rogues, many of whom being apprehended, they were justly condemned and executed for their many enormous crimes." Our engraving (Fig. 2408) shows a batch of such men going to prison. Unhappy wretches! There can be no doubt of the necessity of keeping down such a class, but much might be said upon the "justice" of sending them to the gallows. Look at the history of most of them, as we may see it illustrated in the following passage from the 'Annual Register' for 1765:—"March 25. At an examination of four boys detected at picking pockets, before the Lord Mayor, one of them, admitted as evidence, gave the following account: a man who kept a public-house near Fleet Market had a club of boys whom he instructed in picking pockets and other iniquitous practices. He began by teaching them to pick a handkerchief out of his own pocket, and next his watch, by which means the evidence at last became so great an adept, that he got the publican's watch four times in one evening, when the master swore his scholar was as perfect as one of twenty years' practice. The pilfering out of shops was the next art. In this, his instructions to his pupils were, that at such chandlers' or other shops as had latches, one boy should knock for admittance for some trifle, whilst another was lying on his belly close to the latch, who, when the first boy came out, the latch remaining on jar, and the owner being withdrawn, was to crawl in on all fours, and take the tills or anything else he could meet with, and to retire in the same manner.

Breaking into shops by night was the third article; which was to be effected thus: as brick walls under shop-windows are generally very thin, two of them were to lie under a shop-window as destitute beggars, asleep, in appearance, to passers by; but when alone, were with pickers to pick the mortar out of the bricks, and so on till they had opened a hole big enough to go in, when one was to lie as if asleep, before the breach, till the other had accomplished his purpose."

Thus did the idle and ignorant boys grow up into expert pick-pockets and burglars as men; and if still further back we pursue their history, we should see them as infants in such scenes as are only brought together, not exaggerated, in Hogarth's 'Gin Lane,' or, in a word, in such scenes as St. Giles's revealed a few months ago, and as a hundred other places reveal at present, to the inquiring eyes in the very neighbourhood of all that is most wealthy, and enlightened, and magnificent in the metropolis of the British empire. While they exist, crime must exist. And surely no one will suppose that St. Giles's is gone, because its place can be no longer found. The inhabitants are dispersed—but whither? No provision has been made—the "improvements" concern not them;—even the very dispersion, as in the case of infectious diseases, may only cause every separate batch to establish a new St. Giles's, if the philanthropist does not set to work in earnest to better their mental, moral, and physical condition.

This, too, was the period of a peculiar state of things in the history of crime—happily well nigh extinct now—the robbing, or causing others to rob, for the sake of restoring the property to the owners on receiving large gratuities. In other words, this was the time when Jonathan Wild flourished. (Fig. 2407.) Fielding has not only dignified this personage by the name of the Great, but made him the nominal subject for one of the most masterly satires in the language. Wild's professed position before the world was that of a repressor rather than an encourager of thieves; he was—emphatically—the Thief Taker. And he did take thieves, and a great many of them, but only when they did not belong to his set of jackals, or when, if they did so belong, they turned troublesome, rebellious, or unprofitable. And then Jonathan Wild served both himself and the public at the same time, by giving them up to justice. We may present two examples of his mode of doing business. The first illustrates his fearless, cool way of taking possession of his former friends when he wanted them to serve him by submitting to trial and its consequences. Wild, be it observed, is the narrator of his own doings. A man, nicknamed the Grinder, was thus wanted by the Great Jonathan. So a warrant for his apprehension on account of a robbery committed by him and two others was obtained, and Jonathan hastened to execute it. "I went to a house he frequented in Crown Court, St. Giles's. Tom Eaves [who was possibly in Wild's secret confidence] happening to see me before I got in, he thrust the door to, and stood against it. I swore, if they would not open it I'd fire through, and clear the way directly. Upon this I was let in; and searching the house, I found the Grinder under the bed, and so secured him and Eaves." Some dialogue now ensued, and Eaves observed that he could make himself an evidence. "Can you so?" then replied Wild: "Very well! So," he continues, "I took care of my two chaps; and next day I went in quest of the other two, Picket and Avery, whom I knew to be old snatch-pockets, and it was not long before I met 'em in the street. 'So,' says I, 'where are you two gentlemen a-going?' They said they had heard the Grinder was taken, and they were going to inquire how he came off. 'Come off!' says I: 'he is not come on yet; but you shall go and see—I'll carry you to him.' 'No,' they said; they were satisfied with what I had told them. 'But,' says I, 'he'll take it ill if you don't go; and why should you be against it?' 'Because,' says Picket, 'as we have sometimes been in his company and drank with him, may be he may swear some robbery upon us.' 'May be so too,' says I, 'and for that very reason I must take you with me.' And somehow or other, the poor wretches were obliged to go.

Blueskin, one of Wild's associates, has obtained scarcely less notoriety than Wild himself. He, at last, fell under the mighty fiat; was taken, tried, and sentenced to the gallows. Wild was to be a witness against him; and his conduct under these circumstances shows us how worthy he was to be the original of Fielding's history—how truly, in his way, he was Great. A day or two before the trial, Jonathan went to see Blueskin in the Bail-dock. Another prisoner and victim, Simon Jacobs, was present. It is necessary to premise, that 40*l.* was then paid to those who were the means of bringing felons to the gallows—*blood-money*, as the payment has been popularly called. To this Jacobs Wild first addressed himself. "I believe you will not bring 40*l.* this time. I wish Joe" (meaning Blueskin) "was in your case; but I'll do my



2420.—1713.



2429.—Bishop Berkeley.



2430.—1714.



2431.—1715.



2432.—Sydenham. (From a Portrait by M. B. de la.)



2433.—Sir John Vanburgh.



2434.—Pope.



2435.—1716.



2436.—Entrance to Pope's Groves.



2437.—Pope's Tree, at Binfield, Berks.



2438.—Warburton.



2439.—Johnson.



2441.—Boswell.



2442.—Old Academy, in St. Martin's Lane.



2443.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.



2444.—Garrick.



2440.—Goldsmith's House, Green Arbour Court.



2445.—Captain Coram. (From Hogarth's Picture.)



2446.—Zoffany's Picture of the Royal Academicians, 1773.



2447.—Horace Walpole, after Muntz.

endeavour to bring you off as a single felon," that is to say, as one liable only to transportation, or the lesser punishments. "Then turning to me," continues Blueskin, for it is his narrative we are following, "he said, 'I believe you must die. I'll send you a good book or two, and provide you a coffin; and you shall not be anatomized.'" There is nothing in Fielding to surpass this. Can any one wonder that the maddened convict, drawing a clasped penknife, rushed upon his destroyer, and awoke him, at least for a moment, from his sublime indifference—his deep peace—on the subject of all other men's sufferings and feelings, by cutting his throat. That was not, however, a death in harmony with the peculiar greatness of Wild's life. A more elevated agency was to be concerned. He was trapped at last in the meshes of an act passed almost for his especial benefit. This act made it felony, and punishable by death, to take money for recovering stolen goods, without bringing the offender to justice. Jonathan was tried on the 24th of May, 1725, and though—failing every other resource—he handed a paper to the jury setting forth his claims as a public benefactor, and presenting in full the names of thirty-five robbers, twenty-two house-breakers, and ten returned convicts he had brought to the gallows; it was all useless; they were determined to hang him, and he was hanged. And seldom has the world been freed from a more intolerable social curse. The mention of Fielding's name in connection with this subject, reminds us of the very able, though blind magistrate, his brother, Sir John Fielding (Fig. 2400), who presided at Bow Street till his death in 1780.

The Stratford Jubilee in 1769 originated with Garrick, and though we may smile at some of the modes in which the founder and his coadjutors carried out their views, the affair has at least this merit; it gave an unusual opportunity for the exhibition of the national enthusiasm in all that is connected with the name and honour of William Shakspeare. Persons of all ranks, social and intellectual, were drawn together at Stratford on the occasion, and in vast numbers. An octagonal theatre that would contain a thousand persons was erected close to the river; and as one of its chief ornaments Garrick caused a bust of the bard to be placed in it;—the one that he subsequently gave to the Corporation, and which is now in the Town Hall. The ceremonies or performances, or whatever they might be called, began on the 6th of September, and lasted three days. There was a public breakfast in the Town Hall; an oratorio—"Judith"—in the church; a dinner—of course—which was eaten in the amphitheatre; a ball; recitations by Garrick of a poetical Ode, and a prose oration, in honour of Shakspeare; fireworks; a horse-race; and above all, a kind of walking masque (Fig. 2401), representative of the different characters of the plays. A triennial Shaksperian festival is still observed in the town.

Contemporary with Garrick was the illustrious painter of English life and manners, William Hogarth. There has never lived an artist who performed so thoroughly and so well the business to which he devoted his life and talents. He possessed in the highest degree those qualities which specially endowed him for the work, namely, a faculty of observation which, while it comprehended everything, never missed the minutest details, or failed to fasten upon the most striking and suggestive—a facile mastery of the arts, both of the painter and engraver, which leaves nothing to be desired on the score of fidelity, of breadth, or of expression—and a keen sense of humour, which was restrained from wandering into extravagance or caricature, by his profound reverence for nature and truth. To these qualities should be added his unparalleled industry and perseverance, which alone could have enabled him to paint and to engrave with his own hand, a prodigious number of works, excellent as masterpieces of art and teeming with the profoundest moral significance. A brief glance at the life of such a man will not be uninteresting or unimportant.

William Hogarth was born in London in the year 1698. He began to draw faces and figures as soon as he could hold a pencil; he scrawled them on his slate and copy-books at school, and when paper was wanting, or a whitewashed wall did not happen to be within reach, would jot them down on his thumb-nail. His natural guardians, ignorant of the mighty genius thus instinctively striving for development, endeavoured by discouragements to cure him of the habit of "making faces," but finding that impossible, at length apprenticed him to an engraver of arms, and left him to take his course. His first employment was the engraving of lions' heads, griffins, hands and daggers, and such like rubbish of heraldry, together with bill-heads for shopkeepers. But he soon grew more ambitious, and began to execute small plates and frontispieces for the booksellers. These were succeeded by his illustrations of

Butler's Hudibras, a remarkable series full of grotesque humour and manifesting considerable power in drawing, which brought him into note, and laid the foundation of his early fame. In the meantime he had been practising arduously as a painter, and there is reason to believe had almost from the very first essays mastered the mystery of colour. His first exhibited picture was a representation of Wanstead Assembly, "a conversation piece," in which the portraits were all taken from life.

Like most men of large capacity, Hogarth was nothing wanting in confidence or self-esteem. At thirty he began to think of settling in life, and paid his court to the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, the greatest English painter of the day. Sir James at first repudiated the idea of any connection with the homely and self-asserting engraver, and cavalierly denied his consent to the match. The future Shakspeare of art was not to be rebuffed: the lady and he had made up their minds—and the unwilling parent must be won over to the agreement. Hogarth set to work anew, and, inspired by his passion, produced a series of drawings which he intended should vindicate his claim to the honour of the alliance he sought. He sent them to Thornhill, and at the same time renewed his application for the daughter's hand. Sir James, astonished, saw himself excelled in his own art by the pertinacious suitor, and was generous enough to withdraw his opposition. Hogarth married the daughter of the great man in 1730.

It was shortly after his marriage, that Hogarth decorated the gardens of Vauxhall with some admirable sketches, for which he received no other payment than a free ticket of admission. But in 1733 he gave to the world his well-known pictures of "The Harlot's Progress," a work which stamped his reputation among the best judges. These were followed in rapid succession by those moral histories and satires of vice and folly with which we are all so familiar, the "Rake's Progress," "Marriage-a-la-Mode," the Election Prints, "Industry and Idleness," &c., &c.; all of which towered far above the critical faculty of his day.

Upon the conclusion of the war by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Hogarth went to France, and while sketching the old gate of the town of Calais, was taken up for a spy, hauled before the authorities, and put into confinement; from which, however he was speedily released. His first care on returning home was to commemorate the event in that famous print "The Roast Beef of Old England," which he has made the vehicle of satire for affairs other than French.

Hogarth prospered in his day, but it was rather as a tradesman than an artist. He painted portraits, but being too honest to flatter, gained but little in that department of art. He painted historical pictures, but herein he mistook his vocation, and won more reproach than reputation. His income, which was never large, was derived mainly from the sale of his engravings; but his wants were few, his wife practised the virtues of economy, and thus he was enabled to lead an independent life.

In the year 1753, Hogarth published his "Analysis of Beauty," a characteristic work, which illustrates rather coarsely his independence of character, but which contains a great deal of valuable artistic truth mingled with errors and crotchets. In it he ridicules the stupidity of the connoisseurs who ran mad after the old masters and neglected living merit; he reduces the rules of colouring, as it was practised in his day, to the simplest elements; and he claims for himself the discovery of the waving line, as the line of beauty. In the preparation of this work he had the assistance of Dr. Hoadly, his own want of education, which is often betrayed by the misspelling of the inscriptions appended to his prints, incapacitating him for such a task.

In 1757 he became sergeant-painter to King George II., and it was probably this promotion that induced him to set up his carriage. He appears, however, never to have become habituated to the use of such a luxury—for riding out in it one day to visit the Lord Mayor of London; and having protracted his stay till a heavy shower came on, he was bowed out by a different door from that by which he entered, and hastening off on foot through the rain, arrived at home wet through to the skin. When, at his dripping apparition, his wife asked him where he had left the carriage—"Oh," said he, unconcernedly, "I forgot that I had such a thing;" a case of absence of mind charmingly illustrative of the man.

The temper of Hogarth was not of the mildest. He was roused to wrath by provocations which ought not to have stirred his bile, and was not easily pacified. This disposition led him into frequent quarrels, and induced him to employ that time and those talents in caricaturing his adversaries, which would have been much better applied in the legitimate pursuit of his art. The last years of his life were embittered by rancorous quarrels with Wilkes and Churchill. The satire of the latter, especially, galled him exceed-

ingly, and to say the truth, was of a most butcherly and unprincipled kind. According to some of his biographers the quarrel with Churchill shortened his days, and sent him prematurely to his grave. He died in 1764, and was interred in the churchyard of Chiswick, where he had resided for some years. His friend Garrick wrote the following epitaph, which is inscribed on his tomb:—

Farewell, great painter of mankind!
Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And, through the eye, correct the heart.

If Genius fire thee, reader, stay:
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear:
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.

It is not necessary at this time of day to insist upon the merits of Hogarth's performances either with the pencil or the graver. In the use of the latter implement he has been excelled by his successors, and is left far behind by the talent of the present day; but as a painter it may be safely averred that he has had no rival up to the present hour. The *Marriage-a-la-Mode*, now in the National Gallery, and the *Election Pictures*, now in Sir John Soane's Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, attest his superiority to all succeeding British artists who have attempted the same walk of art. Both these works are superior in drawing, and inventive originality, and the last named especially is superior in boldness and facility of handling, to those of any painter since his time. During Hogarth's life there wanted but one thing to the fulness of his fame, and that was, an appreciation on the part of the public of his real genius. They looked upon him as a maker and seller of prints: had their eyes been open they would have seen in him the Michael Angelo of every-day life, and something more—a silent preacher of great and enduring truths. Had he lived a century later, the present generation would have seen him revered and honoured—knighted by his sovereign, and enriched beyond the reach of desire by the price of his labours. As it was, he sold his paintings for less than one-twentieth of the sums they would now realize at a public auction; and trusted for the reward of his industry to the sale of his prints. But no man need regret that he lived when he did: the work he wrought in his day was one eminently needful to be done; in a non-reading age, he preached pictorial sermons to all, which all could see and understand; and by holding the social vices of our forefathers up to general reprobation, he contributed more than any other moralist to social reform. Were this his sole claim to remembrance, we should be bound to venerate his name; but he did more than this—he raised the character of English art, and taught foreign nations to respect in him a worthy rival of their noblest artists.

The specimens of Hogarth's works engraved in the present volume will be found numbered consecutively from 2410 to 2414 inclusive. They are too well known to require any explanation here. We need only remark that the picture of Temple Bar has a historical value, as illustrative of a phase of street life in London on the 5th of November, which our modern sense of order and decorum has done away with for ever.

Two of the greatest names in the history of English, or indeed of the world's philosophy, belong to the present period; they are Newton and Locke (Figs. 2416, 2419). And it is a matter calculated to excite solemn and most instructive reflection, that the same period of time should witness such great advances made alike in the discovery of the laws of the material and of the intellectual universe.

The boyhood of Isaac Newton was chiefly remarkable for exhibitions of mechanical ingenuity; a windmill and a water-clock were among the early productions of his little workshop, but in other matters—especially in the regular departments of education—he was more than usually backward; and therefore held no honourable rank among his schoolfellows of the Grantham Grammar School. But one day the boy who was above him gave him a severe kick in the stomach, which caused great pain. From what follows it should seem that it was this boy's superiority in the class that enabled him to perpetrate these brutalities with impunity; for Isaac Newton at once determined to get above him, and laboured incessantly until he had done so. And—the impulse given—he went on, and rapidly became the first boy in the school.

It was intended by his mother, after the death of her second husband, in 1656, that Isaac should assist in the farm at Woolsthorpe, where he was born, and he was accordingly taken from school and sent on market-days to Grantham, in the company of an aged domestic, to purchase provisions and other necessities for the family, or to sell the farm produce. At Grantham, however, he was generally found in the garret of an apothecary, where he had

previously lodged, and where there were a few old books to rummage over, that afforded more interest and profit, in his view, than the market could. Neither could he be depended upon to come home directly; wherever there happened to be a piece of machinery, such as a water-wheel, on or near the high road, there was Isaac sure to loiter. His wise as well as kind mother now resolved not to thwart such powerful tendencies, so she sent him back to school: and subsequently a relative enabled him to go to the university. Little in apparent amount is known of the kind of life he led there, but that little is all-important; and makes up in a great degree for deficiencies. One of his uncles found him one day under a hedge, wholly absorbed in the solution of a mathematical problem. Thus is his whole university life concentrated in a few words.

We shall not attempt to follow the various steps he made in raising himself into the position he was thenceforward to occupy, probably to the end of all time—that is, as the author of the first of all human productions that have the explanation of the material phenomena of the universe for their subject. We shall merely glance at those personal incidents which are ever so deeply interesting in connection with our great men. Foremost of these is the event that has made a little cottage in a little hamlet of Lincolnshire (Fig. 2423)—already a precious spot, since it was there Newton was born,—still more the object of almost sacred regard upon the parts of all those, a constantly-increasing number, who can fully understand and appreciate the vast and sublime character of the discovery to which the event led, and who see no reason to be ashamed of their faith in a tradition as likely to be true as it is popular. It was at Woolsthorpe, sayeth this tradition, whither Newton had retired in 1665-6, that one day as he sat in the garden, or orchard, his attention was peculiarly attracted by the fall of an apple. *Why did it fall?* That sort of question he had often asked himself before, and had endeavoured by elaborate and most persevering study to answer; but at this particular time, and such times perhaps occur to all great men in connection with their crowning achievement—he was more than usually inspired with the considerations excited by this simple incident, and he set to work with increased energy and determination, to endeavour to satisfy himself. The end was, as is well known, the discovery of the law that regulates the order of sun, moon, earth, and planets, and the apparently eternal repetition of the same or similar series throughout the visible and invisible regions of space, as well as of the fall of that apple in the orchard of Woolsthorpe, namely, the law of gravitation. An interesting anecdote is told in relation to the final process of this discovery. When he endeavoured at Woolsthorpe to verify by demonstration his hypothesis, he found the figures fail him; the issue of his calculations showed—to his mind—he had erred. But, in fact, the error was in some of the materials that he had been obliged to use, for want of better; those connected with the length of the earth's radius. However, he threw aside the whole subject, and only resumed it when he had heard accidentally of a fresh measurement that had been made by Picard. He took a note of the result of that measurement, and again retraced the whole ground, and as he drew nearer and nearer to the conclusion, and saw the extreme probability that he was right—and weighed the mighty importance of the truth that would be established if he were, he grew so excited that he was unable to go on personally with the calculations: so a friend finished them for him; the supposed was indeed the true law: it was no longer an hypothesis—it was a matter of demonstration.

The apple-tree that used to be pointed out to visitors, as the one from which the particular fruit in question fell, no longer exists, having been thrown down by the wind. A drawing of it was preserved, and another tree grafted on the stock. Our engraving represents, with literal fidelity, the exterior of the place. It lies at the bottom of a little slope. Within we are shown the room where Newton was born. A marble tablet has been placed over the chimney-piece, with the inscription—"Sir Isaac Newton, son of Isaac Newton, lord of the manor of Woolsthorpe, was born in this room on the 25th of December, 1642." Beneath are inscribed Pope's magnificent lines:—

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said "Let Newton be,"—and there was light,

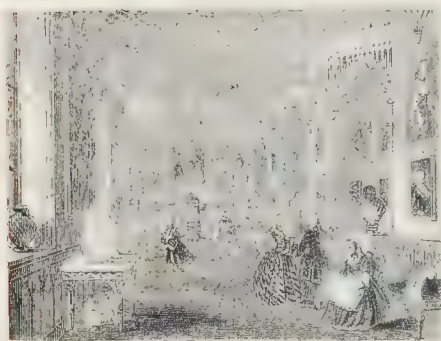
Some of the anecdotes told of the philosopher are amusing enough, but they possess a higher interest than belongs to mere amusement; the causes of his absence of mind, for instance, are constantly impressing themselves upon us, even when we smile at the ludicrous character of its effect. Dr. Stukeley once went to see him. He was shown into a room, and there left. Time passed on, and as the antiquarian was hungry, and probably also aware how hopeless it was to get his friend the philosopher away from his cal-



2448.—Horace Walpole.



2449.—View from the Garden of Strawberry Hill.



2450.—The Gallery, Strawberry Hill.



2451.—The Library, Strawberry Hill.



2452.—Carr.



2453.—Carr.



2454.—Carr.



2455.—Carr.



2456.—Dampier, from an anonymous Print.—Anson, from a Medall by Pingo.

culations in any reasonable time, if he happened to be much absorbed, he quietly began his dinner upon a fowl that had been prepared for Newton, and speedily demolished it. At last Newton came down prepared for dinner; but seeing the fowl gone, was evidently much surprised; and excused himself to Dr. Stukeley by saying,—“You see, Doctor, how very abstract we philosophers are; I really imagined I had not yet dined!” We may contrast this dilatoriness and inattention to domestic matters with the rapidity and readiness of his intellect in what were to him the true business and enjoyment of life. When Bernoulli had proposed a problem, for the solution of which six months were given, and Leibnitz had requested an extension of the time, Newton did the business in about as many hours. Again, when Leibnitz himself prepared a problem that he intended should puzzle all the European philosophers, Newton solved it within half a day after it came to hand. Another anecdote of Newton is tolerably well known; not so the most serious consequences that followed the incident in question. There is in existence a manuscript diary, kept by a student of Cambridge, Mr. Pryme, commencing with the year 1685; in this document it is written under the date of the 3rd of February, 1692, that the writer had that day heard of the destruction of Newton’s MSS. on the theory of colours, “established upon thousands of experiments which he had been twenty years of making, and which had cost him many hundreds of pounds.” By connecting what follows in the diary with the popular story that was in circulation before the diary was known anything of, and which, in essentials, mutually confirm each other, we find that the circumstances were of the following nature:—Whilst Newton had gone to the morning chapel, he left in his study a favourite dog; who, by some means or other, overturned a lighted taper, which set fire to the precious papers, and consumed them. On Newton’s return, he discovered the calamity. “Oh, Diamond, Diamond!” he exclaimed to the unconscious animal, “little do you know the mischief you have done me!” The diary says, he was so affected at his loss, that “every one thought he would have run mad;” and there is but too much evidence to show that the event did for a time unsettle Newton’s intellects.

We may add a few particulars to the information conveyed by our portrait (Fig. 2416). In person Newton was short, and somewhat corpulent; his hair was of a silvery grey, his eye bright and penetrating; his disposition was of a reserved nature; his conversation had nothing in it of brilliancy. He owed the honour of knighthood to Queen Anne. He lived in a house in St. Martin’s Street, Leicester Square (Fig. 2424) for many years, and built himself an observatory. Thence he removed to Kensington, where he died.

Of his connection with the Royal Society we have already spoken in a previous page. The seal of this society will be found among our engravings (Fig. 2422).

It is curious that two of the most powerful thinkers that have yet arisen among men, should have had remarkably weak bodies in infancy. It was said of Newton that he could have been put into a quart-pot when a baby. As for Locke, he was destined for the profession of medicine, but was of so infirm a constitution that he was unable to practise. His well-known portrait (Fig. 2419) conveys much of the expression of illness and suffering. Locke’s private life became, for a considerable period, of a not very quiet or satisfactory kind, through an accidental circumstance, the formation of an acquaintance with Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury (Dryden’s Achitophel), in whose house he went to reside. This connection brought him into intercourse with all the more eminent men of the day, and caused him occasionally to be employed by government. But it also involved him to a certain extent in the misfortunes of his patron, after the failure of the Duke of Monmouth’s expedition. Locke was one of eighty-three persons whom the English Envoy demanded to be given up by the States-General. The Revolution, among its other blessings, restored to England John Locke: a situation worth 200*l.* a-year was also conferred upon him by the government. And from that time his life flowed on as smoothly as it could be well desired. The Essay on the Human Understanding was published in 1690. The success of this work was immense. Locke was already widely known as the earnest advocate of civil and religious liberty. His reputation as a true patriot and sound philosopher was still further enhanced by the publication of his second letter on Toleration, and his treatises on Government. In these he placed, in direct opposition to the idea maintained by some advocates of the fallen Stuart dynasty—that Adam was the first governor by God’s own ordinance, and that kings were Adam’s representatives—his own very different views, namely, that the legitimacy of a government depends solely and ultimately on the popular sanction; or, in other words, on the consent of men, making use of their reason to unite together into

societies. Locke was as a man all that his greatest admirers could hope that he should be, in order to harmonise with his writings. A lover of liberty, he was content to take his share of the sufferings it involved, and to grant to others all that he desired for himself. A teacher of toleration, he did not, as too many have done, and do, preserve their consistency only so long as there is no very strong temptation to depart from it. Nothing induced—nothing, we believe, could have induced him to consent to the persecution of any man for the expression of a conscientious belief. One trait of his mind conveys too valuable a lesson for us all, to be overlooked in these pages. He was once asked how it was he had contrived to accumulate such extensive and deep stores of knowledge. His reply was to the effect that he attributed what little he knew to the not having been ashamed to ask for information; and to the rule he had laid down, of conversing with all descriptions of men on those topics chiefly that formed their own peculiar professions or pursuits.

Hogarth, in addition to all his other claims to our attention, adds that of being one of the virtual, though not the nominal, founders of the Royal Academy; and though it was the last thing upon which he would have been anxious to have been complimented. He was the chief of the persons who were connected with the Academy—a mere private assemblage of artists for drawing from the living figure, &c.—from which the Society of Incorporated Artists sprang; and from which society again, at a later period, branched out the Royal Academy. But when the members of the old Academy—who met at Hogarth’s own house in St. Martin’s Lane—endeavoured to obtain royal favour, and an act of incorporation, he not only refused to join them, but even expressed publicly his opinion that the only motive was that a few bustling characters, who had access to people of rank, thought they could thus get a superiority over their brethren, be appointed to places, and have salaries, as in France, for telling a lad when an arm or a leg is too long or too short. The artists succeeded in their aim, and were incorporated in 1766. The permanence of any such institution, however, would have been a very questionable matter, but for an influence that accidentally sprung up, and gave it the stability that prosperity in pecuniary matters gives to everything, as society is now constituted. When the Foundling Hospital was completed, there was a desire expressed for paintings on the walls. But the charity could not pay artists, so some of the eminent men of the day offered to work for it gratuitously. Hogarth was the most conspicuous and active of these benefactors. He painted the founder, Captain Coram, and he also painted the Adoption of Moses by Pharaoh’s Daughter; of which a critic has observed—“There is not perhaps in Holy Writ another story so exactly suitable to the avowed purpose of the foundation.” His March to Finchley became also the property of the institution, in the mode before pointed out. Other painters entered into this noble rivalry of beneficence and artistic skill. Reynolds painted the portrait of the Earl of Dartmouth; Ramsay that of Dr. Mead; Wilson and Gainsborough filled certain small compartments with exquisite bits of landscape; Hayman and others contributed still more ambitious pictures; and, lastly, Rysbrack placed over the mantel-piece of the room now used as the Committee-room, the beautiful piece of sculpture that attracts the eye of every lover of the arts who may visit the Hospital. Such an assemblage of works was of course exceedingly attractive; and thus painters for the first time in England began to perceive what might be done by public and collective exhibitions. The experiment was partially tried at the great rooms of the Adelphi, in connection with a system of premiums given by the Society, then recently established, for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. There was no charge made for admission: the price of the catalogue—sixpence—furnished the only profit. The number of visitors was so considerable that a place at Spring Gardens (by Charing Cross) was engaged next year, the price of the catalogue raised to a shilling, and none allowed to enter who could not, either himself or by his party, show a catalogue. Samuel Johnson noticed this exhibition; and his remarks are not very flattering to his discernment. Having observed that the “exhibition has filled the heads of the artists and the lovers of art,” he adds, “Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles to rid us of our time.” We may contrast this with Reynolds’s reply to Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, who happened to say in his presence—“A pin-maker is a more useful and valuable member of society than Raphael.” “That,” said Reynolds, with not more severity than the case demanded, “is an observation of a very narrow mind—a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce—that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of

the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure; the end is a rational enjoyment by means of arts and sciences:" and so on. After Johnson's comment, it is somewhat surprising to find him obliging the artists by writing the advertisement to the third exhibition. Reynolds had probably been the means of inducing him to reconsider the matter upon which he had so hastily and unwisely expressed himself. The Exhibition was now decidedly successful; and the artists quarrelled about the disposal of the money: some cried out for statues—some for a mansion—some for a gallery of paintings—and some thought it best to keep the money, and make the most of it. A split in consequence took place. The more valuable members of the Society withdrew; among them were Reynolds and West; and through West, who had but recently obtained the personal patronage of George III., the seceders exerted themselves to obtain an independent charter of incorporation. The news of their success fell like a thunderbolt upon the others. The manner was, if possible, worse than the matter of the communication. Kirby, the painter, was just then elected to the Presidency of the Incorporated Artists. One day he went to the King, was admitted to the royal presence, where he found West, who was busily engaged upon his picture of *Regulus*. The President looked upon painter and painting, and, of course, commended both; then, turning to the King, he said, "Your Majesty never mentioned anything of this work to me. Who made the frame? It is not made by one of your Majesty's workmen; it ought to have been made by the royal carver and gilder." "Kirby," said the monarch, "whenever you are able to paint me such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame." The President then turned to the young American. "I hope, Mr. West, you intend to exhibit this picture." West replied, "It is painted for the palace; and its exhibition must depend upon his Majesty's pleasure." "Assuredly," interposed George III., "I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public." "Then, Mr. West, you will send it to my exhibition?" inquired the President. "No," replied the King, "it must go to my exhibition—that of the *Royal Academy*." And this, according to the narrator of the story, Mr. Allan Cunningham, was the first public intimation made of the foundation of the present institution.

The earliest home of the Royal Academy was in St. Martin's Lane (Fig. 2442). Thither went Reynolds and West to meet and join the new body. As they entered, every man rose, and saluted the former with the single word—President! This admirable choice says much for the artists who made it. Reynolds, like most other great men, was, when he first appeared, a heretic in the eyes of his brethren. Hudson was his master; and this gentleman went to see his former pupil when he had returned from prosecuting his studies in Rome. Some pictures were lying about—a boy in a turban especially caught Hudson's attention. "Reynolds," exclaimed he, with an oath, "you don't paint so well as when you left England!" An eminent portrait-painter of the name of Ellis also went to see him. "Ah, Reynolds," said he, "this will never answer; why you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey [Kneller]." Hereupon, Reynolds explained that he acted upon his own views of art, and stated them at length; but at the conclusion Ellis strutted off with the words, "Shakspeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting; d—e." The honour so peculiarly honourably conferred showed, however, that it required but a little time to enable his brother artists generally to appreciate as it deserved the new style of painting. And the glory that Reynolds conferred upon them, their institution, and, above all, upon their art, has surpassed all they could have anticipated. The *Discourses on Art*, a work which time and increased study and knowledge only makes appear more valuable, were delivered orally to the members of the Academy. The style of these writings, apart from their matter, is so clear and noble, that many persons to this hour believe they were in part written by Burke; but as far as we have ever been able to learn, for no other earthly reason than that they are so excellent. Men are always loth to believe that such pre-eminence can be obtained in such different walks as those of the actual painter and the literary and philosophical art-critic.

Aided by a curious and very able picture of the assemblage of all the members of the Academy in their hall, on a drawing night, let us take a peep at them, and tell who and what are the men composing the Royal Academy, some few years after its establishment. The picture in question (Fig. 2446) was painted by Zoffany, who appears in it, in his own proper person, on the left of the picture, seated, and with his palette in his hand. This gentleman went at one time to Florence, at the invitation of the Grand Duke, and was there accosted by the Emperor of Germany, who

was then on a visit to the Duke. Pleased with his works, the Emperor inquired his name. Zoffany told him. "What countryman are you?" "An Englishman," was the reply. "Why your name is German." "True," said Zoffany, "I was born in Germany—that was accidental; I call my country that where I have been protected." We shall not therefore ourselves call him a foreigner, although he came to England from a foreign country whilst a young man, and under the patronage of the Earl of Barrymore, rose in a very short time to high reputation. His theatrical works are among his best and most widely-known productions. The picture of the Academy, however, is, in its class and scope, first rate.

Behind Zoffany, in a standing posture, is West, who at a later time became the President of the Academy—the culminating point of a career that from birth seemed to have been shaped out as a remarkable one, if we take into consideration the very peculiar circumstance of his position. His birth was premature, in consequence of the excitement of a field-preaching scene, to which his mother had gone; his only teachers were the Red Indians, who instructed him in some little matters relating to the properties of colours; above all, his parents were Quakers, the last body of people from among whom we generally look for any example of individual excellence in the imaginative arts. But, as in the case of Newton so lately noticed, and in hosts of other cases, Nature has taught parents, through their love, the wisdom that they would never have learnt through the operations of their intellect—that is, to let their children follow the course to which they have exhibited a powerful and unequivocal bias. Never, perhaps, has this kind of wisdom been more broadly asserted in opposition to what the utterers had previously thought wisdom, than in the case of one of the Quaker friends of the West family, when a meeting had taken place to debate what should be done with the young innovator, who persisted in practising what the very doctrines of the society forbade. The speaker of the following sentences was John Williamson:—"You have all heard, that by something amounting to inspiration, the youth hath been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind; but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth a genius for art—shall we question his wisdom? Can we believe that he gives such rare gifts but for a wise and good purpose? I see the Divine Hand in this. We shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth." The audience, thus addressed, responded unanimously to the speaker's views. Young West was called in, and there, standing in the presence of the whole society, received perhaps the noblest exhortation on the true uses and mission of art that has ever been delivered. "Painting has been hitherto employed to embellish life, to preserve voluptuous images, and add to the sensual gratifications of man. For this we classed it among vain and merely ornamental things, and excluded it from amongst us. But this is not the principle, but the misemployment of painting. In wise and in pure hands it rises in the scale of moral excellence, and displays a loftiness of sentiment and a devout dignity worthy of the contemplation of Christians. I think genius is given by God for some high purpose. What the purpose is let us not inquire—it will be manifest in his own good time and way. He hath in this remote wilderness endowed with the rich gifts of a superior spirit this youth, who has now our consent to cultivate his talents for art. May it be demonstrated in his life and works that the gifts of God have not been bestowed in vain; nor the motives of the beneficent inspiration, which induces us to suspend the operation of our tenets, prove barren of religious or moral effect!" It is only simple justice to West to say that such precious seeds fell upon no unworthy soil; his picture of Death upon the Pale Horse, and the Death of General Wolfe, are works of which our nation may be proud; and the whole of his other productions exhibit that lofty moral purpose, which the illustrious though comparatively obscure John Williamson had impressed upon him, as the true end of all the labours of genius. As marking an era in art, let us also here relate, in West's own language, an anecdote in connection with one of the paintings just named—the Death of Wolfe. "When it was understood that I intended to paint the characters as they had actually appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called on Reynolds, and asked his opinion: they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and eloquent dissertation on the state of the public taste in this country, and the danger which every innovation incurred of contempt and ridicule, and concluded by urging me earnestly to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the modern garb of European warriors. I answered that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the

world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period when no warriors who wore such costume existed. The subject I have to represent is a great battle fought and won; and the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter. If instead of the facts of the action, I introduce fiction, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people; and to do this I must abide by truth. They went away then, and returned again when I had the painting finished. Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then rising, said to Drummond, 'West has conquered—he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated: I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art.'

Peter Pindar's attacks on West are familiar to everybody. It cannot be denied that they were frequently well deserved, nor that they were frequently called forth for the not very sufficient reason that the painter enjoyed too exclusively the royal patronage. Peter, in one poem, represents George III. as a girl placing West as a daisy in a garden,

Thinking the flower the finest in the nation,

and who visits it, and waters it—

Then staring round, all wild for praises pausing,
Tells all the world it was its own sweet planting;
And boasts away, too happy elf!
How that it found the daisy off itself.

The next seated and prominent figure (going regularly round from the left of the picture) is Hayman, the friend and coadjutor of Hogarth: it was he who painted the Vauxhall pictures after Hogarth's designs. Next, of course, our reader will recognise the President, if it be only from Goldsmith's well known lines:—

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his *trumpet*, and only took snuff.

Behind Reynolds, on his right, half sitting on the corner of the table, is Sir William Chambers, the author of the well-known and valuable work on architecture, and the builder of the present Somerset House. On the other side of Reynolds is Dr. William Hunter, professor of anatomy, and brother to John Hunter. The two figures (one wearing spectacles), who are examining the position of the man who is officiating as the model, are Yeo and Zuccarelli, an Italian artist, who began a very successful career in England by painting scenes for the Opera; and elevated behind them is seen the portly figure of Richard, or, as he was more commonly called, Dick Wilson. This juxtaposition of Zuccarelli and Wilson reminds us of a scene a few years later, when the two were also in company, but when one at least, and to a certain extent the other, had the world all before them where to choose, but with no recognised pretensions that might support them in their choice. Wilson began by painting portraits; and whilst a student at Rome, for some time made them his chief consideration. One morning, while he was waiting for the coming of his friend Zuccarelli, he took up a pencil to beguile the time, and sketched the landscape that lay before him, as seen through the open window. When Zuccarelli came, he looked at this sketch, was surprised, and asked him if he had ever studied landscape. "No," said Wilson. "Then I advise you to try, for you are sure of great success," was the unhesitating remark of Zuccarelli. The French painter, Vernet, confirmed Zuccarelli's opinion. Wilson took heart, and began. How he ended, let those who have seen his Niobe, and other pictures of that class, either in the original or even in prints, say for themselves. It is, we believe, an unanimous decision that "Dick Wilson" is our greatest, because our loftiest, landscape-painter. But if such men as Zuccarelli could see this, it took the world a long time to see it too—so long, indeed, that poor Wilson could not wait, but died before his reputation became completely established. Here is one illustration of the treatment that this artist received from his countrymen. After the Niobe had appeared, his only standing resource were the pawnbrokers, and we may readily judge what sort of prices those gentry paid him: and even that failed. He went one day to sell a new picture; but the pawnbroker, taking him up stairs, showed him a pile of paintings, and said to him in a kindly manner, "Why, look ye, Dick, you know I wish to oblige, but see! There are all the pictures I have paid you for these three years." And so at last Wilson, the painter of Niobe—a work now of almost inestimable pecuniary value—had to live by making sketches for half a crown a-piece; and when a lady once ordered two pictures of him, he was actually without the means of obtaining the requisite canvas and

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other materials. Happily one gleam of sunshine descended to cheer his last hours: at the death of a relative he became possessed of a little property in Wales, and there he died.

It must be acknowledged that Wilson's habits and manners had almost as much to do with his distress as the apathy of his professing admirers, or the ignorance of the rulers of the fashionable world of taste: he was consequently held in no personal respect. A brother painter, however, ought to have known better than to presume upon this to insult him, as Zoffany did in the original sketch of his picture of the Academy, by putting a pot of beer at Wilson's elbow. Wilson heard of the circumstance, went immediately and bought a cudgel, and expressed his determination to thrash his brother Academician for his impudence. Zoffany immediately removed the offensive feature, and the matter went no farther. Between Dr. Hunter and Wilson is Bartolozzi, the eminent engraver, who first distinguished himself in England by his design for tickets for select operatic performances. In this comparatively humble walk he so roused the jealousy of the English engraver, Strange, that he ventured to say Bartolozzi could do nothing else. Bartolozzi answered the illiberal and oracular judgment by his engraving of Clytie after Annibale Caracci, and of the Virgin and Child after Carlo Dolce. From that time Strange stood alone in his opinion, even if he himself was not now convinced of his error, as to Bartolozzi's merits. His taste was as exquisite as it was versatile. He was as successful in rendering the sublimity of the great Michael Angelo as the excessive refinement and delicacy of Cipriani, his early friend and countryman, and who, like him, settled in England. Cipriani stands in the picture behind West.

The painter who is giving to the model the handle that is suspended from the ceiling for the support of his arm, is Moser, one of the most active of the members during the formation of the Royal Academy. Over his head, to the right, are suspended the portraits of two lady Academicians: one of them represents Angelica Kauffman. "And now," as Peter Pindar says,

for Mister Nathan Hone,

the tall gentleman who stands immediately beneath and between these portraits, and whom the bard thus addresses:—

In portraits thou'rt as much alone
As in his landscapes stands th' unrival'd Claude.

The slight difference between the two being—that one is alone in excellence, the other in the opposite quality. What this gentleman lacked in ability he thought to make up by a liberal use of the interest that personalities are but too apt to excite. The little artists of the day had got hold of a very amusing notion explanatory of the superior success of Reynolds, namely, that he pilfered wholesale from them; that nothing of theirs was safe near him—figures, groups, attitudes were all the same to him—he seized whatever he could catch. So "Mister Nathan Hone" painted a picture in which an enchanter appeared surrounded by various works of art and prints; and beneath these were slight but sufficient indications of those works by Sir Joshua, which were supposed in some respects to resemble and to have been borrowed from them. Considering Mister Nathan Hone intended to exhibit his picture in the Royal Academy exhibition, this was tolerably bold; but it was not enough for him: so, in reference to some flirtation that is said to have passed between Sir Joshua and Mrs. Kauffman, there was a representation of that lady introduced. Of course the Academicians, as soon as they beheld the picture, returned it at once to its author, who then vainly endeavoured to shuffle out of the business, by declaring he had not intended any such allusions. On the extreme right of the picture, appears Richard Cosway, the best miniature painter of his day. This gentleman, like the late Mr. Varley, seems to have thought himself qualified to speak of matters beyond the ordinary ken of human vision. At one of the Annual Royal Academy dinners, he told a brother member that he had that morning been visited by Mr. Pitt, who had died some four years before. "Well, and pray what did he say to you?" "Why," answered Cosway, "on entering the room he expressed himself prodigiously hurt that during his residence on the earth he had not encouraged my talents." Lastly, over Cosway's shoulder appears Nollekens, the sculptor, a man capable of the meanest and the most generous deeds—at once rude and illiterate—and yet a graceful and refined artist. His conduct to Chantrey should never be forgotten, and may be fitly contrasted with Strange's conduct to Bartolozzi before mentioned. Chantrey, then a young and utterly unknown sculptor, sent to one of the exhibitions a bust of Horne Tooke; it was placed, as is but too often the case, not in accordance with his merit, but the artist's position. Nollekens happened to see it.

He stopped—turned it round—took it up—and at last said, "Here's a fine—a very fine work; let the man who made it be known—remove one of *my* busts, and put this in its place, for well it deserves it." Such conduct outweighs a thousand faults; and Nollekens's faults were after all chiefly such as affected himself rather than others.

We have now mentioned the names of four out of the six painters who may be chiefly looked upon as the founders of the British school of painting—namely, Hogarth, Reynolds, West, and Wilson; the other two being Gainsborough and Barry. Each of these men has produced works that in their respective kinds have probably never been surpassed; each of them has been to a certain extent an originator. Gainsborough and Barry joined the Academy after Zoffany had painted his picture. We must, however, supply the omission by a few words on each of them.

Gainsborough was the son of a poor man residing at Sudbury in Suffolk, and enjoyed but little scholastic education. That a real education, however, did begin at a very early career, is sufficiently certain, when we know that he had painted several landscapes before he was twelve years old. In fact his boyhood was almost entirely spent in wandering about among the rich woods and along the pastoral streams of his native county, and in sketching whatever object struck his fancy. Subsequently he became a pupil of Hayman, whom we have mentioned as one of the personages of Zoffany's picture, but he did not remain long in that position. He was ambitious to achieve independence, so he painted portraits on his own account at the age of nineteen, and soon after married. He went first to Ipswich, then to Bath, but in 1774 he returned to London, and from that time went steadily on towards the highest possible reputation, and what were its natural accompaniments—pecuniary emolument and social distinction. Reynolds was one of his earliest admirers. When Gainsborough offered his *Girl and Pigs* for sale at the price of sixty guineas, Reynolds took it and paid a hundred. Gainsborough, too, admired Reynolds more than any other living man, more indeed than he cared to acknowledge; for the President in some way offended him. But when he was dying, he sent expressly for Sir Joshua, who came of course, full of emotion; and heard his last words—"We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company."

Gainsborough was an amateur musician; and it is well known what a passion amateurs have for their pet enjoyment, and which in men of fine intellect becomes only the more conspicuous, because of the vigour that they must throw into everything that interests them. Gainsborough's passion was most enthusiastic—most amusing. It was not simply that an exquisite piece of melody would bathe his soul in bliss or move him to tears, or that the grander combinations of the musician would make his mind swell with admiration and sympathy, as when Handel, for instance, let loose the storm of sounds, but rode upon them as their master; his love for the art reflected itself on every person and everything connected with it. Not only were musicians the finest fellows under the sun, but their very instruments seemed to his eyes worthy of an almost awful respect and love. Smith, who wrote the life of Nollekens, found Gainsborough one day listening to the playing of a first-rate performer on the violin—a Colonel Hamilton. His cheeks were wet—he stood speechless in admiration. The colonel stopped. "Go on," exclaimed the excited painter, "and I will give you the picture of the Boy and the Stile which you so often wished to purchase of me." The Colonel did so, and as his reward took away the long-coveted prize. So much for the art itself; as to his veneration for the instruments of the art, his friend Jackson tells the following capital story:—"He happened on a time to see a theorb in a picture of Vandyke's, and concluded, because perhaps it was finely painted, that the theorb must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor, and ascending to his garret, found him dining on roasted apples, and smoking his pipe, with his theorb beside him. 'I am come to buy your lute: name your price, and here's your money.' 'I cannot sell my lute.' 'No, not for a guinea or two; but you must sell it, I tell you.' 'My lute is worth much money: it is worth ten guineas.' 'Ay! that it is—see, here's the money.' So saying, he took up the instrument, laid down the price, went half way down the stairs and returned. 'I have done but half my errand. What is your lute worth if I have not your book?' 'What book, Master Gainsborough?' 'Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute.' 'Ah! sir, I can never part with my book!' 'Pooh; you can make another at any time:—this is the book I mean; there's ten guineas for it—so, once more good day.' He went down a few steps, and returned again. 'What use is your book to me if I don't understand it? And your lute: you may take it again if you won't teach me to play on

it. Come home with me and give me the first lesson.' 'I will come to-morrow.' 'You must come now.' 'I must dress myself.' 'For what? you are the best figure I have seen to-day!' 'I must shave, sir.' 'I honour your beard!' 'I must, however, put on my wig.' 'D—n your wig! Your cap and beard become you. Do you think if Vandyke were to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?' "The professor accordingly went.

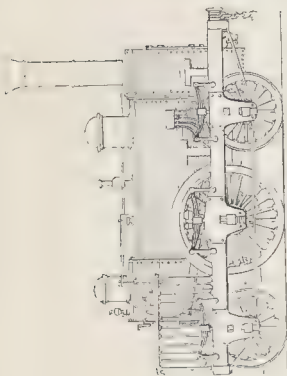
It is not often permitted even to the wisest and most influential of patrons to be able to raise from poverty and obscurity two such men as the poet Crabbe and the painter Barry; yet this was Burke's proud and honourable distinction. He was present at an exhibition of art in Dublin, where there was a picture that attracted universal attention. The subject may be thus described:—St. Patrick having converted the barbarian king of Cashel, he demanded immediate baptism. The saint, hastening to obey the glad message, struck his iron-pointed crozier into the ground, and in so doing overlooked the circumstance that he had driven it through the king's foot. With a fine adherence to the literal as well as to a high spiritual truth (for all history shows that pain, if not actually lessened by some process that we are ignorant of, *seems* lessened when the imagination is highly excited), the painter had represented the king as bearing the torture without the slightest manifestation of his suffering, while the ceremony proceeded. Every person inquired, "Who was the painter?" No one knew. But presently there emerged from the crowd a poorly-clad young man, who, with his lips quivering with the emotion of success, declared that it was his work. The sages present would not believe it. Who ever heard of genius in poverty? And poor Barry, for he it was, hurried away. But, as we have said, Burke was present. He followed the young artist, made his acquaintance, and sent him to Rome; and Burke had ample reason to congratulate himself on his judgment. Barry's first picture (*Venus rising from the Sea*) did not excite much notice; but that was but a comparative trifle to the fact that it deserved all the attention that could possibly be paid to it; and when, after some years, he painted the great pictures at the Adelphi, the world was but too glad to express its admiration and wonder. These are now acknowledged to be among the grandest, perhaps the very grandest, productions of the English school.

Unhappily Barry was of an irritable, capacious temper. Elected a member of the Royal Academy, he did nothing but quarrel with the members, from the President (West) downwards, until they ejected him. Even his friend and benefactor, Burke, became for a time estranged by Barry's attacks upon men whom Burke held in the highest honour, and for whom he felt the deepest personal affection—as, for instance, Reynolds. Yet beneath all these ebullitions of his ungovernable temper, that made his tone in his literary controversies so offensive, the essentials of what he had to say were for the most part at once true, important, and noble. He wanted to have a more lofty ideal set up by the professors of art generally than was then the case. His own maxim reveals the man—as he really was when stripped of all superficial characteristics—*No cross, no crown*; and he himself had both in those pictures in the Adelphi. When he began them he was worth just sixteen shillings; yet, single-handed, he launched himself upon the mighty undertaking, with no other prospect of obtaining a livelihood the whole time (they occupied him six years) than by working at night at any kind of miscellaneous employment that might offer; and notwithstanding the most rigid economy, this resource occasionally failed; and then what Barry suffered, the imagination is unwilling to think of. He never borrowed a sixpence; and when, after long labouring at the works, the intentional benefactor was obliged so far to stoop as to ask for assistance from the Society, they refused him. He received, however, at subsequent periods, two donations of fifty guineas each; and that was all, until the works were finished, when the exhibition produced him nearly a thousand pounds. Excellent Jonas Hanway was one of the earliest visitors: he had hardly taken a peep round before he ran back, and insisted upon paying a guinea for admission, instead of the shilling he had paid.

We were among the thousands of persons who, two or three years ago, flocked to Twickenham, to see the place that had obtained so wide a celebrity under the name of "Strawberry Hill." And curiously disappointed we felt at the first glance of the building (Fig. 2449); there was something to our eyes positively ludicrous in the contrast between the reality and the associations that its "Gothic" reputation naturally excited. The old English architects—the men who made the Gothic what it was in the days of its highest prosperity—were men of some invention; but certainly they never imagined such a specimen of the Gothic as this architectural labour of love by Horace Walpole (Figs. 2447, 2448). A "plaything-house" he found it; and he was very pleasant and witty



2109.—North-Wakeen Railway Station.



2109.—1700000000.



2107.—James Watt.



2101.—Farnese Hill Tunnel.



2108.—The Farnese Hill Tunnel.

in his description of the place in that state; but we think he might have been at least equally amusing on the state in which he left it—a plaything-house to the last. Writing, on June 8, 1747, to his dear friend Conway (Walpole's friendship for this gentleman is the one trait of unalloyed unselfishness in his character), he says—"You perceive by my date [Twickenham] that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor; it is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chevenix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges—

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little fishes wave their wings in gold.

Two delightful roads that you would call dusty supply me continually with coaches and chaises: barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window. Richmond Hill and Ham walks bound my prospects; but, thank God, the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry: dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. The Chevenixes had tricked the cottage up for themselves. Up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chevenix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lunar telescope without any glasses."

And up "two pair of stairs" the Earl of Orford's showy library (Fig. 2451) was also to be found when Strawberry Hill, with all its precious contents, was lately laid open to the public gaze; nay, the very staircase—whitewashed, and too narrow for more than one person to ascend or descend at the same time—remained, we presume, in its original state. Everywhere the same incongruities were visible. The place teemed—overflowed with treasures of art and vertu—but they were packed away in such places, and in such a style, as to give the whole the appearance of a superior kind of shop for the sale of such things, rather than the aspect of a building that should in all respects reflect the elegant tastes, and show how well used had been the wealth and the leisure of its aristocratic owner. Strawberry Hill, for instance, must have its chapel in one part of the grounds, and knowing that there was a shrine by Cavallini in it, one's imagination is naturally a little excited by the anticipated splendour of the place: when you get there you find the shrine true and beautiful enough, but it is so large that the chapel looks merely like a box built over it, and profusely ornamented with Gothic adornments.

But the contents of Strawberry Hill were indeed well worth going to see—so rich were they, so varied, and so apparently inexhaustible. They covered every spare inch of wall, they filled every cupboard or shelf, or niche, they loaded every table. And it was a noticeable and pleasant occupation to mark where the stream of spectators seemed most to pause in curiosity and admiration. Sir Joshua Reynolds's large picture of the three daughters of the second Earl of Waldegrave attracted especial attention; and well does that beautiful picture deserve it. The ladies were ever enraptured with the china room. And those who looked at their catalogue would see some characteristic evidences of the mind of the accomplished and able gossip who had collected them. He thus notices two "Saxon tankards, one with Chinese figures, the other with European. These tankards are extremely remarkable. Sir Robert Walpole drank ale; the Duchess of Kendal, mistress of King George I., gave him the former. A dozen or more of years afterwards the Countess of Yarmouth, mistress of King George II., without having seen the other, gave him the second, and they match exactly in form and size." On the chief staircase the exceedingly beautiful armour of the gallant French monarch, Francis the First, won universal admiration; it was of steel, gilt, and covered with engravings in bas-relief of his exploits. The *couvre-feu*, or surcoat, was sure to stop the onward movement of the fashionable crowds. So, too, did the antique silver clock, which had been originally a present from Henry VIII. to Anne Bullen. But the gem of the collection, if we may trust to the opinions of the visitors, as shown in their eager desire to press into the front of the circle of admirers, was the silver bell by Benvenuto Cellini, which was entirely covered with the most delicate and beautiful workmanship. For ourselves, we remember nothing that pleased us more than a bas-relief of Eleonora, the mistress of Tasso, revealing, however, little or nothing of the personal beauty for which, as well as for her intellect, the poet has immortalized her. The most elegant part of the mansion was the gallery (Fig. 2450).

But these, and all the apparently-inexhaustible stores of Strawberry Hill—upon which the proud and gratified owner found it necessary to expend above a hundred quarto pages of description—

are scattered to the four corners of the earth. And as we think of this utter breaking up and dispersion, the words recur to the mind from his letter to Conway, 1761:—

"I am writing, I am building—both works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes! Truly, I believe, the one will as much as t'other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead: if they had not the substantial use of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed."

This prophecy has proved true enough as regards the one department of his exertions; as to the other, some at least of his writings are destined no doubt to be much more permanent. As a letter-writer his reputation never stood higher than at the present moment.

It was at Strawberry Hill that Walpole set up his printing-press in 1757, by means of which he printed most of his own works, and some others. And with this press, the aiding to and arranging his pictures, books, and curiosities—continual letter writing and occasional attempts at more ambitious composition, as in his 'Castle of Otranto' and 'The Mysterious Mother,' Walpole whiled his life away very pleasantly, and kept himself from being too closely mixed up with the public men and public business of the day. He had evidently no political ambition, or with his position—as the son of one of the most powerful ministers who ever ruled England—and with his unquestioned talents, he might have commanded the very highest posts and dignities. But Walpole's character was full of contradictions. A more thorough aristocrat in feeling and manners never lived; yet did he patronise republican principles, and when he was elevated to the peerage through the death of a nephew, he did not even care to take his seat in the Upper House, and he used the title as seldom as possible. Then again, though a distinguished member of another republic, that of letters, and having in every way the habits of literary men, he never mingled among them, seldom spoke of them but with contempt—his own especial favourites, such as Gray, of course excepted. Here is a specimen, to Cole, 1773: "Mr. Gough wants to be introduced to me. He is so dull, that he would only be troublesome; and besides you know I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company. *They are always in earnest*, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. I laugh at all these things, and write only to laugh at them and divert myself. . . . Mr. Gough is very welcome to see Strawberry Hill, or I would help him to any scraps in my possession that would assist his publication; though he is one of those industrious who are only reburial the dead; but I cannot be acquainted with him. It is contrary to my system and my humour. . . . I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense till he changed it for words, and sold it for a pension. Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray."

Now it cannot be questioned that Walpole's letters are ever fresh and delightful; but it seems to us to be a grave doubt whether we do not err in looking upon them as possessing any other kind of truth than that of their reflecting the mind of the writer. Of what authority should be that judgment upon the true characters of men whom we do not very well know, when we find how ridiculously prejudiced they are upon those we are perfectly familiar with? "Silly Dr. Goldsmith!" In the same sense we might say "Wise Horace Walpole!"

If Walpole had no love nor respect for his literary contemporaries—no personal sympathy with their difficulties, of which Chatterton's memorable case will for ever remain an example, and a terrible reproach—if, above all, he kept himself most jealously aloof from their society, these traits all belonged to the individual, and not to the class. Nothing can be more delightful than to see how the custom begun by Shakspeare and his contemporaries, at the Falcon and the Mermaid and the Devil Taverns, was kept up during the present period by the eminent men of the day, at "Will's" and "Button's," and the other coffee-houses, that have obtained so wide reputation. Indeed, the eighteenth century was especially the era of clubs. They existed for all classes of society, and in every part of the kingdom. As one evidence of their popularity, it may be noticed that Addison's and Steele's famous periodical, the 'Spectator,' is based as it were upon the idea of an imaginary club of persons who are accustomed to meet together, among whom Sir Roger de Coverley, and the Spectator himself, are the most conspicuous personages. In that same work we learn of the existence of

clubs for the most fantastical purposes, such as for instance—the Ugly Club, into which none but members of the most downright outrageous ugliness were admitted. Even the ladies had their clubs: one became very fashionable, under the name of the Blue Stocking Club, in which it was intended “The fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please.” There were also street clubs, where the inhabitants of any particular street might meet together nightly. But the most important of them all were the clubs or coffee-house societies (for the one partook very closely of the nature of the other, by not allowing indiscriminate intrusion), where the chief literary, and other eminent intellectual men of the time met together. Will’s, in Covent Garden, at the end of Bow Street, on the north side of Russell Street, was Dryden’s (Figs. 2428, 2431) favourite spot. Every day after dinner the poet entered and took the principal seat, and became for the evening the undisputed Jupiter of that little Olympus; and we are enabled from various sources to see his person, hear the style of his conversation, and mark the character of the persons around him almost as well as if we had actually seen him in the place with our own eyes. Thus, with regard to his dress, “I remember,” says a correspondent of the ‘Gentleman’s Magazine’ in 1745, “plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich druggist. I have eat tarts with him and Madame Reeve at the Mulberry Garden, when our author advanced to a sword and a Châleux wig.” The poet himself has described his manners in society. He says, “My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine, and reserved. In short, I am not one of those who endeavour to break jests in company, or make repartees.” Elsewhere he writes—

Nor wine nor love could ever see me gay;
To writing bred, I knew not what to say.

Yet it is not the less certain, we think, that he had much to say at such times, and that he said it well, or he could never have drawn around him such a brilliant circle. If we take a period towards the close of the seventeenth century, we find among the attenders at Will’s, the great Duke of Ormond, the witty Earls of Dorset and Rochester, with other noblemen, Sedley, Cowley, Waller, Denham, and Davenant (Fig. 2426). It was when all these were his intimates, that “Dryden,” writes Sir Walter Scott, “enjoyed those genial nights described in the dedication of the ‘Assignment,’ when discourse was neither too serious nor too light, but always pleasant, and for the most part instructive: the raillery neither too sharp upon the present, nor too censorious upon the absent: and the cups such only as raised the conversation of the night, without disturbing the business of the morrow.”

The same writer has observed in illustration of the poet’s supremacy at Will’s, that “a pinch out of Dryden’s snuff-box was equal to taking a degree in that academy of wit;” and many there were who have left records of their desire to be so honoured. The dean of Peterborough who came to London about seventeen, tells us, “in spite of my bashfulness and [youthful] appearance, I used now and then to thrust myself into Will’s, to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time. The second time that ever I was there, Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published.” Cibber has also left particulars of his first visit to Will’s. But the most memorable of all these youthful aspirants for the notice of the literary veteran was Pope. When he was twelve years old he prevailed upon a friend to introduce him to Will’s, that he might have the pleasure of seeing an author whom he then probably admired beyond any other poet, ancient or modern. Johnson has given us an additional bit or two of pleasant gossip relating to Dryden and Will’s. He remarked once to Boswell, “When I was a young fellow I wanted to write the life of Dryden, and in order to get materials, I applied to the only two persons then alive who had seen him: these were old Swiney and old Cibber. Swiney’s information was no more than this, ‘that at Will’s coffee-house Dryden had a particular chair for himself, which was set by the fire in winter, and was then called his winter-chair; and that it was carried out for him to the balcony in summer, and was then called his summer-chair.’ Cibber could tell no more but ‘that he remembered him a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will’s.’” Davenant, we may observe, was the poet-laureate of his day, as Rowe (Fig. 2430) was of his.

Not all Will’s titled and intellectual visitors, however, seem to have made the house flourish; unless, indeed, Master Will was one of those persons whom no amount of success ever enables to succeed, whose pockets are but so many sieves through which everything passes—no matter what the amount or quantities poured in.

Dennis, the critic (Fig. 2435), with whom Dryden had so many tough battles, describes Will, or in other words, William Erwin, or Urwin, who kept the house, as taking refuge in Whitefriars, then a place of asylum, to escape the clutches of his creditors. “For since the law,” says the critic, “thought it just to put Will out of its protection, Will thought it but prudent to put himself out of its power.”

The original sign of Will’s had been a cow, but in Dryden’s time the rose was substituted, and eventually the establishment was known as the Rose. And here, as we learn from Swift’s verses on his own death, the wits of his time were accustomed to assemble, including, most probably, the set to which he himself belonged, namely, Pope, Bishop Berkeley (Fig. 2429), Gay, Arbuthnot, and others. In one passage of the poem he writes—

Suppose me dead, and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose,
Where from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
“The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill received at court,
Although ironically grave,
He shamed the fool, and lashed the knave,
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.”
“Sir, I have heard another story;
He was a most confounded Tory,
And grow, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull before he died.”
“Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
‘Twas he that writ the Drapier’s letters.”
“He should have left them for his betters;
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen,” &c.

The letters here referred to demand a few passing words of explanation. There was a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, in the early part of the century, and—ostensibly—in consequence, a patent was granted to William Wood to coin farthings and halfpence to the amount of 108,000*l*. But it soon became known that the grant had been obtained solely through the influence of the king’s mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, who was to have a share of the profits, and that the lord lieutenant of Ireland had not even been consulted upon the matter. There was a general sentiment of disgust and indignation. The Irish Parliament remonstrated, but was treated with contemptuous silence. Then stepped forth Swift, under the anonymous disguise of a Drapier, and published several letters on the subject, that so completely obtained possession of the mind of the Irish people, that if every one of Wood’s Irish halfpence, &c. (Fig. 2190) had issued from the pockets of persons smitten with the plague, they could not have more universally shunned or dreaded their slightest touch. When the fourth letter appeared, a reward of 300*l*. was offered for the discovery of the author. That failing of success, the printer was to be prosecuted. A bill against him was about to be presented to the grand jury, when Swift wrote ‘Some Seasonable Advice,’ which had the effect desired; the grand jury ignored the bill, to the exceeding rage of the presiding judge, Whitehead. At last, completely defeated, the government was obliged to withdraw the Wood coppers, and compensate him. The popularity of Swift (Fig. 2420), who was soon known as the author of the ‘Drapier’s Letters,’ was perfectly boundless. The Drapier’s head was painted on public-house and other signs, woven in pocket-handkerchiefs, engraved on medals and copper-plates.

Between Swift, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, much deeper feeling prevailed than sufficed merely to give a genial tone to the coffee-house assemblings. Their letters to each other are full of passages of the warmest affection. It is quite refreshing to see every now and then a gush of feeling welling up that serves to sweep away in an instant the thousand little incrustations that their respective literary quarrels—and other sources of annoyance—had gathered around their hearts. We speak not merely of their relations to each other, but generally of that desire they all more or less evinced for the enjoyment of true friendship. Thus Pope (Fig. 2434) (we quote from the invaluable collection of letters written by or to him), on one occasion writes—“I have for some years been employed much like children that build houses with cards, endeavouring very busily and eagerly to raise a friendship, which the first breath of any ill-natured bystander could puff away.” In another letter we find Gay and Pope writing in the same sheet to Swift. Gay begins, and the concluding portion of his share of the correspondence relates to a most interesting subject—his ‘Beggars’ Opera.’ He says—“You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly. I now think I shall, for I



2181.—Grand at Grand Railway Station.



2185.—Blackhall Railway Station.



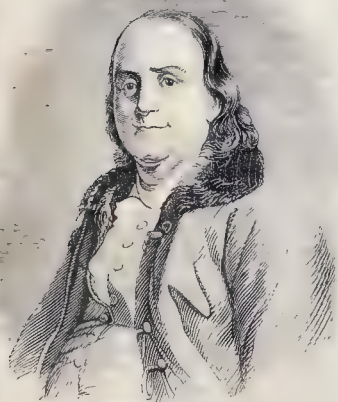
2192.—Victoria and East India Docks.



2197.—Thames and Medway Railway Station, at Greenwich, London.



466. — Pont Neuf, Paris.



467. — Ben. Franklin.



468. — St. Paul's Church, London.

have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope." And then Pope begins:—"Gay is a free man, and I write him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same: it will mend him, and make him a better man than a Court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time, if he pleased, but I won't in the time of our Augustus. My poem—(which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of for fear of the Curills and Dennises of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers)—my poem, I say, will show what a distinguishing age we lived in. Your name is in it with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits,

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais's easy chair,
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

These two verses are over and above what I've said of you in the poem. Adieu." The most touching feature of this correspondence is the lamentation of the friends for the death of Gay, whose simple, guileless nature, combined with his high talents, won the love and respect of all who knew him. Pope, in relating the circumstances to Swift, observes, "*Good God! how often are we to die before we quite go off this stage?*"—In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! Few are worth praying for, and oneself the least of all." On the back of this letter of Pope's was subsequently discovered the following remarkable memorandum by Swift:—"On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: Received December 15, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune."

Swift's desire for friendship, though no less ardent than those felt by his friends, took occasionally a wider scope, and was connected with loftier and less personal objects. He somewhere says, "I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have done it. They are seldom above three or four contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the world before them." Of Swift's zeal in the cause of his friends, the coffee-houses could bear witness. Johnson states, on the authority of Kennet, that on the 2nd of November, 1713—

"Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from everybody but me, who, I confess, could not but despise him. When I came to the ante-chamber to wait, before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests. Then he instructed a young nobleman that the *best poet in England* was Mr. Pope (a papist, who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which *he must have them all subscribe*; for, says he, the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him."

Button, the owner of the coffee-house that bore his name, had been a servant of the Countess of Warwick, Addison's wife, and he enjoyed, therefore, Addison's especial patronage. This was the continual resort of Addison (Fig. 2416—2421) himself, Steele, Phillips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. It was here that Pope was to have been thrashed by Ambrose Phillips, when he had offended that gentleman by an ironical paper in the 'Guardian,' which Pope had been incited to write by Tickell's absurd praise of Phillips's 'Pastorals,' as the finest in the language, and which annoyed Pope the more, inasmuch as that his own pastorals appeared in the pages of the same publication. Pope does not mention this threat; it was hardly to be expected he should, except in the following very modified form:—"Phillips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses and conversation." And so he in revenge abused Phillips, by holding him up to ridicule, as—

The hard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hide-bound brains eight lines a year.

Of course there is little or no truth in the lines; Pope did not write them to express any truth, but simply to express his own feelings of rage and jealousy.

In another passage, he speaks in a much more dignified spirit of their quarrel, in which Addison became engaged as the friend of Tickell and Phillips. It appears that in the controversy that now raged, the critics and poets were divided into factions, led by the respective leaders. Pope says—"I have the town, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is not uncommon for the smaller party to supply by industry what it wants in numbers—I appeal to the people as my rightful judges, and, while they are not inclined to condemn me, shall not fear the high-flyers at Button's."

One of the most striking of Pope's personal traits was his own sensitiveness when the weapon that he was so fond of using against others was turned upon himself—namely, ridicule. The critic, Dennis, was like a perpetual blister at his side. Cibber, too, was by no means unwilling or unable to return his attacks, and, as far as the effect was concerned, with interest. Speaking of one of Cibber's pamphlets, Pope said it would be as good as a dose of hartshorn to him, but "his tongue and his heart were at variance." "I have heard," says Johnson, "Mr. Richardson state, that he attended his father, the painter, on a visit, when one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who said, 'These things are my diversion.' They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhing with anguish; and young Richardson said to his father, when they returned, 'that he hoped to be preserved from such diversions as had been that day the lot of Pope.'"

In his youth Pope resided in Windsor Forest. There was the paternal cell—

A little house with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.

About half a mile distant was—possibly still is—the tree shown in our engraving (Fig. 2437), and known as his favourite tree.

And let us now again glance at Twickenham—in order to notice Pope's residence there. Here the poet had purchased a house and grounds, and, like Horace Walpole, found a great pleasure afterwards in enlarging, altering, and improving. But the poet was much more successful than the noble letter-writer. Walpole's Gothic has taught nothing of any permanent value to any one; but the laying out of Pope's grounds marks an era in landscape gardening, so superior did he make them to anything of the kind previously known in England. The house, since his time, has been for the most part pulled down, and the surface of the ground so completely dug about, that the fashionable Vandals who had possession of it would not even allow a monument that he erected to the memory of his beloved mother to remain undisturbed. Of one feature—the grotto (Fig. 2436)—he has left us his own description. In a letter to Edward Blount, Esq., he writes:—"I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto: I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shell in the rustic manner; and from that distance under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a camera obscura; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations; and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river of smooth stones full of light and open; the other towards the garden shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron-ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of—

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah, spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence leave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it."

Pope has compared himself to a "spider;" and it is in the extreme constitutional debility of his frame, as well as in its deformity, that we must look for the sources of the irritability that had so often poisoned his own enjoyment, and made him so unjust, when angry, to others. Of his habits many little particulars have been recorded that help to show us the man—as he lived and moved. One of his constant demands from his attendants was coffee in the night. Of course then he could not sleep well at the proper period for sleep. So when he really wanted a little repose in the day-time, he was not

unfrequently to be seen nodding in company. At the table he was anything but abstemious; though his love for highly-seasoned dishes, and the extent to which he allowed himself to gratify his love, must, we should think, have been but too much calculated to oppress the powers of Nature, already too constitutionally feeble in him. As for the rest of his personal characteristics, Johnson has summed up a world of shrewd insight into Pope's mental habits in their less exalted manifestations, when he says, "he hardly drank tea without a stratagem."

As his bodily powers, such as they were, began to decline, the mind partially sank too. One day, when Dodsley was with him, he asked "What arm it was that came out from the wall?" He was also heard to say that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think. The touching picture of his death, with Lord Bolingbroke weeping over him, is familiar to most readers. Johnson says, that on the noble lord's being told by Spence, that Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was *always saying something kind*, either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding, answered, "It was so;" and added, "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart, for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind." At another time he said, "I have known Pope these thirty years, and value myself more in his friendship than——:" his grief then suppressed his voice. There had been for some time before Pope's death a coolness existing between him and Bolingbroke, on account of the intimacy formed with Bishop Warburton (Fig. 2438), who first attacked, and then defended Pope, and thus became his friend instead of his enemy.

Between the eminent men of the earlier, and those of the latter part of the century who made the society of Club and Coffee Houses, a more brilliant thing than we now-a-days have any practical conception of, let us interpose a group of booksellers. And first, we may relate, on the authority of Lord Bolingbroke, an anecdote illustrative of the personal relations of Dryden, and Tonson (Fig. 2452), his bookseller. The noble Lord told Dr. King, of Oxford, that one day in his youth when he visited Dryden, they heard as they were conversing, another person entering the house. "This," said Dryden, "is Tonson. You will take care not to depart before he goes away: for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him; and if you leave me unprotected I must suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue." Tonson, it appears, had a high reputation with his brother booksellers, not only for his judgment but for his impartiality, and above all for his readiness to speak "his mind upon all occasions;" he "will flatter nobody," says Dunton (Fig. 2453); a man who has been "characterised as a sort of wild Defoe, a coarser mind cast in somewhat a like mould." (London, vol. v., p. 234.)

Dunton published his 'Life and Errors,' from which the foregoing words are taken, in 1705; he had been then twenty years in business, and printed no less than six hundred works. Guy (Fig. 2454), the founder of the well-known Hospital, was also a bookseller: his shop was in Lombard Street. The name of Cave (Fig. 2455) has obtained an honourable celebrity in connexion with the early efforts of Johnson. He it was who broke up the pamphlet system that reigned so pre-eminent before, and substituted in its place regular periodical publications to receive all such occasional papers, by the establishment of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1731. Curil has obtained an infamous notoriety for the disreputable practices that he resorted to in the prosecution of his trade. Some of his tricks brought him into the pillory on one occasion; others have established him permanently in a pillory of another kind: nothing will ever extricate him from the 'Dunciad.' Tonson, and Jacob Lintot his great rival, have also been immortalized in that publication; but their offences were of a more venial kind, and we can enjoy a hearty laugh at their expense, without feeling our respect for them to any noticeable degree diminished. Among the multiplicity of books that now regularly issued from the press, we may mention the respective voyages round the world by Anson and Dampier (Fig. 2456) as belonging to a class that greatly interested our forefathers.

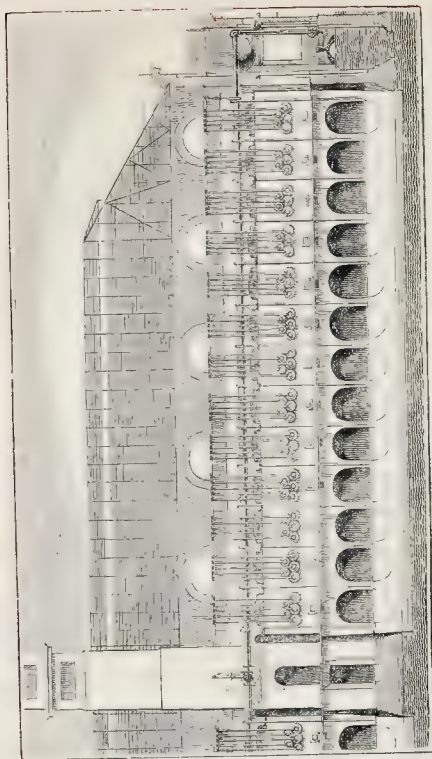
Towards the latter part of the century, the numerous Clubs and Coffee House Societies of a literary and an artistic character grew more numerous than ever. And not content with one, the eminent men of the day belonged to several. Thus the chief members of the Pandemonium Club that met in Clarges Street, May Fair—of the Club held at the Blenheim Tavern, in Bond Street—of the famous Kit-cat and Beefsteak Clubs—and numerous others, seem to have also belonged to the Club held at the Mitre, in Essex Street in the Strand; which was founded by Johnson, and no

doubt on the principle so satisfactorily stated in his Dictionary, where he defines a Club to be an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions. The Mitre was kept by one who had been a servant to Thrane, Johnson's friend. The same set of personages appear also to have occasionally met at the St. James's Coffee House: and a truly honourable record of the men who assembled there, and of the tone of their society, has been left us by Goldsmith in his 'Retaliation,' the most brilliant and at the same time the most weighty of all personally descriptive poems. But before we speak of his portraiture, let us take a preliminary glance of himself, and of one of the localities—Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey (Fig. 2440)—that he has made famous.

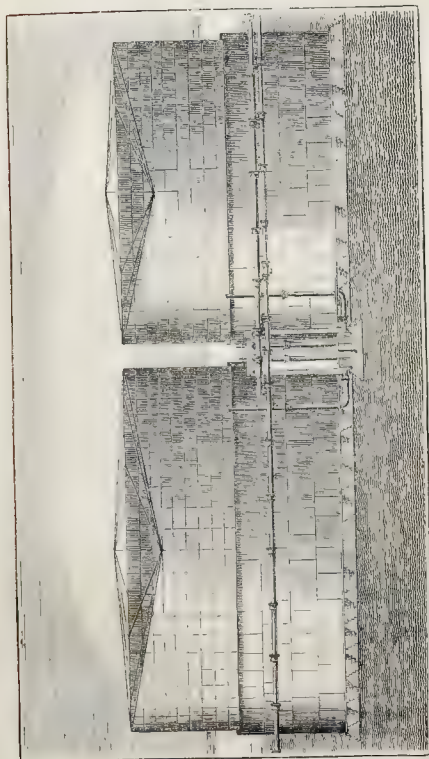
Few men have been more misunderstood than Oliver Goldsmith. Not all the deep and serene wisdom that prevails through his works could prevent Walpole, who only echoed the opinion of some of the men who moved in the poet's own circle, from calling him "silly." Not all his searching penetration into the most hidden springs of human character and motives could teach those who were familiar with the writings in question, to study his character and motives with humility and that deep respect which could alone enable them to arrive at any worthy conclusion. Not all the acknowledged wit or humour with which such works as the 'Citizen of the World,' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' his Essays, &c., are full, could prevent some among his associates from making him the butt of their ridicule; and which they were enabled to do with impunity, partly because his nature was too unsuspicious, as well as too lofty to allow him to be ever on the watch to see that his dignity was not attacked, partly because of his genial love for every kind of sport and enjoyment, whether at his own or at others' expense, and partly, because he had no spirit of malice, or hate, or revengefulness in his whole composition, that could suggest the putting down of attacks by making them too painful and hazardous to the assailants, to be persisted in, as was Pope's method. Yet could Boswell and his whole tribe (Fig. 2441)—as they made merry with Goldsmith's gait, clothes, habits, life, and conversation, have known what was sometimes probably on such occasions passing in his mind—could they have seen how in an intellectual sense they were but the merest puppets in his hand—that he could have pulled them to pieces—and often no doubt was doing so to analyse what this little movement of theirs meant, and why that little thought—thought as it did—they would never again have ventured to open their mouths, hardly to have held up their heads in his company. But with such profound knowledge of human nature as Goldsmith possessed, there is ever—and wise and beneficial indeed is the provision—as profound a sense of the responsibility that the knowledge involves. Men like Shakspeare are never found to use their weapons to the pain or injury of any one—hardly ever against the wicked, unless for reformatory purpose: so is it, in a lesser degree, with Goldsmith. The moths, therefore, buzz safely around the greatest intellectual luminaries; a power, not of their own, preserves them from the *singring* they so wantonly provoke.

The particular incidents that produced 'The Retaliation' were these. One day, at the St. James's Coffee-house, it was proposed to write epitaphs upon Goldsmith. Of course the compositions produced took considerable liberties with his country, dialect, mind, and so on. He was then expressly challenged to retaliation, and at the next meeting produced the poem. Nowhere do his good-humour and brotherly feeling appear more delightful, even whilst nowhere is his wit more keen, or his sagacious insight into the mysteries of human character, in its very highest development, more perfect. We learn from the poem who were the chief men constituting the society. These were the Dean of Derry; Burke, and his relatives William and Richard; Cumberland, the author of the comedy of the 'West Indian,' and a great number of other dramatic pieces; Dr. Douglas, subsequently Bishop of Salisbury, who distinguished himself by his critical sagacity in detecting Lander's forgeries relating to Milton; Garrick (Fig. 2444), Reynolds (Fig. 2443), and many others. Let us observe, in passing, that neither Burke, nor Reynolds, nor Garrick, were among the men who esteemed Goldsmith too lightly, as Johnson certainly was, though of course his views are not to be confounded with the views of Boswell and his class. Put any particular work of Goldsmith's before Johnson, and he was literally sure to speak of it as favourably as any one; but the common error of dissociating a man from his writings was clearly one of Johnson's errors, in weighing the character and productions even of so dear a friend as Goldsmith.

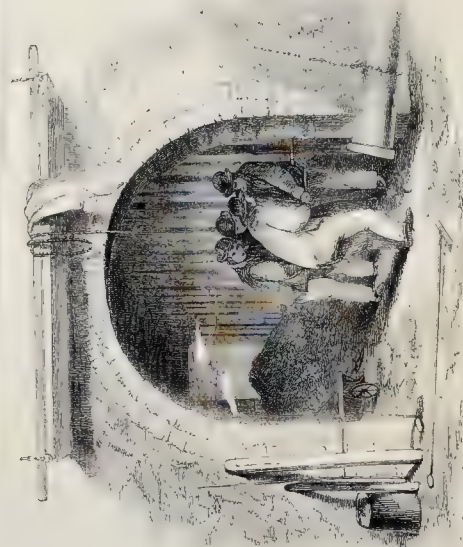
The portraits of Burke and Garrick especially are beyond all praise. As to the statesman, it is but the literal truth to say that nothing has ever been written since Goldsmith's time, even in the most laboured volumes, that has added anything essential to the



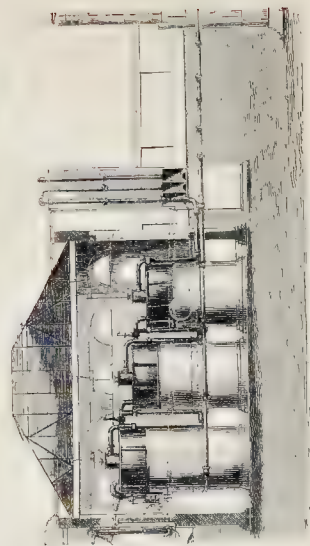
2407.—Gas Works—Driers.



2471.—Gas Works—Gas meters.



2412.—Gas Works—Turning On.



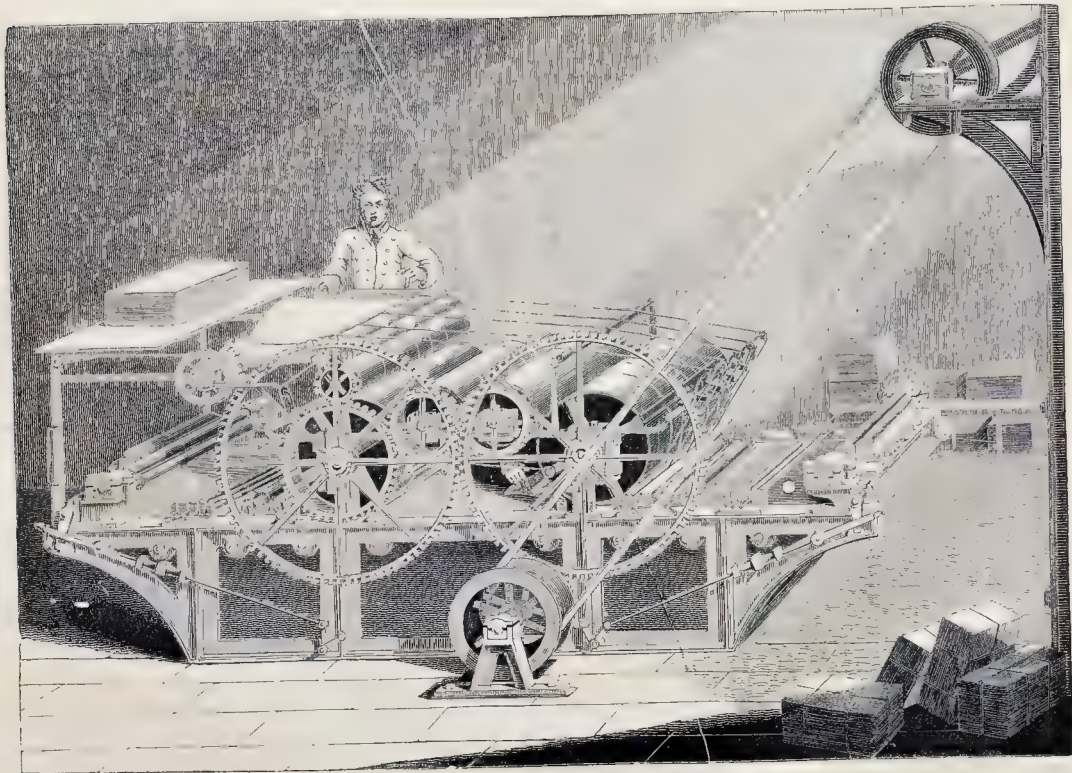
2470.—Gas Works—Cylinders and C. or J. pipes.



2473.—The House for Sale.



2475.—The House for Sale.



2474.—Steam Printing Machine.

truth or to the moral of the wonderful portraiture, or rendered it necessary to wish that a single line or word could be taken away. Of Burke we read, that his

Genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to partly gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 't was his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor."

Cumberland's was a name of high note in his own period, but time has allowed it to sink very considerably in popular as well as in critical estimation. His papers in the 'Observer' on the Greek poets, and some of his dramatic essays, are however still sufficient to preserve him a respectable rank in literature; and there are several among the numerous plays he wrote that are still and deservedly admired, the comedy of the 'West Indian' especially. Truly charming for its truth, as well as for the delightful mode in which he has made that truth palatable, is Goldsmith's portrait of Richard Cumberland:—

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are;

but—

Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?"

One of the most interesting incidents in the history of the friendships of eminent men is that between Johnson and Garrick, notwithstanding the dissimilarity, in many respects, between their minds and views. Garrick was Johnson's pupil at Lichfield, when neither were as yet in the slightest degree known to fame. They set out for the metropolis together; and though their paths for a time diverged, they ultimately became reunited when both had obtained very high success and distinction, and from that time until death enjoyed the continual society of each other. Johnson's success was a work of time, and only obtained after long adversity; Garrick, when his thoughts and ambition were turned into the right direction, almost instantly sprang up to the very highest pinnacle of histrionic reputation. He first appeared, under an assumed name, at Ipswich, and played all kinds of characters, not even excepting that of Harlequin, in which he was admired for his grace, humour, and agility. The manager of the Ipswich theatre was also the manager of a petty London theatre situated in Goodman's Fields; and there Garrick appeared as Richard III., in October, 1741. Not many nights elapsed before the new actor was the common town's-talk. Pope went to see his Richard III. His emphatic statement of the result of his visit was conveyed in these words to Lord Orrery:—"That young man never had his equal as an actor, and will never have a rival." Goldsmith says of David Garrick,—

Describe him who can?
An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man.
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art:
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'T was only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till, his relish grown callous almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Roscued, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Garrick, like the other characters of 'Retaliation,' is represented as dead, in order that their epitaphs might be written with propriety. When Garrick really died, Johnson—the stern moralist Johnson—said the gaiety of nations was eclipsed.

Unhappily the 'Retaliation' was not finished, and Johnson's portrait did not get into it: it was reserved probably by Goldsmith to be one of the last, as requiring the greatest care and delicacy (Fig. 2439). His intellectual characteristics would then have been brought out as we must now never hope to see them, and with these we should have had some intimation of his extraordinary personal characteristics.

And whether it be a fancy suggested by the consideration of Johnson's character, at the conclusion of the work through which our readers have so long, and, we trust, patiently and considerately—on account of its various peculiar difficulties—accompanied us, or whether it be that Johnson really does form a very felicitous personification of the spirit of Old England, we cannot but please ourselves, in these our last lines, by briefly following out such a parallel. He had all the solid sense, with a sprinkling of the determined prejudices of Old England. He had its independence and love of freedom, purchased, as were the freedom and independence of Old England, at the cost of many and sharp and bitter struggles; and like that, for the most part his love of liberty did not run into any dangerous excesses; both were, on the whole, decided conservatives. He had all the devout feeling that was so pre-eminent a characteristic of Old England—he had also the superstitions that accompanied the faith of our forefathers: witness—but let us in respect to his memory utter the words in a whisper—the Cock Lane Ghost. He could do, and did, great things, but he also liked to be flattered and told so—to be worshipped, in short, as Boswell worshipped him: and has it not been so with Old England? He gloried in the chief glories of his country—its Shakspeare and Milton; he enjoyed their writings, but he did not always very well understand them—neither did Old England. He had the ponderous learning of Old England; he had much of its poetry. Lastly, he had the genuine Old English love for argumentation, ending, when necessary, in some sort of knock-down blow:—the Old English bearishness when out of temper,—the hearty Old English love of good fellowship in his better moods—the unwearying Old English philanthropy when any called for the aid that he had the means of affording. Honour to both!

BOOK VIII.

A GLANCE AT THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY FOR THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS.

CHAPTER I.—DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.



THE reader who has perused with ordinary attention the foregoing books of this discursive treatise upon all that is memorable and noteworthy in Old England, will have gained a tolerably correct notion, not merely of the things which are worth seeing and the events which are worth knowing in connection with our social and national history, but of the gradual growth of the national character up to the death of the second George. It is a fact, however, that

the Englishman of a century back was in many respects a very different being from the Englishman of the present day. With the same patriotism, the same love of home and of order, the same religious faith, and, to a great extent, the same political predilections as our forefathers,—we have no longer the same modes of life, the same habits of thought and sympathy, and the same bigoted adherence to old and established customs which characterised them. The generation of to-day lives ten or twelve years longer in the world than the generation of a century back, and it lives more in a single year than some generations who have been long dead and gone lived in their whole lives. England has wellnigh quadrupled her population since the dawn of the eighteenth century. The population, as it has grown more numerous, has in the ratio of its increase become more capable and efficient in all the arts of living; because with increase of numbers came the necessity for increased exertion and for co-operation and competition in the various branches of industry that sustain life. Science, arts, manufactures, invention and discovery, have each and all made such prodigious strides since the day when George the Third ascended the throne—and have effected such wonderful changes both in the face of the country and the habits of the people, that, at a superficial glance, all verisimilitude between the soil and the race of our time and those of a century back would seem to have vanished; and we must look deeper than the surface of things to recognise the identity of principle and purpose which proclaims them of one common stock. The impossibilities of our forefathers are the matter-of-fact of to-day. We live in a world of wonders which habit has familiarised to us, but which, barely to have foretold a hundred, or even fifty years ago, would have drawn down upon the rash prophet the ridicule and mockery of his fellow-men, and have subjected him to public scorn, if not to the compassionate care of a lunatic asylum.

It is difficult at the present moment to realise anything like a true picture of private and domestic life and manners, among the trading and lower classes especially, during the middle and latter part of the last century. The narratives and illustrations which abound in this volume supply the best aids to the realization of such a picture which literature, so far as we are aware, has to offer in one view; but it is only by contrast with the present condition of society that a satisfactory estimate can be formed of the real difference between the peoples, their pursuits, plans and purposes, of the two epochs. Viewed socially, the chasm is broader and deeper between the present date and that of a century back than would be found to exist in any period of five times the duration in our past history. It is our intention, with a view of bringing the interest of this work down to our own day—and thus affording our readers something like a panorama of English life and manners—to

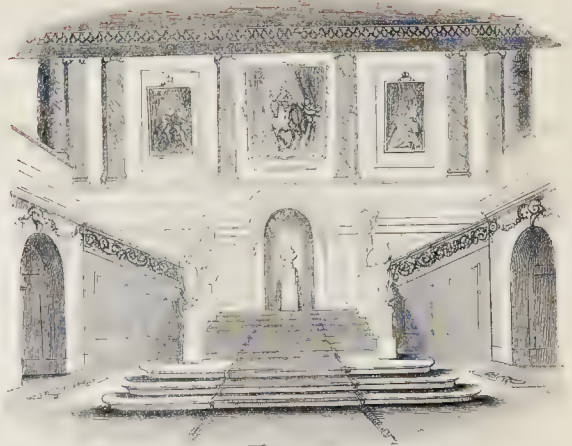
attempt, as far as our limits will allow, to bridge over this chasm, and connect as closely as may be the present era with the past. We are necessarily restricted, by the small space that remains open for the purpose, from any comprehensive view of the subject, and must therefore resort to a somewhat summary process. Of matters political and legislative we can take but small notice; and there is in fact no need that we should trench upon the functions of the historian in this department, seeing that there is no lack of popular works on such subjects. What we propose doing in the following pages, is to narrate briefly the rise, progress, and application of the great inventions and discoveries of this latter era, which, themselves the offspring of human necessities, have proved the grand means of social amelioration and advancement—to glance at the progress of art and literature, and the means available for their universal diffusion—and to suggest the connection and correspondence which ever must exist between the progress of science and invention, the spread of letters and the fine arts, and the progress towards the complete civilization and happiness of the human family.

Foremost in the list of inventions by which mankind has profited stands the STEAM-ENGINE. It is the one invention which has given birth to a thousand others; it is the vital principle of our machinery and manufactures; and is at once the Titanic power which achieves the mightiest labours, and the docile servant obedient to the feeblest hand. By steam we plough the stormy billows in the teeth of opposing winds, and bring together the uttermost parts of the earth—by steam we delve the mine, raise the hidden ore to the surface, blast it in the furnace, and weld the glowing masses to purposes of utility—and by steam, if need be, we grind a pin or polish a needle's point. There is hardly a purpose in the domain of industry to which it may not be applied, and there is scarcely a spot to be found, where labour is the business of life, in which the steam-engine in some form or other is not the motive power. Let us glance briefly at the birth and parentage of this wonderful servant of man.

Hero of Alexandria, who lived about two thousand years ago, was the first man who pointed out the efficiency of steam as a mechanical force. It seems doubtful whether he proceeded further than merely making known the principle upon which an engine of great power might be constructed; he was fond of mechanical puzzles, and of the contriving of curious instruments capably adapted for playing off practical jokes, or producing effects calculated to astonish the uninitiated, but which were for the most part not applicable to any useful purpose; and we are of opinion that his steam-engine, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, never existed save in his own illustrative diagrams. The invention of the steam-engine has been claimed by a Spaniard for one Blasco de Garay, who is stated to have made a successful experiment in steam-navigation in the harbour of Barcelona as early as the year 1543, and to have been rewarded by Philip II. for his invention with the gift of two hundred thousand maravedis—a statement which smacks too much of the improbable to be generally received. Arago, the distinguished French philosopher, makes a much more modest claim on behalf of Solomon de Caus, who, by a work which he published in Frankfort in 1615, shows that he was at least aware of the expansive force of steam, and suggests a mode of applying it to the propulsion of a column of water to a great height. Some years after the appearance of De Caus's book an Italian engineer, named Branca, published a work, in which he pointed out several novel applications to which steam-power might be directed. The first Englishman who turned his attention to the



2476.—Goldsmiths' Hall.



2477.—Goldsmiths' Hall.



2478.—Front of National Gallery.



2479.—Royal Exchange.



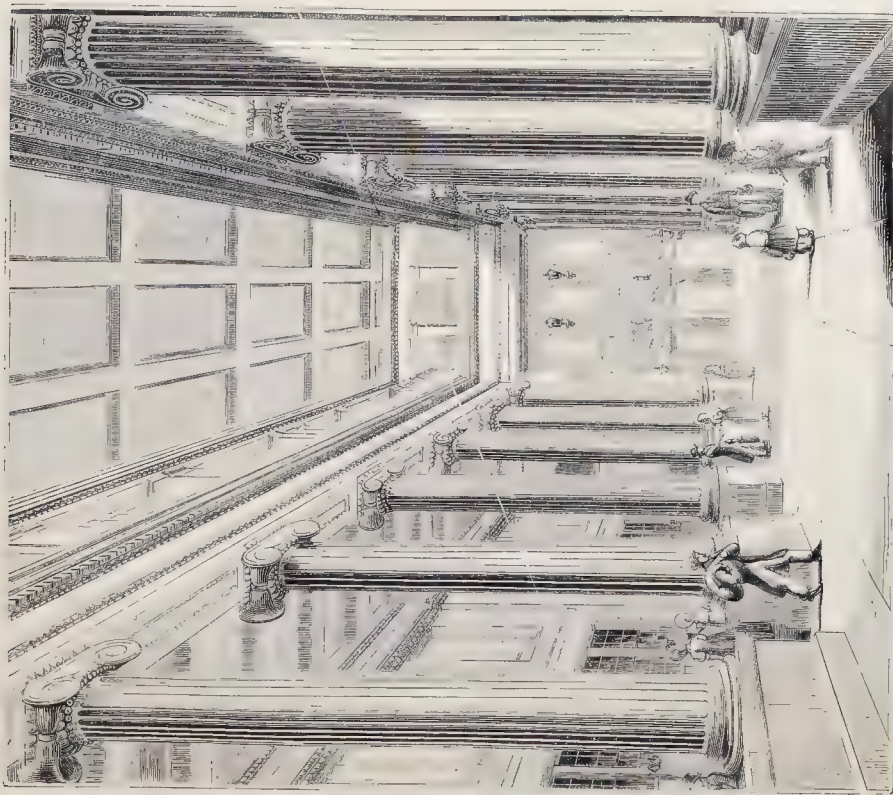
2480.—Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.



2182—The Illinois State Capitol.



2183—The Illinois State Capitol.



2184—Interior of the Illinois State Capitol.

power of steam appears to have been the royalist Marquis of Worcester. The story goes that while he was imprisoned in the Tower he was one day cooking his dinner, when he observed that the lid of the pot was repeatedly forced upwards by the vapour of the boiling water. It occurred to him that the same power which raised the pot's lid might be applied to other uses. On recovering his liberty he set to work to test his idea by experiments, which proved perfectly successful. According to other accounts, the Marquis owed his first idea of steam force to the unfortunate De Caus, whom he found among the lunatics in the Bicêtre, whither he had been sent by Cardinal Richelieu for pertinaciously haunting him with his invention. Allowing this account to be true, the Marquis has still the merit of first demonstrating how the agency of steam could be used for mechanical purposes.

Various causes combined to render the engine of the marquis of no practical use, and it remained in abeyance for many years. In the meanwhile a Frenchman named Papin discovered the means of producing a moving power by a piston working in a cylinder, the motion to be effected by the condensation of steam into water. This was a most important discovery, but Papin took no steps to carry it out. The idea of a working steam-engine seemed now for a time abandoned, and the subject might have remained longer in neglect than it did, had it not been that the water got into the Cornish mines faster than it could possibly be pumped out, and as one of them had to be abandoned after another, the mining interest was fast going to ruin. The ordinary pumps proving of no avail, Captain Thomas Savery turned his attention once more to steam, and in 1698 devised a machine that answered the purpose. This was a combination of the invention of Worcester and the discovery of Papin, and was the germ of the steam-engine as it now exists. It was a rude contrivance, however, and so expensive and wasteful in operation as to be only of very limited use. It was subsequently much improved by Newcomen, a Cornish agent, and though still costly in its working, became extensively used in the mining districts.

The engine of Newcomen, with improvements of various kinds by Smeaton, Brindley, and others, continued in use for a considerable part of the last century; but it was employed for few other purposes than the pumping of water, and probably, so imperfect and expensive was the machinery, would not have been employed for that, could the same service have been accomplished by other means.

But the man who was to make the steam-engine the monarch of mechanical forces now came upon the scene, and to him we must turn our attention. James Watt (Fig. 2457), a native of Greenock in Scotland, was born in 1736. From his infancy he showed a fondness for mechanics and mathematics. His father had the sense to foster his natural bent, and the lad grew up amid the studies and pursuits he loved best. At the age of nineteen he was apprenticed to a mathematical instrument-maker in Cornhill. On returning to Scotland he obtained the appointment of mathematical instrument-maker to the University of Glasgow, and he here gained the friendship of the scientific men of his day, to whom his shop became a common resort, and by whom he was held in the highest esteem for his remarkable genius and candid simplicity of character. Watt was about twenty-six years of age when his attention was first turned to the principles of the steam-engine. There was in the College a model of Newcomen's engine, which was used by the professors for the sake of illustration; it had got out of working condition, and Watt was employed to put it in order. In discharging this task he discovered that the principal cause of the waste of steam and fuel was the injection of cold water into the cylinder, for the sake of producing a vacuum, and he conceived the idea of obviating this grand defect by the use of a separate condenser. He had completed this invention by the summer of 1765, and the result was a vast and immediate saving in the cost of fuel. Another improvement effected by him about the same time was the use of steam instead of atmospheric air for the propulsion of the piston, which he accomplished by admitting steam from the boiler above and below the piston alternately. These were immense discoveries; but some years elapsed before Watt was enabled to bring them fairly before the public. An introduction to Dr. Roebuck at length enabled him to take out a patent, and to construct an experimental engine on a large scale, the success of which at once established the truth and value of the principles he had adopted, and placed him fairly on the road to fame and fortune.

Dr. Roebuck becoming embarrassed in his affairs, Watt, in 1773, entered into partnership with Matthew Boulton, of Soho, near Birmingham, and commenced the manufacture of his engines. An application to Parliament obtained for him an extension of his patent up to the year 1800, and he now applied himself vigorously

in reaping the reward of his labours and in carrying out further improvements. One of the most remarkable of these was the invention of the shuttle-valve, by the opening and partial closing of which the supply of steam is increased or diminished as it is required. That the purpose for which the shuttle-valve was designed should not be defeated by want of vigilance on the part of the man in charge of the engine, Watt connected the lever by which its motions were regulated with an apparatus constructed on the principle of the regulator employed in windmills, to which he gave the name of the governor. By this means the motion of the engine could be regulated with perfect nicety, and, with ordinary care, security from accident was obtained.

The steam-engine had now been brought by the energy and intelligence of Watt to a state of high perfection; but still several years passed away before the parties most interested in its use could be made aware of the advantages to be reaped from the new improvements. The men of the mining interest, who should at least have appreciated the enormous saving in fuel, continued to employ their old and wasteful engines, and it was only by making large sacrifices that Watt and Boulton were enabled to supplant them by their own superior machines. This they effected in the end by compounding for a portion of the savings accruing from the substitution of the new engines of Watt for the old ones of Newcomen. The portion agreed upon was one-third of the savings; and in order that there might be no dispute as to the amount, Watt invented an apparatus for counting and registering the strokes made by the great beam of the engine, and thus making manifest the labour it had performed: this apparatus was lodged in a box with two locks, of which the miner retained one and the patentee the other—opening it in each other's presence once in three months to ascertain the rent due. Ultimately this *pro rata* payment was commuted into a rent-charge, which varied throughout the mining districts from 100*l.* up to 800*l.* a-year for a single engine, according to the amount of horsepower.

With less regard for mere wealth than most men, Watt grew rich before the patent right granted to him and his partner expired in the year 1800. At that period he retired from the firm, leaving his two sons with his late partner to reap the further harvest of wealth which his own genius had secured. At the age of sixty-four he withdrew to his estate of Heathfield, in Staffordshire, where for nearly twenty years he enjoyed the society of a large circle of friends, the pleasures of intellectual pursuits, and the recollections of a well-spent life. He died in 1819.

The history of the steam-engine during the last half-century—its various modifications, improvements, and applications, would occupy, and indeed has occupied, several volumes—and even a glance at that history would necessitate the entering into details foreign to our purpose. The steam-engine exists at present in every variety of form, and does the chief part of the work of the world; but in whatever shape it is found its construction is based upon the principles which the genius of Watt eliminated and brought into practical working. Let us turn now to

STEAM NAVIGATION.—(Fig. 2458.)

We have alluded above to the somewhat apocryphal exploit of the Spanish naval captain, Blas de Garay, who was said to have succeeded in propelling a vessel by steam in 1543. Passing over that exploit, as at present wanting authentication, we find in the Marquis of Worcester's 'Century of Inventions,' an obscure statement relative to a vessel moved by steam, "which should, if need be, pass London Bridge against the current, at low water." Some twenty years after the publication of this book, Captain Savery attempted to realise the idea, but failed. Fifty years later, Jonathan Hulls took out a patent for running vessels by steam, which, with other attempts in the same direction, also came to nothing. It was not until the year 1774 that a French nobleman, the Comte D'Auxeron, launched a boat upon the Seine, which actually moved against the stream, though at a slow rate; but his experiment failed, as did that of his countrymen Perier, who repeated the attempt in the following year. Three years afterwards the Marquis de Jouffroy made attempts on a larger scale on the Saône at Lyons. The breaking out of the Revolution put a stop to his efforts and forced him into exile. On his return in 1796 he found his inventions pilfered and patented by a watchmaker named Des Blancs, and could obtain no redress. Fulton was at that time in France, and experimenting with the same view; he fell in with Des Blancs and proposed a partnership, but no arrangement was made between them.

In America experiments were made in steam navigation by

Ramsay and Fitch, as early as 1783. Ramsay, in 1784, succeeded in attaining a rate of speed equal to three miles an hour; and he afterwards came to England, where he launched a vessel on the Thames in 1793, which progressed against tide at four miles an hour. Though these essays were not successful, they yet showed the possibility of success, and experiments began to multiply in various quarters. Among the most remarkable were those made by Patrick Miller, on Dalswinton Lake, in Dumfriesshire, in which he was mainly assisted by William Symington. By these experiments a speed of seven miles an hour was obtained and the possibility of steam navigation established. But the merit of an invention is due, not to the man who first discovers the principle, but to him who brings it first into practical use—and it is therefore to Fulton, the American, that in this instance the merit must be awarded. It appears that Fulton, while on a visit to this country, learned much from Symington, who made no secret of his knowledge, but explained everything without reserve. On his return to America, Fulton found a capitalist in Chancellor Livingston, and, obtaining engineers from the works of Boulton and Watt, at Birmingham, commenced the building of his steam-boat at New York. His fellow-countrymen laughed at his plans, and nicknamed his boat 'Fulton's Folly'; his personal friends were civil, but they were shy of being seen in his company; and if they listened to his explanations, it was with a cast of incredulity on their countenances. The rabble mocked and jeered him, and waited to crush him with their scorn on the bursting of the bubble. But he held on his way in tranquil confidence as to the result. In January, 1808, came the long-expected trial. In the presence of a vast crowd of spectators the boat glided from the wharf, "and the minds of the incredulous were changed in a moment." Before she had run a quarter of a mile the greatest unbeliever was converted; the jeers of the mob died away, at first into bewildered astonishment, and the next moment were succeeded by shouts of acclamation and applause. The progress of the boat up the Hudson was one continued triumph, and the success was complete. This, the first steam-boat on the Hudson, was called the 'Clermont,' from the name of Mr. Livingston's country residence, and she continued to run up and down the river during the season.

Within a few weeks after the triumph of the 'Clermont,' Mr. Stevens, of Hoboken, launched a steam-vessel, which he took round to the Delaware, and which was the first steamer that braved the tides of the ocean. From that moment steamers multiplied rapidly in all the American rivers, and soon became the ordinary means of communication. It was not until four years after (1812), that Mr. Henry Bell, of Glasgow, launched the 'Comet,' the first British steam-vessel, on the Clyde, which he employed to transport passengers across the river. In the following year a second and larger vessel appeared on the Clyde, built at the cost of Mr. Hutchison, of Glasgow. She ran between Greenock and that city, and performed the distance (twenty-seven miles) twice in the day, often traversing the whole route in three hours, and carrying a hundred passengers. This decided success on the Clyde led to new projects in other quarters. In 1814 a small pleasure-boat began to ply between London and Richmond; another, built in Bristol, was sent up to London for the Gravesend station, but had to be withdrawn owing to the opposition of the watermen. In 1815, the 'Margory,' a steamer of seventy tons, was sent from the Clyde, also intended for the transport between London and Gravesend; she maintained her ground in spite of the watermen, and continued to run between the two places. The 'Margory' was followed by the 'Thames,' which, sailing from the Clyde to Dublin, was mistaken by the Irish pilots for a vessel on fire, and they swarmed off to rescue her with a view to salvage. From Dublin she went round to Portsmouth, where her appearance created the strangest excitement in the harbour. From Portsmouth she proceeded to Margate, and thence to London, outstripping the quickest sailing vessels in her passage.

By this time all doubt as to the practicability and advantages of steam navigation had vanished from every mind, and capital without stint began to be invested in the construction of steam-vessels. By the year 1818, besides a considerable number plying on the Thames, there were steamers on all the principal rivers of England and Scotland—two intended to run between Holyhead and Dublin; and several in Russia, France, Spain, and the Netherlands. The two which crossed the Irish Sea were the 'Ivanhoe' and the 'Talbot,' which were employed in the mail service. Their complete success established the possibility of ocean navigation by steamers, which now came rapidly into use in the coasting service. Regular lines of communication were organised, not only between our home ports, but between those and such foreign harbours as were conceived to lie within the limits of steam-navigation. As the vessels improved in construction, these limits were found capable of

indefinite extension, and embraced not only the coasts of France, Belgium, and Holland, but those of Spain and Portugal and the Island of Madeira, as well as the Scandinavian ports in the north.

The spirit of enterprise, fortunately for the general weal, is never satisfied, and it now began to be rumoured about that it would be possible to cross the Atlantic itself in an ocean steamer, and thus to abridge, by at least one half, the distance between England and America. The people generally believed the thing was practicable enough; but the men of science, almost to a man, set their faces against it, and demonstrated the absurdity of the idea. At length some bold spirits determined to settle the disputed question by a trial. The 'Sirius,' a vessel of seven hundred tons, sailed from Cork on the 4th of April 1838, and struck at once across the Atlantic for New York; and but a few days later the 'Great Western' started from Bristol for the same destination. The voyages of both ships were brilliant triumphs; neither of them stopped at any port for assistance or supplies of fuel, but steamed right on towards America; and both—the 'Sirius' first, and the 'Great Western' a few hours later—entered the harbour of New York on the same day, the 23rd of the month. "Long before their arrival, notice of their coming had been given, and when the ships approached the shores of the greatest commercial city of the New World, they were greeted with flags and banners, and with music and ringing of bells, and the acclamations and applause of unnumbered multitudes. Half the width of the Atlantic had been annihilated, the year had been doubled in its length, and three-fourths of the causes of strife and discord had been destroyed for ever; for ten thousand avenues had been opened of mutual advantage and regard between the two great branches of the most wealthy, the most enterprising, and the most powerful among the nations of the world."

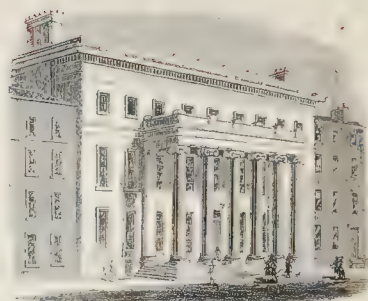
Two years after the Atlantic had been thus bridged by steam, the Oriental Steam Packet Company placed their floating towns in the waters of the Mediterranean, and brought the vast empire of India within thirty days' distance of home.

Since that period fifteen years have elapsed, and every year has been marked by an extension of steam navigation, an increase in the number and size of the vessels, the power of the engines employed, and their rate of speed. The passenger-traffic across the Atlantic has been well-nigh monopolised by the various lines of steamers which, competing with each other, traverse the broad ocean in an average period of ten or eleven days, keeping time with a precision hardly excelled by wheel carriage on land. We have mail-packets to the West Indies and the Cape running regularly by steam; and by steam we transport thousands of emigrants to the antipodes, abridging the perils and inconveniences of the voyage by one-half of its former duration.

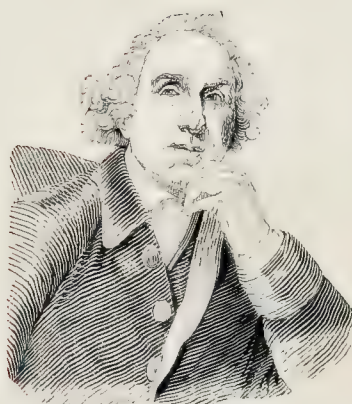
But this is not all. The application of steam to ships-of-war was naturally desired so soon as it was found to answer for passenger-vessels. The Government were not slow in enlisting the new power in the service of the navy, and numbers of war-vessels were built, uniting the qualities of strength and speed, and mounting pivot-guns of large calibre in lieu of the usual broadside, which had in a great measure to be dispensed with on account of the position occupied by the paddles on either side. This arrangement of the paddles was fatal to the use of steam in men-of-war armed with heavy batteries for close conflict; and it was felt that, unless some other means than paddles above water could be devised for propulsion, the larger vessels of the fleet would profit little by the use of steam. While the naval authorities were pondering on this desideratum, a private gentleman was experimenting at home on a new mode of propulsion by means of a screw situated under the water. He had conceived the idea that if the worm of a screw were broadened and flattened into a spiral flange, offering a large surface to the water, and set revolving, it would draw a considerable weight after it in the direction towards which it wormed its way. A series of experiments confirmed the notion, and was further attended by the discovery that a complete screw was not required, but that less than one turn of the screw did the business more effectually than a coil of many turns. In actual working, the screw of a screw-steamer is nothing more than a broad, flat vane, curved in opposite directions, and revolving rapidly on a pivot. Its comparatively small size enables it to be conveniently placed between the rudder of a ship and her after-run, where it is at once out of the way, interfering in no respect with the working of the ship, and out of danger at all times from hostile shot. This invaluable invention, the merit of which is due to Mr. F. P. Smith, rendered the application of steam-power to men-of-war easily available, and it has consequently been largely adopted by the Government. We have now war-steamer of one thousand to four thousand tons burthen, and



2184.—Bank of England.



2485.—College of Surgeons.



2486.—John Hunter.



2487.—Royal College of Physicians.



2488.—University College.



2489.—British and Foreign Schools, Borough Road.



2491.—The Houses of Parliament.



2492.—old London Br. Lee.



2490.—Tropetary College, Cheltenham.



2493.—Vauxhall Bridge.



2494.—W. H. H. H. H.

carrying from ten to a hundred and thirty guns. These are facts, however, upon which we need scarcely enlarge, as the events of the late war, and the part enacted in it by our war and transport steamers, must be fresh in the recollection of the reader.

But the triumph of steam navigation has yet to reach its climax. While we write, there is building on the banks of the Thames a monster steam-vessel, of such enormous capacity as dwarfs in comparison even the leviathans of the navy. The 'Great Eastern' steam-ship is over the eighth of a mile in length, and between eighty and ninety feet in width in the widest part. She is built entirely of iron, in eleven distinct, water-tight compartments, and has a double hull, or outer framework, far above the water-line, also divided into numerous water-tight chambers. She will have promenades on deck a furlong in length, and saloons and sleeping accommodation for four thousand passengers. She will carry coal enough for a voyage out and home of twenty-five thousand miles, and have stowage-room for five thousand tons of merchandise in addition. With her entire burthen on board she will weigh twenty-seven thousand tons, and yet, owing to her enormous length, will draw but twenty-eight feet of water. She will be propelled through the waves at the rate of twenty miles an hour, by a screw twenty-four feet in diameter, moved by engines of two thousand horse-power, and by paddles fifty-six feet across, driven by two engines of a thousand horse-power each—and, in addition, will have the means of spreading from six to seven thousand square feet of canvas, upon seven masts, to catch the breeze. Her anchors will weigh fifty-five tons, and there will be two hundred tons of capstans, cables, and warps: these immense appliances will be handled by steam-engines, stationed at convenient points; and, owing to this provision, it is calculated that a crew of four hundred men will be sufficient to manage and control the motions of the prodigious fabric. It is estimated that her vast weight will effectually resist the attacks of storm and wind, and that sea-sickness will be a thing unknown in her experience. For long-boat she will carry a steamer a hundred feet in length—about as large as one of the Gravesend pleasure-boats, or of the gun-boat flotilla. The captain will have to use a telescope to watch the manœuvres of his crew, and to telegraph his orders by signals; and the compasses will be raised forty feet above the deck to remove them from the disturbing influence of the mass of iron below. This stupendous experiment will cost, ere the first trial is completed, nearly a million sterling; and if successful, as in all respects it promises to be, will return a round profit upon the capital thus daringly invested. Her success, if she does succeed, will inaugurate a new epoch in the history of steam navigation.

RAILWAYS.

The earliest form in which the railway existed in England was that of the tram-roads used as approaches to mines, quarries, and collieries. The first tram-roads were merely planks of wood laid upon sleepers, in order to keep the wheels of carts and wagons out of the soft mud; these were followed, at first, by sheets of iron, then by a species of iron gutter made to receive the wheels and retain them in the right track, and then by raised iron rails, having a flange on one side to confine the wheel. The flange was afterwards transferred from the rail to the wheel of the carriage, an improvement which was first adopted at the Penrhyn slate quarries in Wales, about the year 1801, and has continued in use ever since. The first railway, or rather tramway carriages, were drawn by animal power; but so early as the year 1802, Captain Trevithick, of Cornwall, took out a patent for a steam carriage, and in 1805 exhibited one on a tramway at Merthyr Tydvil, which drew a train containing ten tons of iron and several passengers. Trevithick's invention did not, however recommend itself to the public, and the idea of steam locomotives appears to have slept for a time. The success of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, which was completed in 1825, aroused the emulation of the inhabitants of Manchester and Liverpool, who resolved to connect these towns by the same species of road. They applied for and obtained an Act of Parliament, and in spite of engineering difficulties of no ordinary kind, owing to the seeming impossibility of consolidating a way over Chat Moss, they completed the iron roads in the year 1830. The question was yet undecided whether they should use steam or animal power for the draught; but as the directors wished to obtain a high rate of speed, they offered a reward of 500*l.* for the best steam locomotive that could be produced. On the day of trial four competing engines (Fig. 2459) made their appearance, and the prize was gained by the 'Rocket,' built by Mr. Robert Stephenson. The line was opened shortly afterwards, and exceeded in regularity and speed the most sanguine expectations formed of it—to the

immense benefit of Liverpool and Manchester, notwithstanding that the cost of the line had been a million and a half.

The example thus set was speedily followed by the projection of the London and Birmingham Railway (Figs. 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463), which had to traverse a distance of a hundred and ten miles, to bore through hills, to span wide valleys, and to cross rivers—for all of which the necessary capital and talent were found, and the work completed in due time, at the expense of seven and a quarter millions. Next came the design of uniting London with Bristol; and the Great Western line was planned and accomplished by Brunel, on a scale of magnificence and expense hitherto unheard of. This was followed by the completion of the line from London to Southampton; which latter place has become, since its connection by railway with London, the third port of the kingdom, and the principal point of departure for the ports of the Mediterranean and the East. Simultaneously with the above important undertakings were commenced others of a similar nature; and as year after year passed away, that vast reticulation of railways which now overspreads the whole face of the land like a net, came gradually into being. Their construction gave birth to a new class of officials, of working labourers, and of manufactured material, and at the same time tended more to modify the manners and customs of Englishmen than any other event of modern times. The facilities of intercourse have multiplied the amount of travelling nearly a hundredfold within the last thirty years, and the result has been a general diffusion of that species of information and knowledge of the world which travelling universally imparts. Old prejudices have been swept away, a liberal and cosmopolitan spirit has to a large extent displaced the old local jealousies—freedom of intermixture has broken down the ancient bigotries, and the way is left clear for the march of improvement.

At the present moment the capital invested in railways in this country amounts to little less than a hundred and twenty millions. In return for this vast outlay we have advantages not to be estimated by pecuniary values. We can traverse the kingdom from one end to the other in a day; we can transact business in an unlimited market; we can visit all that is worthy of observation at a low cost both of money and time, and can renew as often as we please the pleasures of social intercourse with absent friends. London, as the grand centre of railway communication, is, so to speak, in contact with the uttermost limits of the land. From Euston Square (Fig. 2460) we can reach the Birmingham Terminus (Fig. 2463) in three or four hours, or any city or town of note, with corresponding celerity, as far as Aberdeen in the North of Scotland. From King's Cross we may fly to York, and thence again to the northernmost limits of the island. By the Great Western, at Paddington we are borne to Bristol, and down through Devonshire and Cornwall to the verge of the Land's End. From the Waterloo station we are shot down to the Southampton Docks, and, breakfasting in the Strand, may dine in the British Channel. From Shoreditch we are whirled through the eastern counties to the shores of the German Ocean; and from the London Bridge Station (Fig. 2464) we may reach the south coast in two or three hours, or be wafted into the heart of Paris in time for dinner. Again, we have the railway as a domestic convenience, taking us to and fro from our homes to the scenes of our daily labour. From Fenchurch-street, in half an hour, we may reach Blackwall (Fig. 2465) or any suburb to the east or north of the City; and on all the lines short and cheap trains are constantly running at intervals of but a few minutes up to a late hour of the day. The first line open to the London public was that between London and Greenwich (Fig. 2466), and within twenty years from its opening the whole of the above important undertakings have been planned and completed.

We say not a word here on railway interests, railway speculation, railway panics, railway manias, and railway morals: such things would lead to endless animadversions which, happily for us, lie beyond our province.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Of all the advantages derived from a knowledge of the subtle electric medium, there is none that will bear any comparison with the Electric Telegraph. That a man should be able to converse instantaneously with a friend at a hundred or a thousand miles, distance, and separated from him by barren wastes or rolling seas, seems at the first blush a notion so absurd as to harmonise only with the dreams of a lunatic. Yet this seeming impossibility is actually taking place in numberless instances even while we write—for the electric telegraph has become a common medium of communication, and among commercial men is already regarded but as a quicker and rather more expensive kind of post-office.

The first idea of supplanting the old semaphore by an adaptation of electricity to telegraph purposes was entertained almost from the earliest dawn of electric science, which may be said to have had its birth with Franklin's discoveries. (Fig. 2467.) Lomond, in 1787, by his suggestive remarks, paved the way for actual experiment. Reizer, in 1794, made a small apparatus in his own house, by means of which he was able to communicate from room to room by momentarily illuminating pieces of tinfoil, inscribed with letters, by the electric spark. Volta's discovery of the direction of an electric current, and the battery which he contrived, gave a new impetus to the project; and, in 1807, Sömmering constructed a telegraph, worked by means of that battery, by which signals could be transmitted to short distances. In 1819 Professor Ørsted, of Copenhagen, made the discovery that a needle balanced on its centre could be deflected on either side by a galvanic current, according to the direction in which the current was transmitted. It is upon the discovery of Ørsted that the principle of the electric telegraphs now in use is based, though the contrivance of the apparatus and the application of the principle are due to others.

Mr. Cooke, having closely watched some interesting experiments in Germany, resolved if possible to turn them to a practical account. In 1836 he made trials with telegraphic instruments of his own devising, with a view to their use on the railway lines. In the following year he became acquainted with Professor Wheatstone, who had been for some time engaged in the same pursuit, and with whom conjointly he took out a patent for a telegraph. In this first essay five needles were employed, the movements of which stood in lieu of the letters of the alphabet. In 1838 they took out a second patent for an improved plan, in which the five needles were reduced to two, and provision was made for communicating, not only between the two termini, but with any of the intermediate stations. The improved telegraph was tried in 1839 on the Great Western Railway, and was perfectly successful. Various other improvements now followed in rapid succession, the merits of some of which were claimed exclusively both by Cooke and Wheatstone, and led to a fierce quarrel between the quondam partners, and no end of controversy. Meanwhile the telegraph made rapid way with the general public, and loud demands were heard for its universal adoption by the railway companies. Mr. Bain stepped into the arena with some most important inventions and improvements, which promised the fullest efficiency to the telegraphic system, and gave a fresh spur to enterprise. In 1843 Cooke matured and adopted a new plan, of suspending the electric wires on poles instead of burying them in the ground—a plan which at once reduced the expense of the entire apparatus to one-half, by allowing the substitution of iron wires for copper ones. From this time the connexion of the electric telegraph with the railway was deemed a matter of course, and its absence was considered a reasonable ground of complaint. Regarded as an element of safety, the telegraph was certainly the greatest possible boon to travellers, as by it was secured to every station on every part of the line the knowledge, when such knowledge was needed, of what was going on elsewhere. At the present moment there is hardly a railway in the United Kingdom without its attendant train of electric wires running along the line.

As might have been expected, the advantages to commerce of rapid, or rather of instantaneous, communication were readily appreciated. Electric-telegraph companies rose into being; and by capital and enterprise, communications were speedily opened with every place of note in the kingdom. Next arose the wish to traverse the seas and to connect the Continent with England by a bond of instant intercourse. The newly-discovered material, gutta serena, arrived just at this critical juncture, and furnished the means of isolating the wires and protecting them from the action of the brine. The first ocean telegraph was sunk in the British Channel, and by its complete success gave an impetus to further undertakings of the same kind. The Irish Sea was the scene of the second trial, which also succeeded, and connected the Green Isle with Great Britain. Subsequent enterprises of greater extent and difficulty have been crowned with equal triumphs; and at the present moment communications are made from London to most of the capitals of Europe—to the shores of the Mediterranean, and even to the Black Sea. It was by means of the electric telegraph that, during the Crimean war, we received the earliest information of its progress, and the sufferings and exploits of our troops; information which a few hours sufficed to convey to us, but which, under similar circumstances to those prevailing during the wars of the first Napoleon, would have taken as many months to have reached our shores.

From the past triumphs which have been achieved in this direction, things which, to hear them spoken of, smack of the absurd and impossible, may almost be predicated with confidence. At the

moment while we write measures are actively afoot for joining the New World to the Old by the electric wire. Already is Newfoundland connected with America; and it may come to pass that, before these lines are through the press, New York and London may be reciprocating hourly intercourse across the broad Atlantic. When that grand link in the chain of communication is completed, we shall be able to talk in the same hour with the Far West, with the shores of southern Europe, and with the Scandinavian ports of the North; and we shall have accomplished the larger half of the boast of the fairy Puck, who offered to

"put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."

In America the electric telegraph was brought into popular use much earlier than with us, and was constructed on a much cheaper and more simple plan, principally by the energies and under the direction of Professor Morse. Single wires were made to traverse vast prairies and boundless forests, joining the most distant territories with each other, and working quite independent of the railway lines. It is by means of these far-stretching wires that, so soon as the Atlantic wire is successfully submerged, London will be united with the shores of Mexico and the Pacific.

Though the cost of an electric telegraph traversing a long distance is necessarily great, yet, from the rapidity with which its work is accomplished when the apparatus is complete, the charge for the transmission of messages or news is so moderate as to be within the reach of all classes. A despatch of a few words may be sent a hundred miles for a shilling, and every day in the year thousands of such despatches flash along the wires. At a still cheaper rate, proportionally, is the telegraph available for reports of a more lengthy nature; so that, during the sessions of Parliament, the proceedings of the Houses in London are sent flying along the wires as fast as they take place, and are published to the extent of whole columns in the far northern counties simultaneously with their publication in the columns of the 'Times.'

As yet the electric telegraphs are for the most part, if not all, the property of joint-stock companies, who work them for the benefit of the shareholders; but there is no reason (the permission of the patentees being first obtained, or their rights expired) why they should not become the mediums of private convenience and luxury. Once substantially constructed, the cost of maintaining them in working condition is comparatively trifling, and it may be that the time is not far distant when additional discoveries shall supply additional facilities, and electric communication for purposes of general intercourse shall become as common as the water-supply, or the supply of any of the daily necessities of life.

GAS LIGHT.

A hundred years ago the streets of London were lighted for the most part by the individual efforts of the housekeepers, kept up to the duty by the night watchmen, who, when the dark nights of winter set in, called for "a whole candle" to be set up in a front window, and thundered at the door of any house that was slow to display it, threatening fine and penalty in case of non-compliance. In 1760, or thereabouts, began the system of lighting with oil lamps, a plan which endured until 1815 and after, and which most Londoners approaching the age of fifty must remember perfectly well. These lamps exhibited only a minute spark suspended in a round glass pot, and barely served the purpose of defining the outlines of the several streets. Experiments with gas had been made more than a century before by Dr. Hales and subsequently by Dr. Clayton; but the idea of using it for the purpose of lighting seems to have first originated with Mr. Murdoch, of Redruth, in Cornwall, who had contrived an apparatus with that view in his own house and offices. Public attention was first attracted to the subject in the year 1802, when, on the occasion of the rejoicings on account of the Peace of Amiens, the same gentleman made use of coal-gas for illuminating the extensive factories of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, near Birmingham.

Not long after this, a German named Winsor drew popular attention to the same subject in London, where, in 1804 he obtained a patent as inventor of gas, and showed its efficacy by lighting up with it the Lyceum Theatre; but Winsor was an uneducated and unscientific man, and his attempts ended in commercial loss and practical failure. In 1810 a company was formed, who, on obtaining their charter, purchased large premises in Westminster and commenced business on a large scale. They wrought for some years without profit, but as the utility of gas became more apparent, they obtained power to increase their capital and extend their works, which at length became amply remunerative. Between the years 1815 and 1820 the old oil lamps almost entirely disappeared from the streets of London, and in lieu of



2192.—John H. Thompson.



2193.—St. Lawrence Bridge.



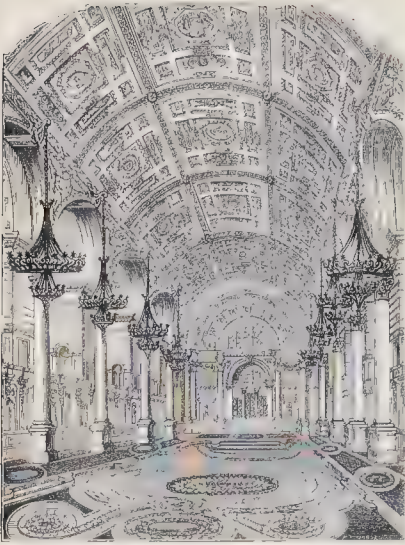
2194.—Montreal Bridge.



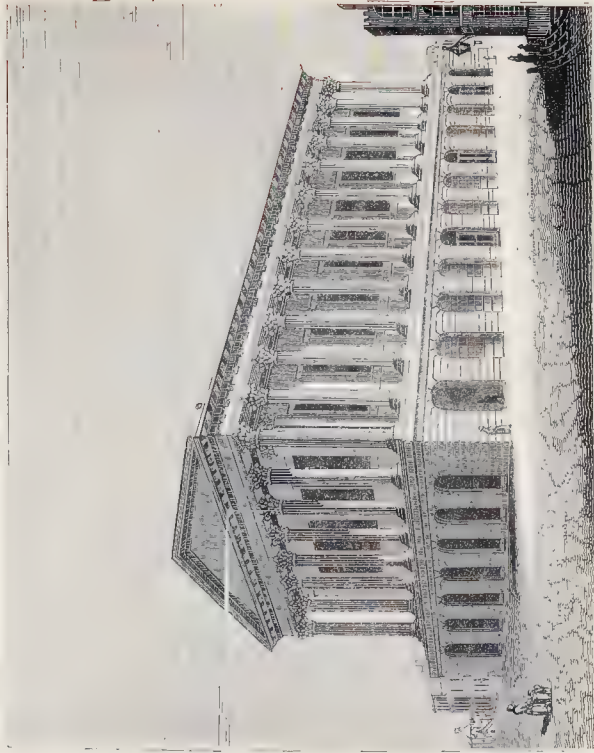
2197.—Arch of Louis Bridge.



2198.—Interior of Tunnel.



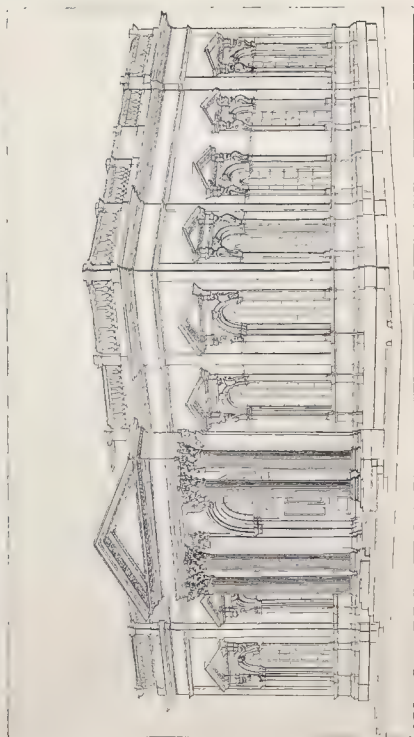
2500.—Interior of St. George's Hall, Liverpool.



2501.—Town Hall, Birmingham.



2502.—Glasgow Exchange.



2503.—Glasgow Town Exchange.

the blinking darkness of the old days, a brilliant light sufficient for all the purposes of traffic illumined the public ways. The introduction of gas in private houses and shops was not so rapid. Owing to inexperience in applying the necessary fittings, and carelessness in the management, numerous accidents and some fatal explosions took place, which had the effect of retarding its general spread: these obstacles to its usefulness were however removed when the nature of the subtle material became better understood, and the demand for more gas was heard on all sides. New companies arose, and as competition came into play, the gas fell in price, and, from its superior cheapness and excellence as an illuminating power, gradually made its way wherever there was the means of its introduction.

Since the first gas-pipes were laid down London has more than doubled itself in extent, but the gas-mains have kept pace with its enormous growth, and in all directions stretch beyond the limits of the farthest suburbs. It would be difficult to estimate precisely either the quantity of gas consumed, or the mileage of pipes employed in the metropolis at the present moment. There are now above a dozen gas-light and coke-companies within the limits of the capital; some of them consume as much as a hundred thousand chaldrons of coal each, yearly; and their united mains buried in the ground are said to exceed a thousand miles in length, while the aggregate of the service-pipes and the smaller pipes above ground, if laid in one continuous line, would extend to twenty times that distance. Gas is now used for almost every purpose to which fire can be applied; it not only lights our streets, dwellings, theatres, churches, chapels, and workshops, but it melts our precious metals, warms our apartments, cooks our food, and enters largely as an implement of labour into numberless branches of our industrial operations.

A very brief glance at the mode in which gas is manufactured and distributed will not be uninteresting to the reader. A gas-factory is an assemblage of buildings (Fig. 2468) constructed for carrying out the following operations. The coal to be converted into gas and coke is first put into a series of retorts, which are closed iron vessels arranged side by side in groups of five or seven (Fig. 2469). Each retort holds about two bushels of coal loosely thrown in, and they all lie horizontally over furnaces glowing at a red heat sufficiently fierce to decompose the contained coal. From each retort a pipe, as shown in the engraving, leads above and dips again into the large horizontal pipe, called the hydraulic main. The liberated gas ascends by the pipe from each retort into the hydraulic main, carrying with it various impurities which would unfit it for combustion in that state. The chief part of these impurities, the tar, the oil, and the aqueous vapour are left by gravitation in the main, from whence they can be drawn off at pleasure, and the gas is conducted forwards by pipes to the purifying and condensing apparatus (Fig. 2470), where it is freed from its remaining impurities, and especially from the offensive sulphuretted hydrogen with which it abounds, and which would render its use deleterious if not fatal to health. This is accomplished by forcing the gas through a mixture of lime and water contained in cylinders, as shown in the engraving. The lime has an affinity with the carburetted hydrogen, and abstracts it from the gas, leaving the latter pure. In order to effect a thorough purification the process is repeated several times by the gas passing through several of these lime-containing vessels in succession: the engraving shows three, but more are often used. To insure the complete efficiency of the lime, and prevent its waste, it is kept in a state of constant agitation during the process, and when saturated by the carburetted hydrogen is replaced by a fresh supply. The lime may be used for this purpose in either a wet or dry state, and is in fact employed at different establishments in either condition. In this manner the gas can be thoroughly purified, and as its purity can be tested at any moment by the simplest and speediest means, it is never knowingly dispensed to the public in an impure state.

The gas, being purified, is led on through the meters, which are ingeniously-contrived instruments for measuring the quantity manufactured, into huge cylindrical reservoirs of enormous capacity, usually made of iron sheeting, and inappropriately called gasometers. A gasometer (Fig. 2471) may be compared to a huge diving-bell suspended, its orifice downward, over and partly in a correspondingly huge circular tank, just large enough to permit of its sliding up and down, and filled with water. The gas, as fast as it is manufactured, is led through one large pipe, which emerges above the surface of the water, into the vast air-tight cavity, its retreat by the same pipe being prevented by a valve. As new gas is manufactured its entrance forces up the huge inverted vessel in which it is stored: when wanted for use it is led off by another pipe of equal or greater diameter into the underground mains, along which it is forced by the pressure of the superincumbent mass of the inverted cylinder, and

which pressure can be increased or diminished to the greatest nicety at any moment. Some of these gasometers are of anomalous size, containing as much as sixty thousand cubic feet of gas; they will retain their invisible stores unwasted for months, if need be, but are observed to sink and empty themselves rapidly when turned on to supply the far stretching mains of the metropolis. (Fig. 2472.)

The introduction of gas, while it has prolonged the working hours of the day—a doubtful benefit perhaps—and banished for ever the impenetrable darkness of our towns and cities at night, has given employment to hundreds of thousands of the industrial classes. At its first appearance it imparted a new impulse to the iron trade, and set multitudes at work in digging fresh ore and casting leagues of the iron-piping. Later it has given rise to the ornamental arts of the brazier and gas-fitter, and the introduction of artistic designs in the form of gaseliers and burners—and, owing to these elegant appliances and the light they are the means of disseminating, has done more towards the increase of home luxuries and comforts than any other invention or discovery thus domestically applicable.

When gas was first burned in private houses, shops, offices, &c., it was paid for according to the size and description of the burner used, at so much for each burner. This plan was unsatisfactory to all parties, from the impossibility of justly apportioning the payment to the quantity consumed. The invention of the meter and its general introduction arose out of the necessity for it—and now, and for many years past, gas has been burned by meter at a charge of so much per thousand feet. The gas meter is a contrivance by which the quantity of gas passing through it is made to exercise a pressure proportioned to its volume upon a surface of water, and causes a cylinder contained within it to revolve. The quantity of gas which must pass through the meter to effect one revolution of the cylinder being known, and the number of revolutions registered by an apparatus of simple clock-work, it is easy at any time to see the amount of gas which has passed though since the last inspection, by simply referring to the dial-plate. In some of the gas manufactories meters of a most complex kind have been erected at a great cost, contrived to show, not only the quantity of gas consumed daily and consuming every hour, but also the quantity made and constantly making—and thus to exhibit at one view, and at any moment, a debtor and creditor account, as it were, betwixt the coal and the gas—a standing, correct, and perennial balance-sheet of the business on hand. (Fig. 2473.)

It is when looked at in a commercial point of view that the advantage of using gas in preference to any other known means of lighting is most conspicuous. From calculations carefully made, it is shown that, compared with wax (the light produced being equal), the cost of gas is but one-tenth—compared with oil it is but one-fourth—and compared with tallow one-third: these ratios, however, are by no means fixed, but vary considerably with the quantities of either material consumed—gas being much cheaper when consumed in large than in small quantities.

COTTON MANUFACTURES.

Twenty years ago it was calculated that the cotton manufactures of this country furnished employment for nearly a quarter of a million of the population, taking into account the numbers not only engaged in spinning, weaving, dyeing, printing, and variously preparing and finishing the material, but also those occupied in fabricating the necessary machinery—those navigating the seas to import the raw material, and those who were the dispensers of the finished goods to the public. Such a manufacture, which has risen from the simplest beginnings within little more than a century, must naturally have exercised a vast influence both upon the commerce of the country and the condition of the population. We must endeavour therefore, though all too briefly, to take a rapid survey of its early rise and progress—seeing that, next to agriculture, it forms the most important branch of our national industry.

Time was when the yarn from which our ancestors formed their clothing was spun by their wives and daughters with the wheel and distaff—and we are old enough to remember well the use of these humble implements in the cottages of the poor people of the provinces—for though cotton fabrics have been common enough during the present century, there is a vitality in old customs—and the hand-spinning of woollen yarn to be woven for household use died out slowly. The introduction of cotton, which furnished the material for a more cheap and convenient fabric, gradually displaced the ancient industry; but the cotton yarn during the infancy of the manufacture had itself to be spun by hand with the same ancient implements; and the weavers found themselves and their looms often at a standstill for want of yarn from the spinsters. With these hindrances to production, it is no marvel that the demand for cotton goods increased far beyond the power of supply, and that the value of the goods

grew higher and higher in the market. This state of things always acts as a stimulus to enterprise and invention—and now various machines were contrived with a view to accelerate the production of cotton yarn. The first that was patented was the invention of Lewis Paul, a foreigner, but it failed in the working and came to nothing. Thirty years later, in 1768, M. De Genes published an account of a machine to make cloth without the hands of the workman, but by water-power; it is remarkable that the description of this machine comprises the very principles of the power-loom subsequently brought to such perfection. De Genes' machine, however, failed in his hands, as did also further experiments in the same direction made by Dolignon and Vaucanson. An Englishman named Austin met with more success, and completed a power-loom, which was put up in a factory near Glasgow, but which also had to be abandoned after working a short time.

It was while these experiments were making with the loom, and which were destined to wait for their success until success of another kind had been achieved, that Richard Arkwright was pursuing the lowly occupation of a country barber. Born at Preston in 1732, his childhood was passed in indigence and privation. As a boy he was apprenticed to a barber, and when he had served his time he set up for himself in Bolton, where he flourished the razor up to his twenty-ninth year. In 1760 he closed his barber's shop and began roaming the country in quest of human hair, which he bought from the heads of the peasant girls and sold to the makers of wigs; and it is surmised that he was possessed of some nostrum for dyeing the hair, which increased the profits of his curious trade. His first effort at mechanics was an attempt to discover the perpetual motion, in which he met with the usual reward of such enthusiasts. Abandoning that hopeless pursuit, he next turned his attention to the means of supplying the demand for spun cotton, now daily becoming more loud and urgent. It was at Preston, in 1767, that the rudiments of his design began to assume shape, and inspired him with the determination to bring his machine into use. Fearful, however, of coming into collision with Hargreaves, who had taken out a patent for a similar purpose, he removed to Nottingham, where he hoped to find friends who would advance the pecuniary supplies. These, after some trouble, he obtained from the Messrs. Wright, bankers, of that town; but they grew weary of getting no cash returns, and turned him over to a stocking-maker of the name of Need; Need also got tired of him, and again turned him over to Mr. Jedediah Strutt. Mr. Strutt was a good practical mechanic, and he pointed out several deficiencies in Arkwright's machine, and by his suggestions enabled him to supply what was wanting. Messrs. Strutt and Need subsequently joined Arkwright in partnership, and built their first mill, which was moved by horse-power, in Nottingham. It was entirely successful as to working, and was followed by the speedy erection of another at Cromford, turned by water-power. From various causes, it happened that for a period of five years these mills were wrought without a profit; still the partners persevered, and having effected important improvements in their machinery, began at length to reap their reward. When the tide of prosperity did set in it flowed unceasingly, and the firm accumulated wealth with a rapidity unexampled till then. Arkwright, the barber's apprentice, rose into honour—extended his operations into other countries, and was knighted by George the Third. He died in 1792, universally respected, and left to his heirs a fortune of half a million sterling.

Let us now glance cursorily at the process by which cotton is transformed into calico. Cotton, as our readers know, is the white woolly fibre contained in the pod of the cotton-plant, and enveloping the seed. The best for manufacturing purposes is the *Sea Island* cotton, which comes principally from Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina. The cotton is imported in bags, in a state too foul for use. The first operation is that of cleaning, and for this purpose it is exposed to the action of machines, of infernal nomenclature, in which it is variously tormented, being torn by revolving spikes, blown and blasted by revolving fans, and beaten and buffeted by metallic blades, until it is purged of its impurities, and the fine wool separated from the waste. It is then prepared for carding—a process by which the filaments of the wool are drawn parallel to each other. The cotton leaves the carding-machine in the form of a soft, thick thread, and from thence it is passed into the drawing-frame, the invention of Arkwright, through which it is often made to pass hundreds of times, until it is of one uniform thinness and texture. The cotton, now one continuous cord, is next passed to the mule-room, where, by means of a machine originally called a fly-frame, and which, by repeated improvements has been brought to an astonishing state of perfection, it is at one and the same time stretched out to a uniform thinness, twisted into the form of twine, and wound upon bobbins attached to rods to receive it. The yarn

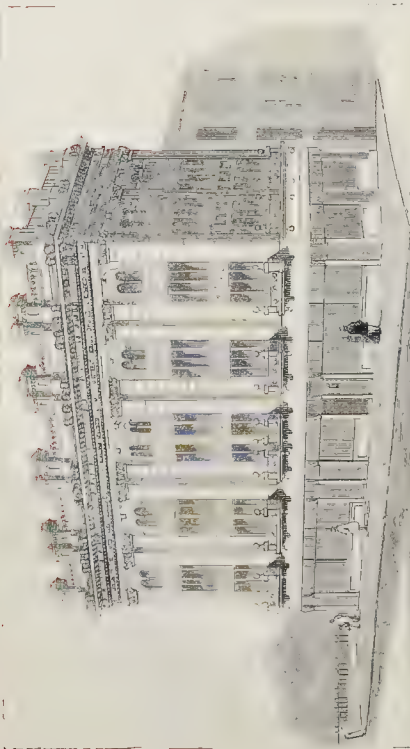
is now complete, and ready either for home use or exportation—that which is intended for warp being first wound into hanks of a uniform and definite length.

The next process is the weaving; and it is clear that if invention in this direction had not kept pace with Arkwright's machinery for the production of yarn, the cotton trade would have gained comparatively little by his endeavours. This apprehension was in fact at one time seriously entertained; and it was owing to a conversation on this subject which took place in 1784, that the Rev. Dr. Cartwright commenced experiments in weaving by machinery. He spent 40,000*l.* in these experiments and in patenting his contrivances, and yet had finally to give up the hope of success. Some Manchester firms who made similar attempts similarly failed. The main obstacle these experimenters had to contend with was the frequent breakage of the warp, which compelled them to stop the machinery. This was at last obviated by the invention of the dressing-machine by Mr. Radeliffe, of Stockport, by which the yarn used for the warp was strengthened by passing through a reservoir of thin paste or starch. Radeliffe's invention showed the perfect practicability of the power-loom, which was subsequently brought, by the improvements of Mr. Roberts, of Manchester, to a condition of working completeness; and being moved by steam-power, which at about the same period came into general use in factories, has proved sufficient to meet all demands both as to the quantity and quality of the fabrics produced.

But the calico when woven is nothing more than a mere white sheet: we must see how it becomes covered with elegant patterns, and adapted for the gratification of female vanity. About the middle of last century there lived in the village of Blackburn, in Lancashire, a small farmer, a man of vigour and observation, who cared nothing for labour so that good were to come out of it. He formed the design, and kept it secret, of printing patterns in calico—well knowing that if he could succeed, a large reward would follow. He gave up his farm, and set to work at a new trade. With his own hands he cut out on blocks of wood the figure of a parsley-leaf; he fixed a handle on the back of each block, and drove a pin in each of the corners in the front. He mixed his colours with alum, stretched his calico on his table-top, applied his blocks to the colours first, then to the calico, and striking the back of the block sharply with a mallet, printed the coloured impression of the leaf on the cloth. The pins at the corners enabled him to repeat the operation in the right place, until the whole of the cloth was covered. When it was dry his wife and daughters ironed out the piece with the flat-iron; but as this took more of their time than he liked to bestow on it, the farmer set to work again to contrive a machine to supersede their labour, and in quick time had invented the mangle, which answered the purpose equally well, and which the world then saw for the first time.

The farmer, whose name was Robert Peel, worked on heartily, and his goods became much sought after. As he was prudent enough to keep his secret to himself, he secured a monopoly of the trade, and grew rich very fast. His eldest son, also a Robert, joined him in the business, and grew so rich that he could afford to raise a regiment of horse for the service of the Government, and was made a baronet for his loyalty. He sent his son, a third Robert, to college; and the grandson of the farming cotton-printer of Blackburn became, as all the world knows, the triumphant consummator of free trade and the prime minister of the empire.

The wealth of the Peels was not, however, won by block-printing. That process was found all too slow, and had to be abandoned. Mr. Peel had recourse to cylinders instead of blocks, engraving the pattern on the face of the cylinder, which he made to revolve with half its surface in a box containing the colouring matter—the colour being shaved off, save in the hollows formed by the pattern, by a blade of soft steel. The cloth, passing between the two cylinders, receives the impression of the pattern, and then passing over another cylinder filled with hot steam, is almost immediately dried. There must be, of course, as many cylinders used as there are colours in the pattern; yet so rapid is the process, that a piece of calico twenty-eight yards in length, and of several colours, which it would have taken a week to print by the block method, may be done by the cylinder machines in two minutes. The first printed cottons were of an indifferent colour, being imperfectly bleached by exposure to the air; but chemistry came to the aid of industry, and by the application of chlorine a perfect white was obtained, much enhancing the beauty and brilliancy of the patterns. Again, the first printed goods would not wash without discharging their colour. This defect was obviated by the use of mordants, which bind the colours effectually, and prints now retain their hues to the last.



2500.—Dublin on Leinster Square.



2501.—Harbour and Dublin Bridge.



2501.—Tavern, corner of Long Acre.



2502.—St. Patrick's Bridge, Dublin.



2508.—Seven Stars Hall



2511.—Seven Stars



2510.—London, from the City



2509.—Suburb of Knightsbridge

We need not pursue the history of cotton fabrics any farther. Were we to do so we should have to enter upon a field of inquiry of such vast extent as would only perplex and bewilder us, looking to the mere span of space we could devote to it. Let it suffice to say, that talents of the highest order, capital without limit, and unceasing energy, have been employed in this department of commerce for the last fifty years—that all that art and ingenuity can effect in the production of the most exquisite fabrics and designs is constantly effected, and that the markets of the whole world are supplied from the cotton-factories of Lancashire.

Contemporaneously with the cotton manufactures, those of silks, woollens, and linens have advanced, if not in a corresponding ratio as to quantity, yet with equal strides as to excellence in production. The textile fabrics of England, whatever be the material employed, take rank among the first in the world for excellence of workmanship, for strength and durability. In design, it must be confessed, they yield to those of France and the southern nations; but of this defect the home manufacturers are fully aware, and are sparing neither pains nor expense to repair it. A new spirit has been latterly aroused in reference to this subject, and it may be confidently anticipated that a few years will suffice to connect the fine arts as closely with the manufactures of Great Britain as they are connected with those of any people on the globe.

MACHINE PRINTING (Fig. 2474).

In the days of Addison and Johnson, when the former published his 'Spectator' weekly, and the latter invented reports of Parliamentary proceedings for the gratification of the public, the press was thought a wonderful engine of reform, and was supposed to be doing the work of enlightenment, of which it is the destined instrument. Yet in those days it was but a rude, unwieldy contrivance of wood, manageable only with great labour, and capable of producing but two or three hundred copies of a single small sheet per hour—and that printed only on one side by the united exertions of two strong men. The press of the printer had in fact improved but little from the days of Caxton to those of Benjamin Franklin, who, as a journeyman printer, handled the clumsy contrivance in London during some part of the third decade of the last century. The first person who made any important improvement in the printing-press was the late Earl Stanhope, who made the whole of his machine of iron, and by substituting the action of the lever for that of the screw reduced the labour of the workman by at least one-half. Further improvements in iron presses were made by Clymer, an American, by Cope, Hopkinson, and others: but these iron presses, though they saved the muscular toils of the workman, did not contribute very much to accelerate his movements, and the rate of production of printed sheets still continued at two to three hundred copies per hour.

In the year 1791 Mr. Nicholson projected an improved press, and took out a patent for affixing types to a revolving cylinder, but failed in his attempts to execute his purpose. In 1804, Herr Koenig came from Saxony to London, and obtained a patent for working the common press with power—a plan which he had ultimately to renounce. He then made trial of the cylinder instead of a flat surface, and constructed in 1811 the first steam-press successfully worked in Britain. On the 28th of November 1814 the 'Times' newspaper was printed by a machine of this kind, and with steam-power, for the first time. This was a grand success, as a thousand impressions were producible in the hour—a rate which by after improvements was increased to eighteen hundred. In 1815, Koenig set up a new machine for printing the sheet on both sides, which worked at the rate of eight hundred copies per hour. Not long afterwards, Messrs. Cowper and Applegath produced a machine of much more simple construction than Koenig's, which perfected a thousand copies within the hour—a machine which, with various modifications and improvements, has continued in use to the present time throughout the kingdom. But ere many years had elapsed, the improved circulation of the 'Times' newspaper demanded a corresponding acceleration in the production of copies—a demand which was met by Mr. Applegath, who, by ingeniously combining in one leviathan machine four of the single machines, was able to supply impressions at the rate of four thousand five hundred an hour, printed on one side. But even this rate of production, great as it was, did not long continue to satisfy the exigencies of the 'Times,' whose circulation, amounting to forty thousand copies a-day, demanded a producing power of ten thousand copies an hour. "To meet this demand required the abandonment of the reciprocating motion of the type form, and so to arrange it as to make the motion continuous, for which only the circular

motion would do. Accordingly, a large central vertical drum, or cylinder (in the 'Times' printing-machine this is two hundred inches, and sixty-four inches in diameter) was set up, to which the columns of type were fixed. This drum is surrounded by eight cylinders, also placed with their axes vertically, upon which the paper is carried by tapes. Thus in every revolution of the drum the type form is successively pressed against each of the eight cylinders, and the type being successively inked, and each of the eight cylinders supplied with paper, eight sheets of paper will be printed in one revolution of the drum." By this machine fifty thousand copies have been taken without a moment's stoppage in less than five hours; and the principle is indeed capable of still greater extension. Shortly after it was set to work, Mr. Applegath offered to the Royal Commissioners of the Great Exhibition, to make a machine which, with a rate of motion no greater than that of the 'Times,' should print forty thousand sheets per hour, or eleven sheets between every two ticks of the clock; and to have effected this he would have required only to have enlarged his central drum so as to have afforded space for the necessary number of additional cylinders around it.

The application of machinery to the printer's art has been, as was foreseen, productive of a complete revolution in the literary calling, in the bookselling and publishing trade, and in the position and patronage of both. A century back, authors and publishers looked for encouragement from the ranks of the upper classes, who alone were regarded as the intelligent and educated orders. A writer sought out a patron, who was to receive his dedication, and to introduce him to his peculiar circle, as naturally as he sought out a publisher; and if by this humiliating procedure he managed to sell four or five hundred copies of his book, he thought himself tolerably successful. That state of things has passed away for ever. The judges and patrons of literature are now not the few but the many. The first and most finished authors of the day address themselves to the masses and millions, not to limited cliques and circles. The expensive volumes, and the editions of a few hundreds, have given place to the cheap serial and the weekly impressions of hundreds of thousands. We purchase for pence more and better literature than our grandfathers bought for shillings—better in point of authorship, of morality, of practical sense and educational value; and the poor man's periodical, which he gets for a penny, is often better worth, intellectually considered, than the half-crown volume of even fifty years ago, and contains as much matter.

Contemporaneously with improved means of letter-press printing have arisen various arts, tending to adorn and illustrate the works of literary men. The art of wood-engraving, which may be said to have commenced in England with Bewick, and which enables the artist to multiply indefinitely copies of his drawings, has expanded under the fostering hand of the multitude, until its exercise has become almost as common as that of a handicraft trade, and has further arrived at such a degree of perfection in the hands of its most skilful professors as to leave further improvement impossible, and little more to be desired in that direction. It is by the wood-engraver's skill that the illustrated periodicals of the day are rendered producible at the low price at which they are disseminated, and it is to him we owe the major part of the illustrations which render modern works doubly instructive by appealing to the eye as well as to the mind.

Again, by the art of lithography, of which our forefathers knew nothing, works of art are reproducible on the largest scale, to stock our portfolios, adorn our dwellings, or illustrate our books. This art was the discovery of a German, and from the lowest and apparently most hopeless beginnings has become one of the greatest triumphs of artistic ingenuity and perseverance. By modifications and improvements on its earlier processes, and the application of new ones, its professors now produce fac-similes of the works of the best artists, glowing in brilliant colour, and tastefully graduated with the most delicate tints of the pencil—thus spreading an appreciation of the higher qualities of art among the multitude.

A further aid to the illustration of books and the dissemination of works of art is found in the electrotype process, by which duplicates or repetitions to any amount, either of wood-engravings or copper-plates, are obtainable at small expense. The process, which is very popularly known, was discovered not many years ago, and is based upon the fact that the metal contained in the crystals of sulphate of copper may be precipitated upon a given surface by means of a galvanic current. This process is largely used in the multiplication of engraved plates, the impressions from which it has rendered much cheaper, as by it any number of copies, instead of the twelve or fifteen hundred which a single plate would produce, are procurable.

We are bound to add, that the process of electrotyping is applicable to an infinite variety of purposes besides those of pictorial art. In Birmingham and the manufacturing districts are large establishments for the production of jewellery, plate, busts, statuettes, and numberless articles of luxury and taste, in the formation of which silver and gold are precipitated from metallic solutions, instead of copper, and the most superb and magnificent results are produced, distinguishable in no way from the triumphs of the working goldsmith and jeweller, save by the lowness of their price.

The foregoing columns, according to our notion, record, though but briefly, the chief facts connected with those inventions and discoveries, the operation of which has been productive of the most influence upon the condition of society in the present day, and contributed most to bring about the existing contrast between the present race of Englishmen and the race of a century back. There are doubtless other inventions which have had their share in the result, but not, it is believed, in so great a degree. Many of these, however, are too important to be passed over, even in this sketch, and we shall therefore add a brief notice of those which appear to have the strongest claim to attention.

The improvement of time-pieces, from its bearing on navigation and astronomy, is deserving of especial notice. It is now nearly a hundred years since Harrison perfected his time-piece for obtaining the longitude at sea, and claimed and received from the Government the reward of 20,000*l.* for so doing. Since his time the chronometer has been improved by various hands to a degree of perfection that throws the success of Harrison far into the shade. Instruments are now made whose variation is less than the twentieth part of a second a month; and they are sometimes known, after traversing the globe for a period of four or five years, to have returned with hardly any perceptible variation at all. At the same time, corresponding advance has been made both in the manufacture and the cheapening of clocks and watches—so that the humblest artisan of our time may suspend in his room, or carry in his pocket a time-piece, whose correct performance would have been a marvel to the horologist of a century back. The business of common clock-making, especially, has been so simplified that the whole works of a clock can now be struck with a single blow from a brass plate, and the complete fabric in working order sold for a crown-piece.

The telescope, the ultimate capabilities of which were rather conjectured than proved in Newton's time, has in our day arrived at a state of excellence and efficiency of which that great philosopher never dreamed. Sir William Herschel, about 1783, commenced the construction of his great reflecting telescope upon the principle followed by Newton, and by 1789 had completed his famous instrument, which in the hands of himself and his son has added so much to the stock of astronomical knowledge. In the meantime, by the researches and experiments of Dollond and others, the portable dioptric instruments were freed from the prismatic rays which rendered them comparatively useless, and were improved in penetrating and defusing power. This great improvement was due to the combination of different kinds of glass in the formation or arrangement of the lenses. But by far the greatest triumph in this department of mechanics and science has been accomplished in our own day by Lord Rosse, whose monster telescopes, built on his own estate in Ireland, have opened a new universe to the investigations of the astronomer—have dispelled errors entertained by the mightiest intellects of past and present times, and discovered truth at a distance which the rays of light would fail to travel in millions of years.

What the improved telescope has done for the astronomer and the navigator, the improved microscope has done for the naturalist and the minute observer. In the hands of our forefathers the microscope was little more than an expensive toy; in the hands of the investigator of to-day it is the revealer of new worlds, teeming with wonders, and yet contained in a pinch of dust or a globule of water. More than that, its small illuminated field is the ultimate court of appeal in all cases of disputed identity of matter, and settles the question definitively. It has taught us, among other things, that every department of Nature teems with animal and vegetable life, and that these living forms are of the last importance in the economy of the world. Even our own organisms—our eyes, heart, brain, muscles, and skin—are the realms of animalcule existence, and every creature that runs or flies swarms with countless multitudes of these invisible tribes. Beings are found so small that five hundred millions of them could be shut up in a single drop of water; and the solid earth we tread upon, when it is examined, is seen to be formed of their dead bodies.

The art of photography, an art unknown by the British public twenty years ago, and which consists in delineating natural objects upon metal plates, glass, or paper, by the action of light, appears to have been simultaneously discovered by Daguerre in France, and Talbot in England. The principle of the processes adopted by either was the same, though the results were obtained by different means. By both the figure of the object to be represented is first thrown by a lens upon a surface rendered by chemical solutions sensitive to the action of light; and the impression thus obtained is fixed in a dark chamber by other chemical applications. The art has been enthusiastically received and practised both here and on the Continent, and has at length been brought to a state of almost magical perfection. Scenes of beauty and of such intricacy and perplexity as would defeat the endeavours of the pencil are transferred instantaneously to the sensitive surface with the utmost fidelity—and we have thus the means of obtaining faithful transcripts of every natural object, whether at home or abroad, “in the heavens above or in the earth beneath;” and we may add, “or in the waters under the earth”—for the lens of the photographer works faithfully at the bottom of the sea, of which a minute, but well-defined portion photographed at the depth of five fathoms, lies before us as we write. There probably never was an art which became so suddenly popular, or which is likely to retain its popularity so steadily. Already photographic portraits are to be numbered by millions—and as they cannot fail in point of resemblance, and may be obtained at merely a nominal price, the demand for them seems likely to be ever increasing and permanent. What will be the ultimate effect of photography on either the arts or the manufactures of this country, it would be as yet rash to pronounce; almost daily new agencies are tried and new wonders produced, and we can only pause and wait in silent expectation.

The improvements in agriculture demand especial notice. Our grandfathers were content to “plough and sow, and reap and mow,” on the old routine principle which had sufficed to feed the population of England for a thousand years. We have grown so numerous that we should starve if we acted on that principle. Our additional millions want additional food, and must have it; and though we derive a large quantity from foreign markets, we are, and ever shall be, mainly dependent on our home growth. To increase the home produce, therefore, is now, and has been for many years past, the grand aim of the agriculturist. The introduction of guano (the dung of birds imported from the coasts and islands of the Atlantic and Pacific) showed the possibility of stimulating production to a point it had never yet reached; and this conviction once fairly entertained, there was no lack of energy on the part of those whose interest it was to make the most of their land, in the prosecution of new systems of cultivation. Draining, sub-soiling, levelling of fences, and the enclosure or tillage of wastes, brought fresh land under the plough, and the introduction of new implements of husbandry, and steam machinery, and additional capital, has made or is making the whole soil of the country doubly productive. The abolition of protective duties, which threw the English farmer on his own resources, has taught him to know the true value of them, and he is richer and more independent at the present moment than he was in the days of the sliding scale or a fixed duty; and for the wealth he now enjoys, he is indebted to his own industry—not to an obnoxious law. He has invested his gains cheerfully in the mechanical means for largely increasing them, and has now at hand every appliance which the mechanical arts can afford him for abbreviating labour and rendering it more profitable.

Within the last fifty years immense improvements have been effected in the manufacturing of iron in all its branches and departments. Without these, indeed, it would have been impossible to meet the demands excited by the exigencies of steam-machinery, steam navigation, and the railroad. In digging the ore, in smelting and casting it, in welding and rolling huge masses, and in forging them by steam hammers, miracles of mechanical skill have been accomplished, each of which is a triumph of human industry and enterprise. They are all eclipsed, however, by the late discovery of Mr. Bessemer, now undergoing its experimental tests, and which promises, if successful, to reduce the cost of iron by two-thirds, and at the same time to accelerate the processes of manufacture, so as to render building with iron at once cheaper and more rapid than with the combustible materials at present employed.

The improvements in the manufacture of glass of all kinds, and which followed closely on the abolition of the glass duty, have had the effect of cheapening that material by more than one-half, while they



2314. Galloway Street, Newcastle's.



2313. Royal Avenue, Newcastle.



2321.—John Howard, the Philanthropist.



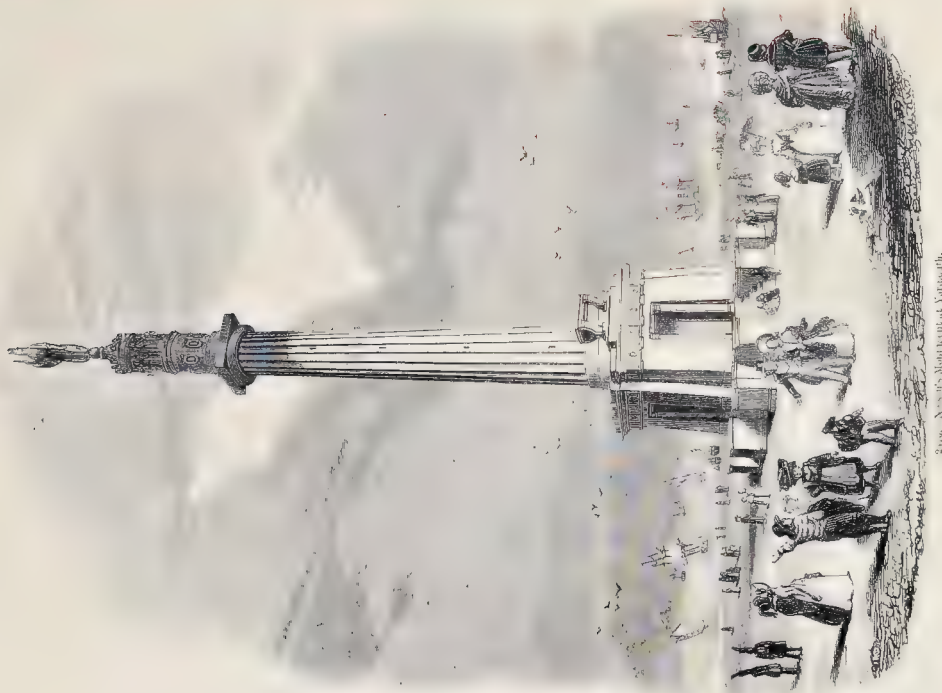
2315. Grey Street, Newcastle.



2317. George Canning.



2318. Norton.



2319. Nelson's Monument at Edinburgh.



2320.—Old Houses of Lords and Commons.

have added light to our dwellings and splendour to our apartments. Plate glass is now as common with shopkeepers, who can insure it against mischief or accident, as the crown glass and green bulls' eyes were in the reign of the Georges—and in the house of every tradesman we now see mirrors in common use which a century ago would have been the marvels of a palace. In the ceramic arts a corresponding advance has also been made. The potteries of Staffordshire now rival in elegance and excel in the durability of their wares the productions of Dresden or of Sevres, and their commerce has increased since the days of Wedgwood to such a prodigious extent as to exceed in amount the aggregate of that of all the continental potteries united. In machinery of every kind the advance has been greater than the most sanguine mind could have predicted at the beginning of this century. For many years Great Britain produced the machines and engines of wellnigh all Europe, and there is scarcely any department of labour, from stitching a shirt with a needle to elevating the monster tube of the Britannia Bridge, which is not to be performed with machines of British manufacture. Again, in the adaptation of new material to purposes either old or new, most remarkable things have been accomplished. Wood and iron have been superseded by mixtures of India-rubber and gutta-percha, and with coal-tar and caoutchouc in variable proportions, everything that is useful, as well as all that is tasteful and elegant, is moulded in forms of beautiful design and lasting durability. In the manufacture of arms and weapons of war, also, has the present race of Englishmen left their predecessors far in the rear. From the revolving pistol to the Paixhans gun—from the accoutrements of a single soldier to the armaments of a fleet, our resources are equal to all, and ready at any moment. In a word, there is nothing possible within the whole range of industrial enterprise and skill which we have not triumphantly achieved within the memory of living man, while a multitude of supposed impossibilities have surrendered to the incredible pertinacity of the Saxon vigour and determination. We shall conclude this chapter with a few remarks on

BUILDING AND ARCHITECTURE.

The eighteenth century was not distinguished by many remarkable works of architectural merit in this country; on the contrary, that century has been regarded as a period of decline in architecture. The style of building generally adopted was the Italianized Grecian, a tame and spiritless style, as much opposed to our naturally robust habits and predilections as it is ill adapted to our northern climate. The unfortunate preference for this pseudo-classical mixture continued to prevail in this country to a large and mischievous extent down almost to our own day, and to its prevalence we may attribute the existence of such discreditable erections as Buckingham Palace, the National Gallery, and other expensive failures of the kind, which the foreign visitor criticises only with a compassionate shrug of the shoulders. Happily, the partisans of a better taste and more correct style have never been quite extinct, and their influence has latterly taken the lead in reference especially to our newer ecclesiastical edifices. The Gothic style, corrupted it is true by the admixture of modern prettinesses, to mask the absence of true artistic skill, has revived, and bids fair again to supplant all other modes of architecture for religious purposes: and this revival has not been without its effect even upon the fanatics for Grecian pillars and pediments, who have latterly been led to adopt a model more correctly Grecian, yet modified to meet the necessities of our climate.

We shall notice a few of the public buildings of later years, which may serve to show the direction which architecture has taken among us; and we shall confine our remarks for the most part to London and its neighbourhood. Some of the most notable buildings of the metropolis are the halls of the City guilds, which have been erected at a vast expense, and which are, especially when viewed interiorly, monuments of the lavish luxury and expenditure of these wealthy bodies. Fishmongers' Hall (Fig. 2475) was built by Robarts, on the site of the old hall in 1830. The river-front is in the Grecian style, and the entrance front is enriched with bas-reliefs and pilasters. It has a magnificent banquetting-hall, and boasts some rare municipal relics. Among the members of the Fishmongers' Company were Sir William Walworth, who slew Wat Tyler, and Doggett, of coat-and-badge notoriety.

Goldsmiths' Hall, of which Fig. 2476 shows the exterior, and Fig. 2477 the vestibule, stands in Foster-lane, Cheapside, and is the most superb of all the City halls. It was built by Hardwick in 1832–35, and is in the Italian style. The interior is sumptuous and brilliant beyond description, and, as far as that is possible, compensates by its gorgeous magnificence and expensiveness for the absence of refined taste.

The halls of the several guilds are too numerous to be separately

noticed here, and there are none of greater pretensions than the two above mentioned. Let us look further a-field. The National Gallery (Fig. 2478) stands in Trafalgar-square, and was built from the designs of W. Wilkins, R.A., who formed the portico shown in the engraving from the columns of Carlton House. The building is handsome in parts but ugly as a whole, principally owing to the puny dome and absurd cupolas sticking out of the roof. As a depository for the national pictures it proved of little use, and may be regarded on the whole as a practical blunder, by which the Royal Academy alone has profited at the public expense.

The New Royal Exchange (Fig. 2479), in Cornhill, stands on the site of two former buildings appropriated to the same purpose, and which were successively destroyed by fire. It is without exception the finest commercial edifice in London, and was built by Tite in 1842–44. The style is perhaps less chaste than it is florid and exuberant, but is appropriate to the purpose of such a structure; the plan is based upon that of the Pantheon at Rome. The Exchange, unlike most of the public buildings of the metropolis, stands on a site which permits it to be seen and judged in all its proportions.

The Corn Exchange, in Mark-lane, has been compared interiorly to the *atrium* of a Pompeian house: the colonnades within are occupied by the corn-dealers with their samples; but the whole has latterly been roofed in with glass, and the resemblance to the old Roman *impluvium* no longer exists. The front shown in Fig. 2480, with its Grecian Doric portico, was built by Smith in 1827–8, when the corn-market had to be enlarged.

The Mansion House (Fig. 2481), the residence of the Lord Mayor during his year of office, stands nearly facing the arena of the Royal Exchange. The building was begun in 1739, but was not completed until 1753. The elder Dance was the architect, and the style is that of Palladio. The principal front has a fine Corinthian portico, with six fluted columns, supporting a pediment filled with allegorical sculptures. On each side a flight of steps, balustraded, ascends to the entrance beneath the portico; and in the rusticated basement is the entrance to the offices. The grand banquetting-hall within was designed by the Earl of Burlington, and is called the Egyptian Hall, from its accordance with the Egyptian Hall described by Vitruvius. It is sufficiently capacious to dine four hundred guests, and here the Lord Mayor gives his state banquets.

The General Post-office (Fig. 2482), in St. Martin's-le-Grand, was built by Sir R. Smirke, in 1825–29. A hundred and thirty-one houses were pulled down to clear the site for this building. The grand façade has three Ionic porticoes, one at each end and one at the centre. The central one is surmounted by a pediment, and on the frieze is an inscription marking the date of the building. Below are entrances to the grand public hall (Fig. 2483), which is eighty feet long by sixty wide, and divided by Ionic columns into a centre and two aisles.

The Bank of England, in Threadneedle-street (Fig. 2484), stands upon four acres of ground, and has occupied its present site since 1734. The west wings were added by Taylor between 1766 and 1786. Sir John Soane subsequently became the architect to the Bank; and it is to his extensive alterations and reconstructions that the present edifice owes its existing form. There is not much to admire in it beyond its fitness for the purpose for which it was intended. The Corinthian style prevails, but it is rendered heavy and dull by the ponderous appearance of the masses, and is overloaded with ornament.

The College of Surgeons (Fig. 2485), in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was originally built by Dance in 1800, but was almost entirely rebuilt by Barry in 1835–37, who added the stone front shown in the engraving, and the noble Ionic entablature. Here is the famous anatomical collection of the celebrated John Hunter (Fig. 2486).

The Royal College of Physicians (Fig. 2487) stands in Pall Mall East, and was built from the designs of Sir R. Smirke. The style is Grecian Ionic, with an elegant hexastyle Ionic portico, and the interior is sumptuously designed.

University College, in Gower-street (Fig. 2488), was designed by Wilkins, and built in 1827–8. It has a bold and rich portico of twelve Corinthian columns, and a pediment raised on a plinth of nineteen feet, and is approached by a handsome flight of steps. Behind the pediment is a cupola with a lantern light, in imitation of a peripteral temple. The building is four hundred feet in length—and in its rear stands University Hall (where the students breakfast and dine) an erection of red brick in the Elizabethan style. For further specimens of the style of architecture used for collegiate and educational buildings, see Figs. 2489, 2490, 2491.

In the building of bridges the English have been surpassed by no people either ancient or modern. The number of these erections which have been reared within the last fourscore years attests both

the enterprise and success of the men of later generations. We must briefly notice those which span the Thames in or near London. The old London Bridge (Fig. 2492), with its waterworks beneath it, and which is familiar to our readers, was, up to the year 1750, the only bridge over the Thames in London. In that year Westminster Bridge was opened to the public: it was built by Labeledy, a Swiss, is twelve hundred and twenty-three feet long by forty-four wide, and stands on fifteen arches. Its erection, together with its approaches, cost the nation nearly 400,000*l.*; but it was built on so defective a principle, the piers having no solid foundation, that it has cost a much larger sum to repair it within a period of forty years. It is now about to be replaced by a new one in harmony with the designs of the new Houses of Parliament.

Blackfriars Bridge was built in 1760-68, from the designs of Robert Mylne. It was originally a toll bridge, but in the riots of 1780 the mob burnt the toll-house and destroyed the books of accounts. The cost of building was 260,000*l.* Repairs were completed in 1840 at a cost of 70,000*l.*, when the balustrades were removed, and a plain parapet substituted, to the destruction of the architectural effect.

Vauxhall Bridge (Fig. 2493), connecting Vauxhall-road with Millbank, was the work of four different engineers, and was finally finished by Walker at the expense of a public company. The bridge is of cast-iron, but was originally intended to be of stone. The first stone was laid in 1811, but, owing to a suspension of the works, the whole was not completed till 1816. The cost of the erection was 300,000*l.*, and the tolls do not yield one per cent per annum on that outlay.

Waterloo Bridge (Fig. 2494), undoubtedly the finest in London, and which was said by Canova to be the finest bridge in the world, was designed by Linnell Bond, but was built for a public company by John Rennie (Fig. 2495). It was commenced in 1811, and opened in June, 1817. The cost, together with that of the approaches, was nearly a million sterling—more than the cost of St. Paul's, the Monument, and seven churches to boot. The entire length of the bridge is two thousand four hundred and fifty-six feet (not much short of half a mile): it crosses the river on nine semi-elliptic arches of one hundred and twenty feet span each, and the road-way is on a perfect level throughout. It is built of granite, and has Grecian-Doric columns between the piers. As a speculation it proved utterly ruinous to the company, who can return to the shareholders but a nominal dividend on their investments.

Southwark Bridge (Fig. 2496), designed by John Rennie, was built by a public company at a cost of 800,000*l.* It consists of three cast-iron arches, the centre of two hundred and forty feet span, and the two side ones of two hundred and ten feet each, raised above forty feet over the highest tides. The piers and abutments are of stone, founded upon timber platforms resting on piles driven below the bed of the river. The iron-work weighs five thousand seven hundred tons, and was supplied by Walker, of Rotherham. From experiments made to ascertain the rate of expansion and contraction, it is shown that the centre arch rises in summer above an inch. The bridge was commenced in 1813, and opened on March 24, 1819, at the stroke of midnight.

The old London Bridge had long been a cause of accident and a source of anxiety, and a new one was eagerly desired in its place. In March 1824 a new structure was commenced on a spot one hundred feet westward of the old bridge. The design was by John Rennie, who died in 1821, and the work had to be executed by his sons. The first arch was keyed in August 1827, the last in November 1829, and the bridge was opened in state by William IV. in August 1831. This bridge is said to be unrivalled in simplicity and justness of proportion, and is perhaps equalled by none in solidity of structure. It consists of five arches, the centre one, one hundred and fifty-two feet span, is thought to be the largest elliptical arch ever attempted. The material is Scotch and Devonshire granite; and the cost to the city, including the approaches, was little less than a million and a half sterling. It was over seven years in building, and forty of the labourers lost their lives in the progress of the works. The engraving (Fig. 2497) shows one of the dry arches crossing Thames-street.

Hungerford Suspension Bridge, leading from Hungerford Market to Lambeth, was constructed by I. K. Brunel. It consists of two lofty brick piers or towers in the Italian style, to suspend the chains, which are secured in tunnels at the abutments. There are three spans, the central one being six hundred and seventy-six feet. The entire length of the bridge is one thousand three hundred and fifty-two feet, and the roadway is in the centre thirty-two feet above the high-water mark. It was begun in 1841, and was opened in 1845, having been built without scaffolding or impediment to the navigation.

The iron-work weighs nearly eleven thousand tons, and the entire cost was but 110,000*l.*

In connection with the Thames bridges, we are bound to notice the Thames Tunnel (Fig. 2498). This extraordinary work, which connects Rotherhithe with Wapping at a point two miles below London Bridge, was designed and executed by Sir I. Brunel. It was commenced in March 1825—was closed for seven years by an irruption of the river into the works in 1828—was resumed in 1835, and opened for traffic in 1843. It could only have been accomplished by means of the shield, of Brunel's invention. This contrivance consisted of twelve separate parts, each containing three cells. In these cells the miners worked, protected by the shield above and in front, and backed by the bricklayers behind, who built up as fast as the miners advanced. Government lent 247,000*l.* to advance the works, and the total cost was 614,000*l.* The tolls bring in under 5,000*l.* annually, which is barely sufficient to keep the subaqueous thoroughfare dry and in a traversable state. The approaches are by shafts on each side of the river, descending a hundred steps each.

Vast as are the above enterprises in bridge-building in London, they have yet been exceeded in some respects by undertakings of provincial notoriety. To say nothing of the immense railway viaducts, which are bridges over valleys instead of rivers, there is the Menai Bridge which crosses the Menai Straits (Fig. 2499) near the sea at a height sufficiently lofty to permit the tallest ships to pass beneath it; and there is the Britannia Bridge which carries the Chester and Holyhead Railway across the same firth at an equal elevation. Both of these are justly regarded as engineering triumphs unparalleled in the history of the science.

In the provinces, too, and especially in the great manufacturing cities of the empire, we shall find public buildings which vie with the finest in the capital. Thus, the Exchange in Manchester will accommodate three thousand merchants at once; and even this noble edifice is exceeded by the magnificence and splendour of the Manchester warehouses, structures raised solely for commercial purposes, yet vying with, and even surpassing in grandeur and extent, the palaces of the sovereign. Again in Liverpool, we have in St. George's Hall (Fig. 2500) the finest structure in the Corinthian style of architecture in the kingdom, and, what is almost as much to the purpose, a noble building on a noble site. This remarkable temple of justice and the arts was erected from the designs of Lonsdale Elmes, Esq., between the years 1841 and 1851. In Birmingham too, we have a Town Hall (Fig. 2501) of extraordinary magnificence, constructed not only for municipal purposes, but as a place of amusement and recreation for the inhabitants, and capable of containing about 3,000 persons. It is a Grecian design of most imposing aspect, having a splendid series of Corinthian columns which run completely round the walls upon a rustic arcade: the architects were the Messrs. Hanson and Welsh, of Liverpool. Again, in Glasgow, which has more than doubled in size and importance since the birth of the living generation, we find Exchanges (Figs. 2502, 2503) worthy to rank in design with the first commercial piles in the kingdom, and bridges over the Clyde (Figs. 2504, 2505) inferior only in magnitude to those which span the Thames in London.

But the most remarkable building of modern times of which this country has to boast is the New Palace of Westminster, containing the Houses of Lords and Commons, the old Westminster Hall and Law Courts, innumerable committee-rooms, offices and official dwellings, and galleries of sculpture and art, occupying altogether an area of nearly eight acres. This prodigious undertaking was commenced by Barry in April, 1840, and though it has been actively advancing in progress for nearly seventeen years, is yet many years distant from its completion. In style and character it resembles the old town-halls of the Low Countries. Externally it has four points, that on the side of the river being 900 feet in length and divided into five principal compartments panelled with tracery and decorated with rows of statues and shields of arms of the sovereigns of England from the time of the Conquest. The land, or western front, it is said, will even surpass this in elegance. There are three principal towers, of the height respectively of 340, of 320, and of 310 feet, and various subordinate towers will break the line of view. It is impossible, in the narrow space to which we are limited, for us to convey to the reader any adequate idea of the magnificence and profuse splendour which characterise this national building either within or without. It would require a ponderous volume to write down the bare details of the multitudinous pomp and sumptuous ornament which meet the eye at every turn; and to be comprehended, either in its vastness or minutiae, it must be personally seen and deliberately studied.



2520.—Oliver Goldsmith



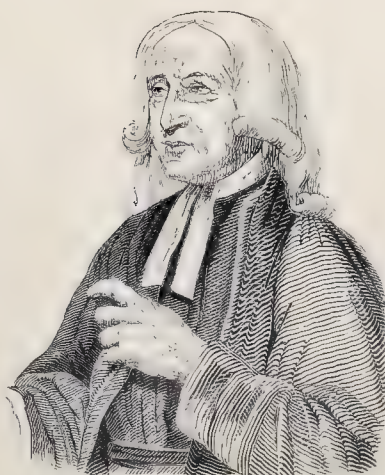
2519.—View of Birmingham.



2525 — Robert Burns



2527 — Edmund Burke



2528 — John Wesley



2529 — Edward Gibbon

We must say one word on the street architecture of London, a subject that cannot be entirely passed over. Owing to the vicious system of letting land for building on short leases, which for a long time prevailed and to a large extent yet prevails, the streets of London were doomed to present the shabbiest, ugliest, and filthiest aspect producible by brick and mortar—for the plain reason, that a man who had but a few years' property in land could not be induced to lay out much money in building on it. To some not inconsiderable extent this evil has been remedied, and in consequence we have had of late years a very remarkable, though by no means a general, revolution in the aspect of new street buildings and shops. Architecture has, in fact, descended to the consideration of shop-fronts, in the design of which talent of no ordinary kind has been displayed. From shops to public offices was but a step, but it has proved in the course of years a step of such magnitude that it is almost doubtful whether the public offices and warehouses in the city are not at the present moment the finest models of a mingled style of architecture to be found in the kingdom. This lavish luxury in brick and stone, in connection with commercial purposes, is a suggestive subject, but we cannot here pause to speculate about it. Some specimens of what we refer to are shown in Figs. 2506, 2507, 2508, and the visitor in London may see more for himself in the neighbourhood of the Exchange and of St. Paul's. But it is in the west end of London that street architecture has taken the most extraordinary strides. The club-houses, those centres of luxury and isolation, are among the most finished specimens of the architect's art, standing as a class pre-eminent in point of expensiveness and magnificence, and only rivalled, if rivalled at all, by the town mansions of the nobility in Belgravia. We may add that in the outlying suburbs of London, and more especially in the west (Fig. 2509), important improvements have taken place in the style of the numberless villas and small cottages with which the land in all directions is everywhere dotted and covered. A better notion of convenience and a more practical regard to health are beginning to prevail, and the result is advantageous to the public in every way. Some idea of the improved aspect of a part of western London may be derived from the engraving Fig. 2510. What is yet wanted is a more considerate regard to the wants of the poor, and a substitution of healthful abodes for the miserable garrets, cellars, closes and undrained courts debouching in such vortices of vice and filth as the Seven Dials (Fig. 2511), to which their degradation and demoralization, each reacting on the other, at present consign them. In this direction Newcastle (see Figs. 2512, 2513, 2514,) has made as much progress, comparatively, as any city in the kingdom.

CHAPTER II.—HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

WE have now briefly to review some of the principal events of our history which have marked the lapse of the last hundred years. In so doing, however, we are debarred by space as well as other considerations, from attempting anything like a connected narrative, which would be foreign to our purpose while it would necessarily prove but unsatisfactory to the reader. All we can do is to select such of those events, with whatever causes they may have been connected, and irrespective of their political character, as appear to us to have been pregnant with results and influences bearing upon the social condition and social progress of the English people. Of the tactics of party and the intrigues of cabinets, the people in the mass know little or nothing, and though their interests may be seriously affected by both, their character is influenced by neither, unless and until the results of such secret agencies are brought home to them in some practical way. For this reason we shall glance only at such historical facts as, being of popular importance at the time when they transpired, may be fairly supposed to have had a share in the formation of the popular character; and we may be compelled to confine our remarks to but a few of the most prominent even of them.

George the Second died, at nearly fourscore years of age, in 1760. He left the world in the height of his military glory, and just when the nation was beginning to be satiated with conquest. The war was continued under George the Third for a few years with still greater triumphs by land and sea, and, having in the course of its duration brought twelve millions of plunder to the nation, was terminated by an advantageous peace in February 1763.

In 1767 arose the first differences, on a paltry question of victualling the king's troops, between Great Britain and her American colonies. The English Parliament, instead of trying

means of conciliation, chose to carry things with a high hand, and in return for the just complaints of the colonists, decreed a tariff of customs upon goods imported from England. The Americans resisted the tariff, and threw the goods into the sea. War followed as a matter of course, and was maintained for many years with unflinching bravery on both sides. But the land forces of the British, under rash and incompetent commanders, suffered bloody defeats, uncompensated by a few partial successes, and two entire armies had to be surrendered prisoners of war to the enemy through the blind ignorance of their leaders. At home the war was unpopular, and the people neither rejoiced at the few successes nor mourned the many defeats: they looked on it rather as an affair of the king's than as their own business, and for the most part sympathised with the bold patriotism of the Americans. In 1776 the British troops were disgracefully ejected from Boston, and the rebels declared their independence. That independence was first acknowledged by France, and subsequently by Spain—events which drew on a war with both those countries; and we contrived to get embroiled with the Dutch soon after. The capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army by the forces of France and America under Washington in 1782, virtually finished the war, by which the Americans secured their independence, to the immense and undying advantage of freedom throughout the world.

In 1780 London was the scene of terrible riots, and was for many days at the mercy of a savage mob, who, meeting in St. George's Fields, at the instigation of Lord George Gordon, with the ostensible object of petitioning Parliament against the Catholic Disabilities Bill, proceeded to acts of plunder and devastation. They reduced all the Roman chapels to ruins, sacked and fired the dwellings of persons supposed to be favourable to Popery, and burned to the ground the prisons of Newgate, the Fleet, and the King's Bench. Advancing, at length, to attack the Bank, they were encountered by a force of armed citizens and a body of the regular troops, by whom upwards of two hundred of them were killed or mortally wounded, and the ringleaders secured. Lord George was tried for having originated the outrage, but nothing was proved against him. He was some years afterwards committed to prison for libel, and died in Newgate in 1793.

The years 1780-81-82 were rendered remarkable by the famous siege of Gibraltar, in which the Spaniards brought all the forces they could command, and exhausted all their resources against the heroic garrison under General Eliott. In the course of the whole three years' siege, the garrison lost but a thousand men by the united plagues of famine and the sword, while an unnumbered host of the Spaniards perished. Their enormous battering ships, which were roofed in to protect them from the shot of the garrison, were set on fire by red-hot balls, then used in warfare for the first time—and the naval force of Spain melted away before the steady hardihood of the British soldier.

In 1789 a revolution burst out in France, which was destined to put a new aspect upon the political affairs of all Europe. The oppression of the poor by the exactions and monopolies of the rich was the originating cause of an event which, whether regarded as a disaster or a blessing, was unequalled in the annals of the world. It deluged France with blood and crime, while it sowed the seeds of liberty, and taught to rulers the rights of the ruled. It transferred the reins of government from the monarch to the mob—brought the king and queen of France to the scaffold—exiled the nobility and overthrew the priesthood of the realm. At the same time it aroused a spirit of patriotism strong enough to withstand the banded forces of all Europe—to turn back their invading armies, and to carry the victorious arms of the Republic triumphant over the aggressors in every quarter. From the fiery bed of this revolution sprang the man who was to reconstruct the map of Europe, and apportion and distribute empires at his will. The rise and twenty years' career of Napoleon, during which he overturned nearly every throne in Europe, and made their potentates the puppets of his daring drama, constitute a series of facts too well known to all readers to allow of our recapitulating them here. Britain alone, whose sailors, under the immortal Nelson, swept his navies from the seas, effectually withstood him on the land, and was the final cause of his overthrow. The star of Napoleon, triumphing in the face of all other antagonists, waned before that of Wellington. The Iron Duke dashed the myriad hosts of France across the Spanish peninsula, crushing them in successive battles, and urging the defeated battalions to fly ignominiously from the arena of their own disgraces. It was the deadly blows of Wellington in the south, together with the icy shafts of the frozen North, that scattered to the winds the colossal preponderance of the son of the Revolution, and brought him to bay, on something like equal terms, amidst his ex-

asperated foes, and it was at the hands of British endurance and British valour that he reaped his final defeat on the field of Waterloo—a defeat which transformed the despotic dictator of the nations into a whining, grumbling captive on a solitary rock.

On the 21st of October 1805, the battle of Trafalgar was fought off Cadiz—a battle which annihilated the combined navies of France and Spain, and virtually cleared the seas of the enemies of Britain. But in that battle Nelson (Fig. 2315) closed his long career of victory, and fell mortally wounded on his own deck. He survived the fatal shot but three hours, living long enough to witness the total ruin of the enemy, and solemnizing with his last breath the greatest triumph ever achieved on the ocean. When the glorious and gloomy tidings reached England they threw the nation into a transport at once of joy and exultation—of admiration and regret: for Nelson, the most staunch and daring viking that ever roamed the wave, had for years been the darling idol of the nation, and they held that glory dear which was purchased at the sacrifice of a life so costly. To this hour the name of Nelson is dearer to our island patriots than any other enrolled among the records of their history, and shall continue a beacon-light to the brave as long as British blood shall circulate in human veins. See Fig. 2316.

In January 1807 Lord Grenville brought in a bill for the abolition of the slave trade. The king's sons, the Dukes of Clarence, Sussex, York, and Cumberland, eternally disgraced themselves by a violent and pertinacious opposition to a measure dictated by the merest humanity, and due to the self-respect of a free people. But the hearty convictions of Englishmen were, for this once, seconded by a determination as hearty; and in spite of the ceaseless efforts of the slave faction, headed by the royal princes, the Bill passed triumphantly with a majority of 100 to 36. In the Commons the majority in favour of abolition was 238 to 16; and the Bill finally received the royal assent on the 25th of March, the same day on which the ministers delivered up the seals of office—Lord Grenville before retiring congratulating the House on having performed one of the most glorious acts that had ever been done by any assembly of any nation in the world. From that hour the slave trade was finally condemned and prohibited.

On the 11th of May 1812, Mr. Perceval, then first lord of the treasury, was shot through the heart on entering the lobby of the House of Commons, and died in a few minutes. The assassin, who had mistaken him for Lord George Leveson Gower, coolly walked to the fireplace and surrendered himself. He was an unfortunate merchant of Liverpool, by name Bellingham, and was well known to be insane. The hatred of Perceval and his measures which was entertained by the mob, urged them to applaud the assassination, and it was feared that they would attempt to rescue the prisoner. It was partly from this cause, and from a determination to spite the popular faction, that the trial of Bellingham was hurried forward with indecent haste—so that he was condemned and executed within a week of the deed—before there was time, in those days of tardy locomotion and postal conveyance, for collecting and submitting to the jury evidence the most irrefragable of his insanity—and thus one insane murder was avenged by another.

In 1812, also, the Americans declared war against England. The following year saw them attempting the conquest of Canada, in which, however, they met with no success. They were more successful by sea, having the advantage in several encounters. The capture of Washington by the British, who destroyed the stores and public buildings, paved the way for a treaty of peace, which was signed at Ghent in 1814. But the news of this treaty did not reach America in time to prevent the disastrous expedition to New Orleans, where the English army, fighting in open field with an enemy strongly entrenched and shielded, lost three thousand men, and was compelled to retreat.

On the 27th of August 1816, Lord Exmouth bombarded the town of Algiers from three o'clock in the afternoon till near midnight, and wellnigh laid that nest of pirates in ruins, and utterly destroyed their fleet. This act of severity was but too richly merited by the barbarians upon whom it fell. For centuries the Algerines had been the corsairs of the Mediterranean, and had enriched themselves by piratical expeditions and the traffic in Christian slaves. The blow dealt them by Lord Exmouth crippled their resources, and reduced them, for a time at least, to good behaviour. The immediate result of the bombardment was the release and delivery to the care of the English of more than a thousand Christian slaves, who within three days arrived from the interior and were conveyed to their respective countries.

The year 1817 is memorable only for the death of the Princess Charlotte, an event which plunged the whole nation in gloom and sorrow. She was a princess whose character was in all respects

admirable; she was the darling of the populace, who looked forward to the hour when she should occupy the throne; and she merited the homage paid to her rank by the depth and sincerity of her benevolence. She died in giving birth to a dead child, and it was indignantly affirmed, with too much truth, that she died the victim of neglect in the hour of need. The public odium was directed chiefly against Sir Richard Croft, who a few months afterwards put a period to his own existence.

In 1818 died Queen Charlotte, who for fifty-seven years had been the wife of George the Third. This year was disgraced by riots in Manchester arising out of distress, itself the consequence of a strike among the cotton-spinners. The rioters were charged by the soldiery, one man was killed and several were wounded. This affair was nothing, however, in comparison with the so-called massacre of Peterloo, which drew the eyes of the whole nation upon Manchester in the following year. Orator Hunt, a well-known thick-headed demagogue, had, in despite of the magistrates of the town, got up a crowded meeting in St. Peter's Field, to discuss the public grievances, and exercise the right of petition. The magistrates, who had not made up their minds how to act, suddenly ordered the arrest of the orator while the proceedings were going quietly on. The military, receiving orders to support the civil officers in their duty, charged the crowd, when a scene of most horrible confusion ensued. Thousands of both sexes were thrown down, crushed and trampled under foot—many were ruthlessly cut down by the yeomanry, and others shot by the infantry. The number of the killed was never accurately ascertained, and though it was probably small, hundreds if not thousands were severely injured. The magistrates received the thanks of the Prince Regent for their conduct—a return for their huge blunder which probably astonished them as much as it enraged and disgusted the humbler classes of the people.

In 1820 the blood-thirsty conspiracy of Cato-street alarmed the entire kingdom. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that this most murderous plot was the offspring of the Manchester massacre, as the affair of St. Peter's Field was then termed. The contempt manifested in that affair, and its sequences, for the lives and liberties of the populace, had aroused a thirst for vengeance, and had served to reorganise the associations of the malcontents. The conspiracy in question would perhaps have ended in nothing had it been left to take its own course; but it was artfully fomented and nursed to a head by the machinations of a Government spy, who acted with the knowledge of ministers, and reported every movement of the conspirators. The design of the gang was nothing less than the assassination of the whole of the Cabinet, and the capture of the Bank and the Tower. The ministers were to be slaughtered while assembled at a Cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's, on Wednesday the 23rd of January, and everything was arranged for the execution of the plot. The ministers, of course, did not meet at Lord Harrowby's, but dined at home, and then assembled at Lord Liverpool's, to await the issue of the counter-plot they had prepared. They had arranged for the capture of the whole gang on their assembling for the murderous exploit; but, owing either to the tardiness of the military or the precipitation of the police, these two parties did not act together. One of the police-officers was stabbed to the heart by Thistlewood, the contriver of the plot, who then blew out the light, and escaped with fourteen of the party in the darkness. Nine were taken prisoners on the arrival of the soldiers; and of that number four suffered death for high treason, the remaining five being transported for life. The spy Edwards, and another of the name of Hidon, were not punished; on the contrary, both received a reward for their treachery—to the immense disgust of the people at large.

In this year the good old King, George III., died, after a reign of sixty years; and the Regent, who had long been virtually sovereign, ascended the throne. This event, which was agreeable to nobody, was followed by one of the most infamous exhibitions of unmanly persecution of which history has any record. The King, who hated his wife, and had driven her from his side to seek peace and quiet elsewhere, and had surrounded her with spies during her long absence abroad, now, upon her claiming to share the allegiance of the people, prosecuted her on a charge of incontinence, with a view to divorce. The dastardly act roused the indignation of the whole realm, and everywhere the people threw the shield of their sympathies over the persecuted Queen and woman. After a trial, which lasted the whole summer, and filled the entire country with the elements of bitterness and mortification, the prosecution had to be abandoned for want of evidence. The triumph of the Queen was the triumph of humanity throughout the country: but it was of no avail to her that her innocence was established by the abandonment of the prosecution. She was not restored to her rights, which she



2528.—Queen.



2529.—Mr. Walter Scott.



2530.—Lord Byron.



2531.—Robert Hall.



2532.—Mr. Homer.



2533.—Sir J. Reynolds.



2534.—Benjamin West.



231.—Bow Street and Palace.



232.—Hungerford Market.



233.—Covent Garden Market.



234.—West's Death of General W. Pitt.

was unfortunately weak enough to claim—was ignominiously turned away from the Abbey-doors on the day of the coronation, and died a month later, declaring that she quitted life without regret.

For some years following the accession of George IV. the industrial enterprise of England prospered, favoured as it was by the peace and by the consequent increase of her commerce in all parts of the world—favoured also by the spirit of invention and discovery, whose triumphs we have recorded in the previous chapter. The agricultural interest was satisfied because corn maintained, amidst constant fluctuations, a price which, on the average, was more than remunerative: the manufacturing interest was buoyant because, although the power of supply was rapidly increasing with every year and every month, it yet failed to overtake the demand, and prices remained steady under a rate of production which had no parallel in former eras: and the populace were satisfied, or at least were prevented from insisting on their grievances, by the fact that employment was plentiful at a fair rate of wages. The continued prosperity, as is always the case with a commercial community, stimulated enterprise, which, not finding for itself a sufficient sphere of action in the old and beaten paths, began to diverge into wide and unknown fields of speculation. Men not knowing what to do with their capital, and in a hurry to increase its amount, devised new schemes and plunged into them with a recklessness which shut out calculation and reflection. Joint-stock companies grew and multiplied like mushrooms, and associations of sober individuals were seen unitedly prosecuting the maddest projects, which either one of them singly would have denounced as hopelessly absurd. Rogues, knaves, and swindlers, who had nothing, not even character, to lose, wormed or crushed themselves into the management of the new concerns, and they alone profited by them in the end. The banks and the government stock offered but a low rate of interest—the new companies offered more than double, and professed to guarantee the dividends: the consequence was, that thousands invested their whole fortunes in these fallacious bubbles, which were to burst too soon, and involve their credulous victims in ruin. The inevitable result of all this insanity came at last in the panic and crash of 1825-6. The catastrophe first announced itself by the failure of a few commercial houses supposed to be backed by capital without limit; then the failures increased in number, and soon spread consternation in all directions; and in the midst of the general alarm the banks began to stop payment. Everybody who had money in the bankers' hands now ran panic-stricken to draw it out—the panic spread like the plague, only faster—the run on the banks became general, and the crash came in the simultaneous ruin of a multitude of deluded victims, who saw with terror the old establishments on which they had relied with security for their dividends, stopping payment to the number of twelve or fifteen a-week for months together. The misery which resulted from the combined folly and villany of this memorable period will never be fully known. The most painful of the visible effects of the panic and the crash was the awful distress which ensued to the poor and labouring classes. Hundreds of thousands were thrown out of employment, and had to fight the dreary battle with cold and starvation throughout the winter. But for the humanity of those who had escaped or but partially suffered from the storm, multitudes of the industrious poor must have perished. As it was, the most fearful riots, under the aggravated pressure of want, broke out in various parts of the country, and were renewed at intervals during the whole of the year 1826.

In August 1827 died the Right Hon. George Canning (Fig. 2517). His death inflicted an irreparable loss upon the country, and was sincerely mourned by the liberal party, with whom he was immensely and deservedly popular. Like Peel, in later times, he had seen fit to revise his political opinions and embrace a truly liberal policy, and had thus exposed himself to the rancorous abuse of the opponents of progress. The immediate cause of his death was supposed to be a chill caught while attending the midnight funeral of the Duke of York, which brought on an inflammatory attack, subsequently aggravated and rendered fatal by over-exertion and anxiety of mind. As a scholar and an orator Canning had no equal in his day.

In October of the same year was fought the battle of Navarino—a battle which ended in the destruction of the Turkish fleet by the combined navies of England, France, and Russia, but which brought no honour to either of the allies, and profited only Russia. The affair was in truth nothing better than a sad and melancholy blunder, which a little sagacity on the part of ministers at home would have prevented.

In April 1829 the Catholic Relief Bill—a measure which had been for many years a fruitful source of agitation and ill-blood,

passed into a law. The purport of the Bill was to admit Catholics to the enjoyment of all municipal advantages—to the exercise of all corporate offices and of legislative functions, and to the administration of civil and criminal justice. The No-Popery party prophesied the most fatal consequences from this measure; but the experience of a quarter of a century has failed to produce them.

The grand event of 1830 was the revolution in France, brought about by the obstinacy of Polignac and the stupid imbecility of Charles X. The people, incensed by the promulgation of the infamous ordonnances, rose in insurrection, and after three days of barricades and fighting, overpowered the troops in every quarter. The silly, priest-ridden king had to run for his life; but more fortunate than Louis XVI., was allowed to make his escape and seek a refuge in England. The success of the French in thus getting rid of an obnoxious and despotic ruler awoke the slumbering embers of revolt in Belgium, where, not long afterwards, a similar drama was rehearsed; and it had the effect also, there can be little doubt, of encouraging the advocates of reform at home to a prompt and decisive struggle, which was destined ere long to be successful.

In this same year George IV. died, in the sixty-eighth year of his age and the eleventh of his reign. The court went into mourning; but the death of the modern Vitellius was received by the nation with an indifference which could be interpreted only as an expression of their unanimous consent to bury the demerits of the royal obstructive in his own grave.

At this period distress was general throughout the country, and a growing spirit of dissatisfaction goaded the oppressed to acts of barbarism. Machines were broken, factories were burned down, starving gangs perambulated the country, and the incendiary exploits of the mysterious Captain Swing spread alarm on every side. With corn scarce and dear, thousands of ricks were wantonly set on fire, and night after night the homesteads of the farmer were seen blazing in the distance. Worse than this, the system of poisoning for the sake of a paltry gain sprung up among the miserable poor—and the climax to these barbarities appeared at last in the discovery of a traffic carried on by gangs rivaling in cold-blooded atrocity the Thugs of Hindostan—wretches who murdered their fellows for the sake of the price obtainable for the dead bodies of their victims. One man, when the crime was brought home to him, confessed to fifteen of these murders.

The year 1831 was one of general excitement and commotion, especially among the lower orders, who imagined that the passing of the Reform Bill would prove a panacea for all the grievances of their lot. Political unions had sprung up all over the kingdom, and kept the popular attention on the alert in every town and almost every village. Alarming riots broke out at Derby, at Nottingham, and at various other places; these, however, were thrown into the shade by the atrocious proceedings at Bristol, which threatened at one time to end in the sacking of a whole city by a furious mob. Owing to the indecision of the magistrates, and the fatuity of Colonel Brereton, who at the head of a powerful body of troops forbore all interference, the city was for thirty hours a prey to the drunken rabble, who burned down the Mansion House, the gaols, and a large number of private dwellings. The riot was ultimately quelled and the city saved only by the slaughter of a round number of the mob, a calamity which might have been avoided by a mere show of severity at the commencement of the outbreak.

In June 1832, the Reform Bill became law, and the event was received with enthusiastic joy, testified by a general illumination throughout the kingdom. The universal satisfaction on this account was, however, dismally checked by the ravages of the cholera, a disease till then almost unknown in England, and which, appearing first in Sunderland, spread rapidly, carrying with it terror and sudden death to all parts of the kingdom. In London it slew between five and six thousand persons, chiefly of the squalid and intemperate poor; but of the number of victims throughout the kingdom no account was taken.

In August 1833, the Negro Emancipation Act—an Act by which slavery was finally abolished in the British dominions—passed the House of Lords. The act came into operation on the first of August in the following year, on which day the name and much of the substance of slavery expired, a short term of apprenticeship only remaining. This inestimable boon to the African race was purchased for them by the free people of Britain, at the cost of twenty millions of hard cash paid over to the planters: a deed of generosity and pure principle unparalleled in the history of nations, and which won for England the admiration of the world. Wilberforce, who had devoted his life to the cause of the Negro, lived long enough to see the dawn of this final triumph, and to rejoice in the assurance of its achievement, dying at the close of 1833.

Early in 1834 a Bill was brought in to amend the Poor Law. The old law placed a premium upon the vice and immorality of the most worthless class, and operated more powerfully in debasing and degrading the labourer than all the other deteriorating influences to which he was subject. It was in fact a machinery for transforming the honest citizen of the state into a swindling pauper, and could not have accomplished such a purpose better had it been devised expressly with that view. The new bill became law on the 14th of August, and in less than two years from that date had wrought a reformation in the habits of the poor which the most sanguine had not dared to expect. It had relieved the workhouses, had changed crowds of bullying beggars into steady workers, had decreased the number of illegitimate births by ten thousand, and had reduced the poor's-rate by over a million sterling.

In October 1834 the Houses of Lords and Commons (Fig. 2518) were destroyed by fire, through the carelessness of some workmen who were employed to burn a vast accumulation of Exchequer tallies which were wanted out of the way. The law-courts were saved, and a part of the library, but a store of valuable documents and relics were consumed. The king offered the use of Buckingham Palace for the members; but it was judged better to fit up temporary accommodation for both houses on the old site, which was done at a cost of 30,000*l*. In 1836, above ninety plans having been sent in for consideration by the committee for rebuilding the Houses of Parliament, Mr. Barry's was chosen, and that gentleman appointed architect. The building was commenced in the year 1837 by the formation of an embankment on piles along the river side.

On the 5th of June, 1835, Lord John Russell introduced the Municipal Reform Bill into the House of Commons. Municipal law and justice had long been a mere farce when this bill was brought in, and there is nothing wonderful in the fact that it passed with astonishing rapidity through the lower house. The Peers did what they could to nullify the measure; but the pressure of opinion was too strong for them, and having succeeded in effecting some damaging modifications, they too passed the bill early in September, and it immediately became law. This same year, 1835, was marked by a serious amount of agricultural distress, and the farmers clamoured loudly for a reduction of taxation. The principles of free trade began now to be generally discussed both in this country and in France, and it was seen by those best qualified to judge, that, in the abolition of all restrictions upon trade and commerce lay the only permanent cure for industrial grievances.

In 1836 Louis Napoleon made his first attempt to overthrow the government of Louis Philippe, by a quixotic appeal to the soldiery at Strasburg, whom he expected to rise in his favour at the sight of the "eagle of France." The attempt failed ludicrously, and the author of it was contemptuously shipped off to America in a French frigate. The whole world laughed at the affair,—but the laughter was misapplied.

On the 20th of June, 1837, King William IV. died after a short illness, and her present Majesty Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne. One of the first events of social import in her Majesty's reign was the popular spread of Chartism among the lower ranks. It was in the north, chiefly, that the Chartists in their periodical meetings disgraced the purity of their cause by wild speeches and violent demonstrations. Lord John Russell, anxious to prevent turbulence and the appearance of persecution on the part of the government, acted with the utmost lenity towards the misguided offenders. This was stupidly attributed to wrong motives, and only led to aggravated offences. Infatuated demagogues began openly to preach rebellion; and torch-light meetings of an alarming character spread dismay on all sides. Feargus O'Connor placed himself at the head of the movement in the north, and ignorantly fanned the flame of disaffection, which extended to all parts of the country. Fearful riots broke out in Birmingham (Fig. 2519), and for many days the town was in a state of uproar and commotion: in Sheffield the matter was still worse; robbery walked the streets, and malcontents sought the lives of employers. Newport, in Wales, became the scene of open rebellion: under the leadership of Frost, a traitorous magistrate, seven thousand men attacked the military, and were put to the rout with the loss of twenty lives. Frost, with two of his followers, was subsequently transported, in lieu of being hanged—an act of sovereign mercy, which did not prevent Frost, on being pardoned and restored to his country seventeen years afterwards, from returning to his old inflammatory practices.

It was at a public dinner given to Dr. Bowring, in Manchester, in 1838, that the persons present agreed to form themselves into an association for promoting the principles of free-trade. This was the origin of the Anti-Corn-Law League, an association which was destined to effect a revolution in the commercial policy not only of

this but of surrounding nations. Sneered at and derided at first, it grew and grew until its shadow darkened the land, and until it had enlisted beneath its banners nearly the whole mass of the intelligence and patriotism of the realm. By the aid of the press, of an activity which knew no pause, of unlimited capital, and by the persuasive eloquence of its leaders, it ran a triumphant course of seven years, during which it bore down all opposition, and having first convinced the nation of the truth and value of its principles, finished by converting the prime minister to the faith he had formerly ridiculed, and by receiving at his hands the consummation of its final success. It is to Richard Cobden that the nation owes its convictions of the fallacy of restrictive systems; and it is to the eternal honour of Sir Robert Peel that, receiving such convictions himself, he had the manliness to carry them out in practice by abolishing the corn-laws. The League, when it had done its work, was dissolved in 1846.

In the latter part of 1839, the House of Commons, at the instigation of Mr. Rowland Hill, decreed the trial of a new system of postage, by which the old rates of 6*d.*, 9*d.*, 1*s.* and so on per letter, were reduced to an uniform charge of one penny. To give the Post Office time to prepare for so great a change, a fourpenny rate was charged for a few weeks; but on the 10th of January, 1840, the penny scheme was tried. How complete has been the success of this plan we all know, and what a boon it has proved to every individual in the country. It is, we think, undeniable that this single measure, in regard to its social importance, outweighs any other, we might almost say all others, that have been adopted in our time. It has certainly done more for commerce than anything commerce has been able to achieve for itself: it has probably done more for education than ten thousand schools would have accomplished in the same time; and, by cementing and increasing social and friendly relations, it has had a moral effect upon the whole population which has raised them prodigiously in the moral scale. It was the one thing wanting to make of our island home one vast domestic institution, and in connection with the rapid transition by railways, and the instantaneous communication by the electric wires, for which it prepared the way, has done all that could be done towards combining in one family the entire British race.

On the 10th of February, 1840, Her Majesty was married to Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, a union which was as acceptable to the English people as it was gratifying to the royal pair themselves, who formed a rare exception to the rule of princely contracts by making a marriage of affection arising out of previous intercourse often renewed.

In 1840 Louis Napoleon repeated at Boulogne the experiment made at Strasburg in 1836, and which also, was the source of as much ridicule and sarcasm at the time, but which has since assumed a significance then not dreamed of. The exploit was rewarded by six years' imprisonment in the fortress of Ham, a seclusion which has not been without its fruits. In the same year the remains of the first Napoleon were brought from St. Helena, and in the presence of all Paris were solemnly interred in the Hotel des Invalides. In this year our government commenced a war upon the helpless and unoffending Chinese. The step was cruelly tyrannous and despicable in the last degree, having for its object the forcing of opium upon the Chinese merchants, which, on moral grounds, they were unwilling to receive. The island of Chusan was taken without a blow. Canton soon after lay at the mercy of the British, and would have been taken but for the interference of the superintendent of the Indian trade. Sir Henry Pottinger took the town of Amoy and the large city of Ningpo fifteen miles inland, where the British inflicted a terrible slaughter on the enemy without suffering any loss. In the summer of 1842, Pottinger appeared before Nankin, and at last terrified the Chinese into a treaty of Peace. By this treaty they were to pay the British 27,000,000 of dollars and to grant them a free-trade at four ports besides Canton. Hong Kong was to be ceded to them; and Chusan was to be held in pledge until the conditions of the treaty were fulfilled. The Chinese tribute was all duly paid, arriving at intervals in the form of "Sycee silver" until no more was due. This war, with its sequences, is in all the details so radically infamous, that we blush to record it even thus briefly.

While the British force in China was playing the bully and the dastard by demolishing forts and towns and slaughtering timid Chinese, a force far more numerous was melting away beneath the sharp shot of the Afghans and the icy horrors of the Cabul pass. Of 17,000 men who set out on the 6th of January, all were felled by frost, bullet, or bayonet, before the dawning of the seventh day from that of their flight, and one man only escaped to tell the miserable tale. "Except the burying of Cambyse's army in the African



2228.—Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.



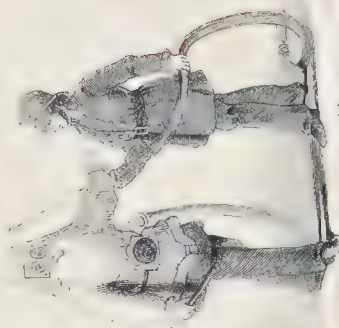
2239.—1st Waterloo Row.



2237.—Billingsgate.



2310.—Fish Street Hill and Finsbury.



2312.—Finsbury Hill.



2311.—Thames Fire Engine.



2313.—Highgate Cemetery.

desert, such a destruction has perhaps never been heard of in the world."

The winter of 1842-43 was a season of terrible distress to the poor and labouring classes, and, as usual, was signalized by riots and disturbances in the manufacturing districts, and risings among the Chartists. The most remarkable of these riots, however, were those which originated in Wales among Rebecca and her children. These mysterious outbreaks took place solely in the dead of night, and at first had for their single object the destruction of the toll-gates throughout an extensive district. In one county alone eighty gates were destroyed; and in others not a gate was left standing. The success of these movements among the Welsh enticed the Chartists to visit them, and these stump orators soon inflamed the Welsh blood to acts of more daring outrage. A strong force of the military was despatched to the scene of action, and peace was produced by the usual means of severity. Rebecca's daughters (sturdy fellows in petticoats) were captured, and transported by sentence of a special commission; but the movement led to a revision of the turnpike-trusts in South Wales, and thus Rebecca's insurrection accomplished its original object.

For some years following these outbreaks the tide of commercial prosperity seemed to flow with almost unbroken current. There was employment for labour throughout the whole kingdom, and, owing to the continual projection and formation of new railways, there was ample scope for the investment of capital. The general prosperity revived the old spirit of speculation: keen and unscrupulous speculators made large and rapid fortunes, and the multitude rushed eagerly in their track, hungering for the same result. Legitimate trade gave place to a gambling traffic as delusive and fallacious as it was immoral: the whole country seemed bitten with the railway mania; the maddest schemes found favour, and enriched the projectors, to the ruin of the shareholders, who were victimised to the amount of near a hundred millions. At length came a season of scarcity and high prices, when the bubble burst, and the panic of 1825-26 was re-enacted before the eyes of the same generation. Again the greed of the many had wrought their ruin and misery, and thousands had to mourn in poverty and privation the loss of that competence of which their own covetousness had deprived them. On reviewing the course of such events it would appear that prosperity and panic revolve in cycles, and that the fatuity of mankind has decreed that the one should follow the other as regularly as night succeeds to day.

On the 16th of May 1847 died Daniel O'Connell, a man whose name for many years literally filled the three kingdoms. He was the model of an agitator, and was most in his element when most embroiled with his adversaries. As a speaker no man ever swayed the ignorant multitude more completely, or exercised a greater mastery over their sympathies; but he was wanting in the instinct of honour and generosity which marks the truly great, and he sought his own aggrandisement rather than the welfare of his mistaken worshippers. He lived to witness the wane of his popularity, and had he lived a few years longer would have survived its utter extinction. It would be hard to find a parallel to such a career as O'Connell's: perhaps there never lived a man who rose to such a height in popular estimation, who, after his decease, was so speedily forgotten by his admirers.

In February 1848 a revolution broke out in Paris, which in three days ended in driving the citizen king from the throne he had occupied for seventeen years. The real cause of the revolution was the corruption of the public offices and the hateful policy of the government. The people demanded the reform of these abuses, and sought to obtain it by the usual means of meetings and discussions. The government forbade the meetings and resolved to suppress them, and the people rose in arms; they were successful in every quarter, and, to their credit, used their victory with moderation. The king and his family fled to England, where Louis Philippe died a few years later. France was now a republic, and socialist principles for a time swayed the public measures. The experiment of national workshops, by which the state undertook to find employment for workmen, and pay their wages, was tried, and failed miserably, satisfying none but those who received the wages without caring to do the work. When the failure became evident the workshops were abolished, and the workmen rose in insurrection, in defence of their imaginary privileges; they were subdued after a bloody butchery of four days' duration, with terrible loss of life on both sides. The revolution of '48, and the domestic troubles it brought in its train, gave the opportunity which Louis Napoleon had been waiting for all his life, and he made them the first steps in the ladder by which he ultimately ascended to the supreme power.

While these things had been going on in France, America had

annexed California (conquered from the Mexicans by Fremont) to the United States, and had almost simultaneously discovered that a large proportion of the territory was one vast gold field, abounding in inexhaustible wealth. The wildest reports were circulated, and, to the astonishment of the whole world, were verified by the quantities of the precious metal which began to flow from the valley of the Sacramento. A golden age had at last dawned, and all eyes were turned towards the Far West.

In 1850 Sir Robert Peel died, in consequence of a fall from his horse, and the nation had to mourn an irreparable loss. In this year, also, the news arrived in this country that gold fields, equal in productiveness and superior in extent to those in California, had been discovered in the British colonies in Australia. The news was followed by vouchers in the shape of gold grains and nuggets of enormous size; and immediately there set in towards Melbourne and the diggings a tide of emigration which still continues to flow, not only from Britain but from all the nations of the civilised world. The effect of this discovery will be not merely to provide abundance of the circulating medium for the commerce of the globe, but to develop the resources of the boundless territory of Australasia, and to transform that illimitable waste into a populous and powerful empire.

The year 1851, the first of the new half-century, was signalised by an event renowned throughout the world, and which brought together in London the representatives of all civilised peoples. The Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, which opened in May, displayed such an assemblage of wealth and magnificence as mankind had never witnessed before—all classified and arranged under one crystal roof, in a building capable of accommodating a hundred thousand spectators at a time. That memorable summer was the glorious carnival of industry and the arts; and it was as notably a season of universal intercourse and brotherhood. As the treasures of all nations were piled in generous rivalry beneath the same roof—so pilgrims from all countries met in peace and good fellowship, and London became the common home of the representatives of the whole industrial world. The original idea of the Great Exhibition is ascribed to the Prince Consort: it was eminently a want of the epoch, and it aroused the enthusiastic energies of labour throughout Europe; it was successful beyond the most sanguine hopes, not merely in the accumulation of untold treasures, but in the spread of generous emulation, and the diffusion of artistic and constructive knowledge to an inappreciable amount. Paxton, the architect of the building, won a lasting reputation; and numbers of ingenious and talented men, unknown before, emerged from obscurity and took their proper place in the estimation of their fellows. Of the multitudinous treasures exhibited, the catalogue alone fills a couple of large volumes.

The close of this memorable year was marked by the explosion of the dark thunder-cloud which had been gathering in France. On the night between the 1st and 2nd of December Louis Napoleon struck his tremendous *coup d'état*. Having adroitly managed to remove the chiefs of the army and replace them by his own creatures; having won over the common soldiers as well as their leaders to his interests—he placed them in battle array in the streets of Paris in the dead of night—arrested his stanchest opponents in their beds, dragging them off to prison—and Paris awoke in the morning with fifty thousand drawn daggers at its throat, to find the Assembly dissolved, the ignorant mob endowed with universal suffrage, and the lives and liberties of France at the mercy of an unscrupulous despot. The people, stunned and paralysed at the suddenness and audacity of the stroke, remained in a state of stupor for that day; on the next they began to look around and think of resistance; and in the night barricades arose in the streets wherever the means of erecting them could be found. The morning of the 4th dawned on battle and carnage. The soldiery, acting according to orders, shot down the people indiscriminately in quarters where there was no resistance, and piled the streets with the slain bodies of the innocent—men, women, and children. Napoleon had resolved to overcome opposition by terror, and to secure the submission of the citizens at whatever cost. The price paid for it was the blood of thousands of innocent persons, shed to cement and consolidate the power of despotism. From that hour France has been despotically ruled by the will of one man; she has accepted the iron sceptre as a safeguard from the horrors of revolution; and she has been so far fortunate in her degradation as to purchase internal quiet at the expense of freedom.

In 1853 the Emperor of Russia commenced those aggressions upon Turkey which led to the formation of the alliance between England and France for the protection of the Ottoman empire. How honourably, thus far, that alliance has been maintained on

both sides—how nobly the armies of both countries have fought side by side in the Crimean war—the reader is sufficiently aware; and we shall be excused in a survey of this brief nature from recapitulating events so well known. The fields of Alma, of Balaklava, of Inkermann, and of Sebastopol, which witnessed the triumphs of the allies, also combined to pave the way for an honourable peace, the sole real impediment to which was removed by the death of Nicholas. How long that peace is to last, or with whom and under what combinations grim war shall next arise, we are not sagacious enough to foresee. Meanwhile the political horizon, both in the old world and the new, is dark with cloudy portents, and warns us to stand prepared for the possible bursting of the storm.

A review, however brief, of the course of the last hundred years must necessarily contain some notice of its literary history, and some account of those benefactors of society who by their writings have contributed to inform the public mind, to purify the morals and manners of the age, and to elevate the general taste. The number of writers of both sexes who, during the period of which we treat, have conferred inestimable benefits on mankind is far too great even to be catalogued in the limited space we can allot to this part of our subject, and we must be satisfied, therefore, with a brief glance at the foremost few of the honoured names by which the lofty position of literature in our day was mainly achieved.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, a hundred years back, was undisputed sovereign of the literary kingdom, was not only the first writer but the first talker at an era when the art of conversation was emulously cultivated by the master-spirits of the time. Fortunately for us, his conversation, as well as his writings, has been faithfully transmitted; and the burly, testy moralist, and sound, sympathising, hearty man, lives and breathes among us almost as vividly and vigorously—thanks to the retentive Boszzy—as though the tomb had not yet closed over his remains. Johnson died in 1784, at the age of seventy-five. Fielding, Sterne, and Smollett—the three great novelists whose works, while they represent in living pictures the manners and peculiarities of their age, are so replete with wit, humour, and sentiment, as to command the admiration of all times, had all passed away while Johnson was yet living. Oliver Goldsmith (Fig. 2520), Johnson's friend and companion, the most tender, simple-hearted, witty, and genial of all writers of English fiction, had died in Johnson's lifetime, leaving, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' a legacy which the world has learned to value above all the pious productions of the great lexicographer. Chatterton, "the marvellous boy who perished in his pride," who was precocious in intellect, in independence, and in rashness, beyond all recorded parallel, had perished by his own hand, at seventeen years of age, in 1770.

David Hume, the celebrated historian and the leader of the modern philosophical sceptics, died in 1776. His friend and apologist, Dr. Adam Smith, the author of the 'Wealth of Nations,' the work which laid the foundation of the modern system of political economy, died in 1790. In the same year died Howard the philanthropist (Fig. 2521). Edmund Burke (Fig. 2522), the most polished writer of the last century, the author of the 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' and the 'Letters on the French Revolution,' and who to the reputation of a finished writer added that of a consummate statesman, died in 1797. John Wesley (Fig. 2523), the founder of the Wesleyan denomination, who for threescore years led a life of ceaseless activity in the cause of religion, and yet published numerous volumes of sermons and journals, died in 1791, at the age of 88. Three years later, in 1794, died Edward Gibbon (Fig. 2524), the author of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' a work to which the best judges have allotted the first place in historic literature.

In 1786 a ploughman of Ayrshire, in Scotland, published a small volume of poems. Their singular naturalness, beauty, and musical rhythm recommended them at once to the best judges; but the countrymen of Robert Burns (Fig. 2525) were slow in recognising in their humble bard the transcendent genius which was destined to assert itself so triumphantly in after times, and to win for the obscure driver of the plough the title of the Shakspeare of Scotland. The songs of Burns, having made their way among the people, were soon followed by poems of greater length, though hardly excelling them in beauty or value. The patrons of the rural genius took him from the plough, and made him—an excise-man! The rollicking, jovial disposition of the young poet peculiarly exposed him to the temptations which at that period beset the life of the gauger, and he unfortunately succumbed to them, and fell into difficulties and perplexities which shortened his life. He

died in 1796, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. It was not until after his death that Scotland learned to estimate aright either the poet or the man. As a lyricist, Burns has never been excelled; while his merits as a humorist are almost as great: again, his pathos is irresistibly touching; and whether it is his aim to melt the listener to tenderness and to tears, to excite him to laughter, or to rouse him to patriotism, his mastery of the human sympathies is despotic and complete.

Dr. John Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, wrote towards the close of the last century a series of social and political satires, which gained immense popularity from their jocose and ridiculous humour, and their audacious sarcasms, levelled at the most distinguished personages of the realm. King George III. was Peter's favourite butt, and his shafts flew thick and fast at the royal quarry. Wolcot lived to a great age, dying in 1819 at fourscore. His works are little read at the present day, and would be hardly understood by the present generation, owing to the allusions they contain to matters now obsolete and forgotten.

William Cowper (Fig. 2526), then most domestically popular of modern English poets, was born in 1731, of a good family, by whose interest he might have obtained an eminent position. His temperament, however, was morbidly nervous, and would not allow of his mingling in the ordinary business of the world. Leading a retired life, chequered with seasons of fearful suffering, of religious despair, and of mental alienation—he yet laboured industriously with his pen, and exercised, by the harmonious expression of his thoughtful, just, and whole some philosophy, a more profound and subtle influence upon his contemporaries than any other moral teacher of his day. His chief work, 'The Task,' is a model of fine sense expressed in truthful, classical verse; and his translation of Homer is perhaps the most faithful and conscientious performance in existence in that department of literature. He died in 1800.

Dr. Jenner (Fig. 2527), to whose discovery of the principle of vaccination we owe our release from the plague of small-pox, died in 1823.

In the year 1798 the Rev. T. R. Malthus published his celebrated 'Essay on the Principles of Population,' in which he asserted, and professed to prove, that it is the law of population to increase in a geometrical ratio, while the sustaining food can only increase in an arithmetical ratio—and that therefore, unless population be prevented from increase by the operation of artificial checks, famine and misery (which he assumed to be the natural checks) must ensue. Of all modern writings, this single essay has been probably most fruitful of important results—because, from the apparently demonstrated truth of the theory, legislators embraced it, and from it legislation has taken a tone which has not tended to humanize its measures. The principle, however, was not without its opponents in Malthus's day, and was the occasion of no end of controversy, political and philosophical; later it has met with severe handling from writers of acknowledged reputation, and appears on close investigation to be nothing more than a plausible fallacy. Malthus died in his seventy-sixth year in 1835.

The Rev. George Crabbe was a poet of peculiarly English character, both as to style and sentiment. He was patronised in youth by Burke and Johnson, who both saw the sterling merit and the stern uncompromising fidelity of his delineations. The subject of his poems is invariably the trials, the hardships, the temptations, and the misery of the poor; and these he has painted with a vigour and truth not to be surpassed. His works have operated largely in the instigation of private charity, and the originating of public institutions of benevolence. Crabbe was the most modest and unassuming of men, and spent a long life in labouring quietly among the poor of his parish in Trowbridge, Wilts, and in vindicating the claims of poverty with his pen. He died at an advanced age in 1832.

Samuel Rogers was a poet of a different stamp. Born in 1762, and living to the age of ninety and upwards, he connects the era of Johnson with our own. He was a banker, and the son of a banker, and passed his life surrounded with the appliances of wealth and luxury, and in intimate association with all the genius and talent of three generations. His chief work is "The Pleasures of Memory," which, like all his writings, is characterised by classical elegance, and a too careful simplicity of style, united with extreme polish and finish. Rogers was a man of refined and educated taste, which he was enabled to gratify by the most lavish expenditure; and he filled his dwelling with the most exquisite productions of ancient and modern art, gathered from the stores of all Europe. His habits were eccentric, and his sarcasm more biting and bitter than it was just or discriminating. He died in 1856.

Of all the poets of our own day, William Wordsworth seems



235.—New and cemetery.



2511.—Cotton's at Highgate Cemetery.



2310.—Kensall Green Cemetery

destined to exercise the most lasting influence upon the minds of his countrymen. Born in 1770, he had lived to a mature age before the world had perceived or would acknowledge his rare merit. No writer was ever the cause of so much derision, laughter, and ridicule, or for so long a time was held by reviewers in such supreme contempt. His literal adherence to Nature offended their classical prejudices, and his obstinate persistence in his own course provoked their resentment. Eventually he gained the public approval in spite of their hostility, and turned the tide of opinion against them. He died in 1850, full of age and honours.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the friend of Wordsworth and Southey, was, perhaps, the man of the present century who united the largest intellectual capacity, with an almost equal amount of listlessness, laziness, and indecision. In his youth he enlisted as a private soldier under the name of Comberbach, and astonished his officers by his erudition. In his manhood he electrified the world by the production of the "Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel,"—rich promises of a golden harvest, which were never realised. In his maturer age he melted down into a mere talker—discoursing poetry, metaphysics, and art, in a style of incomprehensible inspiration,—but doing nothing. With his vast talents, he neglected to make any provision for his family, and with the power of achieving independence by comparatively slight exertion, he existed on the benevolence of others, and died in 1834 at Ilighgate—a pensioner on the bounty of a friend with whom he was domesticated.

Robert Southey, a man in most respects the contrast of Coleridge, and yet his warmest friend, was born in 1774. As a youth he published *Wat Tyler*, a feeble drama of demagogic tendency, which he subsequently tried to suppress. His first earnest work was "*Joan of Arc*," which was followed by a series of other epics of amazing length and remarkable power, but too wire-drawn and wearisome for popular favour. Southey stands in higher estimation as a historian, biographer, and reviewer, than as a poet. His industry was amazing, and unparalleled, save by the exertions of Walter Scott; he lived among books, and wrote more than average men read in the course of a life. It is said to be obliged to add, that his assiduity brought on disease of the brain, and that the last years of his life were consumed in hopeless insanity. He died in 1843.

Charles Lamb, the friend of Southey and Coleridge, was born in 1775. He was a man of rare powers, uniting the racy wit of the old English humorists, with a refined, delicate simplicity peculiar to himself. His most charming productions are the famous "Essays of Elia," which have formed the model of most writers of sketches and magazine articles since his time. He was not dependent on literature for support, as he held a lucrative office in the East India House, and was allowed to retire before age came upon him, on a handsome pension. To this cause, perhaps, may be attributed the perfection of his compositions, which are, for the most part, masterpieces of style. Lamb was the darling of the literary circles of his day, and is the object of affectionate admiration to all lovers of genuine harmless humour. He died in 1834.

Thomas Moore, who was born in Dublin in 1780, came first into general notice as the modern *Anacreon*, a title he obtained by a volume of not over-delicate verse, published under the pseudonym of Thomas Little. His reputation rests, however, on his *Irish Melodies*; the publication of which began in 1813, and which deservedly ranked him high among the poets of the day. Perhaps, no man ever lived who made more money by writing verse than Moore. He had 3000*l.* for a single poem, and he drew a round income from publishers during the greater part of his life. But Tom was the favourite of the great world, and as a general rule, his expenses outran his means; he had, however, an inexhaustible fund of spirits, and though in difficulties often, was rarely in serious perplexity; and laughed his troubles away with a philosophy quite as surprising as it was creditable. He had the best wife in the world, and the sense to value such a treasure—and to her, more than to all his good fortune and aristocratic favour, he owed the happiness of his lot. In his latter years he enjoyed a pension of 300*l.* from government, and was thus spared the penalties of poverty.

Thomas Campbell, the author of "*The Pleasures of Hope*," was born in Glasgow in 1777. He was a man of remarkable genius, and enriched our literature with a small but invaluable collection of the finest odes ever penned, and which will endure as long as the English tongue. We need mention only "*The Battle of the Baltic*," "*Hohenlinden*," "*Ye Mariners of England*," "*Lochiel*," and "*The Last Man*"—the strains of which will recur to the recollection of our readers. The exquisite poem "*Gertrude of Wyoming*" is accounted Campbell's masterpiece, and, like all his finest works, bids defiance to the arts of correction and amendment.

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Campbell lived to reap the honours due to his exalted merit, and was justly prized by his Scottish countrymen.

Sir Walter Scott (Fig. 2528), born in 1771, obtained a world-wide reputation, and doubtless exercised more influence on the literature and literary tastes of all Europe than any other man of his time. As a poet he was unrivalled in his original and peculiar walk long before the *Waverley Novels* had won for their unknown author the admiration of all lovers of fiction. The rapidity with which these marvellous creations followed each other amazed and delighted the world, who waited for them with eagerness, and received them with rapture. Scott realized enormous sums by his pen, but unfortunately involving himself with the commercial transactions of his publisher, was dragged with him to ruin in the panic of 1825–26—and reduced to poverty, with a vast debt upon his shoulders. His high sense of integrity would not allow him to compound with his creditors; and he spent the remaining years of his life in Herculean labours to pay off the heavy debt. Many of his magnificent fictions were produced in this sublime endeavour to preserve his honour unstained; but, alas! the superhuman exertion prematurely prostrated his powers, and he sunk beneath it after six years of incessant application—dying of paralysis and delirium in 1832. The history of literature, while it can produce no grander success, affords no more magnanimous instance of lofty principle and glorious self-sacrifice.

Lord Byron (Fig. 2529), whose popularity for ten years preceding his decease, and about as long a period after, approached almost to idolatry, was born in 1788. His first production, published at the age of nineteen, was the "*Hours of Idleness*," which, being mercilessly assailed by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*, provoked as merciless a satire from the young lord, under the title of "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*." The whole scribbling tribe winced under the cutting lash of this satire, and suddenly learned becoming respect for the wielder of such a weapon. The subsequent productions of the bard met with a favourable reception, and were in the highest degree worthy of it, though they were all deeply tinged with a morbid contempt for the blessings of life and a gloomy sceptical spirit. The bold imagery, the exquisite tenderness, and the sensuous phraseology which ran through all his works fascinated the reader, and especially captivated the youth of the whole realm. The name of Byron was in every mouth, his verses were household words; and to utter a syllable in his dispraise was thought little short of blasphemy. It is impossible at this time of day to describe the enthusiastic worship of this marvellous man as it prevailed thirty years ago—the world has seen nothing like it since. But, with all his fame, Byron was a miserable being: disappointed in early life, he had become the victim of passions which he cared not to control, and whose indulgence ruined his domestic happiness, and drove him into exile. Most of his famous works—his *Childe Harold*, *Don Juan*, and the *Dramas*—were written abroad; and they were all to some extent the reflex either of his morbid disgust with life, or of the dissipations with which he sought to dispel the gloom of his spirit. In 1824 he repaired to Missolonghi, to aid, with his fortune and his sword, the Greeks in the assertion of their independence. He had, however, but the wreck of a short life to offer them, and died in April of the same year.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, the friend of Byron, was born in 1792. He was a man of brilliant genius, and of the purest principle; but he was subject in early life to the senseless tyrannies of blockheads in office, and driven from the pale of society by men whose bigotry blinded them to the virtues of honesty and sincerity. Their barbarity made of the young thinker a daring infidel and a vigorous assailant of the religion they professed. His first work, "*Queen Mab*" is an atheistical production, and all his works are more or less full of the sceptical spirit. They abound in beauties of a dreamy and metaphysical kind, but are too abstruse and philosophical ever to become generally popular. Shelley believed in the perfectibility of man without the aid of religion, and set an example of charity and active benevolence in his own life. He was drowned in 1822 while crossing the Bay of Spezia in a boat.

Among the other poets of our day of whom death has deprived us, we may mention John Keats, the author of "*Endymion*" and "*Zamia*," who died at Rome in 1824, and who wanted but a longer life to have ranked with the first poets of any age; James Montgomery, the religious poet of Sheffield, author of "*William Tell*," "*The World before the Flood*," and a host of minor poems of a serious tendency; and Thomas Hood, at once the funniest of all modern writers and the most profoundly touching and pathetic; who, in "*Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg*," makes us laugh till laughter exhausts itself, and in the "*Song of the Shirt*," and "*Bridge of Sighs*" stirs the lowest depths of grief and sorrowful indignation.

Among the living poets, whose name is legion, we may point to Walter Savage Landor, the author of "Gebir" and the "Imaginary Conversations," to Robert Browning, whose "Bells and Pomegranates" deserve the laurels they have won; to Bailey, whose "Festus" stands alone in the profuseness of its imagery and the comprehensiveness of its grasp, and to Alfred Tennyson the laureate, and incomparably the deepest thinker, the keenest observer, the most harmonious versifier, and in all respects the most powerful *rates* of his time.

Among the divines who have reflected most honour on the present century, Robert Hall (Fig. 2530), John Foster, and Dr. Thomas Chalmers occupy the foremost rank. Among historians, Macaulay, who unites in one pen the diversified powers of Hume and Gibbon; and Alison, to whose astonishing industry and research we are indebted for the history of Europe, with all its wars, politics, literature, and social progress, from the antecedents of the French Revolution down to the present day—are the chief. The novelists of our time are a tribe which may be numbered by the hundred, and so voracious is the appetite for fiction that tolerable employment is found for them all. At the head of them stand Sir Lytton Bulwer, whose works comprise delineations from every class of society, and are greedily read by multitudes, who have the advantage of purchasing them at a nominal cost; Douglas Jerrold, whose caustic satire withers and shrivels up the shams and seemings of official pretence; Thackeray, who with remorseless pen probes and lays bare the sores and ulcers of our social body, and trots out the skeleton that is in every house, and puts him to his ghastly paces for the amusement of the million; and Dickens, ever genial and gentle, shedding sunshine on dark and dreary places, and exposing but to heal the wounds and bruises of poor struggling and stricken humanity. At the head of our miscellaneous writers must be placed De Quincey, the author of the "Confessions of an Opium Eater," and Thomas Carlyle, whose marvellous histories, essays, and biographies—pictures painted in words of fire, and thoughts uttered in thunder-claps—have thrilled through the world and made him an idol and a mystery to the thinkers of the earth.

To the above meagre sketch of the literature we must add one word on the arts and their progress during the past hundred years. It might have been thought that the age which produced Hogarth and Reynolds (Fig. 2531) would have appreciated such labours as theirs. It did so, however, but imperfectly, and Hogarth lived by his prints, not his paintings. During his day, and for some time later, it was only by portrait-painting that the artist found remuneration. Historical painting came slightly into vogue when Benjamin West (Figs. 2532, 2533) made his appearance, but the fancy for that soon subsided, and the best painters of the last century found small encouragement save from aristocratic sitters. Wilson starved on bread and cheese. Barry did the same. Later, when Wilkie came to London, he laboured for long years before he could earn a decent livelihood; and the same tale might be told of a hundred other painters. It was not until some years after the peace of 1815 that any enthusiasm for art became general in this country. Foreign travel then taught the English what to admire, and they were not long of discovering that their own painters were equal to any living. The taste, once generated, grew apace, and English artists began to thrive, and, as a matter of course, to improve. Turner, the father of English landscape painting, led the way in his department, and, before he died, saw the English school the first in the world in landscape art. The progress in other branches, if not commensurate, has been great—in pictures of the genre species, such as Wilkie painted, and Paton, Faed, Frith, and Goodall paint now, the English, if rivalled are not surpassed; and in the delineation of animals no artists of ancient or modern times have excelled the productions of Landseer and Cooper. In water-colour art the English painters are

pre-eminent and unapproachable; and indeed the palm in this delicate and fascinating style of painting is universally awarded to them throughout the Continent. Within the last few years art has been rendered increasingly popular through the means of the press; and the best results have ensued and are ensuing to the popular taste by the universal dissemination of well-executed engravings at a low price in the form of illustrations to books and periodicals.

In conclusion, let us now, in a few brief words, draw the reader's attention to the most salient points of contrast between the state of society in our own day and that of a century back. We need not look beyond London for the elements of comparison, which are sufficiently obvious whichever way we turn. Our forefathers in this famous old city came into the world in a scene of riotous hubbub; they were brought up in the midst of a noisy mob, who made the narrow, miry streets the arena of their quarrels and diversions, and held, when they pleased, exclusive possession of the public ways. When sober people went abroad at night they needed the link-boy for a guide, and their men-servants for a body-guard; *we*, on the other hand, have clean and orderly thoroughfares, tranquil by day under charge of the police (Fig. 2534), brilliantly illuminated by night, and safe from violence and tumult at all hours of the twenty-four. When our forefathers travelled, it was by slow and painful stages, over rough, sloughy roads, which made the journey a real peril, independent of the assaults of the highwayman who watched for their coming; *we* fly along the iron-road on the wings of steam, and traverse the whole kingdom in a day without a thought of interruption. When they corresponded, they waited the tardy return of the post, whom floods or bad roads delayed, or the knights of the road plundered; and they paid a high price for postage, which acted as a prohibition to intercourse: *we* send letters five hundred miles for a penny, and get a reply on the morrow; or, not choosing to wait so long as that, communicate instantaneously by the electric wire. When their wives went to market, they had to chaffer in the rain and mire for provisions tumbled in heaps on the ground: *we* make palaces of our markets (Figs. 2535, 2536, 2537), and purchase at leisure from plentiful stores, garnered in galleries and arcades. If our grandsires saw a lion or an elephant, the sight was food for wonder to the end of their days: *we* walk at leisure in zoological gardens (Fig. 2538), amid specimens of natural history from all parts of the globe, and may be familiar, if we choose, with everything that crawls, runs, swims, or flies. When they wanted books they paid for them, to the few publishers of the day, a price which made literature almost a forbidden luxury: *we* find in the competition of the Row (Fig. 2539) a guarantee for cheapness, and can enjoy the luxury without anxiety about the cost. If their dwellings caught fire, they involved their neighbours in the calamity, and whole districts were often desolated by a single accident: *we* are watched over by a brigade of flame-quellers (Figs. 2540, 2541, 2542), who wrestle with the fire and subdue it without disturbing the economy of next door. When they fell under the hands of the surgeon they writhed in anguish beneath the knife: *we* dispel pain by chloroform, and escape the agony of surgical operations. When they died they were buried in heaps in back-street churchyards, amid the roar of traffic and the tramp of the multitude: *we* carry our dead to cemeteries (Figs. 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546) in suburban gardens, and lay them to rest beneath pendant foliage and amidst the sweet odours of flowers. Thus, from the cradle to the grave, the march of social amelioration has compassed us round—and, so far as the material elements of happiness and enjoyment are concerned, we are infinitely richer than they. Are we really happier, wiser, and better? That, after all, is the grand question—which we shall leave each of our readers to ponder for himself.

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Frippery	1718	Halberd Heads in time of Henry VII. (fig. 4)	1636	Howard, John	2521
Fröbisher, Portrait of	1529	Halifax, Charles-Montague, Earl of, Portrait of	2211	Howard, Portrait of	1530
Furniture of the 16th century	2115-2120	Hall, Bishop, Portrait of	2014	Howard, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk	1419
Furniture of Sideboard with Plate	2121	Hall of General Post Office	2483	Hudibras, Illustrations of:—	
Furniture of Library	2122	Hall, Robert	2530	Hudibras and Ralph	2062
Furniture of State Bed-room, &c.	2123	Hampten, Manor House and Church of	1863	Sir Hudibras addressing the Mob	2063
Furniture of Sitting-room	2124	Hampton Court Palace	2195	The Bear at the Stake	2064
Furniture, Sofas, Stools, Cabinets	2125	Hampton Court, Clock at	1782	The Flight of the Bear	2065
Furniture in the time of William III., and Anne	2326-2328	Hampton Court, Middle Quadrangle of	1426	The Bear rescued	2066
Furniture in the times of George I. and II.	2329, 2330	Hampton Court, Wolsey's Hall	1851	Combat of Hudibras with Orson and Cerdon	2067
G.		Hampton Lucy, Old Church of	1644	Hudibras subdued by Trulla	2068
Gadbury, John, Portrait of	2157	Harefield	1506	The Knight and the Squire conveyed to the Stocks	2069
Gardiner, Portrait of	1450	Harvey, Portrait of	2170	The Lady visiting the Knight in the Stocks	2070
Gardiner, Colonel, Birthplace of	2236	Hatfield House	1830		
Garnet's Straw	1837	Hawking	1788		
Garnet's Straw, Print of	1835	Hawkins, Portrait of	1520		
Garick as Macbeth	2302	Hayes Farm, Devon, Birthplace of Raleigh	1534		
		Head-gear of Ladies in the 16th century	1646		
		Head-gear of Men in the 16th century	1649		
		Healdip House, near Worcester, now demolished	2102		
		Henri Grace à Dieu	1432		
		Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.	1878		

	No. of Engraving.	Q.	No. of Engraving.		No. of Engraving.
Old London Bridge	2492	Quarterstaff	1808	Sidney's Tree	1553
Old Star Chamber, Westminster	1884	Queenborough Castle, Kent, from the Front of the Church	2111	Smithfield in 1554	1712
Orange, the Prince of, Embarkation of	2184	Queenborough Castle, Farm-house built of the Materials of	2112	Somers, Lord Chancellor, Portrait of	2211
Otter Hunting	1794	Queenborough, Site of Queen Philippa's Castle	2110	Somerset, Earl and Countess of	1848
Owlenard, Medal to commemorate the Victory of	2208	Quiberon Bay, Medal to commemorate the Victory of	2267	Somerset House, Old	1473, 1474
Owen, John, Dr., Portrait of	2014	Quintain	1812	Somerset House	1520
Owen's, Lady, School	2286	Quintain, Water	1806	Somerset House	1671
Oxford, from Hollar	1896			Sophia of Zell, Queen of George I.	2320
Oxford, Plan of, with the Lines of Charles I.	1895			South-Sea House, the	2360
Oxford Divinity School in the 16th century	1165			Southwark Bridge	2496
Oxford, from the Abingdon Road	2271			Southwark in the 16th century	1661
Oxford, Carters' Hall Passage	1688			Southwell Minster, Interior of (fig. 3)	1591
Oxford, New University Printing-office	2278			Sovereign of the Seas	1431
Oxford, Christchurch	2274			Spanish Armada, the	1523
Oxford, Christchurch, in the 16th century	1602			Spanish Armada, the, attacked by the English Fleet	1524
Oxford, Christchurch Hall, Interior of	1601			Spenser, Portraits of	1737, 1738, 1739
Oxford, Magdalen Bridge and Tower	1596			Spurs, Battle of the	1438
Oxford, Gate of Botanical Garden	2277			St. Alban's Abbey (fig. 5)	1595
Oxford, Queen's College in the 16th century	2276			St. Alban's Head, Dorsetshire	2377
Oxford, Robert Hurley, Earl of, Portrait of	2211			St. Andrew's, Castle of	1824
				St. Andrew's about 1740	2384
				St. George's Hall, Liverpool	2500
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				St. Giles's Cripplegate, Chancel of	2175
				St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, Plan of	2096
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				St. James's and Westminster, Ancient View of	1518
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				St. James's and the City of Westminster, from the village of Charing, in the time of James I.	1832
				St. James's, the Palace Gate	2325
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				St. James's Church, Westminster	2030
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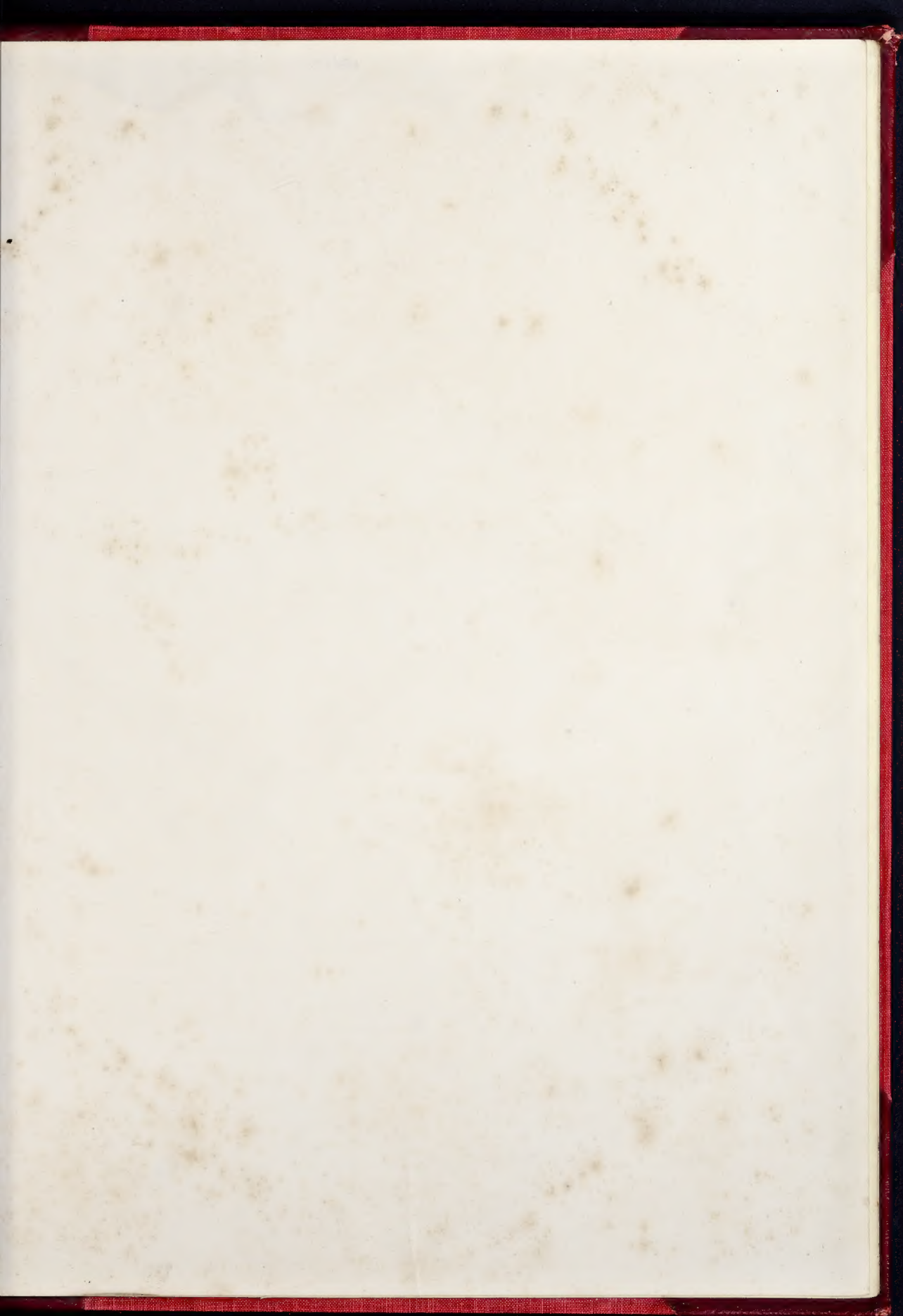
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